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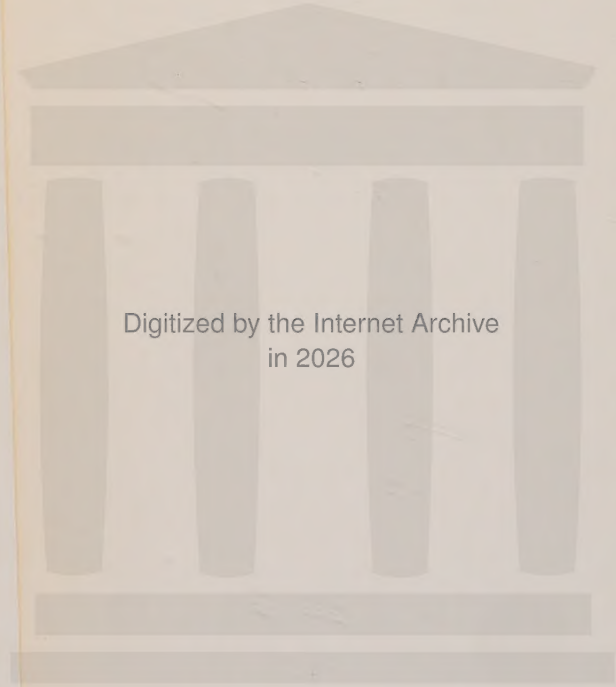
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THE POETIC AND DRAMATIC WORKS OF ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

Household Edition

WITH ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

A *Household Edition* of Tennyson's Poems was published by the predeces-
rs of the present publishers in 1871, and advantage was at that time taken
Moxon's English edition with illustrations by artists, mainly of the Pre-
phaelite school, to include a number of these designs; to these were added
signs by American artists who worked in much the same spirit. But that
ition comprised somewhat less than half the present number of Tennyson's
ems, and from time to time, as successive volumes of poems were repub-
hed by arrangement with the English publishers, their contents were added
the *Household Edition* and accompanied by new designs by English and
nerican artists.

The recent issue by the publishers of the *Cambridge Edition* of Tennyson's
etic and dramatic works, in which the text was very carefully determined,
s induced them to reissue the *Household Edition* on practically the same
es as the original edition, but with entirely new plates of larger type, and
ith such a revision of the illustrations as was possible under the improved
nditions. The text is that of the *Cambridge Edition*, scrupulously followed.
brief biographic sketch has been provided, and suitable indexes have been
rnished. The illustrations have been selected with great care from the best
signs made to accompany the poems by English, American, and French
tists, and have been reinforced also by portraits and representations of
storic buildings. In repeating the important series by Millais, Rossetti,
Farge, Vedder, and others, recourse has been had to early impressions,
d sometimes to the original blocks, to secure clearness of line and fresh-
ss of color. The total number of illustrations has been largely increased,
d the result is the most thoroughly illustrated Tennyson thus far offered to
e public.

The large body of Tennyson's poetic and dramatic works, when thus in-
eased in bulk by so many illustrations, makes the problem of producing an
reeable single volume very difficult; but by the choice of a compact page,
e use of a thin opaque paper, and great care in printing, the publishers trust
ey have at least come near the solution of the problem.

BOSTON: *Autumn*, 1899.

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ENOCH ARDEN

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Alfred Tennyson was born August 6, 1809, at Somersby, a little village n Lincolnshire, England. His father was the rector of the parish; his mo-her, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Fytche, and whose character he ouched in his poem 'Isabel,' was the daughter of a clergyman; and one of his rothers, who later took the name of Charles Turner, was also a clergyman. The religious nature in the poet was a constant element in his poetry, and vith it may be named an abiding love of the natural world, which yielded its ecrets to an observation which was singularly keen, and a philosophic reflec-ion which made Tennyson reveal in his poetry an apprehension of the laws f life, akin to what Darwin was disclosing in his contemporaneous career.

In his early 'Ode to Memory,' Tennyson has translated into verse the con-ciousness which woke in him in the secluded fields of his Lincolnshire birth-lace. For companionship he had the large circle of his own home, for he vas one of eight brothers and four sisters; and in that little society there was ot only the miniature world of sport and study, but a very close companion-hip with the large world of imagination. They had their jousts and tourna-nents, their revivification of knightly deeds in their sports, and Alfred was he improvisatore who gathered the other children about him and regaled hem with tales of wonder, drawn partly from his reading, partly from his wn fertile fancy.

He had, moreover, the favoring poetic sympathy of two at any rate in the ircle. From very childhood he lisped in numbers, for the numbers came on very wind, and his brothers Frederick and Charles, the one two years, the ther one year his senior, were also given to poetic composition, so that after Charles and Alfred had been at school in Louth a short time, the brothers put heir verses together and induced the local booksellers and printers, Messrs. Jackson, to publish the book under the title *Poems by Two Brothers*. Fred-rick Tennyson indeed contributed four poems; the rest were divided between Charles and Alfred, but in the absence of exact data, the present Lord Tenny-on, though he had memoranda as well as the memory of his uncles to rely pon, was unable, when he reprinted the volume sixty years after its first ublication, to determine exactly the authorship of all the poems. The verses, which are preserved in the *Cambridge Edition* of Tennyson's poems, are inter-sting as indicating the careful scholarship of the boys and the impression ade on them by Byron, rather than for any marked poetic quality.

Frederick Tennyson was already at Cambridge when Charles and Alfred ent up to that University in 1828, and were matriculated at Trinity College. lfred Tennyson acquired there, as so many other notable Englishmen, not nly intellectual discipline, but that close companionship with picked men hich is engendered by the half monastic seclusion of the English university.

There was a company which from its number was dubbed the Apostles, t which he found entrance, and here he met men who influenced his early lif and in a few instances were close companions during his whole career. Chie among these was the brilliant Sterling, and others were James Spedding, th expositor of Bacon, Trench, afterward Archbishop of Dublin, Richard Monck ton Milnes, better known as Lord Houghton, Dean Alford, W. H. Brookfield the intimate friend of Thackeray, J. M. Kemble, and Kinglake, the author o *Eothen* and historian of the Crimean War. Among these men, growing int manhood during the stirring times of Reform, Tennyson drew in the lon breaths of political freedom and loyalty to the highest ideals of English life which were later to find expression in *Maud* and the historical dramas. H was under the influence also of Maurice, whose friendship was a lifelong in spiration to him; and perhaps more potent than all other influences was tha which sprang from his intimacy with Arthur Hallam.

This young collegian, a son of the historian, was looked upon as a man o great promise who had already indeed demonstrated his power by writings o a mature order. His friendship with Tennyson brought him to the poet home, and he became engaged to Tennyson's sister Emily. The two me shared their studies and hopes and dreams, and when in 1830 Tennyson pub lished *Poems chiefly Lyrical*, Hallam came forward with a review of the vo ume in *The Englishman's Magazine*. In 1832 the volume was followed b *Poems, by Alfred Tennyson*, and then there was a silence of ten years. Hallam died in 1833, and his death seems to have so stirred the depths of the poet nature that he retired into a life almost of seclusion in which he confronte the problems of life and eternity much as many a reformer or preacher ha girded up his loins in the wilderness.

It must not be supposed that this decade was one of brooding alone. A first indeed, in the privacy of the Somersby rectory he devoted himself wit systematic industry to study rather than to composition. Once in a while h used his little hoard of savings in a visit to London to see his college friend living there, and he made a journey also into the Lake country. Yet he coul not long withhold himself from his vocation, and little by little he showe poems to his friends and received their criticism. In 1842 appeared a full volume of *Poems*, in 1847 *The Princess* was published, and in 1850 appeare the great elegy *In Memoriam A. H. H.*, which set the seal upon his poetic r putation.

His livelihood, during these years, had been mainly a small sum which ha come from his grandfather, his father having died in 1831, but now there wa sufficient security in the income from his writings to enable him to renew a engagement with Emily Sellwood, whose younger sister had married Charl Tennyson, and who herself on that occasion was bridesmaid, with Alfred Te nyson as groomsman. The marriage took place in the same month that *Memoriam* was published, and the wedded life which followed was the gre anchorage of the poet's soul. In after life he said: 'The peace of God can into my life before the altar when I wedded her.' He testified of his affecti when he published the lyrical dedication to the *Enoch Arden* volume, begi ning:

'Dear, near and true, — no truer Time himself'

d also the lines 'June bracken and heather' which introduce the *Œnone* lume. The same year Tennyson was made Poet Laureate in successorship Wordsworth.

Tennyson regarded his post as Poet Laureate in the light of a high poetic d patriotic ardor. When he was meditating his first laureate poem 'To the ueen,' he was thinking especially of a stanza in which 'the empire of Wordsorth should be asserted: for he was a representative Poet Laureate, such a et as kings should honor, and such an one as would do honor to kings;—aking the period of a reign famous by the utterance of memorable words ncerning that period.' The laurel 'greener from the brows of him that ut-'d nothing base,' was indeed worn with dignity and grace, and in the *Ode the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, and the spirited 'Britons, guard your rn,' 'The Third of February,' 'Hands all round,' and 'The Charge of the ght Brigade,' Tennyson showed the passion of the English patriot in a manr which has been neither echoed nor eclipsed in the verses which in a similar irit have been contributed by Rudyard Kipling in recent years to *The mes*. But it was in *Maud* that Tennyson concentrated the feeling which as roused in his nature by the compromise which he believed the commercial irit of his day was seeking to effect between national honor and national osperity; and it is not strange that this poem, with its almost incoherent es, should have seemed to many of his countrymen as almost the utterance an insane man.

The record of Tennyson's career from this time forward is marked by the ccessive publication of his works. He changed his home more than once, rtly in obedience to an almost morbid fear of intrusion; but a family grew about him, and his domestic life was one of great serenity and beauty. He avelled little out of his own country, and he was not greatly given to letter iting; but he numbered amongst devoted friends some of the greatest Engshmen of his time. His son has printed the letters which passed between n and the Queen, showing how genuine and deep was the emotion which ch excited in the other. He was warmly attached to Robert Browning: e Duke of Argyll was an intimate companion, and Edward FitzGerald, with s whimsical hero worship, laid his tribute with affectionate constancy at nnyson's feet.

When in later life he was now and then a figure in London society, he cared ost for the companionship which, in the Metaphysical Society, brought him close contact with Dean Stanley, Cardinal Manning, James Martineau, Edund Lushington, and many others among ecclesiastics, Carpenter, Huxley, ndall and other scientists, and Froude, Bagehot, Pattison, Harrison, Hutton, en of letters and learning.

The *Idylls of the King*, published in 1859, a less complete group than that w included under the title, continued his great poetic line, which was also its purpose an epitome of the greater England of his soul's allegiance, but e most notable turn in his poetic career was when, in 1875, nearly fifty years er his earliest venture in verse, he published his drama of *Queen Mary*. e had no thought of writing what are known as closet dramas. The dratic instinct in him was powerful, even though it had thus far shown itself

mainly in lyric form, and from this time forward he gave the best of hi power to writing for the stage. With slight exceptions, these dramas are in terpretations of English history. They are serious studies, and a serious at tempt was made to give them proper stage presentation; but the conditions o the theatre in England and it may be said also Tennyson's too archaic concep tion of treatment seemed to stand in the way of anything like popular recog nition.

In 1884 the Queen raised him to the peerage, to which twice before he had been invited, and he became Baron of Aldworth and Farringford. The eleva tion was in the direct line of English tradition, and the nobility of the king dom was enriched by his succession. He continued to publish until his death Indeed, the final volume of his poems was in press at the time of his death which occurred October 7, 1892. He was buried in the 'Poet's Corner' o Westminster Abbey, on the 12th of the same month.

TO THE QUEEN

Revered, beloved — O you that hold
A nobler office upon earth
Than arms, or power of brain, or birth
Could give the warrior kings of old,

Victoria, — since your Royal grace
To one of less desert allows
This laurel greener from the brows
Of him that utter'd nothing base;

And should your greatness, and the care
That yokes with empire, yield you time
To make demand of modern rhyme
If aught of ancient worth be there;

Then — while a sweeter music wakes,
And thro' wild March the throstle calls,
Where all about your palace-walls
The sun-lit almond-blossom shakes —

Take, Madam, this poor book of song;
For tho' the faults were thick as dust
In vacant chambers, I could trust
Your kindness. May you rule us long,

And leave us rulers of your blood
As noble till the latest day!
May children of our children say,
'She wrought her people lasting good;

'Her court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen;

'And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet

'By shaping some august decree
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compass'd by the inviolate sea.'

March, 1851.

'Where Claribel low-lieth
The breezes pause and die'

JUVENILIA

CLARIBEL

A MELODY

I

WHERE Claribel low-lieth
The breezes pause and die,
Letting the rose-leaves fall;
But the solemn oak-tree sigheth,
Thick-leaved, ambrosial,
With an ancient melody
Of an inward agony,
Where Claribel low-lieth.

II

At eve the beetle boometh
Athwart the thicket lone;
At noon the wild bee hummeth
About the moss'd headstone;
At midnight the moon cometh,
And looketh down alone.
Her song the lintwhite swelleth,
The clear-voiced mavis dwelleth,
The callow throstle lispeth,
The slumbrous wave outwelleth,
The babbling runnel crispeth,
The hollow grot replieth
Where Claribel low-lieth.

NOTHING WILL DIE

When will the stream be aweary of flowing
Under my eye?
When will the wind be aweary of blowing
Over the sky?
When will the clouds be aweary of fleeting?
When will the heart be aweary of beating?
And nature die?
Never, O, never, nothing will die;
The stream flows,
The wind blows,
The cloud fleets,
The heart beats,
Nothing will die.

Nothing will die;
All things will change
Thro' eternity.
'T is the world's winter;
Autumn and summer
Are gone long ago;
Earth is dry to the centre,
But spring, a new comer,
A spring rich and strange,
Shall make the winds blow
Round and round,
Thro' and thro',
Here and there,
Till the air
And the ground
Shall be fill'd with life anew.

The world was never made;
It will change, but it will not fade.
So let the wind range;
For even and morn
Ever will be
Thro' eternity.
Nothing was born;
Nothing will die;
All things will change.

ALL THINGS WILL DIE

Clearly the blue river chimes in its flowing
Under my eye;
Warmly and broadly the south winds are blowing
Over the sky.

One after another the white clouds are fleeting;
Every heart this May morning in joyance is beating
Full merrily;
Yet all things must die.
The stream will cease to flow;
The wind will cease to blow;
The clouds will cease to fleet;
The heart will cease to beat;
For all things must die.
All things must die.
Spring will come never more.
O, vanity!
Death waits at the door.
See! our friends are all forsaking
The wine and the merrymaking.
We are call'd — we must go.
Laid low, very low,
In the dark we must lie.
The merry glees are still;
The voice of the bird
Shall no more be heard,
Nor the wind on the hill.
O, misery!
Hark! death is calling
While I speak to ye,
The jaw is falling,
The red cheek paling,
The strong limbs failing;
Ice with the warm blood mixing
The eyeballs fixing.
Nine times goes the passing bell
Ye merry souls, farewell.
The old earth
Had a birth,
As all men know,
Long ago.
And the old earth must die.
So let the warm winds range,
And the blue wave beat th
shore;
For even and morn
Ye will never see
Thro' eternity.
All things were born.
Ye will come never more,
For all things must die.

LEONINE ELEGIACS

Low-flowing breezes are roamin
the broad valley dimm'd in t
gloaming;
Thoro' the black-stemm'd pines on
the far river shines.

reeping thro' blossomy rushes and
bowers of rose-blowing bushes,
own by the poplar tall rivulets bab-
ble and fall.
arketh the shepherd-dog cheerly; the
grasshopper carolleth clearly;
eeply the wood-dove coos; shrilly
the owlet halloos;
inds creep; dews fall chilly: in
her first sleep earth breathes
stilly:
ver the pools in the burn water-
gnats murmur and mourn.
adly the far kine loweth; the glim-
mering water outfloweth;
win peaks shadow'd with pine slope
to the dark hyaline.
ow-throned Hesper is stayed be-
tween the two peaks; but the
Naiad
hrobbing in mild unrest holds him
beneath in her breast.
he ancient poetess singeth that Hes-
perus all things bringeth,
moothing the wearied mind: bring
me my love, Rosalind.
hou comest morning or even; she
cometh not morning or even.
alse-eyed Hesper, unkind, where is
my sweet Rosalind?

SUPPOSED CONFESSIONS

F A SECOND-RATE SENSITIVE MIND

God! my God! have mercy now.
faint, I fall. Men say that Thou
idst die for me, for such as *me*,
atient of ill, and death, and scorn,
nd that my sin was as a thorn
mong the thorns that girt Thy brow,
ounding Thy soul. — That even
now,
this extremest misery
f ignorance, I should require
sign! and if a bolt of fire
ould rive the slumbrous summer
noon
hile I do pray to Thee alone,
hink my belief would stronger grow!
not my human pride brought low?
he boastings of my spirit still?
he joy I had in my free-will
ll cold, and dead, and corpse-like
grown?
And what is left to me but Thou,
And faith in Thee? Men pass me by;
Christians with happy countenances—
And children all seem full of Thee!
And women smile with saint-like
glances
Like Thine own mother's when she
bow'd
Above Thee, on that happy morn
When angels spake to men aloud,
And Thou and peace to earth were
born.
Good-will to me as well as all—
I one of them; my brothers they;
Brothers in Christ—a world of peace
And confidence, day after day;
And trust and hope till things should
cease,
And then one Heaven receive us all.

How sweet to have a common faith!
To hold a common scorn of death!
And at a burial to hear
The creaking cords which wound and
eat
Into my human heart, whene'er
Earth goes to earth, with grief, not
fear,
With hopeful grief, were passing
sweet!

Thrice happy state again to be
The trustful infant on the knee,
Who lets his rosy fingers play
About his mother's neck, and knows
Nothing beyond his mother's eyes!
They comfort him by night and day;
They light his little life alway;
He hath no thought of coming woes;
He hath no care of life or death;
Scarce outward signs of joy arise,
Because the Spirit of happiness
And perfect rest so inward is;
And loveth so his innocent heart,
Her temple and her place of birth,
Where she would ever wish to dwell,
Life of the fountain there, beneath
Its salient springs, and far apart,
Hating to wander out on earth,
Or breathe into the hollow air,
Whose chillness would make visible
Her subtil, warm, and golden breath,
Which mixing with the infant's blood,
Fulfils him with beatitude.
O, sure it is a special care
Of God, to fortify from doubt,

To arm in proof, and guard about
With triple-mailed trust, and clear
Delight, the infant's dawning year.

Would that my gloomed fancy were
As thine, my mother, when with brows
Propt on thy knees, my hands upheld
In thine, I listen'd to thy vows,
For me outpour'd in holiest prayer—
For me unworthy!—and beheld
Thy mild deep eyes upraised, that knew
The beauty and repose of faith,
And the clear spirit shining thro'.
O, wherefore do we grow awry
From roots which strike so deep? why dare
Paths in the desert? Could not I
Bow myself down, where thou hast knelt,
To the earth—until the ice would melt
Here, and I feel as thou hast felt?
What devil had the heart to scathe
Flowers thou hadst rear'd—to brush the dew
From thine own lily, when thy grave
Was deep, my mother, in the clay?
Myself? Is it thus? Myself? Had I
So little love for thee? But why
Prevail'd not thy pure prayers? Why pray
To one who heeds not, who can save
But will not? Great in faith, and strong
Against the grief of circumstance
Wert thou, and yet unheard. What if
Thou pleadest still, and seest me drive
Thro' utter dark a full-sail'd skiff,
Unpiloted i' the echoing dance
Of reboant whirlwinds, stooping low
Unto the death, not sunk! I know
At matins and at evensong,
That thou, if thou wert yet alive,
In deep and daily prayers wouldst strive
To reconcile me with thy God.
Albeit, my hope is gray, and cold
At heart, thou wouldest murmur still—
'Bring this lamb back into Thy fold,
My Lord, if so it be Thy will.'
Wouldst tell me I must brook the rod
And chastisement of human pride;
That pride, the sin of devils, stood,
Betwixt me and the light of God;
That hitherto I had defied
And had rejected God—that grace
Would drop from His o'er-brimmin love,
As manna on my wilderness,
If I would pray—that God woul move
And strike the hard, hard rock, an thence,
Sweet in their utmost bitterness,
Would issue tears of penitence
Which would keep green hope's lif Alas!
I think that pride hath now no place
Nor sojourn in me. I am void,
Dark, formless, utterly destroyed.

Why not believe then? Why not y Anchor thy frailty there, where man Hath moor'd and rested? Ask the se At midnight, when the crisp slop waves
After a tempest rib and fret
The broad-imbased beach, why he
Slumbers not like a mountain tarn?
Wherefore his ridges are not curls
And ripples of an inland mere?
Wherefore he moaneth thus, nor can Draw down into his vexed pools
All that blue heaven which hues an paves
The other? I am too forlorn,
Too shaken: my own weakness fool My judgment, and my spirit whirls, Moved from beneath with doubt an fear.

'Yet,' said I, in my morn of youth,
The unsunn'd freshness of m strength,
When I went forth in quest of truth
'It is man's privilege to doubt,
If so be that from doubt at length
Truth may stand forth unmoved change,
An image with profulgent brows
And perfect limbs, as from the stor Of running fires and fluid range
Of lawless airs, at last stood out
This excellence and solid form
Of constant beauty. For the ox Feeds in the herb, and sleeps, or fill The horned valleys all about,
And hollows of the fringed hills

summer heats, with placid lows
nfearing, till his own blood flows
bout his hoof. And in the flocks
ie lamb rejoiceth in the year,
nd raceth freely with his fere,
nd answers to his mother's calls
rom the flower'd furrow. In a time
f which he wots not, run short pains
ıro' his warm heart; and then, from whence
e knows not, on his light there falls
shadow; and his native slope,
here he was wont to leap and climb,
oats from his sick and filmed eyes,
nd something in the darkness draws
is forehead earthward, and he dies.
ıall man live thus, in joy and hope
s a young lamb, who cannot dream,
ving, but that he shall live on?
ıall we not look into the laws
f life and death, and things that seem,
nd things that be, and analyze
ır double nature, and compare
l creeds till we have found the one,
one there be?' Ay me! I fear
l may not doubt, but everywhere
me must clasp idols. Yet, my God,
hom call I idol? Let Thy dove
ıadow me over, and my sins
unremember'd, and Thy love
ılighten me. O, teach me yet
mewhat before the heavy clod
eighs on me, and the busy fret
f that sharp-headed worm begins
the gross blackness underneath.

weary life! O weary death!
spirit and heart made desolate!
damned vacillating state!

THE KRAKEN

ELOW the thunders of the upper deep,
r, far beneath in the abysmal sea,
s ancient, dreamless, uninvaded sleep
ie Kraken sleepeth: faintest sunlights flee
out his shadowy sides; above him swell
ıge sponges of millennial growth and height;
nd far away into the sickly light,
From many a wondrous grot and secret cell
Unnumber'd and enormous polypi
Winnow with giant arms the slumbering green.
There hath he lain for ages, and will lie
Battening upon huge sea-worms in his sleep,
Until the latter fire shall heat the deep;
Then once by man and angels to be seen,
In roaring he shall rise and on the surface die.

SONG

THE winds, as at their hour of birth,
Leaning upon the ridged sea,
Breathed low around the rolling earth
With mellow preludes, 'We are free.'

The streams, through many a lilied row
Down-carolling to the crisped sea,
Low-tinkled with a bell-like flow
Atween the blossoms, 'We are free.'

LILIAN

I

AIRY, fairy Lilian,
Flitting, fairy Lilian,
When I ask her if she love me
Clasps her tiny hands above me,
Laughing all she can;
She 'll not tell me if she love me,
Cruel little Lilian.

II

When my passion seeks
Pleasance in love-sighs,
She, looking thro' and thro' me
Thoroughly to undo me,
Smiling, never speaks:
So innocent-arch, so cunning-simple,
From beneath her gathered wimple
Glancing with black-beaded eyes,
Till the lightning laughters dimple
The baby-roses in her cheeks;
Then away she flies.

III

Prythee weep, May Lilian!
Gaiety without eclipse
Wearieth me, May Lilian;
Thro' my very heart it thrilleth
When from crimson-threaded lips
Silver-treble laughter trilleth:
Prythee weep, May Lilian!

IV

Praying all I can,
If prayers will not hush thee,
Airy Lilian,
Like a rose-leaf I will crush thee,
Fairy Lilian.

ISABEL

Eyes not down-dropt nor over-bright, but fed
With the clear-pointed flame of chastity,
Clear, without heat, undying, tended by
Pure vestal thoughts in the translucent fane
Of her still spirit; locks not wide-dispread,
Madonna-wise on either side her head;
Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity,
Were fixed shadows of thy fixed mood,
Revered Isabel, the crown and head,
The stately flower of female fortitude,
Of perfect wifehood and pure lowlihead.

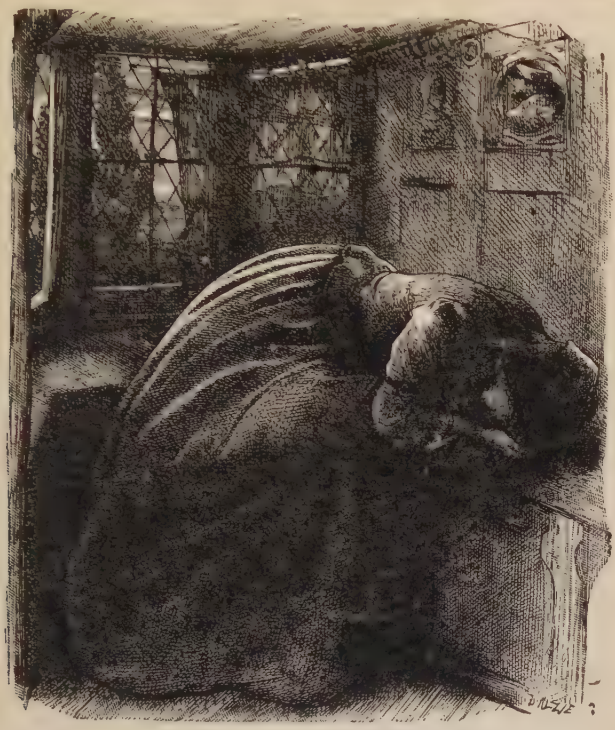
The intuitive decision of a bright
And thorough-edged intellect to part
Error from crime; a prudence to withhold;
The laws of marriage character'd in gold
Upon the blanched tablets of her heart;
A love still burning upward, giving light
To read those laws; an accent very low
In blandishment, but a most silver flow
Of subtle-paced counsel in distress,
Right to the heart and brain, tho' ur
descried,
Winning its way with extrem
gentleness
Thro' all the outworks of suspiciou
pride;
A courage to endure and to obey;
A hate of gossip parlance, and c
sway,
Crown'd Isabel, thro' all her placi
life,
The queen of marriage, a most pe
fect wife.

The mellow'd reflex of a winter moon
A clear stream flowing with a mudd
one,
Till in its onward current it absorb
With swifter movement and i
purer light
The vexed eddies of its waywar
brother;
A leaning and upbearing parasit
Clothing the stem, which else ha
fallen quite,
With cluster'd flower-bells and an
brosial orbs
Of rich fruit-bunches leaning c
each other —
Shadow forth thee: — the worl
hath not another
(Tho' all her fairest forms are types
thee,
And thou of God in thy great charit
Of such a finish'd chasten'd purity.

MARIANA

'Mariana in the moated grange.'
Measure for Measure.

With blackest moss the flower-plot
Were thickly crusted, one and all
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the pear to the gabl
wall.
The broken sheds look'd sad a
strange:
Unlifted was the clinking latch;
Weeded and worn the ancie
thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.
She only said, 'My life is drear
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary
I would that I were dead!'



' Her tears fell with the dews at even ;
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried '

: tears fell with the dews at
even ;
Ier tears fell ere the dews were
dried ;
could not look on the sweet hea-
ven,
ither at morn or eventide.
er the flitting of the bats,
Vhen thickest dark did trance the
sky,
he drew her casement-curtain by,
I glanced athwart the glooming
flats.
She only said, 'The night is
dreary,
He cometh not,' she said ;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the night-fowl
crow ;
The cock sung out an hour ere light ;
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her ; without hope of change,
In sleep she seem'd to walk for-
lorn,
Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed
morn
About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, 'The day is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said ;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,

And o'er it many, round and small,
The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with gnarled bark:
For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding gray.
She only said, 'My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up and away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.
She only said, 'The night is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creak'd;
The blue fly sung in the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,
Or from the crevice peer'd about.
Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.
She only said, 'My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense; but most she loathed the hour
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Was sloping toward his western bower.
Then said she, 'I am very dreary,
He will not come,' she said;
She wept, 'I am aweary, aweary,
O God, that I were dead!'

TO ——

I

Clear-headed friend, whose joy
scorn,
Edged with sharp laughter, c
atwain
The knots that tangle hum
creeds,
The wounding cords that bind s
strain
The heart until it bleeds,
Ray-fringed eyelids of the morn
Roof not a glance so keen as thi
If aught of prophecy be mine,
Thou wilt not live in vain.

II

Low-cowering shall the Sophist sit
Falsehood shall bare her plai
brow;
Fair-fronted Truth shall droop
now
With shrilling shafts of subtle wit.
Nor martyr-flames, nor trench
swords
Can do away that ancient lie;
A gentler death shall Falsehood
Shot thro' and thro' with cunn
words.

III

Weak Truth a-leaning on her crut
Wan, wasted Truth in her utm
need,
Thy kingly intellect shall feed,
Until she be an athlete bold,
And weary with a finger's touch
Those writhed limbs of lightn
speed;
Like that strange angel which of
Until the breaking of the light,
Wrestled with wandering Israel,
Past Yabbok brook the livel
night,
And heaven's mazed signs stood s
In the dim tract of Penuel.

MADELINE

I

Thou art not steep'd in golden
guors,
No tranced summer calm is thi
Ever varying Madeline.

hro' light and shadow thou dost
range,
idden glances, sweet and strange,
cious spites and darling angers,
nd airy forms of flitting change.

II

ling, frowning, evermore,
u art perfect in love-lore.
ealings deep and clear are thine
vealthy smiles; but who may know
ether smile or frown be fleeter?
ether smile or frown be sweeter,
Who may know?
wns perfect-sweet along the brow
it-glooming over eyes divine,
little clouds sun-fringed, are
thine,
Ever varying Madeline.
hy smile and frown are not aloof
From one another,
Each to each is dearest brother;
ues of the silken sheeny woof
Momently shot into each other.
All the mystery is thine;
niling, frowning, evermore,
hou art perfect in love-lore,
Ever varying Madeline.

III

ıbtle, sudden flame,
y veering passion fann'd,
About thee breaks and dances:
hen I would kiss thy hand,
flush of anger'd shame
O'erflows thy calmer glances,
o'er black brows drops down
ıdden-curved frown:
when I turn away,
u, willing me to stay,
ooest not, nor vainly wranglest,
But, looking fixedly the while,
ll my bounding heart entanglest
In a golden-netted smile;
n in madness and in bliss,
y lips should dare to kiss
taper fingers amorously,
in thou blushest angrily;
o'er black brows drops down
ıdden-curved frown.

SONG—THE OWL

I

EN cats run home and light is come,
ıd dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

II

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown
hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the
thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

SECOND SONG

TO THE SAME

I

THY tuwhits are lull'd, I wot,
Thy tuwhoos of yesternight,
Which upon the dark afloat,
So took echo with delight,
So took echo with delight,
That her voice, untuneful grown,
Wears all day a fainter tone.

II

I would mock thy chaunt anew;
But I cannot mimic it;
Not a whit of thy tuwhoo,
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,
With a lengthen'd loud halloo,
Tuwhoo, tuwhit, tuwhit, tu-
whoo-o-o!

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

WHEN the breeze of a joyful dawn
blew free
In the silken sail of infancy,
The tide of time flow'd back with me,
The forward-flowing tide of time;
And many a sheeny summer-morn,
Adown the Tigris I was borne,
By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,
High-walled gardens green and old;
True Mussulman was I and sworn,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Anight my shallop, rustling thro'
The low and bloomed foliage, drove
The fragrant, glistening deeps, and clove
The citron-shadows in the blue;
By garden porches on the brim,
The costly doors flung open wide,
Gold glittering thro' lamplight dim,
And broider'd sofas on each side.
In sooth it was a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Often, where clear-stemm'd platans guard
The outlet, did I turn away
The boat-head down a broad canal
From the main river sluiced, where all
The sloping of the moonlit sward
Was damask-work, and deep inlay
Of braided blooms unmown, which crept
Adown to where the water slept.
A goodly place, a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

A motion from the river won
Ridged the smooth level, bearing on
My shallop thro' the star-strown calm,
Until another night in night
I enter'd, from the clearer light,
Imbower'd vaults of pillar'd palm,
Imprisoning sweets, which, as they clomb
Heavenward, were stay'd beneath the dome
Of hollow boughs. A goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Still onward; and the clear canal
Is rounded to as clear a lake.
From the green rivage many a fall
Of diamond rillets musical,
Thro' little crystal arches low
Down from the central fountain's flow
Fallen silver-chiming, seemed to shake
The sparkling flints beneath the prow.
A goodly place, a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Above thro' many a bowery turn
A walk with vari-colored shells
Wander'd engrain'd. On either side
All round about the fragrant marg
From fluted vase, and brazen urn
In order, eastern flowers large,
Some dropping low their crim bells
Half-closed, and others studded w
With disks and tiars, fed the tin
With odor in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Far off, and where the lemon grov
In closest coverture upsprung,
The living airs of middle night
Died round the bulbul as he sung
Not he, but something which sess'd
The darkness of the world, deligh
Life, anguish, death, immortal lo
Ceasing not, mingled, unrepress'd
Apart from place, withholding t
But flattering the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Black the garden-bowers and grot
Slumber'd; the solemn palms ranged
Above, unwoo'd of summer wind
A sudden splendor from behind
Flush'd all the leaves with rich green,
And, flowing rapidly between
Their interspaces, counterchange
The level lake with diamond-plot
Of dark and bright. A lovely
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Dark-blue the deep sphere overh
Distinct with vivid stars inlaid,
Grew darker from that under-flar
So, leaping lightly from the boat,
With silver anchor left afloat,
In marvel whence that glory can
Upon me, as in sleep I sank
In cool soft turf upon the bank,
Entranced with that place and
So worthy of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Thence thro' the garden I was dra
A realm of pleasance, mar mound,
And many a shadow-chequer'd l
Full of the city's stilly sound,
And deep myrrh-thickets blo round

'For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid'

stately cedar, tamarisks,
k rosaries of scented thorn,
orient shrubs, and obelisks
raven with emblems of the time,
honor of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

h dazed vision unawares
n the long alley's latticed shade
rged, I came upon the great
lion of the Caliphat.
nt to the carven cedarn doors,
ng inward over spangled floors,
d-based flights of marble stairs
up with golden balustrade,
fter the fashion of the time
nd humor of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

The fourscore windows all alight
As with the quintessence of flame,
A million tapers flaring bright
From twisted silvers look'd to shame
The hollow-vaulted dark, and stream'd
Upon the mooned domes aloof
In inmost Bagdat, till there seem'd
Hundreds of crescents on the roof
Of night new-risen, that marvellous time
To celebrate the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Then stole I up, and trancedly
Gazed on the Persian girl alone,
Serene with argent-lidded eyes
Amorous, and lashes like to rays
Of darkness, and a brow of pearl

Tressed with redolent ebony,
In many a dark delicious curl,
Flowing beneath her rose-hued zone;
The sweetest lady of the time,
Well worthy of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Six columns, three on either side,
Pure silver, underpropt a rich
Throne of the massive ore, from which
Down-droop'd, in many a floating fold,
Engarlanded and diaper'd
With inwrought flowers, a cloth of gold.
Thereon, his deep eye laughter-stirr'd
With merriment of kingly pride,
Sole star of all that place and time,
I saw him — in his golden prime,
The Good Haroun Alraschid.

ODE TO MEMORY

ADDRESSED TO ——

I

Thou who stealest fire,
From the fountains of the past,
To glorify the present, O, haste,
Visit my low desire!
Strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

II

Come not as thou camest of late,
Flinging the gloom of yesternight
On the white day, but robed in soften'd light
Of orient state.
Whilome thou camest with the morning mist,
Even as a maid, whose stately brow
The dew-impearled winds of dawn have kiss'd,
When she, as thou,
Stays on her floating locks the lovely freight
Of overflowing blooms, and earliest shoots
Of orient green, giving safe pledge of fruits,
Which in wintertide shall star
The black earth with brilliance rare.

III

Whilome thou camest with the morni
mist,
And with the evening cloud,
Showering thy gleaned wealth i
my open breast;
Those peerless flowers which in t
rudest wind
Never grow sere,
When rooted in the garden of the mi
Because they are the earliest of t
year.
Nor was the night thy shroud.
In sweet dreams softer than unbrok
rest
Thou leddest by the hand thine infa
Hope.
The eddying of her garments cau
from thee
The light of thy great presence; a
the cope
Of the half-attain'd futurity,
Tho' deep not fathomless,
Was cloven with the million st
which tremble
O'er the deep mind of dauntless
fancy.
Small thought was there of life's d
tress;
For sure she deem'd no mist of ea
could dull
Those spirit-thrilling eyes so keen a
beautiful;
Sure she was nigher to heave
spheres,
Listening the lordly music flow
from
The illimitable years.
O, strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

IV

Come forth, I charge thee, arise,
Thou of the many tongues, the myr
eyes!
Thou comest not with shows of flau
ing vines
Unto mine inner eye,
Divinest Memory!
Thou wert not nursed by the wa
fall
Which ever sounds and shines
A pillar of white light upon
wall
Of purple cliffs, aloof descried:

ıe from the woods that belt the
gray hillside,
seven elms, the poplars four
t stand beside my father's door,
chiefly from the brook that
loves

When the first matin-song hath wak-
en'd loud
Over the dark dewy earth forlorn,
What time the amber morn
Forth gushes from beneath a low-hung
cloud.

'To . . . dimple in the dark of rushy coves'

ɔurl o'er matted cress and ribbed
sand,
imple in the dark of rushy coves,
ving into his narrow earthen urn,
In every elbow and turn,
filter'd tribute of the rough wood-
land;
O, hither lead thy feet!
r round mine ears the livelong bleat
ıe thick-fleeced sheep from wattled
folds,
Upon the ridged wolds,

V

Large dowries doth the raptured eye
To the young spirit present
When first she is wed,
And like a bride of old
In triumph led,
With music and sweet showers
Of festal flowers,
Unto the dwelling she must sway.
Well hast thou done, great artist Mem-
ory,

In setting round thy first experiment
With royal framework of wrought gold;
Needs must thou dearly love thy first essay,
And foremost in thy various gallery
Place it, where sweetest sunlight falls
Upon the storied walls;
For the discovery
And newness of thine art so pleased thee
That all which thou hast drawn of fairest
Or boldest since but lightly weighs
With thee unto the love thou bearest
The first-born of thy genius. Artist-like,
Ever retiring thou dost gaze
On the prime labor of thine early days,
No matter what the sketch might be:
Whether the high field on the bushless pike,
Or even a sand-built ridge
Of heaped hills that mound the sea,
Overblown with murmurs harsh,
Or even a lowly cottage whence we see
Stretch'd wide and wild the waste enormous marsh,
Where from the frequent bridge,
Like emblems of infinity,
The trenched waters run from sky to sky;
Or a garden bower'd close
With plaited alleys of the trailing rose,
Long alleys falling down to twilight grots,
Or opening upon level plots
Of crowned lilies, standing near
Purple-spiked lavender:
Whither in after life retired
From brawling storms,
From weary wind,
With youthful fancy re-inspired,
We may hold converse with all forms
Of the many-sided mind,
And those whom passion hath not blinded,
Subtle-thoughted, myriad-minded.

My friend, with you to live alone
Were how much better than to own
A crown, a sceptre, and a throne!

O, strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

SONG

I

A SPIRIT haunts the year's last hou
Dwelling amid these yellowing b
ers.
To himself he talks;
For at eventide, listening earnestly
At his work you may hear him
and sigh
In the walks;
Earthward he boweth the he
stalks
Of the mouldering flowers.
Heavily hangs the broad sunflo
Over its grave i' the earth
chilly;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily

II

The air is damp, and hush'd, and cl
As a sick man's room when he tak
repose
An hour before death;
My very heart faints and my w
soul grieves
At the moist rich smell of the rot
leaves,
And the breath
Of the fading edges of box bene
And the year's last rose.
Heavily hangs the broad sunflo
Over its grave i' the earth
chilly;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily

A CHARACTER

WITH a half-glance upon the sky
At night he said, 'The wandering
Of this most intricate Universe
Teach me the nothingness of thin
Yet could not all creation pierce
Beyond the bottom of his eye.

He spake of beauty; that the dul
Saw no divinity in grass,
Life in dead stones, or spirit in ai

n looking as 't were in a glass,
mooth'd his chin and sleek'd his
hair,
said the earth was beautiful.

pake of virtue: not the gods
e purely when they wish to charm
as and Juno sitting by;
with a sweeping of the arm,
a lack-lustre dead-blue eye,
olved his rounded periods.

delicately hour by hour
anvass'd human mysteries,
trod on silk, as if the winds
his own praises in his eyes,
stood aloof from other minds
npotence of fancied power.

n lips depress'd as he were meek,
self unto himself he sold:
n himself himself did feed;
t, dispassionate, and cold,
other than his form of creed,
n chisell'd features clear and sleek.

THE POET

poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
er'd with the hate of hate, the
scorn of scorn,
The love of love.

aw thro' life and death, thro' good
and ill,
He saw thro' his own soul.
marvel of the everlasting will,
An open scroll,

re him lay; with echoing feet he
threaded
The secretest walks of fame:
viewless arrows of his thoughts
were headed
And wing'd with flame,

Indian reeds blown from his sil-
ver tongue,
And of so fierce a flight,
n Calpe unto Caucasus they sung,
Filling with light

vagrant melodies the winds which
bore
Them earthward till they lit;

Then, like the arrow-seeds of the
field flower,
The fruitful wit

Cleaving took root, and springing
forth anew
Where'er they fell, behold,
Like to the mother plant in semblance,
grew
A flower all gold,

And bravely furnish'd all abroad to
fling
The winged shafts of truth,
To throng with stately blooms the
breathing spring
Of Hope and Youth.

So many minds did gird their orbs
with beams,
Tho' one did fling the fire;
Heaven flow'd upon the soul in many
dreams
Of high desire.

Thus truth was multiplied on truth,
the world
Like one great garden show'd,
And thro' the wreaths of floating dark
upcurl'd,
Rare sunrise flow'd.

And Freedom rear'd in that august
sunrise
Her beautiful bold brow,
When rites and forms before his burn-
ing eyes
Melted like snow.

There was no blood upon her maiden
robes
Sunn'd by those orient skies;
But round about the circles of the
globes
Of her keen eyes

And in her raiment's hem was traced
in flame
Wisdom, a name to shake
All evil dreams of power—a sacred
name.
And when she spake,

Her words did gather thunder as they
ran,
And as the lightning to the thunder

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Which follows it, riving the spirit of man,
Making earth wonder,

So was their meaning to her words.
No sword
Of wrath her right arm whirl'd,
But one poor poet's scroll, and with *his* word
She shook the world.

THE POET'S MIND

I

Vex not thou the poet's mind
With thy shallow wit;
Vex not thou the poet's mind,
For thou canst not fathom it.
Clear and bright it should be ever,
Flowing like a crystal river,
Bright as light, and clear as wind.

II

Dark-brow'd sophist, come not anear;
All the place is holy ground;
Hollow smile and frozen sneer
Come not here.
Holy water will I pour
Into every spicy flower
Of the laurel-shrubs that hedge it around.
The flowers would faint at your cruel cheer.
In your eye there is death,
There is frost in your breath
Which would blight the plants.
Where you stand you cannot hear
From the groves within
The wild-bird's din.
In the heart of the garden the merry bird chants.
It would fall to the ground if you came in.
In the middle leaps a fountain
Like sheet lightning,
Ever brightening
With a low melodious thunder;
All day and all night it is ever drawn
From the brain of the purple mountain
Which stands in the distance yonder.
It springs on a level of bowery lawn,
And the mountain draws it from heaven above,
And it sings a song of undying love
And yet, tho' its voice be so clear a
full,
You never would hear it, your ears
so dull;
So keep where you are; you are f
with sin;
It would shrink to the earth if y
came in.

THE SEA-FAIRIES

Slow sail'd the weary mariners
saw,
Betwixt the green brink and the r
ning foam,
Sweet faces, rounded arms, and bosc
prest
To little harps of gold; and while t
mused,
Whispering to each other half in fe
Shrill music reach'd them on the m
dle sea.

Whither away, whither away, whit
away? fly no more.
Whither away from the high gr
field, and the happy blossom
shore?
Day and night to the billow the fo
tain calls;
Down shower the gambolling wa
falls
From wandering over the lea;
Out of the live-green heart of the d
They freshen the silvery-crim
shells,
And thick with white bells the clo
hill swells
High over the full-toned sea.
O, hither, come hither and furl y
sails,
Come hither to me and to me;
Hither, come hither and frolic
play;
Here it is only the mew that wails
We will sing to you all the day.
Mariner, mariner, furl your sails,
For here are the blissful downs
dales,
And merrily, merrily carol the gal
And the spangle dances in bight
bay,
And the rainbow forms and flies
the land
Over the islands free;

nd the rainbow lives in the curve of
the sand;
ither, come hither and see;
nd the rainbow hangs on the poising
wave,
nd sweet is the color of cove and
cave,
nd sweet shall your welcome be.
, hither, come hither, and be our
lords,
or merry brides are we.
'e will kiss sweet kisses, and speak
sweet words;
. listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
'ith pleasure and love and jubilee.
, listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
'hen the sharp clear twang of the
golden chords
uns up the ridged sea.
'ho can light on as happy a shore
ll the world o'er, all the world
o'er?
'hither away? listen and stay; mari-
ner, mariner, fly no more.

THE DESERTED HOUSE

I

Life and Thought have gone away
Side by side,
Leaving door and windows wide;
Careless tenants they!

II

All within is dark as night:
In the windows is no light;
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before.

III

Close the door, the shutters close,
Or thro' the windows we shall
see
The nakedness and vacancy
Of the dark deserted house.

IV

Come away; no more of mirth
Is here or merry-making sound.

'Life and Thought have gone away
Side by side'

The house was builded of the earth,
And shall fall again to ground.

V

Come away; for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell,
But in a city glorious—
A great and distant city—have bought
A mansion incorruptible.
Would they could have stayed with us!

THE DYING SWAN

I

The plain was grassy, wild and bare,
Wide, wild, and open to the air,
Which had built up everywhere
An under-roof of doleful gray.
With an inner voice the river ran,
Adown it floated a dying swan,
And loudly did lament.
It was the middle of the day.
Ever the weary wind went on,
And took the reed-tops as it went.

II

Some blue peaks in the distance rose,
And white against the cold-white sky
Shone out their crowning snows.
One willow over the river wept,
And shook the wave as the wind did sigh;
Above in the wind was the swallow,
Chasing itself at its own wild will,
And far thro' the marish green and still
The tangled water-courses slept,
Shot over with purple, and green, and yellow.

III

The wild swan's death-hymn took the soul
Of that waste place with joy
Hidden in sorrow. At first to the ear
The warble was low, and full and clear;
And floating about the under-sky,
Prevailing in weakness, the coronach stole
Sometimes afar, and sometimes anear;
But anon her awful jubilant voice,
With a music strange and manifold,
Flow'd forth on a carol free and bold;
As when a mighty people rejoice
With shawms, and with cymbals, and harps of gold,
And the tumult of their acclaim is roll'd
Thro' the open gates of the city afar,
To the shepherd who watcheth the evening star.
And the creeping mosses and clambering weeds,
And the willow-branches hoar and dank,
And the wavy swell of the soughing reeds,
And the wave-worn horns of the echoing bank,
And the silvery marish-flowers that throng
The desolate creeks and pools among
Were flooded over with eddying song.

A DIRGE

I

Now is done thy long day's work;
Fold thy palms across thy breast,
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.
Let them rave.
Shadows of the silver birk
Sweep the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

II

Thee nor carketh care nor slander;
Nothing but the small cold worm
Fretteth thine enshrouded form.
Let them rave.
Light and shadow ever wander
O'er the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

III

Thou wilt not turn upon thy bed;
Chaunteth not the brooding bee
Sweeter tones than calumny?
Let them rave.
Thou wilt never raise thine head
From the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

IV

Crocodiles wept tears for thee;
The woodbine and eglatere
Drip sweeter dews than traitor's tear.
Let them rave.

in makes music in the tree
er the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

V

und thee blow, self-pleached deep,
amble roses, faint and pale,
d long purples of the dale.
Let them rave.
ese in every shower creep
ro' the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

VI

e gold-eyed kingcups fine,
e frail bluebell peereth over
re broidery of the purple clover.
Let them rave.
ngs have no such couch as thine,
the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

VII

ld words wander here and there;
d's great gift of speech abused
kes thy memory confused;
But let them rave.
e balm-cricket carols clear
the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

LOVE AND DEATH

HAT time the mighty moon was
gathering light
ve paced the thymy plots of Para-
dise,
d all about him roll'd his lustrous
eyes;
ien, turning round a cassia, full in
view,
ath, walking all alone beneath a
yew,
d talking to himself, first met his
sight.
ou must begone,' said Death, 'these
walks are mine.'
ve wept and spread his sheeny vans
for flight;
t ere he parted said, 'This hour is
thine;
ou art the shadow of life, and as
the tree
nds in the sun and shadows all
beneath,
So in the light of great eternity
Life eminent creates the shade of death.
The shadow passeth when the tree
shall fall,
But I shall reign for ever over all.'

THE BALLAD OF ORIANA

My heart is wasted with my woe,
Oriana.
There is no rest for me below,
Oriana.
When the long dun wolds are ribb'd
with snow,
And loud the Norland whirlwinds
blow,
Oriana,
Alone I wander to and fro,
Oriana.

Ere the light on dark was growing,
Oriana,
At midnight the cock was crowing,
Oriana;
Winds were blowing, waters flowing,
We heard the steeds to battle going,
Oriana,
Aloud the hollow bugle blowing,
Oriana.

In the yew-wood black as night,
Oriana,
Ere I rode into the fight,
Oriana,
While blissful tears blinded my sight
By star-shine and by moonlight,
Oriana,
I to thee my troth did plight,
Oriana.

She stood upon the castle wall,
Oriana;
She watch'd my crest among them all,
Oriana;
She saw me fight, she heard me call,
When forth there stept a foeman
tall,
Oriana,
Atween me and the castle wall,
Oriana.

The bitter arrow went aside,
Oriana;
The false, false arrow went aside,
Oriana;

'I to thee my troth did plight,
Oriana'

The damned arrow glanced aside,
And pierced thy heart, my love, my bride,
Oriana!
Thy heart, my life, my love, my bride,
Oriana!

O, narrow, narrow was the space,
Oriana!
Loud, loud rung out the bugle's brays,
Oriana.
O, deathful stabs were dealt apace,
The battle deepen'd in its place,
Oriana;
But I was down upon my face,
Oriana.

They should have stabb'd me where I lay,
Oriana!

How could I rise and come away,
Oriana?
How could I look upon the day?
They should have stabb'd me where I lay,
Oriana—
They should have trod me into clay,
Oriana.

O breaking heart that will not break
Oriana!
O pale, pale face so sweet and meek
Oriana!
Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak
And then the tears run down my cheek,
Oriana.
What wantest thou? whom dost thou seek,
Oriana?

ry aloud ; none hear my cries,
Oriana.
ou comest atween me and the
skies,
Oriana.
eel the tears of blood arise
from my heart unto my eyes,
Oriana.
ithin thy heart my arrow lies,
Oriana.

cursed hand ! O cursed blow
Oriana !
happy thou that liest low,
Oriana !
l night the silence seems to flow
side me in my utter woe,
Oriana.
weary, weary way I go,
Oriana !

hen Norland winds pipe down the
sea,
Oriana,
valk, I dare not think of thee,
Oriana.
ou liest beneath the greenwood tree,
lare not die and come to thee,
Oriana.
ear the roaring of the sea,
Oriana.

CIRCUMSTANCE

vo children in two neighbor villages
aying mad pranks along the heathy
leas ;
vo strangers meeting at a festival ;
vo lovers whispering by an orchard
wall ;
vo lives bound fast in one with
golden ease ;
vo graves grass-green beside a gray
church-tower,
ash'd with still rains and daisy-blos-
somed ;
vo children in one hamlet born and
bred :
runs the round of life from hour
to hour.

THE MERMAN

I

Who would be
A merman bold,
Sitting alone,
Singing alone
Under the sea,
With a crown of gold,
On a throne ?

II

I would be a merman bold,
I would sit and sing the whole of the
day ;
I would fill the sea-halls with a voice
of power ;
But at night I would roam abroad
and play
With the mermaids in and out of the
rocks,
Dressing their hair with the white
sea-flower ;
And holding them back by their flow-
ing locks
I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again till they kiss'd me
Laughingly, laughingly ;
And then we would wander away,
away,
To the pale-green sea-groves straight
and high,
Chasing each other merrily.

III

There would be neither moon nor star,
But the wave would make music
above us afar —
Low thunder and light in the magic
night —
Neither moon nor star.
We would call aloud in the dreamy
dells,
Call to each other and whoop and cry
All night, merrily, merrily.
They would pelt me with starry span-
gles and shells,
Laughing and clapping their hands
between,
All night, merrily, merrily,
But I would throw to them back in
mine
Turkis and agate and almondine ;
Then leaping out upon them unseen
I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again till they kiss'd me
Laughingly, laughingly.
O, what a happy life were mine
Under the hollow-hung ocean green !
Soft are the moss-beds under the sea ;
We would live merrily, merrily.

THE MERMAID

I

Who would be
A mermaid fair,
Singing alone,
Combing her hair
Under the sea,
In a golden curl
With a comb of pearl,
On a throne?

II

I would be a mermaid fair;
I would sing to myself the whole of the day;
With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair;
And still as I comb'd I would sing and say,
'Who is it loves me? who loves not me?'
I would comb my hair till my ringlets would fall
Low adown, low adown,
From under my starry sea-bud crown
Low adown and around,
And I should look like a fountain of gold
Springing alone
With a shrill inner sound,
Over the throne
In the midst of the hall;
Till that great sea-snake under the sea
From his coiled sleeps in the central deeps
Would slowly trail himself sevenfold
Round the hall where I sate, and look in at the gate
With his large calm eyes for the love of me.
And all the mermen under the sea
Would feel their immortality
Die in their hearts for the love of me.

III

But at night I would wander away, away,
I would fling on each side my low-flowing locks,
And lightly vault from the throne and play
With the mermen in and out of the rocks;
We would run to and fro, and hide and seek,
On the broad seawolds in the crimson shells,
Whose silvery spikes are nighest the sea.
But if any came near I would call and shriek,
And adown the steep like a wave I would leap
From the diamond-ledges that jut from the dells;
For I would not be kiss'd by all who would list
Of the bold merry mermen under the sea.
They would sue me, and woo me, and flatter me,
In the purple twilights under the sea
But the king of them all would carry me,
Woo me, and win me, and marry me,
In the branching jaspers under the sea.
Then all the dry pied things that be
In the hueless mosses under the sea
Would curl round my silver feet silently,
All looking up for the love of me.
And if I should carol aloud, from aloft
All things that are forked, and horned and soft
Would lean out from the hollow sphere of the sea,
All looking down for the love of me.

ADELINE

I

Mystery of mysteries,
Faintly smiling Adeline,
Scarce of earth nor all divine,
Nor unhappy, nor at rest,
But beyond expression fair
With thy floating flaxen hair;
Thy rose-lips and full blue eyes
Take the heart from out my breast.
Wherefore those dim looks of thine,
Shadowy, dreaming Adeline?

II

Whence that aery bloom of thine,
Like a lily which the sun
Looks thro' in his sad decline,
And a rose-bush leans upon,

Thou that faintly smilest still,
As a Naiad in a well,
Looking at the set of day,
Or a phantom two hours old
Of a maiden past away,
Ere the placid lips be cold?
Wherefore those faint smiles of thine,
Spiritual Adeline?

III

What hope or fear or joy is thine?
Who talketh with thee, Adeline?
For sure thou art not all alone.
Do beating hearts of salient springs
Keep measure with thine own?
Hast thou heard the butterflies
What they say betwixt their wings?
Or in stillest evenings
With what voice the violet woos
His heart the silver dews?
Or when little airs arise,
How the merry bluebell rings
To the mosses underneath?
Hast thou look'd upon the breath
Of the lilies at sunrise?
Wherefore that faint smile of thine,
Shadowy, dreaming Adeline?

IV

Some honey-converse feeds thy mind,
Some spirit of a crimson rose
In love with thee forgets to close
His curtains, wasting odorous sighs
All night long on darkness blind.
What aileth thee? whom waitest thou
With thy soften'd, shadow'd brow,
And those dew-lit eyes of thine,
Thou faint smiler, Adeline?

V

Lovest thou the doleful wind
When thou gazest at the skies?
Doth the low-tongued Orient
Wander from the side of the morn,
Dripping with Sabæan spice

'The low-tongued Orient'

On thy pillow, lowly bent
With melodious airs lovelorn,
Breathing Light against thy face,
While his locks a-drooping twined
Round thy neck in subtle ring
Make a carcanet of rays,
And ye talk together still,
In the language wherewith Spring
Letters cowslips on the hill?
Hence that look and smile of thine,
Spiritual Adeline.

MARGARET

I

O SWEET pale Margaret,
O rare pale Margaret,
What lit your eyes with tearful power,
Like moonlight on a falling shower?
Who lent you, love, your mortal dower
Of pensive thought and aspect pale,
Your melancholy sweet and frail
As perfume of the cuckoo flower?
From the westward-winding flood,
From the evening-lighted wood,
From all things outward you have won
A tearful grace, as tho' you stood
Between the rainbow and the sun.
The very smile before you speak,
That dimples your transparent cheek,
Encircles all the heart, and feedeth
The senses with a still delight
Of dainty sorrow without sound,
Like the tender amber round
Which the moon about her spreadeth,
Moving thro' a fleecy night.

II

You love, remaining peacefully,
To hear the murmur of the strife,
But enter not the toil of life.
Your spirit is the calmed sea,
Laid by the tumult of the fight.
You are the evening star, alway
Remaining betwixt dark and bright;
Lull'd echoes of laborious day
Come to you, gleams of mellow light
Float by you on the verge of night.

III

What can it matter, Margaret,
What songs below the wanin
stars
The lion-heart, Plantagenet,
Sang, looking thro' his priso
bars?
Exquisite Margaret, who can tell
The last wild thought of Chatelet,
Just ere the falling axe did part
The burning brain from the tru
heart,
Even in her sight he loved so well?

IV

A fairy shield your Genius made
And gave you on your natal da
Your sorrow, only sorrow's shade,
Keeps real sorrow far away.
You move not in such solitudes,
You are not less divine,
But more human in your moods,
Than your twin-sister, Adeline.
Your hair is darker, and your eyes
Touch'd with a somewhat dark
hue,
And less aerially blue,
But ever trembling thro' the de
Of dainty-woeful sympathies.

V

O sweet pale Margaret,
O rare pale Margaret,
Come down, come down, and hear m
speak.
Tie up the ringlets on your cheek.
The sun is just about to set,
The arching limes are tall and shady
And faint, rainy lights are seen,
Moving in the leavy beech.
Rise from the feast of sorrow, lady,
Where all day long you sit b
tween
Joy and woe, and whisper each
Or only look across the lawn,
Look out below your bower-eaves
Look down, and let your blue ey
dawn
Upon me thro' the jasmine-leaves

ROSALIND

I

MY Rosalind, my Rosalind,
My frolic falcon, with bright eyes,

ose free delight, from any height
of rapid flight,
ops at all game that wing the skies,
Rosalind, my Rosalind,
bright-eyed, wild-eyed falcon,
whither,
eless both of wind and weather,
ither fly ye, what game spy ye,
or down the streaming wind?

II

quick lark's closest-caroll'd
strains,
shadow rushing up the sea,
lightning flash atween the rains,
sunlight driving down the lea,
leaping stream, the very wind,
t will not stay, upon his way,
stoop the cowslip to the plains,
ot so clear and bold and free
you, my falcon Rosalind.
i care not for another's pains,
ause you are the soul of joy,
ght metal all without alloy.
shoots and glances thro' your
veins,
l flashes off a thousand ways,
o' lips and eyes in subtle rays.
ır hawk-eyes are keen and bright,
n with triumph, watching still
pierce me thro' with pointed light;
oftentimes they flash and glitter
e sunshine on a dancing rill,
l your words are seeming-bitter,
rp and few, but seeming-bitter
m excess of swift delight.

III

ıe down, come home, my Rosalind,
gay young hawk, my Rosalind.
long you keep the upper skies;
long you roam and wheel at
will;
we must hood your random eyes,
t care not whom they kill,
your cheek, whose brilliant hue
o sparkling-fresh to view,
ıe red heath-flower in the dew,
ch'd with sunrise. We must bind
keep you fast, my Rosalind,
, fast, my wild-eyed Rosalind,
clip your wings, and make you
love.
en we have lured you from above,
that delight of frolic flight, by
day or night,
From North to South,
We'll bind you fast in silken cords,
And kiss away the bitter words
From off your rosy mouth.

ELEÄNORE (1832)

I

Thy dark eyes open'd not,
Nor first reveal'd themselves to English air,
For there is nothing here
Which, from the outward to the inward brought,
Moulded thy baby thought.
Far off from human neighborhood
Thou wert born, on a summer morn,
A mile beneath the cedar-wood.
Thy bounteous forehead was not fann'd
With breezes from our oaken glades,
But thou wert nursed in some delicious land
Of lavish lights, and floating shades;
And flattering thy childish thought
The oriental fairy brought,
At the moment of thy birth,
From old well-heads of haunted rills,
And the hearts of purple hills,
And shadow'd coves on a sunny shore,
The choicest wealth of all the earth,
Jewel or shell, or starry ore,
To deck thy cradle, Eleänore.

II

Or the yellow-banded bees,
Thro' half-open lattices
Coming in the scented breeze,
Fed thee, a child, lying alone,
With whitest honey in fairy gardens cull'd —
A glorious child, dreaming alone,
In silk-soft folds, upon yielding down,
With the hum of swarming bees
Into dreamful slumber lull'd.

III

Who may minister to thee?
Summer herself should minister
To thee, with fruitage golden-rinded
On golden salvers, or it may be,
Youngest Autumn, in a bower

Grape-thicken'd from the light, and blinded
With many a deep-hued bell-like flower
Of fragrant trailers, when the air
Sleepeth over all the heaven,
And the crag that fronts the even,
All along the shadowing shore,
Crimsons over an inland mere.
Eleänore!

IV

How may full-sail'd verse express,
How may measured words adore
The full-flowing harmony
Of thy swan-like stateliness,
Eleänore?
The luxuriant symmetry
Of thy floating gracefulness,
Eleänore?
Every turn and glance of thine,
Every lineament divine,
Eleänore,
And the steady sunset glow
That stays upon thee? For in thee
Is nothing sudden, nothing single;
Like two streams of incense free
From one censer in one shrine,
Thought and motion mingle,
Mingle ever. Motions flow
To one another, even as tho'
They were modulated so
To an unheard melody,
Which lives about thee, and a sweep
Of richest pauses, evermore
Drawn from each other mellow-deep;
Who may express thee, Eleänore?

V

I stand before thee, Eleänore;
I see thy beauty gradually unfold,
Daily and hourly, more and more.
I muse, as in a trance, the while
Slowly, as from a cloud of gold,
Comes out thy deep ambrosial smile.
I muse, as in a trance, whene'er
The languors of thy love-deep eyes
Float on to me. I would I were
So tranced, so rapt in ecstasies,
To stand apart, and to adore,
Gazing on thee for evermore,
Serene, imperial Eleänore!

VI

Sometimes, with most intensity
Gazing, I seem to see
Thought folded over thought, smilin
asleep,
Slowly awaken'd, grow so full a
deep
In thy large eyes that, overpowe
quite,
I cannot veil or droop my sight,
But am as nothing in its light.
As tho' a star, in inmost heaven set,
Even while we gaze on it,
Should slowly round his orb, a
slowly grow
To a full face, there like a sun rema
Fix'd — then as slowly fade again,
And draw itself to what it w
before;
So full, so deep, so slow,
Thought seems to come and go
In thy large eyes, imperial Ele
nore.

VII

As thunder-clouds that, hung on hig
Roof'd the world with doubt and fe
Floating thro' an evening atmosphe
Grow golden all about the sky;
In thee all passion becomes passionle
Touch'd by thy spirit's mellowness,
Losing his fire and active might
In a silent meditation,
Falling into a still delight,
And luxury of contemplation.
As waves that up a quiet cove
Rolling slide, and lying still
Shadow forth the banks at will,
Or sometimes they swell and move,
Pressing up against the land
With motions of the outer sea;
And the self-same influence
Controlleth all the soul and sense
Of Passion gazing upon thee.
His bow-string slacken'd, langu
Love,
Leaning his cheek upon his hand
Droops both his wings, regardi
thee,
And so would languish evermore,
Serene, imperial Eleänore.

VIII

But when I see thee roam, with tres
unconfined,
While the amorous odorous wind
Breathes low between the sunset a
the moon;
Or, in a shadowy saloon,

silken cushions half reclined;
I watch thy grace, and in its place
heart a charmed slumber keeps,
While I muse upon thy face;
l a languid fire creeps
Thro' my veins to all my frame,
solvingly and slowly. Soon,
From thy rose-red lips MY name
weth; and then, as in a swoon,
h dinning sound my ears are rife,
My tremulous tongue faltereth,
I lose my color, I lose my breath,
I drink the cup of a costly death,
nm'd with delirious draughts of warmest life.
die with my delight before
I hear what I would hear from thee;
Yet tell my name again to me,
would be dying evermore,
o dying ever, Eleänore.

KATE

ow her by her angry air,
bright black eyes, her bright black hair,
er rapid laughters wild and shrill,
laughters of the woodpecker
rom the bosom of a hill.
'is Kate — she sayeth what she will;
Kate hath an unbridled tongue,
lear as the twanging of a harp.
er heart is like a throbbing star.
e hath a spirit ever strung
ike a new bow, and bright and sharp
s edges of the scimitar.
ence shall she take a fitting mate?
or Kate no common love will feel;
woman-soldier, gallant Kate,
s pure and true as blades of steel.

e saith 'the world is void of might.'
e saith 'the men are gilded flies.'
ate snaps her fingers at my vows;
e will not hear of lovers' sighs.
ould I were an armed knight,
famed for well-won enterprise,
nd wearing on my swarthy brows
garland of new-wreathed emprise;
or in a moment I would pierce
The blackest files of clanging fight,
And strongly strike to left and right,
In dreaming of my lady's eyes.
O, Kate loves well the bold and fierce;
But none are bold enough for Kate,
She cannot find a fitting mate.

'MY LIFE IS FULL OF WEARY DAYS'

My life is full of weary days,
But good things have not kept aloof,
Nor wander'd into other ways;
I have not lack'd thy mild reproof,
Nor golden largess of thy praise.

And now shake hands across the brink
Of that deep grave to which I go,
Shake hands once more; I cannot sink
So far — far down, but I shall know
Thy voice, and answer from below.

When in the darkness over me
The four-handed mole shall scrape,
Plant thou no dusky cypress-tree,
Nor wreathe thy cap with doleful crape,
But pledge me in the flowing grape.

And when the sappy field and wood
Grow green beneath the showery gray,
And rugged barks begin to bud,
And thro' damp holts new-flush'd with may,
Ring sudden scritches of the jay,

Then let wise Nature work her will,
And on my clay her darnel grow;
Come only, when the days are still,
And at my headstone whisper low,
And tell me if the woodbines blow.

EARLY SONNETS

I

TO —

As when with downcast eyes we muse and brood,
And ebb into a former life, or seem
To lapse far back in some confused dream
To states of mystical similitude,

If one but speaks or hems or stirs his chair,
Ever the wonder waxeth more and more,
So that we say, 'All this hath been before,
All this hath been, I know not when or where;'
So, friend, when first I look'd upon your face,
Our thought gave answer each to each, so true —
Opposed mirrors each reflecting each —
That, tho' I knew not in what time or place,
Methought that I had often met with you,
And either lived in either's heart and speech.

II

TO J. M. K.

My hope and heart is with thee — thou wilt be
A latter Luther, and a soldier-priest
To scare church-harpies from the master's feast;
Our dusted velvets have much need of thee:
Thou art no Sabbath-drawler of old saws,
Distill'd from some worm-canker'd homily;
But spurr'd at heart with fieriest energy
To embattail and to wall about thy cause
With iron-worded proof, hating to hark
The humming of the drowsy pulpit-drone
Half God's good Sabbath, while the worn-out clerk
Brow-beats his desk below. Thou from a throne
Mounted in heaven wilt shoot into the dark
Arrows of lightnings. I will stand and mark.

III

Mine be the strength of spirit, full and free,
Like some broad river rushing down alone,
With the selfsame impulse wherewi
he was thrown
From his loud fount upon the echoi
lea; —
Which with increasing might dc
forward flee
By town, and tower, and hill, a
cape, and isle,
And in the middle of the green salt
Keeps his blue waters fresh for ma
a mile.
Mine be the power which ever to
sway
Will win the wise at once, and
degrees
May into uncongenial spirits flow;
Even as the warm gulf-stream
Florida
Floats far away into the Northern s
The lavish growths of southern M
ico.

IV

ALEXANDER

Warrior of God, whose strong ri
arm debased
The throne of Persia, when her Sat
bled
At Issus by the Syrian gates, or fle
Beyond the Memmian naphtha-p
disgraced
For ever — thee (thy pathway sa
erased)
Gliding with equal crowns two
pents led
Joyful to that palm-planted fount
fed
Ammonian Oasis in the waste.
There in a silent shade of laurel bro
Apart the Chamian Oracle divine
Shelter'd his unapproached myster
High things were spoken there,
handed down;
Only they saw thee from the se
shrine
Returning with hot cheek and kind
eyes.

V

BUONAPARTE

He thought to quell the stubb
hearts of oak,
Madman! — to chain with chains,
bind with bands

t island queen who sways the floods and lands
m Ind to Ind, but in fair daylight woke,
en from her wooden walls, — lit by sure hands, —
h thunders, and with lightnings, and with smoke, —
l after peal, the British battle broke,
ling the brine against the Coptic sands.
taught him lowlier moods, when Elsinore
rd the war moan along the distant sea,
king with shatter'd spars, with sudden fires
med over; at Trafalgar yet once more
taught him; late he learned humility
force, like those whom Gideon school'd with briers.

VI

POLAND

v long, O God, shall men be ridden down,
l trampled under by the last and least
nen? The heart of Poland hath not ceased
quiver, tho' her sacred blood doth drown
fields, and out of every smouldering town
s to Thee, lest brute Power be increased,
that o'ergrown Barbarian in the East
nsgress his ample bound to some new crown, —
s to Thee, 'Lord, how long shall these things be?
v long this icy-hearted Muscovite
ress the region?' Us, O Just and Good,
give, who smiled when she was torn in three;
who stand now, when we should aid the right —
natter to be wept with tears of blood!

VII

Caress'd or chidden by the slender hand,
And singing airy trifles this or that,
Light Hope at Beauty's call would perch and stand,
And run thro' every change of sharp and flat;
And Fancy came and at her pillow sat,
When Sleep had bound her in his rosy band,
And chased away the still-recurring gnat,
And woke her with a lay from fairy land.
But now they live with Beauty less and less,
For Hope is other Hope and wanders far,
Nor cares to lisp in love's delicious creeds;
And Fancy watches in the wilderness,
Poor Fancy sadder than a single star,
That sets at twilight in a land of reeds.

VIII

The form, the form alone is eloquent!
A nobler yearning never broke her rest
Than but to dance and sing, be gaily drest,
And win all eyes with all accomplishment;
Yet in the whirling dances as we went,
My fancy made me for a moment blest
To find my heart so near the beauteous breast
That once had power to rob it of content.
A moment came the tenderness of tears,
The phantom of a wish that once could move,
A ghost of passion that no smiles restore —
For ah! the slight coquette, she cannot love,
And if you kiss'd her feet a thousand years,
She still would take the praise, and care no more.

IX

Wan Sculptor, weepest thou to take the cast
Of those dead lineaments that near thee lie?

O, sorrowest thou, pale Painter, for the past,
In painting some dead friend from memory?
Weep on; beyond his object Love can last.
His object lives; more cause to weep have I:
My tears, no tears of love, are flowing fast,
No tears of love, but tears that Love can die.
I pledge her not in any cheerful cup,
Nor care to sit beside her where she sits —
Ah! pity — hint it not in human tones,
But breathe it into earth and close it up
With secret death for ever, in the pits
Which some green Christmas crams with weary bones.

X

If I were loved, as I desire to be,
What is there in the great sphere of the earth,
And range of evil between death and birth,
That I should fear, — if I were loved by thee?
All the inner, all the outer world of pain
Clear Love would pierce and cleave, if thou wert mine,
As I have heard that, somewhere in the main,
Fresh-water springs come up through bitter brine.
'Twere joy, not fear, claspt hand-in-hand with thee,
To wait for death — mute — careless of all ills,
Apart upon a mountain, tho' the surge
Of some new deluge from a thousand hills
Flung leagues of roaring foam into the gorge
Below us, as far on as eye could see.

XI

THE BRIDESMAID

O bridesmaid, ere the happy knot was tied,
Thine eyes so wept that they could hardly see;
Thy sister smiled and said, 'No tears for me!
A happy bridesmaid makes a happy bride.'
And then, the couple standing side by side,
Love lighted down between them full of glee,
And over his left shoulder laugh'd to thee,
'O happy bridesmaid, make a happy bride.'
And all at once a pleasant truth I learn'd,
For while the tender service made thee weep,
I loved thee for the tear thou could'st not hide,
And prest thy hand, and knew the press return'd,
And thought, 'My life is sick of single sleep:
O happy bridesmaid, make a happy bride!'

'"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott'

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

AND OTHER POEMS

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

PART I

ither side the river lie
g fields of barley and of rye,
clothe the wold and meet the sky;
thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot;
up and down the people go,
ng where the lilies blow
nd an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd

The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to tower'd Camelot;
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'T is the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

PART II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot;
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot;
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed:
"I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves
The sun came dazzling thro' the leav
And flamed upon the brazen greave
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelo
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armor rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddl
leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame togeth
As he rode down to Camel
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing ligh
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunli
glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-ho
trode:
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camel
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the roo
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camel
Out flew the web and floated wide
The mirror crack'd from side to sid
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV

the stormy east-wind straining,
e pale yellow woods were waning,
e broad stream in his banks complaining,
avily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;
wn she came and found a boat
neath a willow left afloat,
d round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

d down the river's dim expanse
ke some bold seër in a trance,
eing all his own mischance—
ith a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
d at the closing of the day
e loosed the chain, and down she lay;
e broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

ing, robed in snowy white
at loosely flew to left and right—
e leaves upon her falling light—
ro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot;
d as the boat-head wound along
e willowy hills and fields among,
ey heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

ard a carol, mournful, holy,
anted loudly, chanted lowly,
l her blood was frozen slowly,
d her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
r ere she reach'd upon the tide
e first house by the water-side,
nging in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

der tower and balcony,
garden-wall and gallery,
gleaming shape she floated by,
ad-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
t upon the wharfs they came,
ight and burgher, lord and dame,
d round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

no is this? and what is here?
d in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, 'She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott.'

MARIANA IN THE SOUTH

With one black shadow at its feet,
The house thro' all the level shines,
Close-latticed to the brooding heat,
And silent in its dusty vines;
A faint-blue ridge upon the right,
An empty river-bed before,
And shallows on a distant shore,
In glaring sand and inlets bright.
But 'Ave Mary,' made she moan,
And 'Ave Mary,' night and morn,
And 'Ah,' she sang, 'to be all alone,
To live forgotten, and love forlorn.'

She, as her carol sadder grew,
From brow and bosom slowly down
Thro' rosy taper fingers drew
Her streaming curls of deepest brown
To left and right, and made appear
Still-lighted in a secret shrine
Her melancholy eyes divine,
The home of woe without a tear.
And 'Ave Mary,' was her moan,
'Madonna, sad is night and morn,'
And 'Ah,' she sang, 'to be all alone,
To live forgotten, and love forlorn.'

Till all the crimson changed, and past
Into deep orange o'er the sea,
Low on her knees herself she cast,
Before Our Lady murmur'd she;
Complaining, 'Mother, give me grace
To help me of my weary load.'
And on the liquid mirror glow'd
The clear perfection of her face.
'Is this the form,' she made her moan,
'That won his praises night and morn?'

And 'Ah,' she said, 'but I wake alone,
I sleep forgotten, I wake forlorn.'

Nor bird would sing, nor lamb would bleat,

She breathed in sleep a lowe moan,
And murmuring, as at nigh and morn,
She thought, 'My spirit is her alone,
Walks forgotten, and is forlorn

'Low on her knees herself she cast,
Before Our Lady'

Nor any cloud would cross the vault,
But day increased from heat to heat,
On stony drought and steaming salt;
Till now at noon she slept again,
And seem'd knee-deep in mountain grass,
And heard her native breezes pass,
And runlets babbling down the glen.

Dreaming, she knew it was a dream;
She felt he was and was not there.
She woke; the babble of the stream
Fell, and, without, the steady glar
Shrank one sick willow sere and small.
The river-bed was dusty-white;
And all the furnace of the light
Struck up against the blinding wall.
She whisper'd, with a stifled moan

More inward than at night or morn,
'Sweet Mother, let me not here alone
Live forgotten and die forlorn.'

d, rising, from her bosom drew
Old letters, breathing of her worth,
r 'Love,' they said, 'must needs be true,
To what is loveliest upon earth.'
image seem'd to pass the door,
To look at her with slight, and say
But now thy beauty flows away,
be alone for evermore.'
'O cruel heart,' she changed her tone,
'And cruel love, whose end is scorn,
Is this the end, to be left alone,
To live forgotten, and die forlorn?'

t sometimes in the falling day
An image seem'd to pass the door,
look into her eyes and say,
But thou shalt be alone no more.'
d flaming downward over all
From heat to heat the day decreased,
And slowly rounded to the east
e one black shadow from the wall.
'The day to night,' she made her moan,
'The day to night, the night to morn,
And day and night I am left alone
To live forgotten, and love forlorn.'

eve a dry cicala sung,
There came a sound as of the sea;
ckward the lattice-blind she flung,
And lean'd upon the balcony.
ere all in spaces rosy-bright
arge Hesper glitter'd on her tears,
And deepening thro' the silent spheres
ven over heaven rose the night.
And weeping then she made her moan,
'The night comes on that knows not morn,
When I shall cease to be all alone,
To live forgotten, and love forlorn.'

THE TWO VOICES

A STILL small voice spake unto me,
'Thou art so full of misery,
Were it not better not to be?'

Then to the still small voice I said:
'Let me not cast in endless shade
What is so wonderfully made.'

To which the voice did urge reply:
'To-day I saw the dragon-fly
Come from the wells where he did lie.

'An inner impulse rent the veil
Of his old husk; from head to tail
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.

'He dried his wings; like gauze they grew;
Thro' crofts and pastures wet with dew
A living flash of light he flew.'

I said: 'When first the world began,
Young Nature thro' five cycles ran,
And in the sixth she moulded man.

'She gave him mind, the lordliest
Proportion, and, above the rest,
Dominion in the head and breast.'

Thereto the silent voice replied:
'Self-blinded are you by your pride;
Look up thro' night; the world is wide.

'This truth within thy mind rehearse,
That in a boundless universe
Is boundless better, boundless worse.

'Think you this mould of hopes and fears
Could find no statelier than his peers
In yonder hundred million spheres?'

It spake, moreover, in my mind:
'Tho' thou wert scatter'd to the wind,
Yet is there plenty of the kind.'

Then did my response clearer fall:
'No compound of this earthly ball
Is like another, all in all.'

To which he answer'd scoffingly:
'Good soul! suppose I grant it thee,
Who 'll weep for thy deficiency?

'Or will one beam be less intense,
When thy peculiar difference
Is cancell'd in the world of sense?'

I would have said, 'Thou canst not know,'
But my full heart, that work'd below,
Rain'd thro' my sight its overflow.

Again the voice spake unto me:
'Thou art so steep'd in misery,
Surely 't were better not to be.

'Thine anguish will not let thee sleep,
Nor any train of reason keep;
Thou canst not think, but thou wilt weep.'

I said: 'The years with change advance;
If I make dark my countenance,
I shut my life from happier chance.

'Some turn this sickness yet might take,
Even yet.' But he: 'What drug can make
A wither'd palsy cease to shake?'

I wept: 'Tho' I should die, I know
That all about the thorn will blow
In tufts of rosy-tinted snow;

'And men, thro' novel spheres of thought
Still moving after truth long sought,
Will learn new things when I am not.'

'Yet,' said the secret voice, 'some time,
Sooner or later, will gray prime
Make thy grass hoar with early rime.

'Not less swift souls that yearn for light,
Rapt after heaven's starry flight,
Would sweep the tracts of day and night.

'Not less the bee would range her cells,
The furzy prickle fire the dells,
The foxglove cluster dappled bells.'

I said that 'all the years invent;
Each month is various to present
The world with some development.

'Were this not well, to bide mi
hour,
Tho' watching from a ruin'd tower
How grows the day of human power

'The highest-mounted mind,' he sai
'Still sees the sacred morning spread
The silent summit overhead.

'Will thirty seasons render plain
Those lonely lights that still remain,
Just breaking over land and main?

'Or make that morn, from his co
crown
And crystal silence creeping down
Flood with full daylight glebe a
town?

'Forerun thy peers, thy time, a
let
Thy feet, millenniums hence, be set
In midst of knowledge, dream'd n
yet.

'Thou hast not gain'd a real height,
Nor art thou nearer to the light,
Because the scale is infinite.

''T were better not to breathe or spea
Than cry for strength, remainir
weak,
And seem to find, but still to seek.

'Moreover, but to seem to find
Asks what thou lackest, thoug
resign'd,
A healthy frame, a quiet mind.'

I said: 'When I am gone away,
"He dared not tarry," men will say
Doing dishonor to my clay.'

'This is more vile,' he made reply,
'To breathe and loathe, to live a
sigh,
Than once from dread of pain to di

'Sick art thou — a divided will
Still heaping on the fear of ill
The fear of men, a coward still.

'Do men love thee? Art thou
bound
To men that how thy name may sou
Will vex thee lying underground?

ıe memory of the wither'd leaf
endless time is scarce more brief
ın of the garner'd autumn-sheaf.

, vexed spirit, sleep in trust;
e right ear that is fill'd with dust
ars little of the false or just.'

ard task, to pluck resolve,' I cried,
om emptiness and the waste wide
that abyss, or scornful pride!

ay — rather yet that I could raise
e hope that warm'd me in the days
ile still I yearn'd for human praise.

hen, wide in soul and bold of tongue,
ong the tents I paused and sung,
e distant battle flash'd and rung.

ung the joyful Pæan clear,
l, sitting, burnish'd without fear
e brand, the buckler, and the spear —

aiting to strive a happy strife,
war with falsehood to the knife,
l not to lose the good of life —

me hidden principle to move,
put together, part and prove,
l mete the bounds of hate and love —

far as might be, to carve out
e space for every human doubt,
t the whole mind might orb about —

search thro' all I felt or saw,
springs of life, the depths of awe,
l reach the law within the law;

least, not rotting like a weed,
, having sown some generous seed,
itful of further thought and deed,

pass, when Life her light withdraws,
void of righteous self-applause,
in a merely selfish cause —

some good cause, not in mine own,
perish, wept for, honor'd, known,
like a warrior overthrown;

'Whose eyes are dim with glorious tears,
When, soil'd with noble dust, he hears
His country's war-song thrill his ears:

'Then dying of a mortal stroke,
What time the foeman's line is broke
And all the war is roll'd in smoke.'

'Yea!' said the voice, 'thy dream was good,
While thou abodest in the bud.
It was the stirring of the blood.

'If Nature put not forth her power
About the opening of the flower,
Who is it that could live an hour?

'Then comes the check, the change, the fall,
Pain rises up, old pleasures pall.
There is one remedy for all.

'Yet hadst thou, thro' enduring pain.
Link'd month to month with such a chain
Of knitted purport, all were vain.

'Thou hadst not between death and birth
Dissolved the riddle of the earth.
So were thy labor little worth.

'That men with knowledge merely play'd,
I told thee — hardly nigher made,
Tho' scaling slow from grade to grade;

'Much less this dreamer, deaf and blind,
Named man, may hope some truth to find,
That bears relation to the mind.

'For every worm beneath the moon
Draws different threads, and late and soon
Spins, toiling out his own cocoon.

'Cry, faint not: either Truth is born
Beyond the polar gleam forlorn,
Or in the gateways of the morn.

'Cry, faint not, climb: the summits slope

Beyond the furthest flights of hope,
Wrapt in dense cloud from base to cope.

'Sometimes a little corner shines,
As over rainy mist inclines
A gleaming crag with belts of pines.

'I will go forward, sayest thou,
I shall not fail to find her now.
Look up, the fold is on her brow.

If straight thy track, or if oblique,
Thou know'st not. Shadows thou dost strike,
Embracing cloud, Ixion-like;

'And owning but a little more
Than beasts, abidest lame and poor,
Calling thyself a little lower

'Than angels. Cease to wail and brawl!
Why inch by inch to darkness crawl?
There is one remedy for all.'

'O dull, one-sided voice,' said I,
'Wilt thou make everything a lie,
To flatter me that I may die?

'I know that age to age succeeds,
Blowing a noise of tongues and deeds,
A dust of systems and of creeds.

'I cannot hide that some have striven,
Achieving calm, to whom was given
The joy that mixes man with Heaven;

'Who, rowing hard against the stream,
Saw distant gates of Eden gleam,
And did not dream it was a dream;

'But heard, by secret transport led,
Even in the charnels of the dead,
The murmur of the fountain-head—

'Which did accomplish their desire,
Bore and forebore, and did not tire,
Like Stephen, an unquenched fire.

'He heeded not reviling tones,
Nor sold his heart to idle moans,
Tho' cursed and scorn'd, and bruised with stones;

'But looking upward, full of grace,
He pray'd, and from a happy place
God's glory smote him on the face.'

The sullen answer slid betwixt:
'Not that the grounds of hope were fix'd,
The elements were kindlier mix'd.'

I said: 'I toil beneath the curse,
But, knowing not the universe,
I fear to slide from bad to worse;

'And that, in seeking to undo
One riddle, and to find the true,
I knit a hundred others new;

'Or that this anguish fleeting hence
Unmanacled from bonds of sense,
Be fix'd and frozen to permanence:

'For I go, weak from suffering here
Naked I go, and void of cheer:
What is it that I may not fear?'

'Consider well,' the voice replied,
'His face, that two hours since had died;
Wilt thou find passion, pain or pride

'Will he obey when one commands
Or answer should one press his hand
He answers not, nor understands.

'His palms are folded on his breast
There is no other thing express'd
But long disquiet merged in rest.

'His lips are very mild and meek;
Tho' one should smite him on the cheek,
And on the mouth, he will not speak

'His little daughter, whose sweet face
He kiss'd, taking his last embrace,
Becomes dishonor to her race—

'His sons grow up that bear his name,
Some grow to honor, some to shame
But he is chill to praise or blame.

'He will not hear the north-wind rave
Nor, moaning, household shelter crave
From winter rains that beat his grave

gh up the vapors fold and swim ;
ut him broods the twilight dim ;
place he knew forgetteth him.'

all be dark, vague voice,' I said,
ese things are wrapt in doubt and
dread,
canst thou show the dead are
dead.

e sap dries up ; the plant de-
clines.
eeper tale my heart divines.
w I not death ? the outward
signs ?

found him when my years were
few ;
hadow on the graves I knew,
darkness in the village yew.

om grave to grave the shadow
crept ;
er still place the morning wept ;
ch'd by his feet the daisy slept.

e simple senses crown'd his head :
mega ! thou art Lord," they said,
e find no motion in the dead ! "

y, if man rot in dreamless ease,
uld that plain fact, as taught by
these,
make him sure that he shall
cease ?

o forged that other influence,
t heat of inward evidence,
which he doubts against the
sense?

owns the fatal gift of eyes,
t read his spirit blindly wise,
simple as a thing that dies.

re sits he shaping wings to fly ;
heart forebodes a mystery ;
ames the name Eternity.

at type of Perfect in his mind
lature can he nowhere find.
ows himself on every wind.

seems to hear a Heavenly Friend,
thro' thick veils to apprehend
bor working to an end.

'The end and the beginning vex
His reason : many things perplex,
With motions, checks, and counter-
checks.

'He knows a baseness in his blood
At such strange war with something
good,
He may not do the thing he would.

'Heaven opens inward, chasms yawn,
Vast images in glimmering dawn,
Half shown, are broken and with-
drawn.

'Ah ! sure within him and without,
Could his dark wisdom find it out,
There must be answer to his doubt,

'But thou canst answer not again.
With thine own weapon art thou
slain,
Or thou wilt answer but in vain.

'The doubt would rest, I dare not
solve.
In the same circle we revolve.
Assurance only breeds resolve.'

As when a billow, blown against,
Falls back, the voice with which I
fenced
A little ceased, but recommenced :

'Where wert thou when thy father
play'd
In his free field, and pastime made,
A merry boy in sun and shade ?

'A merry boy they call'd him then,
He sat upon the knees of men
In days that never come again ;

'Before the little ducts began
To feed thy bones with lime, and
ran
Their course, till thou wert also man :

'Who took a wife, who rear'd his race,
Whose wrinkles gather'd on his face,
Whose troubles number with his
days ;

'A life of nothings, nothing worth,
From that first nothing ere his birth
To that last nothing under earth ! '

'These words,' I said, 'are like the rest;
No certain clearness, but at best
A vague suspicion of the breast:

'But if I grant, thou mightst defend
The thesis which thy words intend —
That to begin implies to end;

'Yet how should I for certain hold,
Because my memory is so cold,
That I first was in human mould?

'I cannot make this matter plain,
But I would shoot, howe'er in vain,
A random arrow from the brain.

'It may be that no life is found,
Which only to one engine bound
Falls off, but cycles always round.

'As old mythologies relate,
Some draught of Lethe might await
The slipping thro' from state to state;

'As here we find in trances, men
Forget the dream that happens then,
Until they fall in trance again;

'So might we, if our state were such
As one before, remember much,
For those two likes might meet and touch.

'But, if I lapsed from nobler place,
Some legend of a fallen race
Alone might hint of my disgrace;

'Some vague emotion of delight
In gazing up an Alpine height,
Some yearning toward the lamps of night;

'Or if thro' lower lives I came —
Tho' all experience past became
Consolidate in mind and frame —

'I might forget my weaker lot;
For is not our first year forgot?
The haunts of memory echo not.

'And men, whose reason long was blind,
From cells of madness unconfined,
Oft lose whole years of darker mind.

'Much more, if first I floated free,
As naked essence, must I be
Incompetent of memory;

'For memory dealing but with time
And he with matter, could she climb
Beyond her own material prime?

'Moreover, something is or seems,
That touches me with mystic gleams,
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams —

'Of something felt, like something here;
Of something done, I know not where
Such as no language may declare.'

The still voice laugh'd. 'I talk,' said he,
'Not with thy dreams. Suffice it thee
Thy pain is a reality.'

'But thou,' said I, 'hast missed the mark,
Who sought'st to wreck my mortal ark,
By making all the horizon dark.

'Why not set forth, if I should do
This rashness, that which might ensue
With this old soul in organs new?

'Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly long'd for death.

''Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
O, life, not death, for which we pant;
More life, and fuller, that I want.'

I ceased, and sat as one forlorn.
Then said the voice, in quiet scorn
'Behold, it is the Sabbath morn.'

And I arose, and I released
The casement, and the light increased
With freshness in the dawning east.

Like soften'd airs that blowing steal
When meres begin to uncongeal,
The sweet church bells began their peal.

› God's house the people prest ;
ng the place where each must
rest,
enter'd like a welcome guest.

valk'd between his wife and child,
measured footfall firm and mild,
now and then he gravely smiled.

prudent partner of his blood
'd on him, faithful, gentle, good,
ring the rose of womanhood.

in their double love secure,
little maiden walk'd demure,
ng with downward eyelids pure.

These three made unity so sweet,
My frozen heart began to beat,
Remembering its ancient heat.

I blest them, and they wander'd on ;
I spoke, but answer came there
none ;
The dull and bitter voice was gone.

A second voice was at mine ear,
A little whisper silver-clear,
A murmur, 'Be of better cheer.'

As from some blissful neighborhood,
A notice faintly understood,
'I see the end, and know the good.'

'I wonder'd, while I paced along ;
The woods were fill'd so full with song'

A little hint to solace woe,
A hint, a whisper breathing low,
'I may not speak of what I know.'

Like an Æolian harp that wakes
No certain air, but overtakes
Far thought with music that it makes;

Such seem'd the whisper at my side:
'What is it thou knowest, sweet voice?' I cried.
'A hidden hope,' the voice replied;

So heavenly-toned, that in that hour
From out my sullen heart a power
Broke, like the rainbow from the shower,

To feel, altho' no tongue can prove,
That every cloud, that spreads above
And veileth love, itself is love.

And forth into the fields I went,
And Nature's living motion lent
The pulse of hope to discontent.

I wonder'd at the bounteous hours,
The slow result of winter showers;
You scarce could see the grass for flowers.

I wonder'd, while I paced along;
The woods were fill'd so full with song,
There seem'd no room for sense of wrong;

And all so variously wrought,
I marvell'd how the mind was brought
To anchor by one gloomy thought;

And wherefore rather I made choice
To commune with that barren voice,
Than him that said, 'Rejoice! Rejoice!'

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER

I SEE the wealthy miller yet,
His double chin, his portly size,
And who that knew him could forget
The busy wrinkles round his eyes?
The slow wise smile that, round about
His dusty forehead drily curl'd,
Seem'd half-within and half-without,
And full of dealings with the world?

In yonder chair I see him sit,
Three fingers round the old si
cup—
I see his gray eyes twinkle yet
At his own jest—gray eyes lit
With summer lightnings of a soul
So full of summer warmth, so g
So healthy, sound, and clear and wh
His memory scarce can make
sad.

Yet fill my glass; give me one kis
My own sweet Alice, we must d
There 's somewhat in this world a
Shall be unriddled by and by.
There 's somewhat flows to us in l
But more is taken quite away.
Pray, Alice, pray, my darling wif
That we may die the self-same

Have I not found a happy earth?
I least should breathe a though
pain.
Would God renew me from my b
I'd almost live my life again;
So sweet it seems with thee to wal
And once again to woo thee mi
It seems in after-dinner talk
Across the walnuts and the win

To be the long and listless boy
Late-left an orphan of the squir
Where this old mansion mounted
Looks down upon the village sp
For even here, where I and you
Have lived and loved alone so l
Each morn my sleep was broken
By some wild skylark's matin s

And oft I heard the tender dove
In firry woodlands making moa
But ere I saw your eyes, my love
I had no motion of my own.
For scarce my life with fancy pla
Before I dream'd that plea
dream—
Still hither thither idly sway'd
Like those long mosses in the str

Or from the bridge I lean'd to hea
The milldam rushing down
noise,
And see the minnows everywhere
In crystal eddies glance and po
The tall flag-flowers when they sp
Below the range of stepping-st

hose three chestnuts near, that
hung
masses thick with milky cones.

Alice, what an hour was that,
ıen after roving in the woods
as April then), I came and sat
low the chestnuts, when their buds
glistening to the breezy blue;
d on the slope, an absent fool,
: me down, nor thought of you,
t angled in the higher pool.

re-song I had somewhere read,
echo from a measured strain,
time to nothing in my head
)m some odd corner of the brain.
unted me, the morning long,
th weary sameness in the rhymes,
)hantom of a silent song,
at went and came a thousand
times.

leapt a trout. In lazy mood
vatch'd the little circles die;
past into the level flood,
d there a vision caught my eye;
reflex of a beauteous form,
glowing arm, a gleaming neck,
hen a sunbeam wavers warm
thin the dark and dimpled beck.

ou remember, you had set,
at morning, on the casement-edge
g green box of mignonette,
d you were leaning from the
ledge;
when I raised my eyes, above
ey met with two so full and
bright—
eyes! I swear to you, my love,
at these have never lost their
light.

ed, and love dispell'd the fear
at I should die an early death;
)ve possess'd the atmosphere,
l fill'd the breast with purer
breath.
other thought, What ails the boy?
I was alter'd, and began
ove about the house with joy,
l with the certain step of man.

ed the brimming wave that swam
ro' quiet meadows round the mill,

The sleepy pool above the dam,
The pool beneath it never still,
The meal-sacks on the whiten'd floor,
The dark round of the dripping
wheel,
The very air about the door
Made misty with the floating meal.

And oft in ramblings on the wold,
When April nights began to blow,
And April's crescent glimmer'd cold,
I saw the village lights below;
I knew your taper far away,
And full at heart of trembling
hope,
From off the wold I came, and lay
Upon the freshly-flower'd slope.

The deep brook groan'd beneath the
mill;
And 'by that lamp,' I thought, 'she
sits!'
The white chalk-quarry from the hill
Gleam'd to the flying moon by fits.
'O, that I were beside her now!
O, will she answer if I call?
O, would she give me vow for vow,
Sweet Alice, if I told her all?'

Sometimes I saw you sit and spin;
And, in the pauses of the wind,
Sometimes I heard you sing within;
Sometimes your shadow cross'd the
blind.
At last you rose and moved the light,
And the long shadow of the chair
Flitted across into the night,
And all the casement darken'd there.

But when at last I dared to speak,
The lanes, you know, were white
with may;
Your ripe lips moved not, but your
cheek
Flush'd like the coming of the
day;
And so it was—half-sly, half-shy,
You would, and would not, little
one!
Although I pleaded tenderly,
And you and I were all alone.

And slowly was my mother brought
To yield consent to my desire:
She wish'd me happy, but she thought
I might have look'd a little higher;

**'And rose, and, with a silent grace
Approaching, press'd you heart to heart'**

And I was young — too young to wed:
'Yet must I love her for your sake;
Go fetch your Alice here,' she said:
Her eyelid quiver'd as she spake.

And down I went to fetch my bride:
But, Alice, you were ill at ease;
This dress and that by turns you tried,
Too fearful that you should not please.
I loved you better for your fears,
I knew you could not look but well;
And dews, that would have fallen in tears,
I kiss'd away before they fell.

I watch'd the little flutterings,
The doubt my mother would not see;
She spoke at large of many things,
And at the last she spoke to me;
And turning look'd upon your face,
As near this door you sat apart,
And rose, and, with a silent grace
Approaching, press'd you heart to heart.

Ah, well — but sing the foolish song
I gave you, Alice, on the day
When, arm in arm, we went along,
A pensive pair, and you were gay
With bridal flowers — that I may see
As in the nights of old, to lie
Beside the mill-wheel in the stream
While those full chestnuts whis
by.

It is the miller's daughter,
And she is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles in her ear;
For hid in ringlets day and night,
I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle
About her dainty dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me,
In sorrow and in rest;
And I should know if it beat right,
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,
And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom,
With her laughter or her sighs;
And I would lie so light, so light,
I scarce should be unclasp'd at night.

fie, sweet! which true love spells—
ue love interprets—right alone.
light upon the letter dwells,
r all the spirit is his own.
f I waste words now, in truth
ou must blame Love. His early rage
force to make me rhyme in youth,
nd makes me talk too much in age.

now those vivid hours are gone,
ke mine own life to me thou art,
re Past and Present, wound in one,
make a garland for the heart;
ng that other song I made,
lf-anger'd with my happy lot,
day, when in the chestnut shade
found the blue forget-me-not.

Love that hath us in the net,
Can he pass, and we forget?
Many suns arise and set;
Many a chance the years beget;
Love the gift is Love the debt.
Even so.
Love is hurt with jar and fret;
Love is made a vague regret;
Eyes with idle tears are wet;
Idle habit links us yet.
What is love? for we forget:
Ah, no! no!

thro' mine eyes with thine. True wife,
und my true heart thine arms entwine;
ther dearer life in life,
ok thro' my very soul with thine!
uch'd with any shade of years,
ay those kind eyes for ever dwell!
They have not shed a many tears,
Dear eyes, since first I knew them well.

Yet tears they shed; they had their part
Of sorrow; for when time was ripe,
The still affection of the heart
Became an outward breathing type,
That into stillness past again,
And left a want unknown before;
Although the loss had brought us pain,
That loss but made us love the more,

With farther lookings on. The kiss,
The woven arms, seem but to be
Weak symbols of the settled bliss,
The comfort, I have found in thee;
But that God bless thee, dear—who wrought
Two spirits to one equal mind—
With blessings beyond hope or thought,
With blessings which no words can find.

Arise, and let us wander forth
To yon old mill across the wolds;
For look, the sunset, south and north,
Winds all the vale in rosy folds,
And fires your narrow casement glass,
Touching the sullen pool below;
On the chalk-hill the bearded grass
Is dry and dewless. Let us go.

FATIMA

O Love, Love, Love! O withering might!
O sun, that from thy noonday height
Shudderest when I strain my sight,
Throbbing thro' all thy heat and light,
Lo, falling from my constant mind,
Lo, parch'd and wither'd, deaf and blind,
I whirl like leaves in roaring wind.

Last night I wasted hateful hours
Below the city's eastern towers;
I thirsted for the brooks, the showers;
I roll'd among the tender flowers;
I crush'd them on my breast, my mouth:

I look'd athwart the burning drouth
Of that long desert to the south.

Last night, when some one spoke his name,
From my swift blood that went and came
A thousand little shafts of flame
Were shiver'd in my narrow frame.
O Love, O fire! once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul thro'
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.

Before he mounts the hill, I know
He cometh quickly; from below
Sweet gales, as from deep gardens, blow
Before him, striking on my brow.
In my dry brain my spirit soon,
Down-deepening from swoon to swoon,
Faints like a dazzled morning moon.

The wind sounds like a silver wire,
And from beyond the noon a fire
Is pour'd upon the hills, and nigher
The skies stoop down in their desire;
And, isled in sudden seas of light,
My heart, pierced thro' with fierce delight,
Bursts into blossom in his sight.

My whole soul waiting silently,
All naked in a sultry sky,
Droops blinded with his shining eye;
I *will* possess him or will die.
I will grow round him in his place,
Grow, live, die looking on his face,
Die, dying clasp'd in his embrace.

ŒNONE

There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
The swimming vapor slopes athwart the glen,
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
The long brook falling thro' the clov
ravine
In cataract after cataract to the sea.
Behind the valley topmost Gargaru
Stands up and takes the morning; b
in front
The gorges, opening wide apart,
veal
Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,
The crown of Troas.
Hither came at noon
Mournful Œnone, wandering forlo
Of Paris, once her playmate on
hills.
Her cheek had lost the rose, and rou
her neck
Floated her hair or seem'd to float
rest.
She, leaning on a fragment twi
with vine,
Sang to the stillness, till the mo
tain-shade
Sloped downward to her seat from
upper cliff.

'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
For now the noonday quiet holds
hill:
The grasshopper is silent in the gr
The lizard, with his shadow on
stone,
Rests like a shadow, and the winds
dead.
The purple flower droops, the gol
bee
Is lily-cradled; I alone awake.
My eyes are full of tears, my hear
love,
My heart is breaking, and my
are dim,
And I am all aweary of my life.

'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Hear me, O earth, hear me, O hill
caves
That house the cold crown'd sn
O mountain brooks,
I am the daughter of a River-God
Hear me, for I will speak, and b
up all
My sorrow with my song, as yo
walls
Rose slowly to a music slo
breathed,

oud that gather'd shape; for it may be
, while I speak of it, a little while
heart may wander from its deeper woe.

mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
mother Ida, harken ere I die.
ited underneath the dawning hills;
t the mountain lawn was dewy-dark,
dewy-dark aloft the mountain pine.
tiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,
ing a jet-black goat white-horn'd, white-hooved,
e up from reedy Simois all alone.

mother Ida, harken ere I die.
off the torrent call'd me from the cleft;

Far up the solitary morning smote
The streaks of virgin snow. With down-dropt eyes
I sat alone; white-breasted like a star
Fronting the dawn he moved; a leopard skin
Droop'd from his shoulder, but his sunny hair
Cluster'd about his temples like a God's;
And his cheek brighten'd as the foam-bow brightens
When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart
Went forth to embrace him coming ere he came.

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
He smiled, and opening out his milk-white palm
Disclosed a fruit of pure Hesperian gold,

'Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel'

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That smelt ambrosially, and while I look'd
And listen'd, the full-flowing river of speech
Came down upon my heart:
'"My own Œnone,
Beautiful-brow'd Œnone, my own soul,
Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind ingraven
'For the most fair,' would seem to award it thine,
As lovelier than whatever Oread haunt
The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace
Of movement, and the charm of married brows."

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
He prest the blossom of his lips to mine,
And added, "This was cast upon the board,
When all the full-faced presence of the Gods
Ranged in the halls of Peleus; whereupon
Rose feud, with question unto whom 't were due;
But light-foot Iris brought it yestereve,
Delivering, that to me, by common voice
Elected umpire, Herè comes to-day,
Pallas and Aphrodite, claiming each
This meed of fairest. Thou, within the cave
Behind yon whispering tuft of oldest pine,
Mayst well behold them unbeheld, unheard
Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of Gods."

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
It was the deep midnoon; one silvery cloud
Had lost his way between the piny sides
Of this long glen. Then to the bower they came,
Naked they came to that smooth-swarded bower,
And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,
Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,
Lotos and lilies; and a wind arose,
And overhead the wandering ivy a
vine,
This way and that, in many a wi
festoon
Ran riot, garlanding the gnarl
boughs
With bunch and berry and flower th
and thro'.

'O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
On the tree-tops a crested peaco
lit,
And o'er him flow'd a golden clou
and lean'd
Upon him, slowly dropping fragra
dew.
Then first I heard the voice of her
whom
Coming thro' heaven, like a light th
grows
Larger and clearer, with one mind t
Gods
Rise up for reverence. She to Pa
made
Proffer of royal power, ample rule
Unquestion'd, overflowing revenue
Wherewith to embellish state, "fro
many a vale
And river-sunder'd champaign cloth
with corn,
Or labor'd mine undrainable of ore.
Honor," she said, "and homage, t
and toll,
From many an inland town and hav
large,
Mast-throng'd beneath her shadowi
citadel
In glassy bays among her tall
towers."

'O mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Still she spake on and still she spa
of power,
"Which in all action is the end
all;
Power fitted to the season; wisdo
bred
And throned of wisdom—from
neighbor crowns
Alliance and allegiance, till thy han
Fail from the sceptre-staff. Such bo
from me,
From me, heaven's queen, Paris,
thee king-born,
A shepherd all thy life but yet ki
born.

ould come most welcome, seeing
men, in power
ly, are likest Gods, who have at-
tain'd
st in a happy place and quiet seats
ove the thunder, with undying
bliss
knowledge of their own supre-
macy."

Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
ceased, and Paris held the costly
fruit
t at arm's-length, so much the
thought of power
tter'd his spirit; but Pallas where
she stood
newhat apart, her clear and bared
limbs
rthwarted with the brazen-headed
spear
on her pearly shoulder leaning cold,
e while, above, her full and earnest
eye
er her snow-cold breast and angry
cheek
pt watch, waiting decision, made
reply:

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge,
self-control,
ese three alone lead life to sover-
eign power.
not for power (power of herself
uld come uncall'd for) but to live
by law,
ing the law we live by without
fear;
l, because right is right, to follow
right
re wisdom in the scorn of conse-
quence."

Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
ain she said: "I woo thee not with
gifts.
uel of guerdon could not alter me
fairer. Judge thou me by what I
am,
shalt thou find me fairest.
Yet, indeed,
azing on divinity disrobed
mortal eyes are frail to judge of
fair,
bias'd by self-profit, O, rest thee
sure
That I shall love thee well and cleave
to thee,
So that my vigor, wedded to thy
blood,
Shall strike within thy pulses, like a
God's,
To push thee forward thro' a life of
shocks,
Dangers, and deeds, until endurance
grow
Sinew'd with action, and the full-
grown will,
Circled thro' all experiences, pure law,
Commeasure perfect freedom."
Here she ceas'd,
And Paris ponder'd, and I cried, "O
Paris,
Give it to Pallas!" but he heard me
not,
Or hearing would not hear me, woe is
me!

'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Idalian Aphrodite beautiful,
Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Pa-
phian wells,
With rosy slender fingers backward
drew
From her warm brows and bosom her
deep hair
Ambrosial, golden round her lucid
throat
And shoulder; from the violets her
light foot
Shone rosy-white, and o'er her rounded
form
Between the shadows of the vine-
bunches
Floated the glowing sunlights, as she
moved.

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die.
She with a subtle smile in her mild
eyes,
The herald of her triumph, drawing
nigh
Half-whisper'd in his ear, "I promise
thee
The fairest and most loving wife in
Greece."
She spoke and laugh'd; I shut my
sight for fear;
But when I look'd, Paris had raised
his arm,
And I beheld great Here's angry eyes.

As she withdrew into the golden cloud,
And I was left alone within the bower;
And from that time to this I am alone,
And I shall be alone until I die.

'Yet, mother Ida, harken ere I die.
Fairest — why fairest wife? am I not fair?
My love hath told me so a thousand times.
Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday,
When I past by, a wild and wanton pard,
Eyed like the evening star, with playful tail
Crouch'd fawning in the weed. Most loving is she?
Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that my arms
Were wound about thee, and my hot lips prest
Close, close to thine in that quick-falling dew
Of fruitful kisses, thick as autumn rains
Flash in the pools of whirling Simois!

'O mother, hear me yet before I die.
They came, they cut away my tallest pines,
My tall dark pines, that plumed the craggy ledge
High over the blue gorge, and all between
The snowy peak and snow-white cataract
Foster'd the callow eaglet — from beneath
Whose thick mysterious boughs in the dark morn
The panther's roar came muffled, while I sat
Low in the valley. Never, never more
Shall lone Œnone see the morning mist
Sweep thro' them; never see them overlaid
With narrow moonlit slips of silver cloud,
Between the loud stream and the trembling stars.

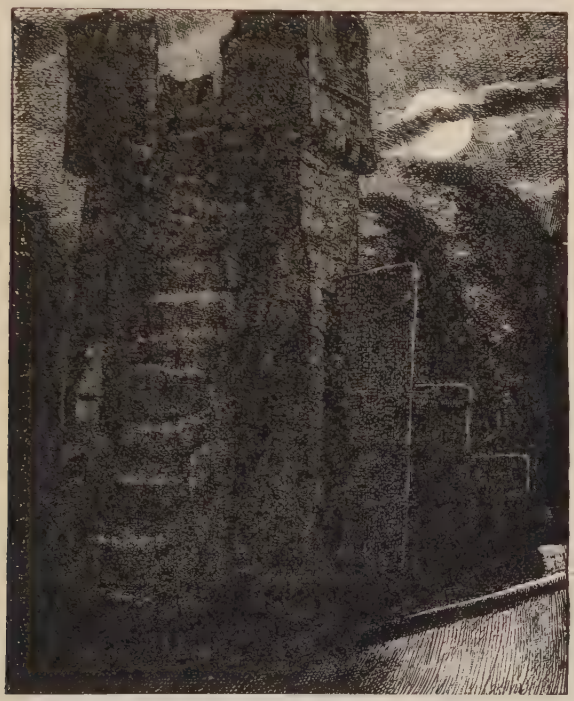
'O mother, hear me yet before I die.
I wish that somewhere in the ruin'd folds,
Among the fragments tumbled from the glens,
Or the dry thickets, I could meet w
her
The Abominable, that uninvited ca
Into the fair Peleïan banquet-hall,
And cast the golden fruit upon
board,
And bred this change; that I mi
speak my mind,
And tell her to her face how muc
hate
Her presence, hated both of Gods
men.

'O mother, hear me yet befor
die.
Hath he not sworn his love a thous
times,
In this green valley, under this gr
hill,
Even on this hand, and sitting on
stone?
Seal'd it with kisses? water'd it
tears?
O happy tears, and how unlike
these!
O happy heaven, how canst thou
my face?
O happy earth, how canst thou
my weight?
O death, death, death, thou ever-f
ing cloud,
There are enough unhappy on
earth,
Pass by the happy souls, that lov
live;
I pray thee, pass before my ligh
life,
And shadow all my soul, that I
die.
Thou weighest heavy on the h
within,
Weigh heavy on my eyelids; let
die.

'O mother, hear me yet before I
I will not die alone, for fiery thou
Do shape themselves within me,
and more,
Whereof I catch the issue, as I he
Dead sounds at night come from
inmost hills,
Like footsteps upon wool. I d
see
My far-off doubtful purpose,
mother
Conjectures of the features of her

it is born. Her child!—a shudder comes
oss me: never child be born of me,
blest, to vex me with his father's eyes!

What this may be I know not, but I know
That, wheresoe'er I am by night and day,
All earth and air seem only burning fire.'



'The wind is blowing in turret and tree'

O mother, hear me yet before I die.
r me, O earth. I will not die alone,
their shrill happy laughter come to me
king the cold and starless road of death
omforted, leaving my ancient love
h the Greek woman. I will rise and go
n into Troy, and ere the stars come forth
with the wild Cassandra, for she says
re dances before her, and a sound
gs ever in her ears of armed men.

THE SISTERS

We were two daughters of one race;
She was the fairest in the face.
The wind is blowing in turret and tree.
They were together, and she fell;
Therefore revenge became me well.
O, the earl was fair to see!

She died; she went to burning flame;
She mix'd her ancient blood with shame.
The wind is howling in turret and tree.

Whole weeks and months, and early and late,
To win his love I lay in wait.
O, the earl was fair to see!

I made a feast; I bade him come;
I won his love, I brought him home.
The wind is roaring in turret and tree.
And after supper, on a bed,
Upon my lap he laid his head.
O, the earl was fair to see!

I kiss'd his eyelids into rest,
His ruddy cheek upon my breast.
The wind is raging in turret and tree.
I hated him with the hate of hell,
But I loved his beauty passing well.
O, the earl was fair to see!

I rose up in the silent night;
I made my dagger sharp and bright.
The wind is raving in turret and tree.
As half-asleep his breath he drew,
Three times I stabb'd him thro' and thro'.
O, the earl was fair to see!

I curl'd and comb'd his comely head,
He look'd so grand when he was dead.
The wind is blowing in turret and tree.
I wrapt his body in the sheet,
And laid him at his mother's feet.
O, the earl was fair to see!

TO ——

WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM

I SEND you here a sort of allegory—
For you will understand it—of a soul,
A sinful soul possess'd of many gifts,
A spacious garden full of flowering weeds,
A glorious devil, large in heart and brain,
That did love beauty only—beauty seen
In all varieties of mould and mind—
And knowledge for its beauty; or if good,
Good only for its beauty, seeing not
That Beauty, Good, and Knowledg
are three sisters
That dote upon each other, friends t
man,
Living together under the same roof,
And never can be sunder'd withou
tears.
And he that shuts Love out, in tur
shall be
Shut out from Love, and on her thresh
old lie
Howling in outer darkness. Not for thi
Was common clay ta'en from the com
mon earth
Moulded by God, and temper'd wit
the tears
Of angels to the perfect shape of man

THE PALACE OF ART

I BUILT my soul a lordly pleasur
house,
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell.
I said, 'O Soul, make merry and c
rouse,
Dear soul, for all is well.'

A huge crag-platform, smooth as bu
nish'd brass,
I chose. The ranged ramparts brigh
From level meadow-bases of deep gra
Suddenly scaled the light.

Thereon I built it firm. Of ledge
shelf
The rock rose clear, or windin
stair.
My soul would live alone unto herse
In her high palace there.

And 'while the world runs round a
round,' I said,
'Reign thou apart, a quiet king,
Still as, while Saturn whirls, his stea
fast shade
Sleeps on his luminous ring.'

To which my soul made answer rea
ily:
'Trust me, in bliss I shall abide
In this great mansion, that is built f
me,
So royal-rich and wide.'
. . . . . .

r courts I made, East, West and
South and North,
n each a squared lawn, wherefrom
golden gorge of dragons spouted
forth
A flood of fountain-foam.

l round the cool green courts there
ran a row
f cloisters, branch'd like mighty
woods,
oing all night to that sonorous
flow
Of spouted fountain-floods;

l round the roofs a gilded gallery
hat lent broad verge to distant
lands,
as the wild swan wings, to where
the sky
Dipt down to sea and sands.

m those four jets four currents in
one swell
cross the mountain stream'd below
aisty folds, that floating as they fell
Lit up a torrent-bow.

l high on every peak a statue
seem'd
o hang on tiptoe, tossing up
loud of incense of all odor steam'd
From out a golden cup.

hat she thought, 'And who shall
gaze upon
y palace with unblinded eyes,
le this great bow will waver in
the sun,
And that sweet incense rise?'

that sweet incense rose and never
fail'd,
nd, while day sank or mounted
higher,
light aerial gallery, golden-rail'd,
Burnt like a fringe of fire.

wise the deep-set windows, stain'd
and traced,
ould seem slow-flaming crimson
fires
n shadow'd grots of arches inter-
laced,
And tipt with frost-like spires.

. . . . . .

Full of long-sounding corridors it was,
That over-vaulted grateful gloom,
Thro' which the livelong day my soul
did pass,
Well-pleased, from room to room.

Full of great rooms and small the pal-
ace stood,
All various, each a perfect whole
From living Nature, fit for every mood
And change of my still soul.

For some were hung with arras green
and blue,
Showing a gaudy summer-morn,
Where with puff'd cheek the belted
hunter blew
His wreathed bugle-horn.

One seem'd all dark and red — a tract
of sand,
And some one pacing there alone,
Who paced for ever in a glimmering
land,
Lit with a low large moon.

One show'd an iron coast and angry
waves.
You seem'd to hear them climb and
fall
And roar rock-thwarted under bellow-
ing caves,
Beneath the windy wall.

And one, a full-fed river winding slow
By herds upon an endless plain,
The ragged rims of thunder brooding
low,
With shadow-streaks of rain.

And one, the reapers at their sultry
toil.
In front they bound the sheaves.
Behind
Were realms of upland, prodigal in oil,
And hoary to the wind.

And one a foreground black with
stones and slags;
Beyond, a line of heights; and higher
All barr'd with long white cloud the
scornful crags;
And highest, snow and fire.

And one, an English home — gray twi
light pour'd

'In a clear-wall'd city on the sea,
Near gilded organ-pipes, her hair
Wound with white roses, slept Saint Cecily'

On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep — all things in order stored,
A haunt of ancient Peace.

Nor these alone, but every landscape fair,
As fit for every mood of mind,
Or gay, or grave, or sweet, or stern, was there,
Not less than truth design'd.
. . . . . .

Or the maid-mother by a crucifix,
In tracts of pasture sunny-warm,
Beneath branch-work of costly sard-onyx
Sat smiling, babe in arm.

Or in a clear-wall'd city on sea,
Near gilded organ-pipes, her hai
Wound with white roses, slept Sa
Cecily;
An angel look'd at her.

Or thronging all one porch of Para
A group of Houris bow'd to see
The dying Islamite, with hands
eyes
That said, We wait for thee.

Or mythic Uther's deeply-woun
son
In some fair space of sloping gr
Lay, dozing in the vale of Avalon
And watch'd by weeping que

hollowing one hand against his ear,
o list a foot-fall, ere he saw
wood-nymph, stay'd the Ausonian king to hear
Of wisdom and of law.

over hills with peaky tops engrail'd,
nd many a tract of palm and rice,
throne of Indian Cama slowly sail'd
A summer fann'd with spice.

sweet Europa's mantle blew unclasp'd,
rom off her shoulder backward borne;
m one hand droop'd a crocus; one hand grasp'd
The mild bull's golden horn.

else flush'd Ganymede, his rosy thigh
Half-buried in the eagle's down,
Sole as a flying star shot thro' the sky
Above the pillar'd town.

Nor these alone; but every legend fair
Which the supreme Caucasian mind
Carved out of Nature for itself was there,
Not less than life design'd.

. . . . . .

Then in the towers I placed great bells that swung,
Moved of themselves, with silver sound;
And with choice paintings of wise men I hung
The royal dais round.

For there was Milton like a seraph strong,
Beside him Shakespeare bland and mild;

'Mythic Uther's deeply-wounded son'

And there the world-worn Dante grasp'd his song,
And somewhat grimly smiled.

And there the Ionian father of the rest;
A million wrinkles carved his skin;
A hundred winters snow'd upon his breast,
From cheek and throat and chin.

Above, the fair hall-ceiling stately-set
Many an arch high up did lift,
And angels rising and descending met
With interchange of gift.

Below was all mosaic choicely plann'd
With cycles of the human tale
Of this wide world, the times of every land
So wrought they will not fail.

The people here, a beast of burden slow,
Toil'd onward, prick'd with goads and stings;
Here play'd, a tiger, rolling to and fro
The heads and crowns of kings;

Here rose, an athlete, strong to break or bind
All force in bonds that might endure,
And here once more like some sick man declined,
And trusted any cure.

But over these she trod; and those great bells
Began to chime. She took her throne;
She sat betwixt the shining oriels,
To sing her songs alone.

And thro' the topmost oriels' colored flame
Two godlike faces gazed below;
Plato the wise, and large-brow'd Verulam,
The first of those who know.

And all those names that in their motion were
Full-welling fountain-heads of change,
Betwixt the slender shafts were blazon'd fair
In diverse raiment strange;

Thro' which the lights, rose, ambe
emerald, blue,
Flush'd in her temples and h
eyes,
And from her lips, as morn from Mer
non, drew
Rivers of melodies.

No nightingale delighteth to pr
long
Her low preamble all alone,
More than my soul to hear her echo
song
Throb thro' the ribbed stone;

Singing and murmuring in her feas
ful mirth,
Joying to feel herself alive,
Lord over Nature, lord of the visib
earth,
Lord of the senses five;

Communing with herself: 'All the
are mine,
And let the world have peace
wars,
'T is one to me.' She — when you
night divine
Crown'd dying day with stars,

Making sweet close of his delicio
toils —
Lit light in wreaths and anadems,
And pure quintessences of precio
oils
In hollow'd moons of gems,

To mimic heaven; and clapt h
hands and cried,
'I marvel if my still delight
In this great house so royal-rich a
wide
Be flatter'd to the height.

'O all things fair to sate my vario
eyes!
O shapes and hues that please
well!
O silent faces of the Great and Wi
My Gods, with whom I dwell!

'O Godlike isolation which art mi
I can but count thee perfect gain
What time I watch the darken
droves of swine
That range on yonder plain.

filthy sloughs they roll a prurient skin,
They graze and wallow, breed and sleep;
d oft some brainless devil enters in,
And drives them to the deep.'

en of the moral instinct would she prate
And of the rising from the dead,
hers by right of full-accomplish'd Fate;
And at the last she said:

take possession of man's mind and deed.
care not what the sects may brawl.
t as God holding no form of creed,
But contemplating all.'

. . . . . .

l oft the riddle of the painful earth
lash'd thro' her as she sat alone,
not the less held she her solemn mirth,
And intellectual throne.

l so she throve and prosper'd; so three years
he prosper'd; on the fourth she fell,
e Herod, when the shout was in his ears,
Struck thro' with pangs of hell.

t she should fail and perish utterly,
od, before whom ever lie bare
abysmal deeps of personality,
Plagued her with sore despair.

en she would think, where'er she turn'd her sight
he airy hand confusion wrought,
ote, 'Mene, mene,' and divided quite
The kingdom of her thought.
p dread and loathing of her solitude
ell on her, from which mood was born
rn of herself; again, from out that mood
Laughter at her self-scorn.

'What! is not this my place of strength,' she said,
'My spacious mansion built for me,
Whereof the strong foundation-stones were laid
Since my first memory?'

But in dark corners of her palace stood
Uncertain shapes; and unawares
On white-eyed phantasms weeping tears of blood,
And horrible nightmares,

And hollow shades enclosing hearts of flame,
And, with dim fretted foreheads all,
On corpses three-months-old at noon she came,
That stood against the wall.

A spot of dull stagnation, without light
Or power of movement, seem'd my soul,
Mid onward-sloping motions infinite
Making for one sure goal;

A still salt pool, lock'd in with bars of sand,
Left on the shore, that hears all night
The plunging seas draw backward from the land
Their moon-led waters white;

A star that with the choral starry dance
Join'd not, but stood, and standing saw
The hollow orb of moving Circumstance
Roll'd round by one fix'd law.

Back on herself her serpent pride had curl'd.
'No voice,' she shriek'd in that lone hall,
'No voice breaks thro' the stillness of this world;
One deep, deep silence all!'

She, mouldering with the dull earth's mouldering sod,
Inwrapt tenfold in slothful shame,
Lay there exiled from eternal God,
Lost to her place and name:

And death and life she hated equally,
And nothing saw, for her despair,
But dreadful time, dreadful eternity,
No comfort anywhere;

Remaining utterly confused with fears,
And ever worse with growing time,
And ever unrelieved by dismal tears,
And all alone in crime.

Shut up as in a crumbling tomb, girt round
With blackness as a solid wall,
Far off she seem'd to hear the dully sound
Of human footsteps fall:

As in strange lands a traveller walking slow,
In doubt and great perplexity,
A little before moonrise hears the low
Moan of an unknown sea;

And knows not if it be thunder, or a sound
Of rocks thrown down, or one deep cry
Of great wild beasts; then thinketh, 'I have found
A new land, but I die.'

She howl'd aloud, 'I am on fire within.
There comes no murmur of reply.
What is it that will take away my sin,
And save me lest I die?'

So when four years were wholly finished,
She threw her royal robes away.
'Make me a cottage in the vale,' she said,
'Where I may mourn and pray.

'Yet pull not down my palace towers, that are
So lightly, beautifully built;
Perchance I may return with others there
When I have purged my guilt.'

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Of me you shall not win renown:
You thought to break a country heart
For pastime, ere you went to town.
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
I saw the snare, and I retired;
The daughter of a hundred earls,
You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
I know you proud to bear your name,
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
Too proud to care from whence I came.
Nor would I break for your sweet sake
A heart that dotes on truer charms
A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Some meeker pupil you must find,
For, were you queen of all that is,
I could not stoop to such a mind.
You sought to prove how I could love,
And my disdain is my reply.
The lion on your old stone gates
Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
You put strange memories in my head.
Not thrice your branching limes have blown
Since I beheld young Laurence dead.
O, your sweet eyes, your low replies!
A great enchantress you may be;
But there was that across his throat
Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
When thus he met his mother's view
She had the passions of her kind,
She spake some certain truths of you.
Indeed I heard one bitter word
That scarce is fit for you to hear;
Her manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
There stands a spectre in your hall:
The guilt of blood is at your door;
You changed a wholesome heart to gall.
You held your course without remorse
To make him trust his modest worth,
And, last, you fix'd a vacant stare,
And slew him with your noble birth.

rust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent
he gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
owe'er it be, it seems to me,
'T is only noble to be good.
ind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

know you, Clara Vere de Vere,
You pine among your halls and towers;
he languid light of your proud eyes
Is wearied of the rolling hours.
glowing health, with boundless wealth,
But sickening of a vague disease,
ou know so ill to deal with time,
You needs must play such pranks as these.

lara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If time be heavy on your hands,
re there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands?
teach the orphan-boy to read,
Or teach the orphan-girl to sew;
ray Heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yeoman go.

THE MAY QUEEN

ou must wake and call me early,
call me early, mother dear;
o-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of
all the glad New-year;
all the glad New-year, mother, the
maddest merriest day,
r I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

here's many a black, black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
here's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline;
t none so fair as little Alice in all the land they say,
I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother,
that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the
day begins to break;
But I must gather knots of flowers,
and buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley whom think ye should I see
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree?
He thought of that sharp look, mother,
I gave him yesterday,
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother,
for I was all in white,
And I ran by him without speaking,
like a flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care
not what they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but
that can never be;
They say his heart is breaking, mother
— what is that to me?
There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me
any summer day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow
to the green,
And you 'll be there, too, mother, to
see me made the Queen;
For the shepherd lads on every side
'ill come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has
woven its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the
faint sweet cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines
like fire in swamps and hollows gray,

'It is the last New-year that I shall ever see'

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year;
To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE

If you're waking call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year.
It is the last New-year that I shall ever see,

en you may lay me low i' the
mould and think no more of
me.

night I saw the sun set; he set and
left behind
e good old year, the dear old
time, and all my peace of
mind;
d the New-year's coming up, mo-
ther, but I shall never see
e blossom on the blackthorn, the
leaf upon the tree.

st May we made a crown of flowers;
we had a merry day;
neath the hawthorn on the green
they made me Queen of May;
d we danced about the may-pole
and in the hazel copse,
d Charles's Wain came out above
the tall white chimney-tops.

ere 's not a flower on all the hills;
the frost is on the pane.
nly wish to live till the snowdrops
come again;
ish the snow would melt and the
sun come out on high;
ng to see a flower so before the day
I die.

e building rook'll caw from the
windy tall elm-tree,
d the tufted plover pipe along the
fallow lea,
d the swallow'ill come back again
with summer o'er the wave,
t I shall lie alone, mother, within
the mouldering grave.

on the chancel-casement, and upon
that grave of mine,
the early early morning the sum-
mer sun 'ill shine,
fore the red cock crows from the
farm upon the hill,
en you are warm-asleep, mother,
and all the world is still.

en the flowers come again, mother,
beneath the waning light
ı 'll never see me more in the long
gray fields at night;
en from the dry dark wold the sum-
mer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass
and the bulrush in the pool.

You 'll bury me, my mother, just be
neath the hawthorn shade,
And you 'll come sometimes and see
me where I am lowly laid.
I shall not forget you, mother, I shall
hear you when you pass,
With your feet above my head in the
long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but
you 'll forgive me now;
You 'll kiss me, my own mother, and
forgive me ere I go;
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let
your grief be wild;
You should not fret for me, mother,
you have another child.

If I can I 'll come again, mother, from
out my resting-place;
Tho' you 'll not see me, mother, I shall
look upon your face;
Tho' I cannot speak a word, I shall
harken what you say,
And be often, often with you when
you think I 'm far away.

Good-night, good-night, when I have
said good-night for evermore,
And you see me carried out from the
threshold of the door,
Don't let Effie come to see me till my
grave be growing green.
She 'll be a better child to you than
ever I have been.

She 'll find my garden-tools upon the
granary floor.
Let her take 'em, they are hers; I shall
never garden more;
But tell her, when I 'm gone, to train
the rosebush that I set
About the parlor-window and the box
of mignonette.

Good-night, sweet mother; call me be-
fore the day is born.
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep
at morn;
But I would see the sun rise upon the
glad New-year,
So, if you 're waking, call me, call me
early, mother dear.

CONCLUSION

I THOUGHT to pass away before, and
yet alive I am;
And in the fields all round I hear the
bleating of the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morn-
ing of the year!
To die before the snowdrop came, and
now the violet's here.

O, sweet is the new violet, that comes
beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice
to me that cannot rise,
And sweet is all the land about, and
all the flowers that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to
me that long to go.

It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to
leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay, and
yet His will be done!
But still I think it can't be long before
I find release;
And that good man, the clergyman,
has told me words of peace.

O, blessings on his kindly voice and
on his silver hair!
And blessings on his whole life long,
until he meet me there!
O, blessings on his kindly heart and on
his silver head!
A thousand times I blest him, as he
knelt beside my bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he
show'd me all the sin.
Now, tho' my lamp was lighted late,
there's One will let me in;
Nor would I now be well, mother,
again, if that could be,
For my desire is but to pass to Him
that died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother,
or the death-watch beat,
There came a sweeter token when the
night and morning meet;
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put
your hand in mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will
tell the sign.

All in the wild March-morning I heard
the angels call;
It was when the moon was setting, and
the dark was over all;
The trees began to whisper, and the
wind began to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard
them call my soul.

For lying broad awake I thought of
you and Effie dear;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I
no longer here;
With all my strength I pray'd for both,
and so I felt resign'd,
And up the valley came a swell of music
on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I
listen'd in my bed,
And then did something speak to me—
I know not what was said;
For great delight and shuddering took
hold of all my mind,
And up the valley came again the
music on the wind.

But you were sleeping; and I said, 'It's
not for them, it's mine.'
And if it come three times, I thought
I take it for a sign.
And once again it came, and close be-
side the window-bars,
Then seem'd to go right up to heaven
and die among the stars.

So now I think my time is near.
I trust it is. I know
The blessed music went that way my
soul will have to go.
And for myself, indeed, I care not if
go to-day;
But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when
I am past away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and
tell him not to fret;
There 's many a worthier than I, would
make him happy yet.
If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might
have been his wife;
But all these things have ceased to be
with my desire of life.

O, look! the sun begins to rise, the
heavens are in a glow;

e shines upon a hundred fields, and
all of them I know.
nd there I move no longer now, and
there his light may shine —
ild flowers in the valley for other
hands than mine.

, sweet and strange it seems to me,
that ere this day is done
he voice, that now is speaking, may
be beyond the sun —
or ever and for ever with those just
souls and true —
nd what is life, that we should moan ?
why make we such ado ?

or ever and for ever, all in a blessed
home —
nd there to wait a little while till
you and Effie come —
To lie within the light of God, as I lie
upon your breast —
And the wicked cease from troubling,
and the weary are at rest.

THE LOTOS-EATERS

'COURAGE!' he said, and pointed
toward the land,
'This mounting wave will roll us
shoreward soon.'
In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did
swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary
dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the
moon ;

'I thought that it was fancy, and I listen'd in my bed'

And, like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land; far off, three mountain-tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flush'd; and, dew'd with showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
In the red West; thro' mountain clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale;
A land where all things always seem'd the same!
And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each, but whoso did receive of them
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;
And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore
Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, 'We will return no more;'
And all at once they sang, 'Our island home
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam.'

CHORIC SONG

I

THERE is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

II

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil alone,
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,

'O, rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more'

ll from one sorrow to another thrown;
r ever fold our wings,
d cease from wanderings,
r steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
r harken what the inner spirit sings,
here is no joy but calm!' —
y should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

III

in the middle of the wood,
e folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing overmellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

IV

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
Death is the end of life; ah, why
Should life all labor be?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence — ripen, fall, and cease:
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

V

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;
To hear each other's whisper'd speech;
Eating the Lotos day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

VI

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives
And their warm tears; but all hath suffer'd change;
For surely now our household hearths are cold,
Our sons inherit us, our looks are strange,
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
Or else the island princes over-bold
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
Is there confusion in the little isle?
Let what is broken so remain.
The Gods are hard to reconcile;
'T is hard to settle order once again.
There *is* confusion worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
Long labor unto aged breath,
Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

VII

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
How sweet — while warm airs lull us blowing lowly —
With half-dropt eyelid still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill —
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine —
To watch the emerald-color'd water falling
Thro' many a woven acanthus-wreath divine!
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.

VIII

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak,
The Lotos blows by every winding creek;

l day the wind breathes low with mellower tone;
ıro' every hollow cave and alley lone
ound and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-dust is blown.
e have had enough of action, and of motion we,
ll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was seething free,
here the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in the sea.
t us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind.
r they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd
r below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curl'd
ound their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world;
here they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
ght and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and fiery sands,
nging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and praying hands.
t they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song
eaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
ke a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong;
anted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,
w the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
ring yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil;
l they perish and they suffer—some, 't is whisper'd—down in hell
ffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,
sting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.
rely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
an labor in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar;
O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN

I READ, before my eyelids dropt their shade,
'*The Legend of Good Women*,' long ago
Sung by the morning star of song, who made
His music heard below;

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
Preluded those melodious bursts that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still.

And, for a while, the knowledge of his art
Held me above the subject, as strong gales
Hold swollen clouds from raining, tho' my heart,
Brimful of those wild tales,

Charged both mine eyes with tears. In every land
I saw, wherever light illumineth,
Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand
The downward slope to death.

Those far-renowned brides of ancient song
Peopled the hollow dark, like burning stars,
And I heard sounds of insult, shame, and wrong,
And trumpets blown for wars;

And clattering flints batter'd with clanging hoofs;
And I saw crowds in column'd sanctuaries,
And forms that pass'd at windows and on roofs
Of marble palaces;

Corpses across the threshold, heroes tall

Dislodging pinnacle and parapet
Upon the tortoise creeping to the wall,
Lances in ambush set;

And high shrine-doors burst thro' with heated blasts
That run before the fluttering tongues of fire;
White surf wind-scatter'd over sails and masts,
And ever climbing higher;

Squadrons and squares of men in brazen plates,
Scaffolds, still sheets of water, divers woes,
Ranges of glimmering vaults with iron grates,
And hush'd seraglios.

So shape chased shape as swift as, when to land
Bluster the winds and tides the self-same way,
Crisp foam-flakes scud along the level sand,
Torn from the fringe of spray.

I started once, or seem'd to start in pain,
Resolved on noble things, and strove to speak,
As when a great thought strikes along the brain
And flushes all the cheek.

And once my arm was lifted to hew down
A cavalier from off his saddle-bow,
That bore a lady from a leaguer'd town;
And then, I know not how,

All those sharp fancies, by down-lapsing thought
Stream'd onward, lost their edges, and did creep
Roll'd on each other, rounded, smooth'd, and brought
Into the gulfs of sleep.

At last methought that I had wander'd far
In an old wood; fresh-wash'd in coolest dew

The maiden splendors of the morning star
Shook in the steadfast blue.

Enormous elm-tree boles did stoop and lean
Upon the dusky brushwood underneath
Their broad curved branches, fledged with clearest green,
New from its silken sheath.

The dim red Morn had died, her journey done,
And with dead lips smiled at the twilight plain,
Half-fallen across the threshold of the sun,
Never to rise again.

There was no motion in the dumb dead air,
Not any song of bird or sound of rill;
Gross darkness of the inner sepulchre
Is not so deadly still

As that wide forest. Growths of jasmine turn'd
Their humid arms festooning tree to tree,
And at the root thro' lush green grass burn'd
The red anemone.

I knew the flowers, I knew the leaves I knew
The tearful glimmer of the languid dawn
On those long, rank, dark wood-walls drench'd in dew,
Leading from lawn to lawn.

The smell of violets, hidden in the green,
Pour'd back into my empty soul and frame
The times when I remember to have been
Joyful and free from blame.

And from within me a clear undertone
Thrill'd thro' mine ears in that unblissful clime,

ass freely thro'; the wood is all thine own
Until the end of time.'

length I saw a lady within call,
Stiller than chisell'd marble, standing there;
laughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.

r loveliness with shame and with surprise
Froze my swift speech; she turning on my face
e star-like sorrows of immortal eyes,
Spoke slowly in her place:

had great beauty; ask thou not my name:
No one can be more wise than destiny.
Many drew swords and died. Where'e'er I came
I brought calamity.'

'No marvel, sovereign lady: in fair field
Myself for such a face had boldly died,'
I answer'd free; and turning I appeal'd
To one that stood beside.

But she, with sick and scornful looks averse,
To her full height her stately stature draws;
'My youth,' she said, 'was blasted with a curse:
This woman was the cause.

'Dislodging pinnacle and parapet'

'I was cut off from hope in that sad
place
Which men call'd Aulis in those iron
years:
My father held his hand upon his
face;
I, blinded with my tears,

'Still strove to speak: my voice was
thick with sighs
As in a dream. Dimly I could de-
scry
The stern black-bearded kings with
wolfish eyes,
Waiting to see me die.

'The high masts flicker'd as they lay
afloat;
The crowds, the temples, waver'd,
and the shore;
The bright death quiver'd at the vic-
tim's throat—
Touch'd — and I knew no more.'

Whereto the other with a downward
brow:
'I would the white cold heavy-
plunging foam,
Whirl'd by the wind, had roll'd me
deep below,
Then when I left my home.'

Her slow full words sank thro' the
silence drear,
As thunder-drops fall on a sleeping
sea:
Sudden I heard a voice that cried,
'Come here,
That I may look on thee.'

I turning saw, throned on a flowery
rise,
One sitting on a crimson scarf un-
roll'd;
A queen, with swarthy cheeks and
bold black eyes,
Brow-bound with burning gold.

She, flashing forth a haughty smile,
began:
'I govern'd men by change, and so
I sway'd
All moods. 'Tis long since I have
seen a man.
Once, like the moon, I made

'The ever-shifting currents of th
blood
According to my humor ebb an
flow.
I have no men to govern in this wood
That makes my only woe.

'Nay — yet it chafes me that I coul
not bend
One will; nor tame and tutor wit
mine eye
That dull cold-blooded Cæsar. Pr
thee, friend,
Where is Mark Antony?

'The man, my lover, with whom
rode sublime
On Fortune's neck; we sat as Go
by God:
The Nilus would have risen befo
his time
And flooded at our nod.

'We drank the Libyan Sun to slee
and lit
Lamps which out-burn'd Canopu
O, my life
In Egypt! O, the dalliance and the wi
The flattery and the strife,

'And the wild kiss, when fresh fro
war's alarms,
My Hercules, my Roman Antony,
My mailed Bacchus leapt into n
arms,
Contented there to die!

'And there he died: and when I hea
my name
Sigh'd forth with life I would n
brook my fear
Of the other; with a worm I balk
his fame.
What else was left? look here!'

With that she tore her robe apart, a
half
The polish'd argent of her breast
sight
Laid bare. Thereto she pointed wi
a laugh,
Showing the aspick's bite. —

'I died a Queen. The Roman sold
found

'Kneeling, with one arm about her king,
Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath'

Ie lying dead, my crown about my brows,
ame for ever!—lying robed and crown'd,
Worthy a Roman spouse.'

warbling voice, a lyre of widest range
truck by all passion, did fall down and glance
m tone to tone, and glided thro' all change
Of liveliest utterance.

en she made pause I knew not for delight;
ecause with sudden motion from the ground
raised her piercing orbs, and fill'd with light
The interval of sound.

with their fires Love tipt his keenest darts;
As once they drew into two burning rings
All beams of Love, melting the mighty hearts
Of captains and of kings.

Slowly my sense undazzled. Then I heard
A noise of some one coming thro' the lawn,
And singing clearer than the crested bird
That claps his wings at dawn:

'The torrent brooks of hallow'd Israel
From craggy hollows pouring, late and soon,
Sound all night long, in falling thro' the dell,
Far-heard beneath the moon.

'The balmy moon of blessed Israel
Floods all the deep-blue gloom with beams divine:

All night the splinter'd crags that wall the dell
With spires of silver shine.'

As one that museth where broad sunshine laves
The lawn by some cathedral, thro' the door
Hearing the holy organ rolling waves
Of sound on roof and floor

Within, and anthem sung, is charm'd and tied
To where he stands, — so stood I, when that flow
Of music left the lips of her that died
To save her father's vow;

The daughter of the warrior Gileadite,
A maiden pure; as when she went along
From Mizpeh's tower'd gate with welcome light,
With timbrel and with song.

My words leapt forth: 'Heaven heads the count of crimes
With that wild oath.' She render'd answer high:
'Not so, nor once alone; a thousand times
I would be born and die.

'Single I grew, like some green plant, whose root
Creeps to the garden water-pipes beneath,
Feeding the flower; but ere my flower to fruit
Changed, I was ripe for death.

'My God, my land, my father — these did move
Me from my bliss of life that Nature gave,
Lower'd softly with a threefold cord of love
Down to a silent grave.

'And I went mourning, "No fair Hebrew boy
Shall smile away my maiden blame among
The Hebrew mothers" — emptied
all joy,
Leaving the dance and song,

'Leaving the olive-gardens far belo
Leaving the promise of my brid
bower,
The valleys of grape-loaded vines th
glow
Beneath the battled tower.

'The light white cloud swam over u
Anon
We heard the lion roaring from h
den;
We saw the large white stars rise o
by one,
Or, from the darken'd glen,

'Saw God divide the night with flyi
flame,
And thunder on the everlasting hil
I heard Him, for He spake, and gri
became
A solemn scorn of ills.

'When the next moon was roll'd in
the sky,
Strength came to me that equall
my desire.
How beautiful a thing it was
die
For God and for my sire!

'It comforts me in this one thoug
to dwell,
That I subdued me to my fathe
will;
Because the kiss he gave me, ere
fell,
Sweetens the spirit still.

'Moreover it is written that my rac
Hew'd Ammon, hip and thigh, fr
Aroer
On Arnon unto Minneth.' Here h
face
Glow'd, as I look'd at her.

She lock'd her lips; she left me wh
I stood:
'Glory to God,' she sang, and p
afar,
Thridding the sombre boskage of t
wood,
Toward the morning-star.

ing her carol I stood pensively,
s one that from a casement leans
his head,
en midnight bells cease ringing
suddenly,
And the old year is dead.

as! alas!' a low voice, full of care,
urmur'd beside me: 'Turn and
look on me;
n that Rosamond, whom men call
fair,
If what I was I be.

ould I had been some maiden coarse
and poor!
me, that I should ever see the
light!
se dragon eyes of anger'd Eleanor
Do hunt me, day and night.'

ceased in tears, fallen from hope
and trust;
o whom the Egyptian: 'O, you
tamely died!
should have clung to Fulvia's
waist, and thrust
The dagger thro' her side.'

h that sharp sound the white
dawn's creeping beams,
olen to my brain, dissolved the
mystery
folded sleep. The captain of my
dreams
Ruled in the eastern sky.

n broaden'd on the borders of the
dark
re I saw her who clasp'd in her
last trance
murder'd father's head, or Joan
of Arc,
A light of ancient France;

her who knew that Love can van-
quish Death,
ho kneeling, with one arm about
her king,
w forth the poison with her balmy
breath,
Sweet as new buds in spring.

nemory labors longer from the deep
old-mines of thought to lift the
hidden ore
That glimpses, moving up, than I
from sleep
To gather and tell o'er

Each little sound and sight. With
what dull pain
Compass'd, how eagerly I sought to
strike
Into that wondrous track of dreams
again!
But no two dreams are like.

As when a soul laments, which hath
been blest,
Desiring what is mingled with past
years,
In yearnings that can never be exprest
By signs or groans or tears;

Because all words, tho' cull'd with
choicest art,
Failing to give the bitter of the
sweet,
Wither beneath the palate, and the
heart
Faints, faded by its heat.

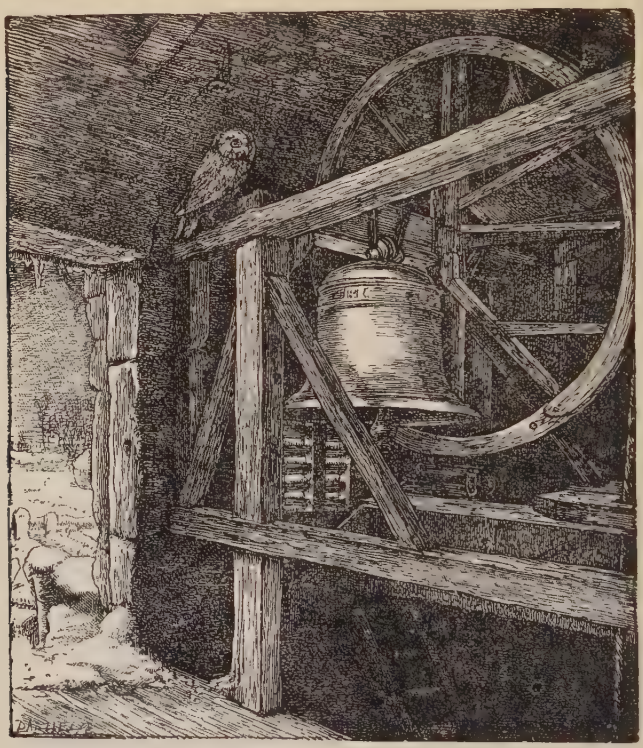
THE BLACKBIRD

O BLACKBIRD! sing me something
well:
While all the neighbors shoot thee
round,
I keep smooth plats of fruitful
ground,
Where thou mayst warble, eat, and
dwell.

The espaliers and the standards all
Are thine; the range of lawn and
park;
The unnetted black-hearts ripen
dark,
All thine, against the garden wall.

Yet, tho' I spared thee all the spring,
Thy sole delight is, sitting still,
With that gold dagger of thy bill
To fret the summer jenneting.

A golden bill! the silver tongue,
Cold February loved, is dry;
Plenty corrupts the melody
That made thee famous once when
young;



'Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow'

And in the sultry garden-squares,
Now thy flute-notes are changed to coarse,
I hear thee not at all, or hoarse
As when a hawker hawks his wares.

Take warning! he that will not sing
While yon sun prospers in the blue,
Shall sing for want, ere leaves are new,
Caught in the frozen palms of Spring.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing;
Toll ye the church-bell sad and sl
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still, he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true t
love,
And the New-year will take 'em av
Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been
us,
Such joy as you have seen with
Old year, you shall not go.

froth'd his bumpers to the brim;
ollier year we shall not see.
tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
l tho' his foes speak ill of him,
was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

was full of joke and jest,
all his merry quips are o'er.
see him die, across the waste
son and heir doth ride post-haste,
he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New-year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

v hard he breathes! over the snow
ard just now the crowing cock.
shadows flicker to and fro;
cricket chirps; the light burns low;
nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands, before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you.
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

face is growing sharp and thin.
ck! our friend is gone.
e up his eyes; tie up his chin;
from the corpse, and let him in
t standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

TO J. S.

[James Spedding]

wind that beats the mountain blows
More softly round the open wold,
gently comes the world to those
That are cast in gentle mould.

And me this knowledge bolder made,
Or else I had not dared to flow
In these words toward you, and invade
Even with a verse your holy woe.

'T is strange that those we lean on most,
Those in whose laps our limbs are nursed,
Fall into shadow, soonest lost;
Those we love first are taken first.

God gives us love. Something to love
He lends us; but, when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off, and love is left alone.

This is the curse of time. Alas!
In grief I am not all unlearn'd;
Once thro' mine own doors Death did pass;
One went who never hath return'd.

He will not smile — not speak to me
Once more. Two years his chair is seen
Empty before us. That was he
Without whose life I had not been.

Your loss is rarer; for this star
Rose with you thro' a little arc
Of heaven, nor having wander'd far
Shot on the sudden into dark.

I knew your brother; his mute dust
I honor and his living worth;
A man more pure and bold and just
Was never born into the earth.

I have not look'd upon you nigh
Since that dear soul hath fallen asleep.
Great Nature is more wise than I;
I will not tell you not to weep.

And tho' mine own eyes fill with dew,
Drawn from the spirit thro' the brain,
I will not even preach to you,
'Weep, weeping dulls the inward pain.'

Let Grief be her own mistress still.
She loveth her own anguish deep
More than much pleasure. Let her will
Be done — to weep or not to weep.

I will not say, 'God's ordinance
Of death is blown in every wind;'
For that is not a common chance
That takes away a noble mind.

His memory long will live alone
In all our hearts, as mournful light
That broods above the fallen sun,
And dwells in heaven half the night.

Vain solace! Memory standing near
Cast down her eyes, and in her throat
Her voice seem'd distant, and a tear
Dropt on the letters as I wrote.

I wrote I know not what. In truth,
How *should* I soothe you any way,
Who miss the brother of your youth?
Yet something I did wish to say;

For he too was a friend to me.
Both are my friends, and my true breast
Bleedeth for both; yet it may be
That only silence suiteth best.

Words weaker than your grief would make
Grief more. 'T were better I should cease
Although myself could almost take
The place of him that sleeps in peace.

Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace;
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,
While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll.

Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet.
Nothing comes to thee new or strange.
Sleep full of rest from head to feet;
Lie still, dry dust, secure of change.

ON A MOURNER

I

NATURE, so far as in her lies,
Imitates God, and turns her face
To every land beneath the skies,
Counts nothing that she meets with
base,
But lives and loves in every place

II

Fills out the homely quickset-screens
And makes the purple lilac ripe,
Steps from her airy hill, and greens
The swamp, where humm'd th
dropping snipe,
With moss and braided marish-pipe

III

And on thy heart a finger lays,
Saying, 'Beat quicker, for the tim
Is pleasant, and the woods and ways
Are pleasant, and the beech an
lime
Put forth and feel a gladder clime.

IV

And murmurs of a deeper voice,
Going before to some far shrine,
Teach that sick heart the stronge
choice,
Till all thy life one way incline
With one wide Will that closes thin

V

And when the zoning eve has die
Where yon dark valleys wind fo
lorn,
Come Hope and Memory, spouse an
bride,
From out the borders of the morn,
With that fair child betwixt the
born.

VI

And when no mortal motion jars
The blackness round the tombin
sod,
Thro' silence and the trembling star
Comes Faith from tracts no feet ha
trod,
And Virtue, like a household god

VII

Promising empire; such as those
Once heard at dead of night
greet
Troy's wandering prince, so that
rose
With sacrifice, while all the fleet
Had rest by stony hills of Crete.

OU ASK ME, WHY, THO' ILL AT EASE'

u ask me, why, tho' ill at ease,
Within this region I subsist,
Whose spirits falter in the mist,
d languish for the purple seas.

s the land that freemen till,
That sober-suited Freedom chose,
The land, where girt with friends or foes
man may speak the thing he will;

and of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down
om precedent to precedent;

ere faction seldom gathers head,
But, by degrees to fullness wrought,
The strength of some diffusive thought
th time and space to work and spread.

ould banded unions persecute
pinion, and induce a time
When single thought is civil crime,
d individual freedom mute,

o' power should make from land to land
The name of Britain trebly great—
Tho' every channel of the State
ould fill and choke with golden sand—

waft me from the harbor-mouth,
Wild wind! I seek a warmer sky,
nd I will see before I die
palms and temples of the South.

F OLD SAT FREEDOM ON THE HEIGHTS'

old sat Freedom on the heights,
he thunders breaking at her feet;
ve her shook the starry lights;
he heard the torrents meet.

re in her place she did rejoice,
elf-gather'd in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and field
To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men reveal'd
The fullness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, Godlike, grasps the triple forks,
And, king-like, wears the crown.

Her open eyes desire the truth.
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears;

That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes!

'LOVE THOU THY LAND, WITH LOVE FAR-BROUGHT'

Love thou thy land, with love far-brought
From out the storied past, and used
Within the present, but transfused
Thro' future time by power of thought;

True love turn'd round on fixed poles,
Love, that endures not sordid ends,
For English natures, freemen, friends,
Thy brothers and immortal souls.

But pamper not a hasty time,
Nor feed with crude imaginings
The herd, wild hearts and feeble wings
That every sophister can lime.

Deliver not the tasks of might
To weakness, neither hide the ray
From those, not blind, who wait for day,
Tho' sitting girt with doubtful light.

Make knowledge circle with the winds;

But let her herald, Reverence, fly
Before her to whatever sky
Bear seed of men and growth of minds.

Watch what main-currents draw the years;
Cut Prejudice against the grain.
But gentle words are always gain;
Regard the weakness of thy peers.

Nor toil for title, place, or touch
Of pension, neither count on praise—
It grows to guerdon after-days.
Nor deal in watch-words overmuch;

Not clinging to some ancient saw,
Not master'd by some modern term,
Not swift nor slow to change, but firm;
And in its season bring the law,

That from Discussion's lip may fall
With Life that, working strongly, binds—
Set in all lights by many minds,
To close the interests of all.

For Nature also, cold and warm,
And moist and dry, devising long,
Thro' many agents making strong,
Matures the individual form.

Meet is it changes should control
Our being, lest we rust in ease.
We all are changed by still degrees,
All but the basis of the soul.

So let the change which comes be free
To ingroove itself with that which flies,
And work, a joint of state, that plies
Its office, moved with sympathy.

A saying hard to shape in act;
For all the past of Time reveals
A bridal dawn of thunder-peals,
Wherever Thought hath wedded Fact.

Even now we hear with inward strife
A motion toiling in the gloom—
The Spirit of the years to come
Yearning to mix himself with Life.

A slow-develop'd strength awaits
Completion in a painful school;
Phantoms of other forms of rule,
New Majesties of mighty States—

The warders of the growing hour,
But vague in vapor, hard to mark
And round them sea and air a
dark
With great contrivances of Power.

Of many changes, aptly join'd,
Is bodied forth the second whole.
Regard gradation, lest the soul
Of Discord race the rising wind;

A wind to puff your idol-fires,
And heap their ashes on the head
To shame the boast so often made
That we are wiser than our sires.

O, yet, if Nature's evil star
Drive men in manhood, as in yout
To follow flying steps of Truth
Across the brazen bridge of war—

If New and Old, disastrous feud,
Must ever shock, like armed foes,
And this be true, till Time sha
close,
That Principles are rain'd in blood;

Not yet the wise of heart wou
cease
To hold his hope thro' shame a
guilt,
But with his hand against t
hilt,
Would pace the troubled land, li
Peace;

Not less, tho' dogs of Faction bay,
Would serve his kind in deed a
word,
Certain, if knowledge bring t
sword,
That knowledge takes the swo
away—

Would love the gleams of good th
broke
From either side, nor veil his eyes
And if some dreadful need shou
rise
Would strike, and firmly, and
stroke.

norrow yet would reap to-day,
s we bear blossom of the dead;
arn well the thrifty months, nor
wed
Haste, half-sister to Delay.

GLAND AND AMERICA IN
1782

HOU that sendest out the man
o rule by land and sea,
ng mother of a Lion-line,
proud of those strong sons of thine
Who wrench'd their rights from
thee!

at wonder if in noble heat
hose men thine arms withstood,
aught the lesson thou hadst taught,
in thy spirit with thee fought—
Who sprang from English blood!

thou rejoice with liberal joy,
ft up thy rocky face,
And shatter, when the storms are
black,
In many a streaming torrent back,
The seas that shock thy base!

Whatever harmonies of law
The growing world assume,
Thy work is thine — the single note
From that deep chord which Hamp-
den smote
Will vibrate to the doom.

THE GOOSE

I KNEW an old wife lean and poor,
Her rags scarce held together;
There strode a stranger to the door,
And it was windy weather.

He held a goose upon his arm,
He utter'd rhyme and reason:
'Here, take the goose, and keep you
warm,
It is a stormy season.'

MILREADY R.A. JOHN THOMPSON

'Quoth she, "The devil take the goose,
And God forget the stranger"'

She caught the white goose by the leg,
A goose—'t was no great matter.
The goose let fall a golden egg
With cackle and with clatter.

She dropt the goose, and caught the pelf,
And ran to tell her neighbors,
And bless'd herself, and cursed herself,
And rested from her labors;

And feeding high, and living soft,
Grew plump and able-bodied,
Until the grave churchwarden doff'd,
The parson smirk'd and nodded.

So sitting, served by man and maid,
She felt her heart grow prouder;
But ah! the more the white goose laid
It clack'd and cackled louder.

It clutter'd here, it chuckled there,
It stirr'd the old wife's mettle;
She shifted in her elbow-chair,
And hurl'd the pan and kettle.

'A quinsy choke thy cursed note!'
Then wax'd her anger stronger.
'Go, take the goose, and wring her throat,
I will not bear it longer.'

Then yelp'd the cur, and yawl'd th
cat,
Ran Gaffer, stumbled Gammer.
The goose flew this way and fle
that,
And fill'd the house with clamor.

As head and heels upon the floor
They flounder'd all together,
There strode a stranger to the door,
And it was windy weather.

He took the goose upon his arm,
He utter'd words of scorning:
'So keep you cold, or keep yo
warm,
It is a stormy morning.'

The wild wind rang from park an
plain,
And round the attics rumbled,
Till all the tables danced again,
And half the chimneys tumbled.

The glass blew in, the fire blew out,
The blast was hard and harder.
Her cap blew off, her gown ble
up,
And a whirlwind clear'd the larde

And while on all sides breaking loos
Her household fled the danger,
Quoth she, 'The devil take the goos
And God forget the stranger!'

"'An arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite'"

ENGLISH IDYLS AND OTHER POEMS

THE EPIC

Francis Allen's on the Christmas-eve, —
e game of forfeits done — the girls all kiss'd
neath the sacred bush and past away —
e parson Holmes, the poet Everard Hall,
The host, and I sat round the wassail-bowl,
Then half-way ebb'd; and there we held a talk,
How all the old honor had from Christmas gone,
Or gone or dwindled down to some odd games
In some odd nooks like this; till I, tired out

With cutting eights that day upon the pond,
Where, three times slipping from the outer edge,
I bump'd the ice into three several stars,
Fell in a doze; and half-awake I heard
The parson taking wide and wider sweeps,
Now harping on the church-commissioners,
Now hawking at geology and schism;
Until I woke, and found him settled down
Upon the general decay of faith
Right thro' the world: 'at home was little left,
And none abroad; there was no anchor, none,
To hold by.' Francis, laughing, clapt his hand
On Everard's shoulder, with 'I hold by him.'
'And I,' quoth Everard, 'by the wassail-bowl.'
'Why yes,' I said, 'we knew your gift that way
At college; but another which you had —
I mean of verse (for so we held it then),
What came of that?' 'You know,' said Frank, 'he burnt
His epic, his King Arthur, some twelve books' —
And then to me demanding why: 'O, sir,
He thought that nothing new was said, or else
Something so said 't was nothing — that a truth
Looks freshest in the fashion of the day;
God knows; he has a mint of reasons; ask.
It pleased *me* well enough.' 'Nay, nay,' said Hall,
'Why take the style of those heroic times?
For nature brings not back the mastodon,
Nor we those times; and why should any man
Remodel models? these twelve books of mine
Were faint Homeric echoes, nothing-worth,
Mere chaff and draff, much bett
burnt.' 'But I,'
Said Francis, 'pick'd the eleventh fro
this hearth,
And have it; keep a thing, its use w
come.
I hoard it as a sugar-plum for Holme
He laugh'd, and I, tho' sleepy, like
horse
That hears the corn-bin open, prick
my ears;
For I remember'd Everard's colle
fame
When we were Freshmen. Then
my request
He brought it; and the poet, lit
urged,
But with some prelude of disparag
ment,
Read, mouthing out his hollow oes a
aes,
Deep-chested music, and to this
sult.

MORTE D'ARTHUR

So all day long the noise of bat
roll'd
Among the mountains by the win
sea,
Until King Arthur's table, man
man,
Had fallen in Lyonness about their lo
King Arthur; then, because his wou
was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knigh
And bore him to a chapel nigh the fie
A broken chancel with a brok
cross,
That stood on a dark strait of bar
land.
On one side lay the ocean, and on
Lay a great water, and the moon
full.
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Be
vere:
'The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of fam
knights
Whereof this world holds record. Su
a sleep
They sleep — the men I loved. I th
that we
Shall never more, at any future tin

ight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
king about the gardens and the halls
Camelot, as in the days that were.
erish by this people which I made, —
' Merlin sware that I should come again
rule once more — but let what will be be,
n so deeply smitten thro' the helm
t without help I cannot last till morn.
u therefore take my brand Excalibur,
ich was my pride; for thou rememberest how
hose old days, one summer noon, an arm
e up from out the bosom of the lake,
hed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
ding the sword — and how I row'd across
took it, and have worn it, like a king;
, wheresoever I am sung or told
ftertime, this also shall be known.
now delay not; take Excalibur,
fling him far into the middle mere;
ch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word.'
o him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
s not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
ess, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.
ttle thing may harm a wounded man.
I thy hest will all perform at full,
ch what I see, and lightly bring thee word.'
o saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept
in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
re lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
ll, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down

By zigzag paths and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.
There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt;
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind,
In act to throw; but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted water-flags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded king.
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
'Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen, or what hast heard?'
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
'I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag.'
To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:
'Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight;
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again

As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word.'
Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud:
'And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost forever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?
The king is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumors of a doubt? but were this kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, "King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the lake;
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills."
So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence;
But now much honor and much fame were lost.'
So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to th
wounded king.
Then spoke King Arthur, breathin
heavily:
'What is it thou hast seen, or wha
hast heard?'
And answer made the bold Sir Bedi
vere:
'I heard the water lapping on the crag
And the long ripple washing in th
reeds.'
To whom replied King Arthur
much in wrath:
'Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe i
me!
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his ey
That bow'd the will. I see thee wha
thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all m
knights,
In whom should meet the offices of al
Thou wouldst betray me for the pre
cious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a gi
Valuing the giddy pleasure of th
eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice
And the third time may prosper, ge
thee hence;
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with m
hands.'
Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere
and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly
plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'
the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw i
The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor
the moon,
And flashing round and round, an
whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the norther
morn,
Seen where the moving isles of wint
shock
By night, with noises of the norther
sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibu
But ere he dipt the surface, rose
arm

ɔth'd in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
d caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
ree times, and drew him under in the mere.
d lightly went the other to the king.
Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
ow see I by thine eyes that this is done.
eak out; what is it thou hast heard, or seen?'
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
r King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
ɔuld blind my purpose, for I never saw,
r shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
t tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
great a miracle as yonder hilt.
en with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
t when I look'd again, behold an arm,
ɔthed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
at caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
ree times, and drew him under in the mere.'
And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
y end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.
ke broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
d bear me to the margin; yet I fear
wound hath taken cold, and I shall die.'
o saying, from the pavement he half rose,
wly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
d looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
norsefully regarded thro' his tears,
d would have spoken, but he found not words,
en took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.
But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the king,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, 'Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die.'
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels —
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.
Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream — by these
Three queens with crowns of gold — and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.
Then murmur'd Arthur, 'Place me in the barge,'

And to the barge they came. There those three queens
Put forth their hands, and took the king, and wept.
But she that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood; for all his face was white
And colorless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the dais-throne—were parch'd with dust;
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shatter'd column lay the king;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.
Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
'Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved
Which was an image of the migh
world;
And I, the last, go forth companio
less,
And the days darken round me, a
the years,
Among new men, strange faces, oth
minds.'
And slowly answer'd Arthur fro
the barge:
The old order changeth, yieldi
place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many way
Lest one good custom should corru
the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is
me?
I have lived my life, and that whi
I have done
May He within himself make pu
but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my fa
again,
Pray for my soul. More things a
wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Whe
fore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night a
day.
For what are men better than sheep
goats
That nourish a blind life within t
brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not han
of prayer
Both for themselves and those w
call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is eve
way
Bound by gold chains about the f
of God.
But now farewell. I am going a lo
way
With these thou seest—if indeed
go—
For all my mind is clouded with
doubt—
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or
snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly, but
lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with
chard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd w
summer sea,

re I will heal me of my grievous wound.'
said he, and the barge with oar and sail
ed from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
les her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

Here ended Hall, and our last light, that long

'And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood'

Had wink'd and threaten'd darkness, flared and fell;
At which the parson, sent to sleep with sound,
And waked with silence, grunted 'Good!' but we
Sat rapt: it was the tone with which he read—
Perhaps some modern touches here and there
Redeem'd it from the charge of nothingness—
Or else we loved the man, and prized his work;
I know not; but we sitting, as I said,
The cock crew loud, as at that time of year
The lusty bird takes every hour for dawn.
Then Francis, muttering, like a man ill-used,
'There now—that's nothing!' drew a little back,
And drove his heel into the smoulder'd log,
That sent a blast of sparkles up the flue.
And so to bed, where yet in sleep I seem'd
To sail with Arthur under looming shores,
Point after point; till on to dawn, when dreams
Begin to feel the truth and stir of day,
To me, methought, who waited with the crowd,
There came a bark that, blowing forward, bore
King Arthur, like a modern gentleman
Of stateliest port; and all the people cried,
'Arthur is come again: he cannot die.'
Then those that stood upon the hills behind
Repeated—'Come again, and thrice as fair;'
And, further inland, voices echoed—'Come
With all good things, and war shall be no more.'
At this a hundred bells began to peal,
That with the sound I woke, and heard indeed
The clear church-bells ring in the Christmas morn.

THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER

OR, THE PICTURES

This morning is the morning of th
day,
When I and Eustace from the cit
went
To see the Gardener's daughter; I an
he,
Brothers in Art; a friendship so com
plete
Portion'd in halves between us, tha
we grew
The fable of the city where we dwel
My Eustace might have sat for He
cules;
So muscular he spread, so broad
breast.
He, by some law that holds in lov
and draws
The greater to the lesser, long desire
A certain miracle of symmetry,
A miniature of loveliness, all grace
Summ'd up and closed in little;—J
liet, she
So light of foot, so light of spirit—
she
To me myself, for some three carele
moons,
The summer pilot of an empty heart
Unto the shores of nothing! Kno
you not
Such touches are but embassies
Love,
To tamper with the feelings, ere
found
Empire for life? but Eustace painte
her,
And said to me, she sitting with
then,
'When will *you* paint like this?' an
I replied—
My words were half in earnest, ha
in jest:
''T is not your work, but Love
Love, unperceived,
A more ideal artist he than all,
Came, drew your pencil from yo
made those eyes
Darker than darkest pansies, and th
hair
More black than ashbuds in the fro
of March.'
And Juliet answer'd laughing, '
and see

Gardener's daughter; trust me, after that,
scarce can fail to match his masterpiece.'
up we rose, and on the spur we went.
ot wholly in the busy world, nor quite
ond it, blooms the garden that I love.
's from the humming city comes to it
sound of funeral or of marriage bells;
, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear
windy clanging of the minster clock;
o' between it and the garden lies
ague of grass, wash'd by a slow broad stream,
, stirr'd with languid pulses of the oar,
es all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,
e-laden, to three arches of a bridge
n'd with the minster-towers.
The fields between
dewy-fresh, browsed by deep-udder'd kine,
all about the large lime feathers low —
lime a summer home of murmurous wings.
that still place she, hoarded in herself,
, seldom seen; not less among us lived
fame from lip to lip. Who had not heard
Rose, the Gardener's daughter? Where was he,
lunt in memory, so old at heart,
uch a distance from his youth in grief,
, having seen, forgot? The common mouth,
oss to express delight, in praise of her
oratory. Such a lord is Love,
Beauty such a mistress of the world.
d if I said that Fancy, led by Love,
d play with flying forms and images,
his is also true, that, long before
I look'd upon her, when I heard her name
My heart was like a prophet to my heart,
And told me I should love. A crowd of hopes,
That sought to sow themselves like winged seeds,
Born out of everything I heard and saw,
Flutter'd about my senses and my soul;
And vague desires, like fitful blasts of balm
To one that travels quickly, made the air
Of life delicious, and all kinds of thought,
That verged upon them, sweeter than the dream
Dream'd by a happy man, when the dark East,
Unseen, is brightening to his bridal morn.
And sure this orbit of the memory folds
For ever in itself the day we went
To see her. All the land in flowery squares,
Beneath a broad and equal-blowing wind,
Smelt of the coming summer, as one large cloud
Drew downward; but all else of heaven was pure
Up to the sun, and May from verge to verge,
And May with me from head to heel.
And now,
As tho' 't were yesterday, as tho' it were
The hour just flown, that morn with all its sound —
For those old Mays had thrice the life of these —
Rings in mine ears. The steer forgot to graze,
And, where the hedge-row cuts the pathway, stood,
Leaning his horns into the neighbor field
And lowing to his fellows. From the woods
Came voices of the well-contented doves.
The lark could scarce get out his notes for joy,

But shook his song together as he near'd
His happy home, the ground. To left and right,
The cuckoo told his name to all the hills;
The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm;
The redcap whistled; and the nightingale
Sang loud, as tho' he were the bird of day.
And Eustace turn'd, and smiling said to me:
'Hear how the bushes echo! by my life,
These birds have joyful thoughts. Think you they sing
Like poets, from the vanity of song?
Or have they any sense of why they sing?
And would they praise the heavens for what they have?'
And I made answer: 'Were there nothing else
For which to praise the heavens but only love,
That only love were cause enough for praise.'
Lightly he laugh'd, as one that read my thought,
And on we went; but ere an hour had pass'd,
We reach'd a meadow slanting to the North,
Down which a well-worn pathway courted us
To one green wicket in a privet hedge.
This, yielding, gave into a grassy walk
Thro' crowded lilac-ambush trimly pruned;
And one warm gust, full-fed with perfume, blew
Beyond us, as we enter'd in the cool.
The garden stretches southward. In the midst
A cedar spread his dark-green layers of shade.
The garden-glasses shone, and momently
The twinkling laurel scatter'd silver lights.
'Eustace,' I said, 'this wonder keeps the house.'
He nodded, but a moment afterwards
He cried, 'Look! look!' Before I ceased I turn'd,
And, ere a star can wink, beheld h there.
For up the porch there grew Eastern rose,
That, flowering high, the last night gale had caught
And blown across the walk. One ar aloft —
Gown'd in pure white that fitted to t shape —
Holding the bush, to fix it back, s stood,
A single stream of all her soft brow hair
Pour'd on one side; the shadow of t flowers
Stole all the golden gloss, and, wave ing
Lovingly lower, trembled on h waist —
Ah, happy shade! — and still we wavering down,
But, ere it touch'd a foot, that mig have danced
The greensward into greener circl dipt,
And mix'd with shadows of the co mon ground.
But the full day dwelt on her brow and sunn'd
Her violet eyes, and all her He bloom,
And doubled his own warmth again her lips,
And on the bounteous wave of such breast
As never pencil drew. Half light, h shade,
She stood, a sight to make an old m young.
So rapt, we near'd the house; b she, a Rose
In roses, mingled with her fragra toil,
Nor heard us come, nor from her te dance turn'd
Into the world without; till close hand,
And almost ere I knew mine own tent,
This murmur broke the stillness that air
Which brooded round about her:
'Ah, one ro

rose, but one, by those fair fingers
cull'd,
re worth a hundred kisses press'd
on lips
s exquisite than thine.'
She look'd; but all
fused with blushes — neither self-
possess'd
startled, but betwixt this mood
and that,
ided in a graceful quiet — paused,
l dropt the branch she held, and
turning wound
looser hair in braid, and stirr'd
her lips
some sweet answer, tho' no answer
came,
yet refused the rose, but granted it,
l moved away, and left me, statue-
like,
ct to render thanks.
I, that whole day,
her no more, altho' I linger'd
there
every daisy slept, and Love's white
star
m'd thro' the thicken'd cedar in the
dusk.
o home we went, and all the live-
long way
h solemn gibe did Eustace banter
me.
w,' said he, 'will you climb the
top of art.
cannot fail but work in hues to
dim
Titianic Flora. Will you match
Juliet? you, not you, — the mas-
ter, Love,
ore ideal artist he than all.'
o home I went, but could not sleep
for joy,
ding her perfect features in the
gloom,
ing the rose she gave me o'er and
o'er,
shaping faithful record of the
glance
t graced the giving — such a noise
of life
rm'd in the golden present, such a
voice
'd to me from the years to come,
and such
ngth of bright horizon rimm'd the
dark.

And all that night I heard the watch-
man peal
The sliding season; all that night I
heard
The heavy clocks knolling the drowsy
hours.
The drowsy hours, dispensers of all
good,
O'er the mute city stole with folded
wings,
Distilling odors on me as they went
To greet their fairer sisters of the East.
Love at first sight, first-born, and
heir to all,
Made this night thus. Henceforward
squall nor storm
Could keep me from that Eden where
she dwelt.
Light pretexts drew me: sometimes a
Dutch love
For tulips; then for roses, moss or
musk,
To grace my city rooms; or fruits
and cream
Served in the weeping elm; and more
and more
A word could bring the color to my
cheek;
A thought would fill my eyes with
happy dew;
Love trebled life within me, and with
each
The year increased.
The daughters of the year,
One after one, thro' that still garden
pass'd;
Each garlanded with her peculiar
flower
Danced into light, and died into the
shade;
And each in passing touch'd with some
new grace
Or seem'd to touch her, so that day
by day,
Like one that never can be wholly
known,
Her beauty grew; till Autumn
brought an hour
For Eustace, when I heard his deep
'I will,'
Breathed, like the covenant of a God,
to hold
From thence thro' all the worlds; but
I rose up
Full of his bliss, and following her
dark eyes

'The gray cathedral towers,
Across a hazy glimmer of the west'

Felt earth as air beneath me, till I reach'd
The wicket-gate, and found her standing there.
There sat we down upon a garden mound,
Two mutually enfolded; Love, the third,
Between us, in the circle of his arms
Enwound us both; and over many a range
Of waning lime the gray cathedral towers,
Across a hazy glimmer of the west,
Reveal'd their shining windows. From them clash'd
The bells; we listen'd; with the time we play'd,
We spoke of other things; we coursed about

The subject most at heart, more
and near,
Like doves about a dovecote, wh
ing round
The central wish, until we set
there.
Then, in that time and plac
spoke to her,
Requiring, tho' I knew it was
own,
Yet for the pleasure that I too
hear,
Requiring at her hand the grea
gift,
A woman's heart, the heart of h
loved;
And in that time and place she
swer'd me,
And in the compass of three
words,

musical than ever came in one,
silver fragments of a broken voice,
me most happy, faltering, 'I am thine.'
all I cease here? Is this enough to say
my desire, like all strongest hopes,
s own energy fulfill'd itself,
ed in completion? Would you learn at full
passion rose thro' circumstantial grades
nd all grades develop'd? and indeed
l not staid so long to tell you all,
while I mused came Memory with sad eyes,
ing the folded annals of my youth;
while I mused, Love with knit brows went by,
with a flying finger swept my lips,
spake, 'Be wise: not easily forgiven
hose who, setting wide the doors that bar
secret bridal chambers of the heart,
in the day.' Here, then, my words have end.
t might I tell of meetings, of farewells—
hat which came between, more sweet than each,
hispers, like the whispers of the leaves
tremble round a nightingale—in sighs
h perfect Joy, perplex'd for utterance,
from her sister Sorrow. Might I not tell
ifference, reconcilement, pledges given,
vows, where there was never need of vows,
kisses, where the heart on one wild leap
tranced from all pulsation, as above
heavens between their fairy fleeces pale
Sow'd all their mystic gulfs with fleeting stars;
Or while the balmy glooming, crescent-lit,
Spread the light haze along the river-shores,
And in the hollows; or as once we met
Unheedful, tho' beneath a whispering rain
Night slid down one long stream of sighing wind,
And in her bosom bore the baby, Sleep?
But this whole hour your eyes have been intent
On that veil'd picture—veil'd, for what it holds
May not be dwelt on by the common day.
This prelude has prepared thee. Raise thy soul,
Make thine heart ready with thine eyes; the time
Is come to raise the veil.
Behold her there,
As I beheld her ere she knew my heart,
My first, last love; the idol of my youth,
The darling of my manhood, and, alas!
Now the most blessed memory of mine age.

DORA

With farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son,
And she his niece. He often look'd at them,
And often thought, 'I'll make them man and wife.'
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
And yearn'd toward William; but the youth, because
He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora.
Then there came a day
When Allan call'd his son, and said: 'My son,
I married late, but I would wish to see

My grandchild on my knees before I die;
And I have set my heart upon a match.
Now therefore look to Dora; she is well
To look to; thrifty too beyond her age.
She is my brother's daughter; he and I
Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
In foreign lands; but for his sake I bred
His daughter Dora. Take her for your wife;
For I have wish'd this marriage, night and day,
For many years.' But William answer'd short:
'I cannot marry Dora; by my life,
I will not marry Dora!' Then the old man
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said:
'You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!
But in my time a father's word was law,
And so it shall be now for me. Look to it;
Consider, William, take a month to think,
And let me have an answer to my wish,
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
And never more darken my doors again.'
But William answer'd madly, bit his lips,
And broke away. The more he look'd at her
The less he liked her; and his ways were harsh;
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
The month was out he left his father's house,
And hired himself to work within the fields;
And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed
A laborer's daughter, Mary Morrison.
Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd
His niece and said: 'My girl, I lo
you well;
But if you speak with him that w
my son,
Or change a word with her he ca
his wife,
My home is none of yours. My w
is law.'
And Dora promised, being meek. S
thought,
'It cannot be; my uncle's mind w
change!'
And days went on, and there w
born a boy
To William; then distresses came
him,
And day by day he pass'd his fath
gate,
Heart-broken, and his father hel
him not.
But Dora stored what little she co
save,
And sent it them by stealth, nor
they know
Who sent it; till at last a fever sei
On William, and in harvest time
died.
Then Dora went to Mary. M
sat
And look'd with tears upon her b
and thought
Hard things of Dora. Dora came
said:
'I have obey'd my uncle until n
And I have sinn'd, for it was all t
me
This evil came on William at
first.
But, Mary, for the sake of him th
gone,
And for your sake, the woman
he chose,
And for this orphan, I am come to
You know there has not been
these five years
So full a harvest. Let me take
boy,
And I will set him in my uncle's
Among the wheat; that when
heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see
boy,
And bless him for the sake of
that's gone.'
And Dora took the child, and
her way

oss the wheat, and sat upon a mound
t was unsown, where many poppies grew.
off the farmer came into the field
l spied her not, for none of all his men
e tell him Dora waited with the child;
l Dora would have risen and gone to him,
her heart fail'd her; and the reapers reap'd,
l the sun fell, and all the land was dark.
ut when the morrow came, she rose and took
child once more, and sat upon the mound;
l made a little wreath of all the flowers
t grew about, and tied it round his hat
nake him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
n when the farmer pass'd into the field
spied her, and he left his men at work,
came and said: 'Where were you yesterday?
ose child is that? What are you doing here?'
Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
answer'd softly, 'This is William's child!'
d did I not,' said Allan, 'did I not
oid you, Dora?' Dora said again:
with me as you will, but take the child,
bless him for the sake of him that's gone!'
Allan said: 'I see it is a trick
up betwixt you and the woman there.
ust be taught my duty, and by you!
knew my word was law, and yet you dared
light it. Well—for I will take the boy;
go you hence, and never see me more.'

So saying, he took the boy that cried aloud
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell
At Dora's feet. She bow'd upon her hands,
And the boy's cry came to her from the field
More and more distant. She bow'd down her head,
Remembering the day when first she came,
And all the things that had been. She bow'd down
And wept in secret; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.
Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise
To God, that help'd her in her widowhood.
And Dora said: 'My uncle took the boy;
But, Mary, let me live and work with you:
He says that he will never see me more.'
Then answer'd Mary: 'This shall never be,
That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself;
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
His mother. Therefore thou and I will go,
And I will have my boy, and bring him home;
And I will beg of him to take thee back.
But if he will not take thee back again,
Then thou and I will live within one house,
And work for William's child, until he grows
Of age to help us.'
So the women kiss'd
Each other, and set out, and reach'd the farm.

"'I have been to blame — to blame. I have kill'd my son.
I have kill'd him — but I loved him — my dear son'"

The door was off the latch; they peep'd, and saw
The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,
And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,
Like one that loved him; and the lad stretch'd out
And babbled for the golden seal, that hung
From Allan's watch and sparkled by the fire.
Then they came in; but when the boy beheld
His mother, he cried out to come to her;
And Allan set him down, and Mary said:

'O father! — if you let me call so —
I never came a-begging for myself,
Or William, or this child; but now come
For Dora; take her back, she loves you well.
O Sir, when William died, he died in peace
With all men; for I ask'd him, he said,
He could not ever rue his marrying me —
I had been a patient wife; but, he said
That he was wrong to cross his father thus.
"God bless him!" he said, "and may he never know

troubles I have gone thro'!"
Then he turn'd
ace and pass'd — unhappy that I
am!
now, Sir, let me have my boy,
for you
make him hard, and he will learn
to slight
father's memory; and take Dora
back,
let all this be as it was before.'
Mary said, and Dora hid her
face
Mary. There was silence in the
room;
all at once the old man burst in
sobs:
have been to blame — to blame.
I have kill'd my son.
ve kill'd him — but I loved him
— my dear son.
God forgive me! — I have been
to blame.
me, my children.'
Then they clung about
old man's neck, and kiss'd him
many times.
all the man was broken with
remorse;
all his love came back a hundred-
fold;
for three hours he sobb'd o'er
William's child
king of William.
So those four abode
in one house together, and as
years
forward Mary took another
mate;
Dora lived unmarried till her
death.

AUDLEY COURT

Bull, the Fleece are cramm'd,
and not a room
love or money. Let us picnic
there
udley Court.'
I spoke, while Audley feast
n'd like a hive all round the
narrow quay,
Francis, with a basket on his
arm,
rancis just alighted from the boat
And breathing of the sea. 'With all
my heart,'
Said Francis. Then we shoulder'd
thro' the swarm,
And rounded by the stillness of the
beach
To where the bay runs up its latest
horn.
We left the dying ebb that faintly
lipp'd
The flat red granite; so by many a
sweep
Of meadow smooth from aftermath
we reach'd
The griffin-guarded gates, and pass'd
thro' all
The pillar'd dusk of sounding syca-
mores,
And cross'd the garden to the garden-
er's lodge,
With all its casements bedded, and its
walls
And chimneys muffled in the leafy
vine.
There, on a slope of orchard, Fran-
cis laid
A damask napkin wrought with horse
and hound,
Brought out a dusky loaf that smelt
of home,
And, half-cut-down, a pasty costly-
made,
Where quail and pigeon, lark and
leveret lay,
Like fossils of the rock, with golden
yolks
Imbedded and injellied; last, with
these,
A flask of cider from his father's
vats,
Prime, which I knew; and so we sat
and eat
And talk'd old matters over, — who
was dead,
Who married, who was like to be,
and how
The races went, and who would rent
the hall;
Then touch'd upon the game, how
scarce it was
This season; glancing thence, dis-
cuss'd the farm,
The four-field system, and the price
of grain;
And struck upon the corn-laws, where
we split,

And came again together on the king
With heated faces; till he laugh'd aloud,
And, while the blackbird on the pippin hung
To hear him, clapt his hand in mine and sang:
'O, who would fight and march and countermarch,
Be shot for sixpence in a battle-field,
And shovell'd up into some bloody trench
Where no one knows? but let me live my life.
'O, who would cast and balance at a desk,
Perch'd like a crow upon a three-legg'd stool,
Till all his juice is dried, and all his joints
Are full of chalk? but let me live my life.
'Who'd serve the state? for if I carved my name
Upon the cliffs that guard my native land,
I might as well have traced it in the sands;
The sea wastes all; but let me live my life.
'O, who would love? I woo'd a woman once,
But she was sharper than an eastern wind,
And all my heart turn'd from her, as a thorn
Turns from the sea; but let me live my life.'
He sang his song, and I replied with mine.
I found it in a volume, all of songs,
Knock'd down to me, when old Sir Robert's pride,
His books—the more the pity, so I said—
Came to the hammer here in March—and this—
I set the words, and added names I knew:
'Sleep, Ellen Aubrey, sleep, and dream of me:
Sleep, Ellen, folded in thy sister's arm,
And sleeping, haply dream her arm is mine.
'Sleep, Ellen, folded in Emilia's arm;
Emilia, fairer than all else but thou
For thou art fairer than all else that
'Sleep, breathing health and pea
upon her breast;
Sleep, breathing love and trust again
her lip.
I go to-night; I come to-morro
morn.
'I go, but I return; I would
were
The pilot of the darkness and t
dream.
Sleep, Ellen Aubrey, love, and dre
of me.'
So sang we each to either, Fran
Hale,
The farmer's son, who lived acr
the bay,
My friend; and I, that having whe
withal,
And in the fallow leisure of my life
A rolling stone of here and eve
where,
Did what I would. But ere the nig
we rose
And saunter'd home beneath a mo
that, just
In crescent, dimly rain'd about t
leaf
Twilights of airy silver, till we reac
The limit of the hills; and as we sa
From rock to rock upon the gloomi
quay,
The town was hush'd beneath
lower down
The bay was oily calm; the harb
buoy,
Sole star of phosphorescence in
calm,
With one green sparkle ever and an
Dipt by itself, and we were glad
heart.

WALKING TO THE MAIL

John. I'm glad I walk'd. H
fresh the meadows look
Above the river, and, but a month a
The whole hillside was redder tha
fox!
Is yon plantation where this byw
joins
The turnpike?
James. Yes.
John. And when does this come b

mes. The mail? At one o'clock.
hn. What is it now?
mes. A quarter to.
hn. Whose house is that I see?
not the County Member's with the vane.
higher with the yew-tree by it, and half
ore of gables.
mes. That? Sir Edward Head's.
he's abroad; the place is to be sold.
hn. O, his! He was not broken.
mes. No, sir, he,
t with a morbid devil in his blood
t veil'd the world with jaundice, hid his face
n all men, and commercing with himself,
lost the sense that handles daily life—
t keeps us all in order more or less—
sick of home went overseas for change.
hn. And whither?
mes. Nay, who knows? he's here and there.
let him go; his devil goes with him,
well as with his tenant, Jocky Dawes.
hn. What's that?
mes. You saw the man—on Monday, was it?—
re by the humpback'd willow; half stands up
bristles, half has fallen and made a bridge;
there he caught the younker tickling trout—
ght *in flagrante*—what's the Latin word?—
cto; but his house, for so they say,
haunted with a jolly ghost, that shook
curtains, whined in lobbies, tapt at doors,
rummaged like a rat; no servant stay'd.
farmer vext packs up his beds and chairs,
all his household stuff; and with his boy
vixt his knees, his wife upon the tilt,
Sets out, and meets a friend who hails him, 'What!
You're flitting!' 'Yes, we're flitting,' says the ghost—
For they had pack'd the thing among the beds.
'O, well,' says he, 'you flitting with us too!—
Jack, turn the horses' heads and home again.'
John. *He* left *his* wife behind; for so I heard.
James. He left her, yes. I met my lady once;
A woman like a butt, and harsh as crabs.
John. O, yet but I remember, ten years back—
'T is now at least ten years—and then she was—
You could not light upon a sweeter thing;
A body slight and round, and like a pear
In growing, modest eyes, a hand, a foot
Lessening in perfect cadence, and a skin
As clean and white as privet when it flowers.
James. Ay, ay, the blossom fades, and they that loved
At first like dove and dove were cat and dog.
She was the daughter of a cottager,
Out of her sphere. What betwixt shame and pride,
New things and old, himself, and her, she sour'd
To what she is; a nature never kind!
Like men, like manners; like breeds like, they say.
Kind nature is the best; those manners next
That fit us like a nature second-hand—
Which are indeed the manners of the great.
John. But I had heard it was this bill that past,
And fear of change at home, that drove him hence.
James. That was the last drop in the cup of gall.
I once was near him, when his bailiff brought
A Chartist pike. You should have seen him wince

As from a venomous thing; he thought himself
A mark for all, and shudder'd, lest a cry
Should break his sleep by night, and his nice eyes
Should see the raw mechanic's bloody thumbs
Sweat on his blazon'd chairs. But, sir, you know
That these two parties still divide the world—
Of those that want, and those that have; and still
The same old sore breaks out from age to age
With much the same result. Now I myself,
A Tory to the quick, was as a boy
Destructive, when I had not what I would.
I was at school,—a college in the South.
There lived a flayflint near; we stole his fruit,
His hens, his eggs; but there was law for *us*;
We paid in person. He had a sow, sir. She,
With meditative grunts of much content,
Lay great with pig, wallowing in sun and mud.
By night we dragg'd her to the college tower
From her warm bed, and up the cork-screw stair
With hand and rope we haled the groaning sow,
And on the leads we kept her till she pigg'd.
Large range of prospect had the mother sow,
And but for daily loss of one she loved
As one by one we took them—but for this—
As never sow was higher in this world—
Might have been happy; but what lot is pure?
We took them all, till she was left alone
Upon her tower, the Niobe of swine,
And so return'd unfarrow'd to her sty.

John. They found you out?

James. Not they.

John. Well—after al
What know we of the secret of a ma
His nerves were wrong. What ails who are sound,
That we should mimic this raw f the world,
Which charts us all in its coarse bla or whites,
As ruthless as a baby with a worm
As cruel as a schoolboy ere he gro
To pity—more from ignorance t will.
But put your best foot forward, fear
That we shall miss the mail; and h it comes
With five at top, as quaint a four hand
As you shall see,—three pyebalds a roan.

EDWIN MORRIS

OR, THE LAKE

O ME, my pleasant rambles by lake,
My sweet, wild, fresh three quar of a year,
My one oasis in the dust and drout
Of city life! I was a sketcher the
See here, my doing: curves of mo tain, bridge,
Boat, island, ruins of a castle, buil
When men knew how to build, up rock
With turrets lichen-gilded like a ro
And here, new-comers in an anc hold,
New-comers from the Mersey, mill aires,
Here lived the Hills—a Tudor-cl ney'd bulk
Of mellow brickwork on an isl bowers.
O me, my pleasant rambles by lake
With Edwin Morris and with Edw Bull
The curate—he was fatter than cure!
But Edwin Morris, he that knew names,
Long learned names of agaric, m and fern,

'When men knew how to build, upon a rock
With turrets lichen-gilded like a rock'

'orged a thousand theories of the
rocks,
aught me how to skate, to row,
to swim,
ead me rhymes elaborately good,
vn — I call'd him Crichton, for
he seem'd
rfect, finish'd to the finger-nail.
once I ask'd him of his early
life,
is first passion; and he answer'd
me,
ell his words became him — was
he not
cell'd honeycomb of eloquence
Stored from all flowers? Poet-like he
spoke:
'My love for Nature is as old
as I;
But thirty moons, one honeymoon to
that,
And three rich sennights more, my love
for her.
My love for Nature and my love for
her,
Of different ages, like twin-sisters
grew,
Twin-sisters differently beautiful.
To some full music rose and sank the
sun,

And some full music seem'd to move and change
With all the varied changes of the dark,
And either twilight and the day between;
For daily hope fulfill'd, to rise again
Revolving toward fulfilment, made it sweet
To walk, to sit, to sleep, to wake, to breathe.'
Or this or something like to this he spoke.
Then said the fat-faced curate Edward Bull:
'I take it, God made the woman for the man,
And for the good and increase of the world.
A pretty face is well, and this is well,
To have a dame indoors, that trims us up,
And keeps us tight; but these unreal ways
Seem but the theme of writers, and indeed
Worn threadbare. Man is made of solid stuff.
I say, God made the woman for the man,
And for the good and increase of the world.'
'Parson,' said I, 'you pitch the pipe too low.
But I have sudden touches, and can run
My faith beyond my practice into his;
Tho' if, in dancing after Letty Hill,
I do not hear the bells upon my cap,
I scarce have other music — yet say on.
What should one give to light on such a dream?'
I ask'd him half-sardonically.
'Give?
Give all thou art,' he answer'd, and a light
Of laughter dimpled in his swarthy cheek;
'I would have hid her needle in my heart,
To save her little finger from a scratch
No deeper than the skin; my ears could hear
Her lightest breath; her least remark was worth
The experience of the wise. I went and came;
Her voice fled always thro' the su
mer land;
I spoke her name alone. Thrice-hap
days!
The flower of each, those mome
when we met,
The crown of all, we met to part
more.'
Were not his words delicious,
beast
To take them as I did? but someth
jarr'd;
Whether he spoke too largely, t
there seem'd
A touch of something false, some s
conceit,
Or over-smoothness; howsoe'er it w
He scarcely hit my humor, and
said:
'Friend Edwin, do not think yo
self alone
Of all men happy. Shall not Love
me,
As in the Latin song I learnt at sch
Sneeze out a full God-bless-you ri
and left?
But you can talk, yours is a kin
vein;
I have, I think, — Heaven knows
as much within;
Have, or should have, but for a thou
or two,
That like a purple beech among
greens
Looks out of place. 'Tis from
want in her;
It is my shyness, or my self-
trust,
Or something of a wayward mod
mind
Dissecting passion. Time will set
right.'
So spoke I, knowing not the thi
that were.
Then said the fat-faced curate, Edw
Bull:
'God made the woman for the
of man,
And for the good and increase of
world.'
And I and Edwin laughed; and
we paused
About the windings of the marg
hear
The soft wind blowing over meadh
holms

alders, garden-isles; and now we left
clerk behind us, I and he, and ran
ipply shallows of the lisping lake,
ghted with the freshness and the sound.
ut when the bracken rusted on their crags,
suit had wither'd, nipt to death by him
was a god, and is a lawyer's clerk,
rent-roll Cupid of our rainy isles.
true, we met; one hour I had, no more:
sent a note, the seal an *Elle vous suit*,
close, 'Your Letty, only yours;' and this
ce underscored. The friendly mist of morn
g to the lake. I boated over, ran
craft aground, and heard with beating heart
sweet-gale rustle round the shelving keel;
out I stept, and up I crept. She moved,
Proserpine in Enna, gathering flowers.
low and sweet I whistled thrice; and she,
turn'd, we closed, we kiss'd, swore faith, I breathed
me new planet. A silent cousin stole
us and departed. 'Leave,' she cried,
eave me!' 'Never, dearest, never: here
ve the worst;' and while we stood like fools
racing, all at once a score of pugs
poodles yell'd within, and out they came,
tees and aunts and uncles. 'What, with him!
shrill'd the cotton-spinning chorus; 'Him!'
oked. Again they shriek'd the burthen, 'Him!'
n with hands of wild rejection, 'Go!—
get you in!' She went—and in one month
wedded her to sixty thousand pounds.
To lands in Kent and messuages in York,
And slight Sir Robert with his watery smile
And educated whisker. But for me,
They set an ancient creditor to work;
It seems I broke a close with force and arms:
There came a mystic token from the king
To greet the sheriff, needless courtesy!
I read, and fled by night, and flying turn'd;
Her taper glimmer'd in the lake below;
I turn'd once more, close-button'd to the storm;
So left the place, left Edwin, nor have seen
Him since, nor heard of her, nor cared to hear.
Nor cared to hear? perhaps; yet long ago
I have pardon'd little Letty; not indeed,
It may be, for her own dear sake, but this,—
She seems a part of those fresh days to me;
For in the dust and drouth of London life
She moves among my visions of the lake,
While the prime swallow dips his wing, or then
While the gold-lily blows, and overhead
The light cloud smoulders on the summer crag.

SAINT SIMEON STYLITES

Altho' I be the basest of mankind,
From scalp to sole one slough and crust of sin,
Unfit for earth, unfit for heaven, scarce meet
For troops of devils, mad with blasphemy,
I will not cease to grasp the hope I hold
Of saintdom, and to clamor, mourn, and sob,
Battering the gates of heaven with storms of prayer,
Have mercy, Lord, and take away my sin!

Let this avail, just, dreadful, mighty God,
This not be all in vain, that thrice ten years,
Thrice multiplied by superhuman pangs,
In hungers and in thirsts, fevers and cold,
In coughs, aches, stitches, ulcerous throes and cramps,
A sign betwixt the meadow and the cloud,
Patient on this tall pillar I have borne
Rain, wind, frost, heat, hail, damp, and sleet, and snow;
And I had hoped that ere this period closed
Thou wouldst have caught me up into thy rest,
Denying not these weather-beaten limbs
The meed of saints, the white robe and the palm.
O, take the meaning, Lord! I do not breathe,
Not whisper, any murmur of complaint.
Pain heap'd ten-hundred-fold to this, were still
Less burthen, by ten-hundred-fold, to bear,
Than were those lead-like tons of sin that crush'd
My spirit flat before thee.
O Lord, Lord,
Thou knowest I bore this better at the first,
For I was strong and hale of body then;
And tho' my teeth, which now are dropt away,
Would chatter with the cold, and all my beard
Was tagg'd with icy fringes in the moon,
I drown'd the whoopings of the owl with sound
Of pious hymns and psalms, and sometimes saw
An angel stand and watch me, as I sang.
Now am I feeble grown; my end draws nigh.
I hope my end draws nigh; half deaf I am,
So that I scarce can hear the pec
hum
About the column's base, and alm
blind,
And scarce can recognize the field
know;
And both my thighs are rotted w
the dew;
Yet cease I not to clamor and to cr
While my stiff spine can hold my we
head,
Till all my limbs drop piecemeal fi
the stone,
Have mercy, mercy! take away
sin!
O Jesus, if thou wilt not save
soul,
Who may be saved? who is it may
saved?
Who may be made a saint if I
here?
Show me the man hath suffer'd n
than I.
For did not all thy martyrs die
death?
For either they were stoned, or cr
fied,
Or burn'd in fire, or boil'd in oil
sawn
In twain beneath the ribs; but I
here
To-day, and whole years long, a
of death.
Bear witness, if I could have fou
way—
And heedfully I sifted all
thought—
More slowly-painful to subdue
home
Of sin, my flesh, which I despise
hate,
I had not stinted practice, O my G
For not alone this pillar-punishm
Not this alone I bore; but while I l
In the white convent down the va
there,
For many weeks about my loins I
The rope that haled the buckets
the well,
Twisted as tight as I could knot
noose,
And spake not of it to a single so
Until the ulcer, eating thro' my s
Betray'd my secret penance, so tha
My brethren marvell'd greatly.
than this

e, whereof, O God, thou knowest all.
ree winters, that my soul might grow to thee,
ed up there on yonder mountain-side.
ight leg chain'd into the crag, I lay
in a roofless close of ragged stones;
athed sometimes in wandering mist, and twice
r'd with thy branding thunder, and sometimes
ing the damps for drink, and eating not,
pt the spare chance-gift of those that came
ouch my body and be heal'd, and live.
they say then that I work'd miracles,
reof my fame is loud amongst mankind,
d lameness, palsies, cancers.
Thou, O God,
vest alone whether this was or no.
e mercy, mercy! cover all my sin!
en, that I might be more alone with thee,
e years I lived upon a pillar, high
ubits, and three years on one of twelve;
twice three years I crouch'd on one that rose
nty by measure; last of all, I grew
e ten long weary, weary years to this,
numbers forty cubits from the soil.
hink that I have borne as much as this—
lse I dream—and for so long a time,
may measure time by yon slow light,
this high dial, which my sorrow crowns—
uch—even so.
And yet I know not well,
that the evil ones come here, and say,
down, O Simeon; thou hast suffer'd long
ges and for ages!' then they prate
enances I cannot have gone thro',
lexing me with lies; and oft I fall,
Maybe for months, in such blind lethargies
That Heaven, and Earth, and Time are choked.
But yet
Bethink thee, Lord, while thou and all the saints
Enjoy themselves in heaven, and men on earth
House in the shade of comfortable roofs,
Sit with their wives by fires, eat wholesome food,
And wear warm clothes, and even beasts have stalls,
I, 'tween the spring and downfall of the light,
Bow down one thousand and two hundred times,
To Christ, the Virgin Mother, and the saints;
Or in the night, after a little sleep,
I wake; the chill stars sparkle; I am wet
With drenching dews, or stiff with crackling frost.
I wear an undress'd goatskin on my back;
A grazing iron collar grinds my neck;
And in my weak, lean arms I lift the cross,
And strive and wrestle with thee till I die.
O, mercy, mercy! wash away my sin!
O Lord, thou knowest what a man I am;
A sinful man, conceived and born in sin.
'T is their own doing; this is none of mine;
Lay it not to me. Am I to blame for this,
That here come those that worship me? Ha! ha!
They think that I am somewhat. What am I?
The silly people take me for a saint,
And bring me offerings of fruit and flowers;
And I, in truth—thou wilt bear witness here—
Have all in all endured as much, and more
Than many just and holy men, whose names

Are register'd and calendar'd for saints.
Good people, you do ill to kneel to me.
What is it I can have done to merit this?
I am a sinner viler than you all.
It may be I have wrought some miracles,
And cured some halt and maim'd; but what of that?
It may be no one, even among the saints,
May match his pains with mine; but what of that?
Yet do not rise; for you may look on me,
And in your looking you may kneel to God.
Speak! is there any of you halt or maim'd?
I think you know I have some power with Heaven
From my long penance; let him speak his wish.
Yes, I can heal him. Power goes forth from me.
They say that they are heal'd. Ah, hark! they shout
'Saint Simeon Stylites.' Why, if so,
God reaps a harvest in me. O my soul,
God reaps a harvest in thee! If this be,
Can I work miracles and not be saved?
This is not told of any. They were saints.
It cannot be but that I shall be saved,
Yea, crown'd a saint. They shout, 'Behold a saint!'
And lower voices saint me from above.
Courage, Saint Simeon! This dull chrysalis
Cracks into shining wings, and hope ere death
Spreads more and more and more, that God hath now
Sponged and made blank of crimeful record all
My mortal archives.
O my sons, my sons,
I, Simeon of the pillar, by surname
Stylites, among men; I, Simeon,
The watcher on the column till the end;
I, Simeon, whose brain the sunshine bakes;

I, whose bald brows in silent ho
become
Unnaturally hoar with rime, do no
From my high nest of penance h
proclaim
That Pontius and Iscariot by my s
Show'd like fair seraphs. On
coals I lay,
A vessel full of sin; all hell beneat
Made me boil over. Devils pluc
my sleeve,
Abaddon and Asmodeus caught at
I smote them with the cross; th
swarm'd again.
In bed like monstrous apes th
crush'd my chest;
They flapp'd my light out as I re
I saw
Their faces grow between me and
book;
With coltlike whinny and with h
gish whine
They burst my prayer. Yet this
was left,
And by this way I 'scaped th
Mortify
Your flesh, like me, with scour
and with thorns;
Smite, shrink not, spare not. I
may be, fast
Whole Lents, and pray. I har
with slow steps,
With slow, faint steps, and much
ceeding pain,
Have scrambled past those pits of
that still
Sing in mine ears. But yield not
the praise;
God only thro' his bounty h
thought fit,
Among the powers and princes of
world,
To make me an example to manki
Which few can reach to. Yet I
not say
But that a time may come—
even now,
Now, now, his footsteps smite
threshold stairs
Of life—I say, that time is at
doors
When you may worship me with
reproach;
For I will leave my relics in your l
And you may carve a shrine a
my dust,

burn a fragrant lamp before my
bones,
I am gather'd to the glorious
saints.
ile I spake then, a sting of
shrewdest pain
hrivelling thro' me, and a cloud-
like change,
ssing, with a grosser film made
thick
heavy, horny eyes. The end!
the end!
y the end! What's here? a
shape, a shade,
sh of light. Is that the angel
there
holds a crown? Come, blessed
brother, come!
w thy glittering face. I waited
long;
rows are ready. What! deny it
now?
draw, draw, draw nigh. So I
clutch it. Christ!
one; 't is here again; the crown!
the crown!
w 't is fitted on and grows to me,
rom it melt the dews of Paradise,
t! sweet! spikenard, and balm,
and frankincense.
et me not be fool'd, sweet saints;
I trust
I am whole, and clean, and meet
for Heaven.
ak, if there be a priest, a man
of God,
g you there, and let him pre-
sently
oach, and lean a ladder on the
shaft,
climbing up into my airy home,
er me the blessed sacrament;
y the warning of the Holy Ghost,
hesy that I shall die to-night,
rter before twelve.
But thou, O Lord,
ll this foolish people; let them
take
ple, pattern; lead them to thy
light.

THE TALKING OAK

more the gate behind me falls;
e more before my face

I see the moulder'd Abbey-walls,
That stand within the chace.

Beyond the lodge the city lies,
Beneath its drift of smoke;
And ah! with what delighted eyes
I turn to yonder oak.

For when my passion first began,
Ere that which in me burn'd,
The love that makes me thrice a man,
Could hope itself return'd.

To yonder oak within the field
I spoke without restraint,
And with a larger faith appeal'd
Than Papist unto Saint.

For oft I talk'd with him apart,
And told him of my choice,
Until he plagiarized a heart,
And answer'd with a voice.

Tho' what he whisper'd under heaven
None else could understand,
I found him garrulously given,
A babbler in the land.

But since I heard him make reply
Is many a weary hour;
'T were well to question him, and try
If yet he keeps the power.

Hail, hidden to the knees in fern,
Broad Oak of Sumner-chace,
Whose topmost branches can discern
The roofs of Sumner-place!

Say thou, whereon I carved her name,
If ever maid or spouse,
As fair as my Olivia, came
To rest beneath thy boughs.

'O Walter, I have shelter'd here
Whatever maiden grace
The good old summers, year by year,
Made ripe in Sumner-chace;

'Old summers, when the monk was
fat,
And, issuing shorn and sleek,
Would twist his girdle tight, and pat
The girls upon the cheek,

'Ere yet, in scorn of Peter's-pence,
And number'd bead, and shrift,

Bluff Harry broke into the spence
And turn'd the cowls adrift.

'And I have seen some score of those
Fresh faces that would thrive
When his man-minded offset rose
To chase the deer at five;

'And all that from the town would stroll,
Till that wild wind made work
In which the gloomy brewer's soul
Went by me, like a stork;

'The slight she-slips of loyal blood,
And others, passing praise,
Strait-laced, but all-too-full in bud
For puritanic stays.

'And I have shadow'd many a group
Of beauties that were born
In teacup-times of hood and hoop,
Or while the patch was worn;

'And, leg and arm with love-knots g
About me leap'd and laugh'd
The modish Cupid of the day,
And shrill'd his tinsel shaft.

'I swear — and else may insects p
Each leaf into a gall! —
This girl, for whom your heart is s
Is three times worth them all;

'For those and theirs, by Nature's l
Have faded long ago;
But in these latter springs I saw
Your own Olivia blow,

'From when she gamboll'd on greens
A baby-germ, to when

'And I have shadow'd many a group
Of beauties that were born
In teacup-times of hood and hoop,
Or while the patch was worn'

maiden blossoms of her teens
uld number five from ten.

ear, by leaf, and wind, and rain—
d hear me with thine ears—
tho' I circle in the grain
re hundred rings of years,

since I first could cast a shade,
l never creature pass
ghtly, musically made,
light upon the grass;

as to fairies, that will flit
make the greensward fresh,
l them exquisitely knit,
t far too spare of flesh.'

de thy knotted knees in fern,
d overlook the chace,
from thy topmost branch discern
e roofs of Sumner-place!

hou, whereon I carved her name,
at oft hast heard my vows,
re when last Olivia came
sport beneath thy boughs.

esterday, you know, the fair
as holden at the town;
father left his good arm-chair,
d rode his hunter down.

with him Albert came on his.
ok'd at him with joy;
wslip unto oxlip is,
seems she to the boy.

hour had past—and, sitting straight
thin the low-wheel'd chaise,
nother trundled to the gate
hind the dappled grays.

as for her, she staid at home,
d on the roof she went,
down the way you used to come,
e look'd with discontent.

left the novel half-uncut
on the rosewood shelf;
eft the new piano shut;
e could not please herself.

n ran she, gamesome as the colt,
d livelier than a lark
She sent her voice thro' all the holt
Before her, and the park.

'A light wind chased her on the wing,
And in the chase grew wild,
As close as might be would he cling
About the darling child;

'But light as any wind that blows
So fleetly did she stir,
The flower she touch'd on dipt and rose,
And turn'd to look at her.

'And here she came, and round me play'd,
And sang to me the whole
Of those three stanzas that you made
About my "giant bole;"

'And in a fit of frolic mirth
She strove to span my waist.
Alas! I was so broad of girth,
I could not be embraced.

'I wish'd myself the fair young beech
That here beside me stands,
That round me, clasping each in each,
She might have lock'd her hands.

'Yet seem'd the pressure thrice as sweet
As woodbine's fragile hold,
Or when I feel about my feet
The berried briony fold.'

O, muffle round thy knees with fern,
And shadow Sumner-chace!
Long may thy topmost branch discern
The roofs of Sumner-place!

But tell me, did she read the name
I carved with many vows
When last with throbbing heart I came
To rest beneath thy boughs?

'O, yes, she wander'd round and round
These knotted knees of mine,
And found, and kiss'd the name she found,
And sweetly murmur'd thine.

'A teardrop trembled from its source,
And down my surface crept.
My sense of touch is something coarse,
But I believe she wept.

'Then flush'd her cheek with rosy light,
She glanced across the plain,
But not a creature was in sight;
She kiss'd me once again.

'Her kisses were so close and kind
That, trust me on my word,
Hard wood I am, and wrinkled rind,
But yet my sap was stirr'd;

'And even into my inmost ring
A pleasure I discern'd,
Like those blind motions of the spring
That show the year is turn'd.

'Thrice-happy he that may caress
The ringlet's waving balm —
The cushions of whose touch may press
The maiden's tender palm.

'I, rooted here among the groves,
But languidly adjust
My vapid vegetable loves
With anthers and with dust;

'For ah! my friend, the days were brief
Whereof the poets talk,
When that which breathes within the leaf
Could slip its bark and walk.

'But could I, as in times foregone,
From spray and branch and stem
Have suck'd and gather'd into one
The life that spreads in them,

'She had not found me so remiss;
But lightly issuing thro',
I would have paid her kiss for kiss,
With usury thereto.'

O, flourish high, with leafy towers,
And overlook the lea!
Pursue thy loves among the bowers,
But leave thou mine to me.

O, flourish, hidden deep in fern,
Old oak, I love thee well!
A thousand thanks for what I learn
And what remains to tell.

''T is little more: the day was warm;
At last, tired out with play,
She sank her head upon her arm
And at my feet she lay.

'Her eyelids dropp'd their silken ea
I breathed upon her eyes
Thro' all the summer of my leaves
A welcome mix'd with sighs.

'I took the swarming sound of lif
The music from the town —
The murmurs of the drum and fif
And lull'd them in my own.

'Sometimes I let a sunbeam slip,
To light her shaded eye;
A second flutter'd round her lip
Like a golden butterfly;

'A third would glimmer on her n
To make the necklace shine;
Another slid, a sunny fleck,
From head to ankle fine.

'Then close and dark my arm spread,
And shadow'd all her rest —
Dropt dews upon her golden head
An acorn in her breast.

'But in a pet she started up,
And pluck'd it out, and drew
My little oakling from the cup,
And flung him in the dew.

'And yet it was a graceful gift —
I felt a pang within
As when I see the woodman lift
His axe to slay my kin.

'I shook him down because he wa
The finest on the tree.
He lies beside thee on the grass.
O, kiss him once for me!

'O, kiss him twice and thrice for
That have no lips to kiss!
For never yet was oak on lea
Shall grow so fair as this.'

Step deeper yet in herb and fern,
Look further thro' the chace,
Spread upward till thy boughs cern
The front of Sumner-place.

This fruit of thine by Love is bles
That but a moment lay
Where fairer fruit of Love may r
Some happy future day.

'She, Dryad-like, shall wear
Alternate leaf and acorn-ball'

ss it twice, I kiss it thrice,
he warmth it thence shall win
riper life may magnetize
he baby-oak within.

thou, while kingdoms overset,
r lapse from hand to hand,
leaf shall never fail, nor yet
hine acorn in the land.

never saw dismember thee,
or wielded axe disjoint,
t art the fairest-spoken tree
rom here to Lizard-point.

ock upon thy towery top
ll throats that gurgle sweet!
starry culmination drop
alm-dews to bathe thy feet!

All grass of silky feather grow —
And while he sinks or swells
The full south-breeze around thee blow
The sound of minster bells!

The fat earth feed thy branchy root,
That under deeply strikes!
The northern morning o'er thee shoot,
High up, in silver spikes!

Nor ever lightning char thy grain,
But, rolling as in sleep,
Low thunders bring the mellow rain,
That makes thee broad and deep!

And hear me swear a solemn oath,
That only by thy side
Will I to Olive plight my troth,
And gain her for my bride.

And when my marriage morn may fall,
She, Dryad-like, shall wear
Alternate leaf and acorn-ball
In wreath about her hair.

And I will work in prose and rhyme,
And praise thee more in both
Than bard has honor'd beech or lime,
Or that Thessalian growth

In which the swarthy ringdove sat,
And mystic sentence spoke;
And more than England honors that,
Thy famous brother-oak,

Wherein the younger Charles abode
Till all the paths were dim,
And far below the Roundhead rode,
And humm'd a surly hymn.

LOVE AND DUTY

Or love that never found his earthly close,
What sequel? Streaming eyes and breaking hearts?
Or all the same as if he had not been?
Not so. Shall Error in the round of time
Still father Truth? O, shall the braggart shout
For some blind glimpse of freedom work itself
Thro' madness, hated by the wise, to law,
System, and empire? Sin itself be found
The cloudy porch oft opening on the sun?
And only he, this wonder, dead, become
Mere highway dust? or year by year alone
Sit brooding in the ruins of a life,
Nightmare of youth, the spectre of himself?
If this were thus, if this, indeed, were all,
Better the narrow brain, the stony heart,
The staring eye glazed o'er with sapless days,
The long mechanic pacings to and fro,
The set gray life, and apathetic end.
But am I not the nobler thro' thy love?
O, three times less unworthy! li
wise thou
Art more thro' Love, and greater th
thy years,
The sun will run his orbit, and
moon
Her circle. Wait, and Love hims
will bring
The drooping flower of knowled
changed to fruit
Of wisdom. Wait; my faith is la
in Time,
And that which shapes it to some p
fect end.
Will some one say, Then why
ill for good?
Why took ye not your pastime?
that man
My work shall answer, since I kn
the right
And did it; for a man is not as God
But then most Godlike being mos
man.—
So let me think 't is well for thee
me—
Ill-fated that I am, what lot is min
Whose foresight preaches peace,
heart so slow
To feel it! For how hard it see
to me,
When eyes, love-languid thro' t
tears, would dwell
One earnest, earnest moment u
mine,
Then not to dare to see! when
low voice,
Faltering, would break its syllab
to keep
My own full-tuned,—hold passio
a leash,
And not leap forth and fall about
neck,
And on thy bosom—deep desired
lief!—
Rain out the heavy mist of tears, t
weigh'd
Upon my brain, my senses, and
soul!
For Love himself took part aga
himself
To warn us off, and Duty loved
Love—
O, this world's curse—beloved
hated—came
Like Death betwixt thy dear embr
and mine,

crying, 'Who is this? behold
thy bride,'
ush'd me from thee.
If the sense is hard
lien ears, I did not speak to
these—
ot to thee, but to thyself in me.
is my doom and thine; thou
knowest it all.
uld Love part thus? was it not
well to speak,
ave spoken once? It could not
but be well.
low sweet hours that bring us
all things good,
low sad hours that bring us all
things ill,
all good things from evil, brought
the night
hich we sat together and alone,
to the want that hollow'd all the
heart
utterance by the yearning of an
eye,
burn'd upon its object thro'
such tears
w but once a life.
The trance gave way
hose caresses, when a hundred
times
at last kiss, which never was the
last,
well, like endless welcome, lived
and died.
follow'd counsel, comfort, and
the words
make a man feel strong in speak-
ing truth;
ow the dark was worn, and over-
head
lights of sunset and of sunrise
mix'd
t brief night, the summer night,
that paused
g her stars to hear us, stars that
hung
charm'd to listen; all the wheels
of Time
round in station, but the end
had come.
then, like those who clench their
nerves to rush
their dissolution, we two rose,
— closing like an individual
life—
blind cry of passion and of pain,
Like bitter accusation even to death,
Caught up the whole of love and utter'd
it,
And bade adieu for ever.
Live—yet live—
Shall sharpest pathos blight us, know-
ing all
Life needs for life is possible to
will?—
Live happy; tend thy flowers; be
tended by
My blessing! Should my Shadow
cross thy thoughts
Too sadly for their peace, remand it
thou
For calmer hours to Memory's darkest
hold,
If not to be forgotten—not at once—
Not all forgotten. Should it cross thy
dreams,
O, might it come like one that looks
content,
With quiet eyes unfaithful to the truth,
And point thee forward to a distant
light,
Or seem to lift a burthen from thy
heart
And leave thee freer, till thou wake
refresh'd
Then when the first low matin-chirp
hath grown
Full quire, and morning driven her
plow of pearl
Far furrowing into light the mounded
rack,
Beyond the fair green field and eastern
sea.

THE GOLDEN YEAR

WELL, you shall have that song which
Leonard wrote:
It was last summer on a tour in Wales.
Old James was with me; we that day
had been
Up Snowdon; and I wish'd for Leon-
ard there,
And found him in Llanberis. Then
we crost
Between the lakes, and clamber'd half-
way up
The counter side; and that same song
of his
He told me, for I banter'd him and
swore

They said he lived shut up within himself,
A tongue-tied poet in the feverous days
That, setting the *how much* before the *how*,
Cry, like the daughters of the horseleech, 'Give,
Cram us with all,' but count not me the herd!
To which 'They call me what they will,' he said:
'But I was born too late; the fair new forms,
That float about the threshold of an age,
Like truths of Science waiting to be caught—
Catch me who can, and make the catcher crown'd—
Are taken by the forelock. Let it be.
But if you care indeed to listen, hear
These measured words, my work of yester-morn:
'We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things move;
The sun flies forward to his brother sun;
The dark earth follows wheel'd in her ellipse;
And human things returning on themselves
Move onward, leading up the golden year.
'Ah! tho' the times when some new thought can bud
Are but as poets' seasons when they flower,
Yet seas that daily gain upon the shore
Have ebb and flow conditioning their march,
And slow and sure comes up the golden year;
'When wealth no more shall rest in mounded heaps,
But smit with freer light shall slowly melt
In many streams to fatten lower lands,
And light shall spread, and man be liker man
Thro' all the season of the golden year.
'Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens be wrens?
If all the world were falcons, what of that?
The wonder of the eagle were the le
But he not less the eagle. Hap
days
Roll onward, leading up the gold
year.
'Fly, happy, happy sails, and b
the Press;
Fly happy with the mission of
Cross;
Knit land to land, and blowing hav
ward
With silks, and fruits, and spices, cl
of toll,
Enrich the markets of the golden ye
'But we grow old. Ah! when sh
all men's good
Be each man's rule, and univer
Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across
land,
And like a lane of beams athwart
sea,
Thro' all the circle of the golden yea
Thus far he flow'd, and ended; whe
upon
'Ah, folly!' in mimic cadence answe
James—
'Ah, folly! for it lies so far away,
Not in our time, nor in our childre
time,
'T is like the second world to us t
live;
'T were all as one to fix our hopes
heaven
As on this vision of the golden yea
With that he struck his staff agai
the rocks
And broke it,—James,—you kn
him,—old, but full
Of force and choler, and firm upon
feet,
And like an oaken stock in wi
woods,
O'erflourish'd with the hoary clema
Then added, all in heat:
'What stuff is t
Old writers push'd the happy sea
back,—
The more fools they,—we forwa
dreamers both—
You most, that, in an age when ev
hour
Must sweat her sixty minutes to
death,
Live on, God love us, as if the se
man, rapt

n the teeming harvest, should not plunge
hand into the bag; but well I know
unto him who works, and feels he works,
same grand year is ever at the doors.'
e spoke; and, high above, I heard them blast
steep slate-quarry, and the great echo flap
buffet round the hills, from bluff to bluff.

ULYSSES

ttle profits that an idle king,
his still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel; I will drink
Life to the lees. All times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea. I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known, — cities of men

'There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark, broad seas'

And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honor'd of them all, —
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life! Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains; but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle, —
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:

There gloom the dark, broad sea
My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought and thought with me, —
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads, — you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil.
Death closes all; but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends.
'T is not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are, —
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

TITHONUS

The woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
The vapors weep their burthen to the ground,

comes and tills the field and lies
beneath,
after many a summer dies the
swan.
nly cruel immortality
umes; I wither slowly in thine
arms,
at the quiet limit of the world,
hite-hair'd shadow roaming like a
dream
ever-silent spaces of the East,
folded mists, and gleaming halls
of morn.
as! for this gray shadow, once a
man —
glorious in his beauty and thy
choice,
madest him thy chosen, that he
seem'd
is great heart none other than a
God!
'd thee, 'Give me immortality.'
i didst thou grant mine asking
with a smile,
wealthy men who care not how
they give.
hy strong Hours indignant work'd
their wills,
beat me down and marr'd and
wasted me,
tho' they could not end me, left
me maim'd
dwell in presence of immortal
youth,
ortal age beside immortal youth,
all I was in ashes. Can thy
love,
beauty, make amends, tho' even
now,
over us, the silver star, thy
guide,
es in those tremulous eyes that
fill with tears
ear me? Let me go; take back
thy gift.
should a man desire in any way
ary from the kindly race of men,
ass beyond the goal of ordinance
re all should pause, as is most
meet for all?
soft air fans the cloud apart;
there comes
impse of that dark world where I
was born.
more the old mysterious glim-
mer steals
From thy pure brows, and from thy
shoulders pure,
And bosom beating with a heart re-
new'd.
Thy cheek begins to redden thro' the
gloom,
Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close
to mine,
Ere yet they blind the stars, and the
wild team
Which love thee, yearning for thy
yoke, arise,
And shake the darkness from their
loosen'd manes,
And beat the twilight into flakes of
fire.
Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful
In silence, then before thine answer
given
Departest, and thy tears are on my
cheek.
Why wilt thou ever scare me with
thy tears,
And make me tremble lest a saying
learnt,
In days far-off, on that dark earth, be
true?
'The Gods themselves cannot recall
their gifts.'
Ay me! ay me! with what an-
other heart
In days far-off, and with what other
eyes
I used to watch — if I be he that
watch'd —
The lucid outline forming round thee;
saw
The dim curls kindle into sunny
rings;
Changed with thy mystic change, and
felt my blood
Glow with the glow that slowly crim-
son'd all
Thy presence and thy portals, while I
lay,
Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing
dewy-warm
With kisses balmier than half-opening
buds
Of April, and could hear the lips that
kiss'd
Whispering I knew not what of wild
and sweet,
Like that strange song I heard Apollo
sing,
While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.

Yet hold me not for ever in thine East;
How can my nature longer mix with thine?
Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
Of happy men that have the power to die,
And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
Release me, and restore me to the ground.
Thou seest all things, thou wilt see my grave;
Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn,
I earth in earth forget these empty courts,
And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

LOCKSLEY HALL

Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn;
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle-horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call,
Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the west.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fireflies tangled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wander nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of time;

When the centuries behind me like fruitful land reposed;
When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed;

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world and the wonder that would be.—

In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove;
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young,
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.

And I said, 'My cousin Amy, speak and speak the truth to me,
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee.'

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a color and a light,
As I have seen the rosy red flush in the northern night.

And she turn'd—her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs—
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes—

Saying, 'I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong;'
Saying, 'Dost thou love me, cousin?' weeping, 'I have loved thee long.'

Love took up the glass of Time and turn'd it in his glowing hands;

'Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 't is early morn'

y moment, lightly shaken, ran
itself in golden sands.

e took up the harp of Life, and
smote on all the chords with
might;
e the chord of Self, that, trem-
bling, past in music out of
sight.

y a morning on the moorland did
we hear the copses ring,
her whisper throng'd my pulses
with the fulness of the spring.

y an evening by the waters did
we watch the stately ships,
our spirits rush'd together at the
touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O
my Amy, mine no more!
O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the
barren, barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser
than all songs have sung,
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile
to a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy?— hav-
ing known me — to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a
narrower heart than mine!

Yet it shall be; thou shalt lower to his
level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse
to sympathize with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is; thou
art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will
have weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion
shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little
dearer than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy; think
not they are glazed with wine.
Go to him, it is thy duty; kiss him,
take his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his
brain is overwrought;
Soothe him with thy finer fancies,
touch him with thy lighter
thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy
things to understand —
Better thou wert dead before me,
tho' I slew thee with my hand!

Better thou and I were lying, hidden
from the heart's disgrace,
Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent
in a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin
against the strength of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp us
from the living truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err
from honest Nature's rule!
Cursed be the gold that gilds the
straiten'd forehead of the fool!

Well — 'tis well that I should bluster! — Hadst thou less unworthy proved —
Would to God — for I had loved thee
more than ever wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that
which bears but bitter fruit?
I will pluck it from my bosom, tho'
my heart be at the root.

Never, tho' my mortal summers to such
length of years should come
As the many-winter'd crow that leads
the clanging rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of t
records of the mind?
Can I part her from herself, and lo
her, as I knew her, kind?

I remember one that perish'd; swee
did she speak and move;
Such a one do I remember, whom
look at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and
her for the love she bore?
No — she never loved me truly; lo
is love for evermore.

Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devi
this is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow
remembering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou lea
it, lest thy heart be put
proof,
In the dead unhappy night, and wh
the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, a
thou art staring at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp fli
ers, and the shadows rise a
fall.

Then a hand shall pass before th
pointing to his drunken sleep
To thy widow'd marriage-pillows,
the tears that thou wilt wee

Thou shalt hear the 'Never, nev
whisper'd by the phantom yea
And a song from out the distance
the ringing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, look
ancient kindness on thy pain
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillo
get thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee sola
for a tender voice will cry.
'Tis a purer life than thine, a lip
drain thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down;
latest rival brings thee rest.
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press
from the mother's breast.

the child too clothes the father
with a dearness not his due.
lf is thine and half is his; it will
be worthy of the two.

I see thee old and formal, fitted to
thy petty part,
th a little hoard of maxims preach-
ing down a daughter's heart.

What is that which I should turn to,
lighting upon days like these?
Every door is barr'd with gold, and
opens but to golden keys.

Every gate is throng'd with suitors,
all the markets overflow.
I have but an angry fancy; what is
that which I should do?

'Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships'

ney were dangerous guides the feel-
ings — she herself was not ex-
empt —
ly, she herself had suffer'd' — Per-
ish in thy self-contempt!

erlive it — lower yet — be happy!
wherefore should I care?
yself must mix with action, lest I
wither by despair.

I had been content to perish, falling
on the foeman's ground,
When the ranks are roll'd in vapor,
and the winds are laid with
sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps
the hurt that Honor feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarl-
ing at each other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will
turn that earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O
thou wondrous Mother-Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that
I felt before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and
the tumult of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that
the coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he
leaves his father's field,

And at night along the dusky high-
way near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London
flaring like a dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be
gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in
among the throngs of men;

Men, my brothers, men the workers,
ever reaping something new;
That which they have done but earnest
of the things that they shall do.

For I dipt into the future, far as
human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all
the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce,
argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping
down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shout-
ing, and there rain'd a ghastly
dew
From the nations' airy navies grap-
pling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of
the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples
plunging thro' the thunder-
storm;

Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer,
and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Feder-
ation of the world.

There the common sense of mos
shall hold a fretful realm i
awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber
lapt in universal law.

So I triumph'd ere my passion sweep
ing thro' me left me dry,
Left me with the palsied heart, an
left me with the jaundiced eye

Eye, to which all order festers, a
things here are out of joint.
Science moves, but slowly, slowly
creeping on from point to point

Slowly comes a hungry people, as
lion, creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and wink
behind a slowly-dying fire.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages on
increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen
with the process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps no
harvest of his youthful joys,
Tho' the deep heart of existence bea
for ever like a boy's?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom li
gers, and I linger on the shore
And the individual withers, and th
world is more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom linger
and he bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience, moving t
ward the stillness of his rest.

Hark, my merry comrades call m
sounding on the bugle-horn,
They to whom my foolish passio
were a target for their scorn.

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp
such a moulder'd string?
I am shamed thro' all my nature
have loved so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with wea
ness! woman's pleasure, w
man's pain—
Nature made them blinder motio
bounded in a shallower brain.

man is the lesser man, and all thy
passions, match'd with mine,
as moonlight unto sunlight, and
as water unto wine —

re at least, where nature sickens,
nothing. Ah, for some retreat
p in yonder shining Orient, where
my life began to beat,

ere in wild Mahratta-battle fell
my father evil-starr'd; —
as left a trampled orphan, and a
selfish uncle's ward.

to burst all links of habit — there
to wander far away,
from island unto island at the
gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow
moons and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in
cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats
an European flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland,
swings the trailer from the crag;

Droops the heavy blossom'd bower,
hangs the heavy-fruited tree —
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-
purple spheres of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment
more than in this march of mind,
In the steamship, in the railway, in the
thoughts that shake mankind.

'Baby lips will laugh me down; my latest rival brings thee rest.
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast'

There the passions cramp'd no longer
shall have scope and breathing
space;
I will take some savage woman, she
shall rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall
dive, and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and
hurl their lances in the sun;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap
the rainbows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over
miserable books—

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but
I *know* my words are wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower
than the Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads,
vacant of our glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like
a beast with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage—what
to me were sun or clime?
I the heir of all the ages, in the fore-
most files of time—

I that rather held it better men should
perish one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze
like Joshua's moon in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons.
Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever down
the ringing grooves of change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we
sweep into the younger day;
Better fifty years of Europe than a
cycle of Cathay.

Mother-Age,—for mine I knew not,—
help me as when life begun;
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash
the lightnings, weigh the sun.

O, I see the crescent promise of my
spirit hath not set.
Ancient founts of inspiration well
thro' all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a lon
farewell to Locksley Hall!
Now for me the woods may withe
now for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapor from the margin, black
ening over heath and holt,
Cramming all the blast before it, i
its breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rai
or hail, or fire or snow;
For the mighty wind arises, roarin
seaward, and I go.

GODIVA

I WAITED *for the train at Coventry;*
I hung with grooms and porters on t
bridge,
To watch the three tall spires; and the
I shaped
The city's ancient legend into this:—
Not only we, the latest seed of Tim
New men, that in the flying of a whe
Cry down the past, not only we, th
prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved t
people well,
And loathed to see them overtax'
but she
Did more, and underwent, and ove
came,
The woman of a thousand summe
back,
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, wh
ruled
In Coventry; for when he laid a ta
Upon his town, and all the mothe
brought
Their children, clamoring, 'If we pa
we starve!'
She sought her lord, and found hi
where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alon
His beard a foot before him, and his h
A yard behind. She told him of the
tears,
And pray'd him, 'If they pay this ta
they starve.'
Whereat he stared, replying, ha
amazed,
'You would not let your little fing
ache

such as *these?*' — 'But I would
die,' said she.
laugh'd, and swore by Peter and
by Paul,
n fillip'd at the diamond in her ear:
ay, ay, ay, you talk!' — 'Alas!'
she said,
t prove me what it is I would not
do.'

As winds from all the compass shift
and blow,
Made war upon each other for an
hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trum-
pet, all
The hard condition, but that she would
loose

'Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt'

l from a heart as rough as Esau's
hand,
answer'd, 'Ride you naked thro'
the town,
l I repeal it;' and nodding, as in
scorn,
parted, with great strides among
his dogs.
o left alone, the passions of her
mind.

The people; therefore, as they loved
her well,
From then till noon no foot should
pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing, but
that all
Should keep within, door shut, and
window barr'd.
Then fled she to her inmost bower,
and there

Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She linger'd, looking like a summer moon
Half-dipt in cloud. Anon she shook her head,
And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee:
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and like a creeping sunbeam slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reach'd
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazon'd with armorial gold.
Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity.
The deep air listen'd round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouth'd heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see; the barking cur
Made her cheek flame; her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors thro' her pulses; the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared; but she
Not less thro' all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flower'd elder-thicket from the field
Gleam thro' the Gothic archway in the wall.
Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity.
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
Peep'd — but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivell'd into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait
On noble deeds, cancell'd a sense mis-used;
And she, that knew not, pass'd; and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound the shameless noon
Was clash'd and hammer'd from a hundred towers,
One after one; but even then she gain'd
Her bower, whence reissuing, robed and crown'd,
To meet her lord, she took the tale away
And built herself an everlasting name.

THE DAY-DREAM

PROLOGUE

O Lady Flora, let me speak;
A pleasant hour has passed away
While, dreaming on your damask cheek,
The dewy sister-eyelids lay.
As by the lattice you reclined,
I went thro' many wayward moods
To see you dreaming — and, behind,
A summer crisp with shining woods
And I too dream'd, until at last
Across my fancy, brooding warm,
The reflex of a legend past,
And loosely settled into form.
And would you have the thought I had
And see the vision that I saw,
Then take the broidery-frame, and add
A crimson to the quaint macaw,
And I will tell it. Turn your face,
Nor look with that too-earnest eye
The rhymes are dazzled from the place
And order'd words asunder fly.

THE SLEEPING PALACE

I

The varying year with blade and sheaf
Clothes and reclothes the happy plains,
Here rests the sap within the leaf,
Here stays the blood along the veins.
Faint shadows, vapors lightly curl'd
Faint murmurs from the meadow come,
Like hints and echoes of the world
To spirits folded in the womb.

'The page has caught her hand in his;
Her lips are sever'd as to speak'

II

lustre bathes the range of urns
n every slanting terrace-lawn.
fountain to his place returns
eep in the garden lake with-
drawn.
e droops the banner on the tower,
n the hall-hearths the festal fires,
peacock in his laurel bower,
he parrot in his gilded wires.

III

f-haunting martins warm their
eggs;
these, in those the life is stay'd.
mantles from the golden pegs
roop sleepily; no sound is made,
even of a gnat that sings.
ore like a picture seemeth all
n those old portraits of old kings,
hat watch the sleepers from the
wall.

IV

Here sits the butler with a flask
Between his knees, half-drain'd; and
there
The wrinkled steward at his task,
The maid-of-honor blooming fair.
The page has caught her hand in his;
Her lips are sever'd as to speak;
His own are pouted to a kiss;
The blush is fix'd upon her cheek.

V

Till all the hundred summers pass,
The beams that thro' the oriel
shine
Make prisms in every carven glass
And beaker brimm'd with noble
wine.
Each baron at the banquet sleeps,
Grave faces gather'd in a ring.
His state the king reposing keeps.
He must have been a jovial king.

VI

All round a hedge upshoots, and shows
At distance like a little wood;
Thorns, ivies, woodbine, mistletoes,
And grapes with bunches red as blood;
All creeping plants, a wall of green
Close-matted, bur and brake and brier,
And glimpsing over these, just seen,
High up, the topmost palace spire.

VII

When will the hundred summers die,
And thought and time be born again,
And newer knowledge, drawing nigh,
Bring truth that sways the soul of men?
Here all things in their place remain,
As all were order'd, ages since.
Come, Care and Pleasure, Hope and Pain,
And bring the fated fairy Prince.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

I

Year after year unto her feet,
She lying on her couch alone,
Across the purple coverlet
The maiden's jet-black hair has grown,
On either side her tranced form
Forth streaming from a braid of pearl;
The slumbrous light is rich and warm,
And moves not on the rounded curl.

II

The silk star-broider'd coverlid
Unto her limbs itself doth mould
Languidly ever; and, amid
Her full black ringlets downward roll'd,
Glows forth each softly-shadow'd arm
With bracelets of the diamond bright.
Her constant beauty doth inform
Stillness with love, and day with light.

III

She sleeps; her breathings are no heard
In palace chambers far apart.
The fragrant tresses are not stirr'd
That lie upon her charmed heart.
She sleeps; on either hand upswells
The gold-fringed pillow lightl prest;
She sleeps, nor dreams, but eve dwells
A perfect form in perfect rest.

THE ARRIVAL

I

All precious things, discover'd late,
To those that seek them issue forth
For love in sequel works with fate,
And draws the veil from hidde worth.
He travels far from other skies —
His mantle glitters on the rocks —
A fairy Prince, with joyful eyes,
And lighter-footed than the fox.

II

The bodies and the bones of those
That strove in other days to pass
Are wither'd in the thorny close,
Or scatter'd blanching on the gras
He gazes on the silent dead:
'They perish'd in their darin deeds.'
This proverb flashes thro' his head,
'The many fail, the one succeeds.

III

He comes, scarce knowing what seeks;
He breaks the hedge; he ente there;
The color flies into his cheeks;
He trusts to light on somethi fair;
For all his life the charm did talk
About his path, and hover near
With words of promise in his walk,
And whisper'd voices at his ear.

IV

More close and close his footste wind;
The Magic Music in his heart
Beats quick and quicker, till he fin
The quiet chamber far apart.

spirit flutters like a lark,
e stoops — to kiss her — on his knee.
ve, if thy tresses be so dark,
ow dark those hidden eyes must be!'

THE REVIVAL

I

OUCH, a kiss! the charm was snapt.
here rose a noise of striking clocks,
feet that ran, and doors that clapt,
nd barking dogs, and crowing cocks;
ller light illumined all,
breeze thro' all the garden swept,
dden hubbub shook the hall,
nd sixty feet the fountain leapt.

II

The hedge broke in, the banner blew,
The butler drank, the steward scrawl'd,
The fire shot up, the martin flew,
The parrot scream'd, the peacock squall'd,
The maid and page renew'd their strife,
The palace bang'd and buzz'd and clackt,
And all the long-pent stream of life
Dash'd downward in a cataract.

III

And last with these the king awoke,
And in his chair himself uprear'd,
And yawn'd, and rubb'd his face, and spoke,
'By holy rood, a royal beard!
How say you? we have slept, my lords.
My beard has grown into my lap.'

'"How say you? we have slept, my lords.
My beard has grown into my lap"'

The barons swore, with many words,
'T was but an after-dinner's nap.

IV

'Pardy,' return'd the king, 'but still
My joints are somewhat stiff or so.
My lord, and shall we pass the bill
I mention'd half an hour ago?'
The chancellor, sedate and vain,
In courteous words return'd reply,
But dallied with his golden chain,
And, smiling, put the question by.

THE DEPARTURE

I

And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old;
Across the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day
The happy princess follow'd him.

II

'I'd sleep another hundred years,
O love, for such another kiss;'
'O, wake for ever, love,' she hears;
'O love, 't was such as this and this.'
And o'er them many a sliding star
And many a merry wind was borne,
And, stream'd thro' many a golden bar,
The twilight melted into morn.

III

'O eyes long laid in happy sleep!'
'O happy sleep, that lightly fled!'
'O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep!'
'O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!'
And o'er them many a flowing range
Of vapor buoy'd the crescent-bark,
And, rapt thro' many a rosy change,
The twilight died into the dark.

IV

'A hundred summers! can it be?
And whither goest thou, tell me where?'
'O, seek my father's court with me,
For there are greater wonders there.'
And o'er the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Thro' all the world she follow'd hi

MORAL

I

So, Lady Flora, take my lay,
And if you find no moral there,
Go, look in any glass and say,
What moral is in being fair.
O, to what uses shall we put
The wildweed-flower that sim
blows?
And is there any moral shut
Within the bosom of the rose?

II

But any man that walks the mead,
In bud or blade or bloom, n
find,
According as his humors lead,
A meaning suited to his mind.
And liberal applications lie
In Art like Nature, dearest frien
So 't were to cramp its use if I
Should hook it to some useful en

L'ENVOI

I

You shake your head. A rand
string
Your finer female sense offends.
Well — were it not a pleasant thin
To fall asleep with all one's frien
To pass with all our social ties
To silence from the paths of me
And every hundred years to rise
And learn the world, and sl
again;
To sleep thro' terms of mighty wa
And wake on science grown
more,
On secrets of the brain, the stars,
As wild as aught of fairy lore;
And all that else the years
show,
The Poet-forms of stronger hou
The vast Republics that may grov
The Federations and the Power
Titanic forces taking birth
In divers seasons, divers climes
For we are Ancients of the earth,
And in the morning of the time

II

leeping, so aroused from sleep
ıro' sunny decads new and strange,
gay quinquenniads, would we reap
ıe flower and quintessence of change.

III

yet would I — and would I might!
much your eyes my fancy take —
till the first to leap to light
ıat I might kiss those eyes awake!
am I right, or am I wrong,
choose your own you did not care;
'd have *my* moral from the song,
ıd I will take my pleasure there;
, am I right or am I wrong,
y fancy, ranging thro' and thro',
earch a meaning for the song,
rforce will still revert to you,
finds a closer truth than this
l-graceful head, so richly curl'd,
evermore a costly kiss
ıe prelude to some brighter world.

IV

since the time when Adam first
nbraced his Eve in happy hour,
every bird of Eden burst
carol, every bud to flower,
ıt eyes, like thine, have waken'd hopes,
hat lips, like thine, so sweetly join'd?
re on the double rosebud droops
ıe fulness of the pensive mind;
ch, all too dearly self-involved,
et sleeps a dreamless sleep to me, —
eep by kisses undissolved,
ıat lets thee neither hear nor see:
break it. In the name of wife,
ıd in the rights that name may give,
clasp'd the moral of thy life,
ıd that for which I care to live.

EPILOGUE

Lady Flora, take my lay,
ıd if you find a meaning there,
hisper to your glass, and say,
Vhat wonder if he thinks me fair?'
t wonder I was all unwise,
shape the song for your delight
Like long-tail'd birds of Paradise
That float thro' heaven, and cannot light?
Or old-world trains, upheld at court
By Cupid-boys of blooming hue —
But take it — earnest wed with sport,
And either sacred unto you.

AMPHION

My father left a park to me,
But it is wild and barren,
A garden too with scarce a tree,
And waster than a warren;
Yet say the neighbors when they call
It is not bad but good land,
And in it is the germ of all
That grows within the woodland.

O, had I lived when song was great
In days of old Amphion,
And ta'en my fiddle to the gate,
Nor cared for seed or scion!
And had I lived when song was great,
And legs of trees were limber,
And ta'en my fiddle to the gate,
And fiddled in the timber!

'T is said he had a tuneful tongue,
Such happy intonation,
Wherever he sat down and sung
He left a small plantation;
Wherever in a lonely grove
He set up his forlorn pipes,
The gouty oak began to move,
And flounder into hornpipes.

The mountain stirr'd its bushy crown,
And, as tradition teaches,
Young ashes pirouetted down
Coquetting with young beeches;
And briony-vine and ivy-wreath
Ran forward to his rhyming,
And from the valleys underneath
Came little copses climbing.

The linden broke her ranks and rent
The woodbine wreaths that bind her,
And down the middle, buzz! she went
With all her bees behind her;
The poplars, in long order due,
With cypress promenaded,
The shock-head willows two and two
By rivers gallopaded.

Came wet-shod alder from the wave,
Came yews, a dismal coterie;
Each pluck'd his one foot from the grave,
Poussetting with a sloe-tree;
Old elms came breaking from the vine,
The vine stream'd out to follow,
And, sweating rosin, plump'd the pine
From many a cloudy hollow.

And was n't it a sight to see,
When, ere his song was ended,
Like some great landslip, tree by tree,
The country-side descended;
And shepherds from the mountain-eaves
Look'd down, half-pleased, half-frighten'd,
As dash'd about the drunken leaves
The random sunshine lighten'd?

O, Nature first was fresh to men,
And wanton without measure;
So youthful and so flexile then,
You moved her at your pleasure.
Twang out, my fiddle! shake the twigs!
And make her dance attendance;
Blow, flute, and stir the stiff-set sprigs,
And scirrhous roots and tendons!

'T is vain! in such a brassy age
I could not move a thistle;
The very sparrows in the hedge
Scarce answer to my whistle;
Or at the most, when three-parts-sick
With strumming and with scraping,
A jackass heehaws from the rick,
The passive oxen gaping.

But what is that I hear? a sound
Like sleepy counsel pleading;
O Lord! — 't is in my neighbor's ground,
The modern Muses reading.
They read Botanic Treatises,
And Works on Gardening thro' there,
And Methods of Transplanting Trees
To look as if they grew there.

The wither'd Misses! how they prose
O'er books of travell'd seamen,
And show you slips of all that grows
From England to Van Diemen.
They read in arbors clipt and cut,
And alleys, faded places,
By squares of tropic summer shut
And warm'd in crystal cases.

But these, tho' fed with careful di
Are neither green nor sappy;
Half-conscious of the garden-squir
The spindlings look unhappy.
Better to me the meanest weed
That blows upon its mountain,
The vilest herb that runs to seed
Beside its native fountain.

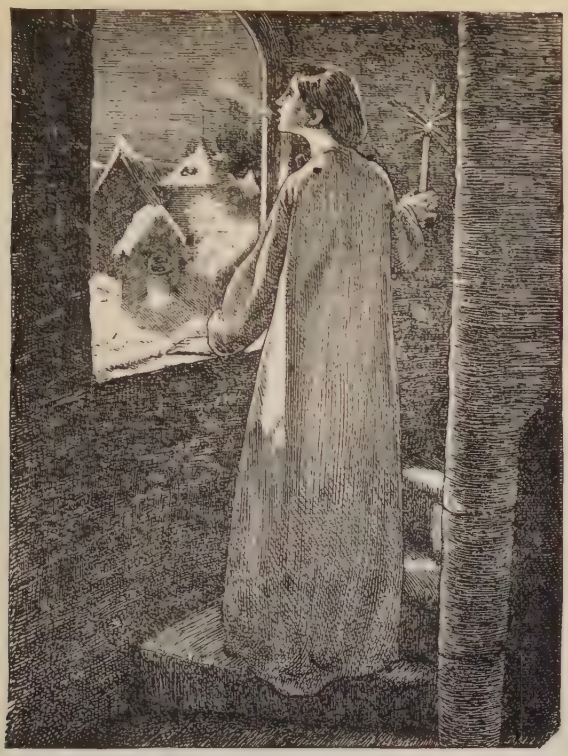
And I must work thro' months of t
And years of cultivation,
Upon my proper patch of soil
To grow my own plantation.
I 'll take the showers as they fall,
I will not vex my bosom:
Enough if at the end of all
A little garden blossom.

SAINT AGNES' EVE

Deep on the convent-roof the sno
Are sparkling to the moon;
My breath to heaven like vapor g
May my soul follow soon!
The shadows of the convent-towe
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping h
That lead me to my Lord.
Make Thou my spirit pure and cle
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil'd dark,
To yonder shining ground;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
To yonder argent round;
So shows my soul before the Lam
My spirit before Thee;
So in mine earthly house I am,
To that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord! and
Thro' all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glitte
star,
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;
The flashes come and go;



'My breath to heaven like vapor goes;
May my soul follow soon'

aven bursts her starry floors,
l strows her lights below,
leepens on and up! the gates
l back, and far within
me the Heavenly Bridegroom
waits,
make me pure of sin.
abbaths of Eternity,
Sabbath deep and wide—
t upon the shining sea—
Bridegroom with his bride!

EDWARD GRAY

r Emma Moreland of yonder
town
me walking on yonder way;

'And have you lost your heart?' she
said;
'And are you married yet, Edward
Gray?'

Sweet Emma Moreland spoke to me;
Bitterly weeping I turn'd away:
'Sweet Emma Moreland, love no more
Can touch the heart of Edward
Gray.

'Ellen Adair she loved me well,
Against her father's and mother's
will;
To-day I sat for an hour and wept
By Ellen's grave, on the windy
hill.

'Shy she was, and I thought her cold,
Thought her proud, and fled over the sea;
Fill'd I was with folly and spite,
When Ellen Adair was dying for me.

'Cruel, cruel the words I said!
Cruelly came they back to-day:
"You 're too slight and fickle," I said,
"To trouble the heart of Edward Gray."

'There I put my face in the grass—
Whisper'd, "Listen to my despair;
I repent me of all I did;
Speak a little, Ellen Adair!"

'Then I took a pencil, and wrote
On the mossy stone, as I lay,
"Here lies the body of Ellen Adair;
And here the heart of Edward Gray!"

'Love may come, and love may go,
And fly, like a bird, from tree to tree;
But I will love no more, no more,
Till Ellen Adair come back to me.

'Bitterly wept I over the stone;
Bitterly weeping I turn'd away.
There lies the body of Ellen Adair!
And there the heart of Edward Gray!'

SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel;
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favors fall!

For them I battle till the end,
To save from shame and thrall;
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bow'd in crypt
shrine;
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me bea
Me mightier transports move
thrill;
So keep I fair thro' faith and praye
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy cresc
goes,
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glo
I hear a noise of hymns.
Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice, but none are there
The stalls are void, the doors
wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swin
And solemn chaunts resound
tween.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-mer
I find a magic bark.
I leap on board; no helmsman ste
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the Holy Grai
With folded feet, in stoles of whit
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slide
And starlike mingles with the st

When on my goodly charger born
Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christ
morn,
The streets are dumb with snow
The tempest crackles on the leads
And, ringing, springs from b
and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the heig
No branchy thicket shelter yiel
But blessed forms in whistling st
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fi

iden knight—to me is given
ch hope, I know not fear;
rn to breathe the airs of heaven
at often meet me here.
se on joy that will not cease,
re spaces clothed in living beams,
lilies of eternal peace,
ose odors haunt my dreams;
stricken by an angel's hand,
is mortal armor that I wear,
weight and size, this heart and eyes,
e touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

clouds are broken in the sky,
d thro' the mountain-walls
ling organ-harmony
ells up and shakes and falls.

Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
'O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near.'
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail.

WILL WATERPROOF'S LYRICAL MONOLOGUE

MADE AT THE COCK

O PLUMP head-waiter at The Cock,
To which I most resort,
How goes the time? 'T is five o'clock
Go fetch a pint of port;

'Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice, but none are there'

But let it not be such as that
You set before chance-comers,
But such whose father-grape grew fat
On Lusitanian summers.

No vain libation to the Muse,
But may she still be kind,
And whisper lovely words, and use
Her influence on the mind,
To make me write my random rhymes,
Ere they be half-forgotten;
Nor add and alter, many times,
Till all be ripe and rotten.

I pledge her, and she comes and dips
Her laurel in the wine,
And lays it thrice upon my lips,
These favor'd lips of mine;
Until the charm have power to make
New life-blood warm the bosom,
And barren commonplaces break
In full and kindly blossom.

I pledge her silent at the board;
Her gradual fingers steal
And touch upon the master-chord
Of all I felt and feel.
Old wishes, ghosts of broken plans,
And phantom hopes assemble;
And that child's heart within the man's
Begins to move and tremble.

Thro' many an hour of summer suns,
By many pleasant ways,
Against its fountain upward runs
The current of my days.
I kiss the lips I once have kiss'd;
The gaslight wavers dimmer;
And softly, thro' a vinous mist,
My college friendships glimmer.

I grow in worth and wit and sense,
Unboding critic-pen,
Or that eternal want of pence
Which vexes public men,
Who hold their hands to all, and cry
For that which all deny them —
Who sweep the crossings, wet or dry,
And all the world go by them.

Ah! yet, tho' all the world forsake,
Tho' fortune clip my wings,
I will not cramp my heart, nor take
Half-views of men and things.

Let Whig and Tory stir their blood
There must be stormy weather;
But for some true result of good
All parties work together.

Let there be thistles, there are grap
If old things, there are new;
Ten thousand broken lights and shap
Yet glimpses of the true.
Let raffs be rife in prose and rhyme
We lack not rhymes and reasons,
As on this whirligig of Time
We circle with the seasons.

This earth is rich in man and maid,
With fair horizons bound;
This whole wide earth of light s
shade
Comes out a perfect round.
High over roaring Temple-bar,
And set in heaven's third story,
I look at all things as they are,
But thro' a kind of glory.

Head-waiter, honor'd by the guest
Half-mused, or reeling ripe,
The pint you brought me was best
That ever came from pipe.
But tho' the port surpasses praise,
My nerves have dealt with stiffe
Is there some magic in the place?
Or do my peptics differ?

For since I came to live and learn,
No pint of white or red
Had ever half the power to turn
This wheel within my head,
Which bears a season'd brain abou
Unsubject to confusion,
Tho' soak'd and saturate, out and
Thro' every convolution.

For I am of a numerous house,
With many kinsmen gay,
Where long and largely we carou
As who shall say me nay?
Each month, a birthday coming oc
We drink, defying trouble,
Or sometimes two would meet in
And then we drank it double;

Whether the vintage, yet unkept,
Had relish fiery-new,

'But whither would my fancy go?
How out of place she makes
The violet of a legend blow
Among the chops and steaks'

ɔow-deep in sawdust slept,
ɔld as Waterloo,
tow'd when classic Canning died,
nusty bins and chambers,
ast upon its crusty side
gloom of ten Decembers.

Iuse, the jolly Muse, it is!
answer'd to my call;
anges with that mood or this,
ll-in-all to all;
t the spark within my throat,
nake my blood run quicker,
all her fiery will, and smote
life into the liquor.

ence this halo lives about
waiter's hands, that reach
ch his perfect pint of stout,
proper chop to each.

He looks not like the common breed
That with the napkin dally;
I think he came, like Ganymede,
From some delightful valley.

The Cock was of a larger egg
Than modern poultry drop,
Stept forward on a firmer leg,
And cramm'd a plumper crop,
Upon an ampler dunghill trod,
Crow'd lustier late and early,
Sipt wine from silver, praising God,
And raked in golden barley.

A private life was all his joy,
Till in a court he saw
A something-pottle-bodied boy
That knuckled at the taw.
He stoop'd and clutch'd him, fair and good,
Flew over roof and casement:

His brothers of the weather stood
Stock-still for sheer amazement.

But he, by farmstead, thorpe, and spire,
And follow'd with acclaims,
A sign to many a staring shire,
Came crowing over Thames.
Right down by smoky Paul's they bore,
Till, where the street grows straiter,
One fix'd for ever at the door,
And one became head-waiter.

But whither would my fancy go?
How out of place she makes
The violet of a legend blow
Among the chops and steaks!
'T is but a steward of the can,
One shade more plump than common;
As just and mere a serving-man
As any born of woman.

I ranged too high: what draws me down
Into the common day?
Is it the weight of that half-crown
Which I shall have to pay?
For, something duller than at first,
Nor wholly comfortable,
I sit, my empty glass reversed,
And thrumming on the table;

Half fearful that, with self at strife,
I take myself to task,
Lest of the fulness of my life
I leave an empty flask;
For I had hope, by something rare,
To prove myself a poet,
But, while I plan and plan, my hair
Is gray before I know it.

So fares it since the years began,
Till they be gather'd up;
The truth, that flies the flowing can,
Will haunt the vacant cup;
And others' follies teach us not,
Nor much their wisdom teaches;
And most, of sterling worth, is what
Our own experience preaches.

Ah, let the rusty theme alone!
We know not what we know.

But for my pleasant hour, 't is gon
'T is gone, and let it go.
'T is gone: a thousand such h
slipt
Away from my embraces,
And fallen into the dusty crypt
Of darken'd forms and faces.

Go, therefore, thou! thy betters w
Long since, and came no more;
With peals of genial clamor sent
From many a tavern-door,
With twisted quirks and ha
hits,
From misty men of letters;
The tavern-hours of mighty wits,
Thine elders and thy betters;

Hours when the Poet's words
looks
Had yet their native glow,
Nor yet the fear of little books
Had made him talk for show;
But, all his vast heart sherris-warn
He flash'd his random speeches,
Ere days that deal in ana swarm'd
His literary leeches.

So mix for ever with the past,
Like all good things on earth!
For should I prize thee, couldst t
last,
At half thy real worth?
I hold it good, good things sh
pass;
With time I will not quarrel;
It is but yonder empty glass
That makes me maudlin-moral.

Head-waiter of the chop-house he
To which I most resort,
I too must part; I hold thee dear
For this good pint of port.
For this, thou shalt from all th
suck
Marrow of mirth and laughter;
And wheresoe'er thou move,
luck
Shall fling her old shoe after.

But thou wilt never move from he
The sphere thy fate allots;
Thy latter days increased with pe
Go down among the pots;

u battenest by the greasy gleam
haunts of hungry sinners,
boxes, larded with the steam
f thirty thousand dinners.

fret, we fume, would shift our skins,
ould quarrel with our lot;
care is, under polish'd tins,
o serve the hot-and-hot:
ome and go, and come again,
eturning like the pewit,
watch'd by silent gentlemen,
hat trifle with the cruet.

e long, ere from thy topmost head
he thick-set hazel dies;
g, ere the hateful crow shall tread
he corners of thine eyes;
e long, nor feel in head or chest
ur changeful equinoxes,
mellow Death, like some late guest,
hall call thee from the boxes.

when he calls, and thou shalt cease
o pace the gritted floor,
, laying down an unctuous lease
f life, shalt earn no more,
carved cross-bones, the types of Death,
hall show thee past to heaven,
carved cross-pipes, and, underneath,
pint-pot neatly graven.

LADY CLARE

as the time when lilies blow,
nd clouds are highest up in air,
l Ronald brought a lily-white doe
o give his cousin, Lady Clare.

w they did not part in scorn;
vers long-betroth'd were they;
two will wed the morrow morn—
d's blessing on the day!

does not love me for my birth,
r for my lands so broad and fair;
ves me for my own true worth,
d that is well,' said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, 'Who was this that went from thee?'
'It was my cousin,' said Lady Clare;
'To-morrow he weds with me.'

'O, God be thank'd,' said Alice the nurse,
'That all comes round so just and fair!
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are *not* the Lady Clare.'

'Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse,'
Said Lady Clare, 'that ye speak so wild?'
'As God 's above,' said Alice the nurse,
'I speak the truth: you are my child.

'The old earl's daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead.'

'Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother,' she said, 'if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due.'

'Nay now, my child,' said Alice the nurse,
'But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife.'

'If I 'm a beggar born,' she said,
'I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off, the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by.'

'Nay now, my child,' said Alice the nurse,
'But keep the secret all ye can.'
She said, 'Not so; but I will know
If there be any faith in man.'

'Nay now, what faith?' said Alice the nurse;
'The man will cleave unto his right.'
'And he shall have it,' the lady replied,
'Tho' I should die to-night.'

'Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas, my child, I sinn'd for thee!'
'O mother, mother, mother,' she said,
'So strange it seems to me.

'Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go.'

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare;
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And follow'd her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:
'O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth?'

'If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are;
I am a beggar born,' she said,
'And not the Lady Clare.'

'Play me no tricks,' said Lord Ronald,
'For I am yours in word and in deed.
Play me no tricks,' said Lord Ronald,
'Your riddle is hard to read.'

O, and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail;
She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn;
He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood;
'If you are not the heiress born,
And I,' said he, 'the next in blood,—

'If you are not the heiress born,
And I,' said he, 'the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare.'

THE CAPTAIN

A LEGEND OF THE NAVY

He that only rules by terror
Doeth grievous wrong.
Deep as hell I count his error.
Let him hear my song.
Brave the Captain was; the seamen
Made a gallant crew,
Gallant sons of English freemen,
Sailors bold and true.
But they hated his oppression;
Stern he was and rash,
So for every light transgression
Doom'd them to the lash.
Day by day more harsh and cruel
Seem'd the Captain's mood.
Secret wrath like smother'd fuel
Burnt in each man's blood.
Yet he hoped to purchase glory,
Hoped to make the name
Of his vessel great in story,
Wheresoe'er he came.
So they past by capes and islands,
Many a harbor-mouth,
Sailing under palmy highlands
Far within the South.
On a day when they were going
O'er the lone expanse,
In the north, her canvas flowing,
Rose a ship of France.
Then the Captain's color heighten'd,
Joyful came his speech;
But a cloudy gladness lighten'd
In the eyes of each.
'Chase,' he said; the ship flew forward
And the wind did blow;
Stately, lightly, went she norward,
Till she near'd the foe.
Then they look'd at him they hated,
Had what they desired;
Mute with folded arms they waited—
Not a gun was fired.
But they heard the foeman's thunder
Roaring out their doom;
All the air was torn in sunder,
Crashing went the boom,
Spars were splinter'd, decks were
shatter'd,
Bullets fell like rain;
Over mast and deck were scatter'd
Blood and brains of men.
Spars were splinter'd; decks were
broken;
Every mother's son—

wn they dropt—no word was spoken—
Each beside his gun.
the decks as they were lying,
Were their faces grim.
Their blood, as they lay dying,
Did they smile on him.
ose in whom he had reliance,
For his noble name
th one smile of still defiance
old him unto shame.
ame and wrath his heart confounded,
Pale he turn'd and red,
l himself was deadly wounded
Falling on the dead.
mal error! fearful slaughter!
Years have wander'd by;
e by side beneath the water
Crew and Captain lie;
ere the sunlit ocean tosses
O'er them mouldering,
d the lonely seabird crosses
With one waft of the wing.

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH

In her ear he whispers gaily,
'If my heart by signs can tell,
Maiden, I have watch'd thee daily,
And I think thou lov'st me well.'
She replies, in accents fainter,
'There is none I love like thee.'
He is but a landscape-painter,
And a village maiden she.
He to lips that fondly falter
Presses his without reproof,
Leads her to the village altar,
And they leave her father's roof.
'I can make no marriage present;
Little can I give my wife.
Love will make our cottage pleasant,
And I love thee more than life.'
They by parks and lodges going
See the lordly castles stand;
Summer woods, about them blowing,
Made a murmur in the land.

'"Bring the dress and put it on her,
That she wore when she was wed"

From deep thought himself he rouses,
Says to her that loves him well,
'Let us see these handsome houses
Where the wealthy nobles dwell.'
So she goes by him attended,
Hears him lovingly converse,
Sees whatever fair and splendid
Lay betwixt his home and hers:
Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
Parks and order'd gardens great,
Ancient homes of lord and lady,
Built for pleasure and for state.
All he shows her makes him dearer;
Evermore she seems to gaze
On that cottage growing nearer,
Where they twain will spend their days.
O, but she will love him truly!
He shall have a cheerful home,
She will order all things duly,
When beneath his roof they come.
Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
Till a gateway she discerns
With armorial bearings stately,
And beneath the gate she turns,
Sees a mansion more majestic
Than all those she saw before.
Many a gallant gay domestic
Bows before him at the door;
And they speak in gentle murmur,
When they answer to his call,
While he treads with footstep firmer,
Leading on from hall to hall.
And, while now she wonders blindly,
Nor the meaning can divine,
Proudly turns he round and kindly,
'All of this is mine and thine.'
Here he lives in state and bounty,
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free;
Not a lord in all the county
Is so great a lord as he.
All at once the color flushes
Her sweet face from brow to chin;
As it were with shame she blushes,
And her spirit changed within.
Then her countenance all over
Pale again as death did prove;
But he clasp'd her like a lover,
And he cheer'd her soul with love.
So she strove against her weakness,
Tho' at times her spirit sank,
Shaped her heart with woman's meekness
To all duties of her rank;
And a gentle consort made he,
And her gentle mind was such
That she grew a noble lady,
And the people loved her much.
But a trouble weigh'd upon her,
And perplex'd her, night and mor
With the burthen of an honor
Unto which she was not born.
Faint she grew, and ever fainter,
And she murmur'd, 'O, that he
Were once more that landscape-paint
Which did win my heart fr
me!'
So she droop'd and droop'd befo
him,
Fading slowly from his side;
Three fair children first she bo
him,
Then before her time she died.
Weeping, weeping late and early,
Walking up and pacing down,
Deeply mourn'd the Lord of Burleig
Burleigh-house by Stamford-tow
And he came to look upon her,
And he look'd at her and said,
'Bring the dress and put it on her,
That she wore when she was wed
Then her people, softly treading,
Bore to earth her body, drest
In the dress that she was wed in,
That her spirit might have rest.

THE VOYAGE

I

We left behind the painted buoy
That tosses at the harbor-mouth;
And madly danced our hearts with j
As fast we fleeted to the south.
How fresh was every sight and sou
On open main or winding shore!
We knew the merry world was rou
And we might sail for evermore.

II

Warm broke the breeze against
brow,
Dry sang the tackle, sang the sail
The Lady's-head upon the prow
Caught the shrill salt, and shee
the gale.
The broad seas swell'd to meet the k
And swept behind; so quick the r
We felt the good ship shake and r
We seem'd to sail into the sun

III

oft we saw the sun retire,
l burn the threshold of the night,
rom his Ocean-lane of fire,
l sleep beneath his pillar'd light!
oft the purple-skirted robe
wilight slowly downward drawn,
ro' the slumber of the globe
ain we dash'd into the dawn!

IV

stars all night above the brim
waters lighten'd into view;
climb'd as quickly, for the rim
anged every moment as we flew.
an the naked moon across
e houseless ocean's heaving field,
ing shone, the silver boss
her own halo's dusky shield.

V

peaky islet shifted shapes,
gh towns on hills were dimly
seen;
ast long lines of Northern capes
d dewy Northern meadows green.
ame to warmer waves, and deep
ross the boundless east we drove,
e those long swells of breaker
sweep
e nutmeg rocks and isles of clove.

VI

eaks that flamed, or, all in shade,
om'd the low coast and quivering
brine
ashy rains, that spreading made
ntastic plume or sable pine;
nds and steaming flats, and floods
mighty mouth, we scudded fast,
hills and scarlet-mingled woods
w'd for a moment as we past.

VII

ndred shores of happy climes,
w swiftly stream'd ye by the
bark!
mes the whole sea burn'd, at
times
th wakes of fire we tore the dark;
mes a carven craft would shoot
m havens hid in fairy bowers,
naked limbs and flowers and
fruit,
t we nor paused for fruit nor
flowers.

VIII

For one fair Vision ever fled
Down the waste waters day and
night,
And still we follow'd where she led,
In hope to gain upon her flight.
Her face was evermore unseen,
And fixt upon the far sea-line;
But each man murmur'd, 'O my
Queen,
I follow till I make thee mine.'

IX

And now we lost her, now she gleam'd
Like Fancy made of golden air,
Now nearer to the prow she seem'd
Like Virtue firm, like Knowledge
fair,
Now high on waves that idly burst
Like Heavenly Hope she crown'd the
sea,
And now, the bloodless point reversed,
She bore the blade of Liberty.

X

And only one among us — him
We pleased not — he was seldom
pleased;
He saw not far, his eyes were dim,
But ours he swore were all diseased.
'A ship of fools,' he shriek'd in spite,
'A ship of fools,' he sneer'd and wept.
And overboard one stormy night
He cast his body, and on we swept.

XI

And never sail of ours was furl'd,
Nor anchor dropt at eve or morn;
We loved the glories of the world,
But laws of nature were our scorn.
For blasts would rise and rave and
cease,
But whence were those that drove
the sail
Across the whirlwind's heart of peace,
And to and thro' the counter gale?

XII

Again to colder climes we came,
For still we follow'd where she led;
Now mate is blind and captain lame,
And half the crew are sick or dead,
But, blind or lame or sick or sound,
We follow that which flies before;
We know the merry world is round,
And we may sail for evermore.

SIR LAUNCELOT AND QUEEN GUINEVERE

A FRAGMENT

Like souls that balance joy and pain,
With tears and smiles from heaven again
The maiden Spring upon the plain
Came in a sunlit fall of rain.
In crystal vapor everywhere
Blue isles of heaven laugh'd between,
And far, in forest-deeps unseen,
The topmost elm-tree gather'd green
From draughts of balmy air.

Sometimes the linnet piped his song;
Sometimes the throstle whistled strong;
Sometimes the sparhawk, wheel'd along,
Hush'd all the groves from fear of wrong;
By grassy capes with fuller sound
In curves the yellowing river ran.
And drooping chestnut-buds began
To spread into the perfect fan,
Above the teeming ground.

Then, in the boyhood of the year,
Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere
Rode thro' the coverts of the deer,
With blissful treble ringing clear.
She seem'd a part of joyous Spring;
A gown of grass-green silk she wore,
Buckled with golden clasps before;
A light-green tuft of plumes she bore
Closed in a golden ring.

Now on some twisted ivy-net,
Now by some tinkling rivulet,
In mosses mixt with violet
Her cream-white mule his pastern set;
And fleeter now she skimm'd the plains
Than she whose elfin prancer springs
By night to eery warblings,
When all the glimmering moorland rings
With jingling bridle-reins.

As she fled fast thro' sun and shade
The happy winds upon her play'd,
Blowing the ringlet from the braid.
She look'd so lovely, as she sway'd
The rein with dainty finger-tips
A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kis
Upon her perfect lips.

A FAREWELL

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea
Thy tribute wave deliver;
No more by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,
A rivulet, then a river;
Nowhere by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder-tree,
And here thine aspen shiver;
And here by thee will hum the bee,
For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on the
A thousand moons will quiver;
But not by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

THE EAGLE

FRAGMENT

He clasps the crag with crook
hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world,
stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him craw
He watches from his mountain wal
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

'MOVE EASTWARD, HAP EARTH'

Move eastward, happy earth, and le
Yon orange sunset waning slow;
From fringes of the faded eve,
O happy planet, eastward go,
Till over thy dark shoulder glow
Thy silver sister-world, and rise
To glass herself in dewy eyes
That watch me from the glen belo

'In robe and crown the king stept down,
To meet and greet her on her way'

bear me with thee, smoothly borne,
p forward under starry light,
move me to my marriage-morn,
ıd round again to happy night.

THE BEGGAR MAID

arms across her breast she laid;
e was more fair than words can say;
footed came the beggar maid
fore the king Cophetua.
obe and crown the king stept down,
meet and greet her on her way;
no wonder,' said the lords,
he is more beautiful than day.'

As shines the moon in clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was seen;
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair and lovesome mien.
So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been.
Cophetua sware a royal oath:
'This beggar maid shall be my queen!'

'COME NOT, WHEN I AM DEAD'

Come not, when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save.

There let the wind sweep and the plover cry;
But thou, go by.

Child, if it were thine error or thy crime
I care no longer, being all unblest:
Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick of time,
And I desire to rest.
Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie;
Go by, go by.

THE LETTERS

I

STILL on the tower stood the vane,
A black yew gloom'd the stagnant air;
I peer'd athwart the chancel pane
And saw the altar cold and bare.
A clog of lead was round my feet,
A band of pain across my brow;
'Cold altar, heaven and earth shall meet
Before you hear my marriage vow.'

II

I turn'd and humm'd a bitter song
That mock'd the wholesome human heart,
And then we met in wrath and wrong,
We met, but only meant to part.
Full cold my greeting was and dry;
She faintly smiled, she hardly moved;
I saw with half-unconscious eye
She wore the colors I approved.

III

She took the little ivory chest,
With half a sigh she turn'd the key,
Then raised her head with lips compress,
And gave my letters back to me;
And gave the trinkets and the rings,
My gifts, when gifts of mine could please.
As looks a father on the things
Of his dead son, I look'd on these.

IV

She told me all her friends had said;
I raged against the public liar;
She talk'd as if her love were dead,
But in my words were seeds of fire.
'No more of love, your sex is known
I never will be twice deceived.
Henceforth I trust the man alone,
The woman cannot be believed.

V

'Thro' slander, meanest spawn of hell, —
And women's slander is the worst,
And you, whom once I loved so well
Thro' you my life will be accurst.
I spoke with heart and heat and force
I shook her breast with vague alarms —
Like torrents from a mountain source
We rush'd into each other's arms.

VI

We parted; sweetly gleam'd the stars
And sweet the vapor-braided blue
Low breezes fann'd the belfry bars
As homeward by the church I drew.
The very graves appear'd to smile,
So fresh they rose in shadow'd swell.
'Dark porch,' I said, 'and silent aisle
There comes a sound of marriage bells.'

THE VISION OF SIN

I

I HAD a vision when the night was late;
A youth came riding toward a palace gate.
He rode a horse with wings, that would have flown,
But that his heavy rider kept him down.
And from the palace came a child of sin,
And took him by the curls, and led him in,
Where sat a company with heavy eyes,
Expecting when a fountain should arise.
A sleepy light upon their brows and lips —
As when the sun, a crescent of eclipse
Dreams over lake and lawn, and isles and capes —

fused them, sitting, lying, languid shapes,
heaps of gourds, and skins of wine, and piles of grapes.

II

en methought I heard a mellow sound,
thering up from all the lower ground;
rrowing in to where they sat assembled,
w voluptuous music winding trembled,
ven in circles. They that heard it sigh'd,
ited hand-in-hand with faces pale,
ung themselves, and in low tones replied;
i the fountain spouted, showering wide
et of diamond-drift and pearly hail.
en the music touch'd the gates and died,
se again from where it seem'd to fail,
rm'd in orbs of song, a growing gale;
l thronging in and in, to where they waited,
't were a hundred-throated nightingale,
e strong tempestuous treble throbb'd and palpitated;
n into its giddiest whirl of sound,
ight the sparkles, and in circles,
rple gauzes, golden hazes, liquid mazes,
ng the torrent rainbow round.
en they started from their places,
ved with violence, changed in hue,
ight each other with wild grimaces,
f-invisible to the view,
eeling with precipitate paces
the melody, till they flew,
r and eyes and limbs and faces,
isted hard in fierce embraces,
e to Furies, like to Graces,
h'd together in blinding dew;
, kill'd with some luxurious agony,
e nerve-dissolving melody
tter'd headlong from the sky.

III

l then I look'd up toward a mountain-tract,
That girt the region with high cliff and lawn.
I saw that every morning, far withdrawn
Beyond the darkness and the cataract,
God made Himself an awful rose of dawn,
Unheeded; and detaching, fold by fold,
From those still heights, and, slowly drawing near,
A vapor heavy, hueless, formless, cold,
Came floating on for many a month and year,
Unheeded; and I thought I would have spoken,
And warn'd that madman ere it grew too late,
But, as in dreams, I could not. Mine was broken,
When that cold vapor touch'd the palace-gate,
And link'd again. I saw within my head
A gray and gap-tooth'd man as lean as death,
Who slowly rode across a wither'd heath,
And lighted at a ruin'd inn, and said:

IV

'Wrinkled ostler, grim and thin!
Here is custom come your way;
Take my brute, and lead him in,
Stuff his ribs with mouldy hay.

'Bitter barmaid, waning fast!
See that sheets are on my bed.
What! the flower of life is past;
It is long before you wed.

'Slip-shod waiter, lank and sour,
At the Dragon on the heath!
Let us have a quiet hour,
Let us hob-and-nob with Death.

'I am old, but let me drink;
Bring me spices, bring me wine;
I remember, when I think,
That my youth was half divine.

'Wine is good for shrivell'd lips,
When a blanket wraps the day,
When the rotten woodland drips,
And the leaf is stamp'd in clay.

'Sit thee down, and have no shame,
Cheek by jowl, and knee by knee;
What care I for any name?
What for order or degree?

'Let me screw thee up a peg;
Let me loose thy tongue with wine;
Callest thou that thing a leg?
Which is thinnest? thine or mine?

'Thou shalt not be saved by works,
Thou hast been a sinner too;
Ruin'd trunks on wither'd forks,
Empty scarecrows, I and you!

'Fill the cup and fill the can,
Have a rouse before the morn;
Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one is born.

'We are men of ruin'd blood;
Therefore comes it we are wise.
Fish are we that love the mud,
Rising to no fancy-flies.

'Name and fame! to fly sublime
Thro' the courts, the camps, the schools,
Is to be the ball of Time,
Bandied by the hands of fools.

'Friendship!—to be two in one—
Let the canting liar pack!
Well I know, when I am gone,
How she mouths behind my back.

'Virtue!—to be good and just—
Every heart, when sifted well,
Is a clot of warmer dust,
Mix'd with cunning sparks of hell.

'O, we two as well can look
Whited thought and cleanly life
As the priest, above his book
Leering at his neighbor's wife.

'Fill the cup and fill the can,
Have a rouse before the morn:
Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one is born.

'Drink, and let the parties rave;
They are fill'd with idle spleen,
Rising, falling, like a wave,
For they know not what they mean.

'He that roars for liberty
Faster binds a tyrant's power,
And the tyrant's cruel glee
Forces on the freer hour.

'Fill the can and fill the cup;
All the windy ways of men
Are but dust that rises up,
And is lightly laid again.

'Greet her with applausive breath,
Freedom, gaily doth she tread;
In her right a civic wreath,
In her left a human head.

'No, I love not what is new;
She is of an ancient house,
And I think we know the hue
Of that cap upon her brows.

'Let her go! her thirst she slakes
Where the bloody conduit runs,
Then her sweetest meal she makes
On the first-born of her sons.

'Drink to lofty hopes that cool,—
Visions of a perfect State;
Drink we, last, the public fool,
Frantic love and frantic hate.

'Chant me now some wicked stave
Till thy drooping courage rise,
And the glow-worm of the grave
Glimmer in thy rheumy eyes.

'Fear not thou to loose thy tongue
Set thy hoary fancies free;
What is loathsome to the young
Savors well to thee and me.

'Change, reverting to the years,
When thy nerves could un- stand
What there is in loving tears,
And the warmth of hand in hand

'Tell me tales of thy first love—
April hopes, the fools of chance;
Till the graves begin to move,
And the dead begin to dance.

'Fill the can and fill the cup;
All the windy ways of men
Are but dust that rises up,
And is lightly laid again.

oping from their mouldy dens
ie chap-fallen circle spreads —
come, fellow-citizens,
llow hearts and empty heads!

1 are bones, and what of that?
ery face, however full,
ded round with flesh and fat,
but modell'd on a skull.

ath is king, and Vivat Rex!
ead a measure on the stones,
am — if I know your sex
om the fashion of your bones.

I cannot praise the fire
your eye — nor yet your lip;
he more do I admire
ints of cunning workmanship.

God's likeness — the ground-plan —
ither modell'd, glazed, nor framed;
me, thou rough sketch of man,
r too naked to be shamed!

nk to Fortune, drink to Chance,
hile we keep a little breath!
k to heavy Ignorance!
ob-and-nob with brother Death!

ou art mazed, the night is long,
d the longer night is near —
t! I am not all as wrong
a bitter jest is dear.

uthful hopes, by scores, to all,
hen the locks are crisp and curl'd;
me my maudlin gall
d my mockeries of the world.

the cup and fill the can;
ngle madness, mingle scorn!
s of life, and lees of man;
t we will not die forlorn.'

V

voice grew faint; there came a further change;
more uprose the mystic mountain-range.
w were men and horses pierced with worms,
slowly quickening into lower forms,
By shards and scurf of salt, and scum of dross,
Old plash of rains, and refuse patch'd with moss.
Then some one spake: 'Behold! it was a crime
Of sense avenged by sense that wore with time.'
Another said: 'The crime of sense became
The crime of malice, and is equal blame.'
And one: 'He had not wholly quench'd his power;
A little grain of conscience made him sour.'
At last I heard a voice upon the slope
Cry to the summit, 'Is there any hope?'
To which an answer peal'd from that high land,
But in a tongue no man could understand;
And on the glimmering limit far withdrawn
God made Himself an awful rose of dawn.

TO ——

AFTER READING A LIFE AND LETTERS

'Cursed be he that moves my bones.'
Shakespeare's Epitaph.

You might have won the Poet's name,
If such be worth the winning now,
And gain'd a laurel for your brow
Of sounder leaf than I can claim;

But you have made the wiser choice,
A life that moves to gracious ends
Thro' troops of unrecording friends,
A deedful life, a silent voice.

And you have miss'd the irreverent doom
Of those that wear the Poet's crown;
Hereafter, neither knave nor clown
Shall hold their orgies at your tomb.

'Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!'

For now the Poet cannot die,
Nor leave his music as of old,
But round him ere he scarce be cold
Begins the scandal and the cry:

'Proclaim the faults he would not show;
Break lock and seal, betray the trust;
Keep nothing sacred, 'tis but just
The many-headed beast should know.'

Ah, shameless! for he did but sing
A song that pleased us from its worth;
No public life was his on earth,
No blazon'd statesman he, nor king.

He gave the people of his best;
His worst he kept, his best gave.
My Shakespeare's curse on clo and knave
Who will not let his ashes rest!

Who make it seem more sweet be
The little life of bank and brier,
The bird that pipes his lone sire
And dies unheard within his tree,

Than he that warbles long and lou
And drops at Glory's temple-gat
For whom the carrion vulture w
To tear his heart before the crowd

E. L., ON HIS TRAVELS IN GREECE

RIAN woodlands, echoing falls
water, sheets of summer glass,
e long divine Peneïan pass,
vast Akrokeraunian walls,

ohrit, Athos, all things fair,
ith such a pencil, such a pen,
u shadow forth to distant men,
d and felt that I was there.

trust me while I turn'd the page,
d track'd you still on classic ground,
rew in gladness till I found
pirits in the golden age.

ne the torrent ever pour'd
d glisten'd — here and there alone
e broad-limb'd Gods at random thrown
ountain-urns; — and Naiads oar'd

mmering shoulder under gloom
cavern pillars; on the swell
e silver lily heaved and fell;
many a slope was rich in bloom,

him that on the mountain lea
dancing rivulets fed his flocks
him who sat upon the rocks
fluted to the morning sea.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK'

K, break, break,
thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
I would that my tongue could utter
e thoughts that arise in me.

ell for the fisherman's boy,
at he shouts with his sister at play!

O, well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

THE POET'S SONG

THE rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
He pass'd by the town and out of the street:
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
And waves of shadow went over the wheat;
And he sat him down in a lonely place,
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,
And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the fly,
The snake slipt under a spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
And stared, with his foot on the prey;
And the nightingale thought, 'I have sung many songs,
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away.'

'The Abbey-ruin in the park'

THE PRINCESS; A MEDLEY

PROLOGUE

Sir Walter Vivian all a summer's day
Gave his broad lawns until the set of sun
Up to the people; thither flock'd at noon
His tenants, wife and child, and thither half
The neighboring borough with their Institute,
Of which he was the patron. I was there
From college, visiting the son, — the son
A Walter too, — with others of our s
Five others; we were seven at Vivi
place.

And me that morning Walter show
the house,
Greek, set with busts. From vases
the hall
Flowers of all heavens, and lovel
than their names,
Grew side by side; and on the pa
ment lay
Carved stones of the Abbey-ruin in
park,
Huge Ammonites, and the first bo
of Time;

on the tables every clime and age
bled together; celts and calumets,
more and snow-shoe, toys in lava, fans
andal, amber, ancient rosaries,
rious orient ivory sphere in sphere,
cursed Malayan crease, and battle-clubs
n the isles of palm; and higher on the walls,
vixt the monstrous horns of elk and deer,
own forefathers' arms and armor hung.

id 'this,' he said, 'was Hugh's at Agincourt;
that was old Sir Ralph's at Ascalon.
od knight he! we keep a chronicle
all about him,'—which he brought, and I
d in a hoard of tales that dealt with knights
-legend, half-historic, counts and kings
laid about them at their wills and died;
mixt with these a lady, one that arm'd
cwn fair head, and sallying thro' the gate,
beat her foes with slaughter from her walls.

miracle of women,' said the book,
noble heart who, being strait-besieged
his wild king to force her to his wish,
bent, nor broke, nor shunn'd a soldier's death,
now when all was lost or seem'd as lost—
stature more than mortal in the burst
unrise, her arm lifted, eyes on fire—
e with a blast of trumpets from the gate,
falling on them like a thunderbolt,
rampled some beneath her horses' heels,
And some were whelm'd with missiles of the wall,
And some were push'd with lances from the rock,
And part were drown'd within the whirling brook;
O miracle of noble womanhood!'

So sang the gallant glorious chronicle;
And, I all rapt in this, 'Come out,' he said,
'To the Abbey; there is Aunt Elizabeth
And sister Lilia with the rest.' We went—
I kept the book and had my finger in it—
Down thro' the park. Strange was the sight to me;
For all the sloping pasture murmur'd, sown
With happy faces and with holiday.
There moved the multitude, a thousand heads;
The patient leaders of their Institute
Taught them with facts. One rear'd a font of stone
And drew, from butts of water on the slope,
The fountain of the moment, playing, now
A twisted snake, and now a rain of pearls,
Or steep-up spout whereon the gilded ball
Danced like a wisp; and somewhat lower down
A man with knobs and wires and vials fired
A cannon; Echo answer'd in her sleep
From hollow fields; and here were telescopes
For azure views; and there a group of girls
In circle waited, whom the electric shock
Dislink'd with shrieks and laughter; round the lake
A little clock-work steamer paddling plied
And shook the lilies; perch'd about the knolls
A dozen angry models jetted steam;
A petty railway ran; a fire-balloon

Rose gem-like up before the dusky groves
And dropt a fairy parachute and past;
And there thro' twenty posts of telegraph
They flash'd a saucy message to and fro
Between the mimic stations; so that sport
Went hand in hand with science; otherwhere
Pure sport; a herd of boys with clamor bowl'd
And stump'd the wicket; babies roll'd about
Like tumbled fruit in grass; and men and maids
Arranged a country dance, and flew thro' light
And shadow, while the twangling violin
Struck up with Soldier-laddie, and overhead
The broad ambrosial aisles of lofty lime
Made noise with bees and breeze from end to end.

Strange was the sight and smacking of the time;
And long we gazed, but satiated at length
Came to the ruins. High-arch'd and ivy-claspt,
Of finest Gothic lighter than a fire,
Thro' one wide chasm of time and frost they gave
The park, the crowd, the house; but all within
The sward was trim as any garden lawn.
And here we lit on Aunt Elizabeth,
And Lilia with the rest, and lady friends
From neighbor seats; and there was Ralph himself,
A broken statue propt against the wall,
As gay as any. Lilia, wild with sport,
Half child, half woman as she was, had wound
A scarf of orange round the stony helm,
And robed the shoulders in a rosy silk,
That made the old warrior from his ivied nook
Glow like a sunbeam. Near his t
a feast
Shone, silver-set; about it lay
guests,
And there we join'd them; then
maiden aunt
Took this fair day for text, and f
it preach'd
An universal culture for the crow
And all things great. But we,
worthier, told
Of college: he had climb'd across
spikes,
And he had squeezed himself betv
the bars,
And he had breathed the Proc
dogs; and one
Discuss'd his tutor, rough to c
mon men,
But honeying at the whisper
lord;
And one the Master, as a rogu
grain
Veneer'd with sanctimonious theo

But while they talk'd, above
heads I saw
The feudal warrior lady-clad; w
brought
My book to mind, and opening t
read
Of old Sir Ralph a page or two
rang
With tilt and tourney; then the
of her
That drove her foes with slaug
from her walls,
And much I praised her noble
and 'Where,'
Ask'd Walter, patting Lilia's he
she lay
Beside him — 'lives there such a
man now?'

Quick answer'd Lilia: 'There
thousands now
Such women, but convention
them down;
It is but bringing up; no more
that.
You men have done it — how I
you all!
Ah, were I something great! I
I were
Some mighty poetess, I would s
you then,

t love to keep us children! O, I wish
I were some great princess, I would build
off from men a college like a man's,
I would teach them all that men are taught;
are twice as quick!' And here she shook aside
hand that play'd the patron with her curls.

nd one said smiling: 'Pretty were the sight
ur old halls could change their sex, and flaunt
n prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.
nk they should not wear our rusty gowns,
move as rich as Emperor-moths, or Ralph
shines so in the corner; yet I fear,
ere were many Lilias in the brood,
ever deep you might embower the nest,
e boy would spy it.'
At this upon the sward
tapt her tiny silken-sandall'd foot:
t's your light way; but I would make it death
any male thing but to peep at us.'

tulant she spoke, and at herself she laugh'd;
sebud set with little wilful thorns,
sweet as English air could make her, she!
Walter hail'd a score of names upon her,
'petty Ogress,' and 'ungrateful Puss,'
swore he long'd at college, only long'd,
lse was well, for she-society.
y boated and they cricketed; they talk'd
ine, in clubs, of art, of politics;
y lost their weeks; they vext the souls of deans;
y rode; they betted; made a hundred friends,
And caught the blossom of the flying terms,
But miss'd the mignonette of Vivian-place,
The little hearth-flower Lilia. Thus he spoke,
Part banter, part affection.
'True,' she said,
'We doubt not that. O, yes, you miss'd us much!
I'll stake my ruby ring upon it you d'd.'

She held it out; and as a parrot turns
Up thro' gilt wires a crafty loving eye,
And takes a lady's finger with all care,
And bites it for true heart and not for harm,
So he with Lilia's. Daintily she shriek'd
And wrung it. 'Doubt my word again!' he said.
'Come, listen! here is proof that you were miss'd:
We seven stay'd at Christmas up to read;
And there we took one tutor as to read.
The hard-grain'd Muses of the cube and square
Were out of season; never man, I think,
So moulder'd in a sinecure as he;
For while our cloisters echo'd frosty feet,
And our long walks were stript as bare as brooms,
We did but talk you over, pledge you all
In wassail; often, like as many girls—
Sick for the hollies and the yews of home—
As many little trifling Lilias—play'd
Charades and riddles as at Christmas here,
And *what's my thought* and *when and where and how*,
And often told a tale from mouth to mouth
As here at Christmas.'
She remember'd that:
A pleasant game, she thought. She liked it more
Than magic music, forfeits, all the rest.

But these — what kind of tales did men tell men,
She wonder'd, by themselves ?
A half-disdain
Perch'd on the pouted blossom of her lips ;
And Walter nodded at me : '*He* began,
The rest would follow, each in turn ; and so
We forged a sevenfold story. Kind ? what kind ?
Chimeras, crotchets, Christmas solecisms ;
Seven-headed monsters only made to kill
Time by the fire in winter.'
'Kill him now,
The tyrant ! kill him in the summer too.'
Said Lilia ; 'Why not now ?' the maiden aunt.
'Why not a summer's as a winter's tale ?
A tale for summer as befits the time,
And something it should be to suit the place,
Heroic, for a hero lies beneath,
Grave, solemn !'
Walter warp'd his mouth at this
To something so mock-solemn, that I laugh'd,
And Lilia woke with sudden-shrilling mirth
An echo like a ghostly woodpecker
Hid in the ruins ; till the maiden aunt —
A little sense of wrong had touch'd her face
With color — turn'd to me with 'As you will ;
Heroic if you will, or what you will,
Or be yourself your hero if you will.'

'Take Lilia, then, for heroine,' clamor'd he,
'And make her some great princess, six feet high,
Grand, epic, homicidal ; and be you
The prince to win her !'
'Then follow me, the prince,'
I answer'd, 'each be hero in his turn !
Seven and yet one, like shadows in a dream. —
Heroic seems our princess as required —
But something made to suit with time and place,
A Gothic ruin and a Grecian hous
A talk of college and of ladies' rig
A feudal knight in silken masquer
And, yonder, shrieks and strange
periments
For which the good Sir Ralph
burnt them all —
This *were* a medley ! we should h
him back
Who told the "Winter's Tale" to
it for us.
No matter ; we will say what
comes.
And let the ladies sing us, if they
From time to time, some ballad
a song
To give us breathing-space.'
So I be
And the rest follow'd ; and the wo
sang
Between the rougher voices of the
Like linnets in the pauses of the wi
And here I give the story and
songs.

I

A Prince I was, blue-eyed, and fa
face,
Of temper amorous as the first of
With lengths of yellow ringlet, li
girl,
For on my cradle shone the Nort
star.

There lived an ancient legend in
house.
Some sorcerer, whom a far-off gr
sire burnt
Because he cast no shadow, had
told,
Dying, that none of all our b
should know
The shadow from the substance,
that one
Should come to fight with shad
and to fall ;
For so, my mother said, the story
And, truly, waking dreams were,
or less,
An old and strange affection of
house.
Myself too had weird seizures, He
knows what !
On a sudden in the midst of men
day,

vhile I walk'd and talk'd as here-
tofore,
n'd to move among a world of
ghosts,
eel myself the shadow of a dream.
reat court-Galen poised his gilt-
head cane,
paw'd his beard, and mutter'd
'catalepsy.'
nother pitying made a thousand
prayers.
nother was as mild as any saint,
canonized by all that look'd on
her,
acious was her tact and tender-
ness;
ny good father thought a king a
king.
red not for the affection of the
house;
eld his sceptre like a pedant's
wand
sh offence, and with long arms
and hands
'd out and pick'd offenders from
the mass
idgment.
Now it chanced that I had been,
life was yet in bud and blade,
betroth'd
e, a neighboring Princess. She
to me
roxy-wedded with a bootless calf
ht years old; and still from time
to time
murmurs of her beauty from the
South,
f her brethren, youths of puis-
sance;
till I wore her picture by my
heart,
ne dark tress; and all around
them both
thoughts would swarm as bees
about their queen.

when the days drew nigh that I
should wed,
ther sent ambassadors with furs
ewels, gifts, to fetch her. These
brought back
ent, a great labor of the loom;
herewithal an answer vague as
wind.
s, they saw the king; he took
the gifts;
He said there was a compact; that
was true;
But then she had a will; was he to
blame?
And maiden fancies; loved to live
alone
Among her women; certain, would not
wed.

That morning in the presence room
I stood
With Cyril and with Florian, my two
friends:
The first, a gentleman of broken
means —
His father's fault — but given to starts
and bursts
Of revel; and the last, my other heart,
And almost my half-self, for still we
moved
Together, twinn'd as horse's ear and
eye.

Now, while they spake, I saw my
father's face
Grow long and troubled like a rising
moon,
Inflamed with wrath. He started on
his feet,
Tore the king's letter, snow'd it down,
and rent
The wonder of the loom thro' warp
and woof
From skirt to skirt; and at the last he
sware
That he would send a hundred thou-
sand men,
And bring her in a whirlwind; then he
chew'd
The thrice-turn'd cud of wrath, and
cook'd his spleen,
Communing with his captains of the
war.

At last I spoke: 'My father, let me
go.
It cannot be but some gross error lies
In this report, this answer of a king
Whom all men rate as kind and hos-
pitable;
Or, maybe, I myself, my bride once
seen,
Whate'er my grief to find her less than
fame,
May rue the bargain made.' And
Florian said:

'I have a sister at the foreign court,
Who moves about the Princess; she, you know,
Who wedded with a nobleman from thence.
He, dying lately, left her, as I hear,
The lady of three castles in that land;
Thro' her this matter might be sifted clean.'
And Cyril whisper'd: 'Take me with you too.'
Then laughing, 'What if these weird seizures come
Upon you in those lands, and no one near
To point you out the shadow from the truth!
Take me; I'll serve you better in a strait;
I grate on rusty hinges here.' But 'No!'
Roar'd the rough king, 'you shall not; we ourself
Will crush her pretty maiden fancies dead
In iron gauntlets; break the council up.'

But when the council broke, I rose and past
Thro' the wild woods that hung about the town;
Found a still place, and pluck'd her likeness out;
Laid it on flowers, and watch'd it lying bathed
In the green gleam of dewy-tassell'd trees.
What were those fancies? wherefore break her troth?
Proud look'd the lips; but while I meditated
A wind arose and rush'd upon the South,
And shook the songs, the whispers, and the shrieks
Of the wild woods together, and a Voice
Went with it, 'Follow, follow, thou shalt win.'

Then, ere the silver sickle of that month
Became her golden shield, I stole from court
With Cyril and with Florian, un
ceived,
Cat-footed thro' the town and hal
dread
To hear my father's clamor at
backs
With 'Ho!' from some bay-win
shake the night;
But all was quiet. From the basti
walls
Like threaded spiders, one by one,
dropt,
And flying reach'd the frontier; t
we crost
To a livelier land; and so by tilth
grange,
And vines, and blowing bosks of
derness,
We gain'd the mother-city thick
towers,
And in the imperial palace found
king.

His name was Gama; crack'd
small his voice,
But bland the smile that like a w
kling wind
On glassy water drove his cheel
lines;
A little dry old man, without a st
Not like a king. Three days
feasted us,
And on the fourth I spake of why
came,
And my betroth'd. 'You do us, Pri
he said,
Airing a snowy hand and si
gem,
'All honor. We remember love
self
In our sweet youth. There did a
pact pass
Long summers back, a kind of
mony—
I think the year in which our o
fail'd.
I would you had her, Prince, wit
my heart,
With my full heart; but there
widows here,
Two widows, Lady Psyche, I
Blanche;
They fed her theories, in and o
place
Maintaining that with equal
bandry

'Set in a gleaming river's crescent-curve'

voman were an equal to the man.
harp'd on this; with this our
banquets rang;
lances broke and buzz'd in knots
of talk;
ing but this; my very ears were
hot
ear them. Knowledge, so my
daughter held,
ll in all; they had but been, she
thought,
ildren; they must lose the child,
assume
woman. Then, sir, awful odes
she wrote,
wful, sure, for what they treated
of,
ll she is and does is awful; odes
t this losing of the child; and
rhymes
ismal lyrics, prophesying change
nd all reason. These the women
sang;
And they that know such things — I
sought but peace;
No critic I — would call them master-
pieces.
They master'd *me*. At last she begg'd
a boon,
A certain summer-palace which I have
Hard by your father's frontier. I said
no,
Yet being an easy man, gave it; and
there,
All wild to found an University
For maidens, on the spur she fled; and
more
We know not, — only this: they see no
men,
Not even her brother Arac, nor the
twins
Her brethren, tho' they love her, look
upon her
As on a kind of paragon; and I —
Pardon me saying it — were much loth
to breed

Dispute betwixt myself and mine; but since —
And I confess with right — you think me bound
In some sort, I can give you letters to her;
And yet, to speak the truth, I rate your chance
Almost at naked nothing.'
Thus the king;
And I, tho' nettled that he seem'd to slur
With garrulous ease and oily courtesies
Our formal compact, yet, not less — all frets
But chafing me on fire to find my bride —
Went forth again with both my friends. We rode
Many a long league back to the North. At last
From hills that look'd across a land of hope
We dropt with evening on a rustic town
Set in a gleaming river's crescent-curve,
Close at the boundary of the liberties;
There, enter'd an old hostel, call'd mine host
To council, plied him with his richest wines,
And show'd the late-writ letters of the king.

He with a long low sibilation, stared
As blank as death in marble; then exclaim'd,
Averring it was clear against all rules
For any man to go; but as his brain
Began to mellow, 'If the king,' he said,
'Had given us letters, was he bound to speak?
The king would bear him out;' and at the last —
The summer of the vine in all his veins —
'No doubt that we might make it worth his while.
She once had past that way; he heard her speak;
She scared him; life! he never saw the like;
She look'd as grand as doomsday and as grave!

And he, he reverenced his liege- there;
He always made a point to post mares;
His daughter and his housemaid the boys;
The land, he understood, for r about
Was till'd by women; all the s were sows,
And all the dogs' —
But while he jested t
A thought flash'd thro' me whi clothed in act,
Remembering how we three prese Maid,
Or Nymph, or Goddess, at high ti feast,
In masque or pageant at my fat court.
We sent mine host to purchase fe gear;
He brought it, and himself, a sig shake
The midriff of despair with laug holp
To lace us up, till each in m plumes
We rustled; him we gave a c bribe
To guerdon silence, mounted our steeds,
And boldly ventured on the liber

We follow'd up the river as we
And rode till midnight, when the lege lights
Began to glitter firefly-like in co
And linden alley; then we pa arch,
Whereon a woman-statue rose wings
From four wing'd horses dark ag the stars,
And some inscription ran along front,
But deep in shadow. Further o gain'd
A little street half garden and house,
But scarce could hear each other for noise
Of clocks and chimes, like silver mers falling
On silver anvils, and the splash stir

ıntains spouted up and shower-
ing down
hes of the jasmine and the rose;
ll about us peal'd the nightin-
gale,
n her song and careless of the
snare.

re stood a bust of Pallas for a
sign,
o sphere lamps blazon'd like
Heaven and Earth
onstellation and with continent,
an entry. Riding in, we call'd;
mp-arm'd ostleress and a stable
wench
running at the call, and help'd
us down.
tept a buxom hostess forth, and
sail'd.
own, before us into rooms which
gave
a pillar'd porch, the bases lost
rel. Her we ask'd of that and
this,
ho were tutors. 'Lady Blanche,'
she said,
'Lady Psyche.' 'Which was
prettiest,
ıtured?' 'Lady Psyche.' 'Hers
are we,'
oice, we cried; and I sat down
and wrote
ı a hand as when a field of corn
all its ears before the roaring
East:

ree ladies of the Northern em-
pire pray
Highness would enroll them with
your own,
dy Psyche's pupils.'
This I seal'd;
ıl was Cupid bent above a scroll,
er his head Uranian Venus hung,
ised the blinding bandage from
his eyes.
the letter to be sent with dawn;
ien to bed, where half in doze I
seem'd
t about a glimmering night, and
watch
sea glazed with muffled moon-
light swell
ne dark shore just seen that it
was rich.

As thro' the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O, we fell out, I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.
And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears!
For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O, there above the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears.

II

At break of day the College Portress
came;
She brought us academic silks, in hue
The lilac, with a silken hood to each,
And zoned with gold; and now when
these were on,
And we as rich as moths from dusk
cocoons,
She, curtseying her obeisance, let us
know
The Princess Ida waited. Out we
paced,
I first, and following thro' the porch
that sang
All round with laurel, issued in a court
Compact of lucid marbles, boss'd with
lengths
Of classic frieze, with ample awnings
gay
Betwixt the pillars, and with great
urns of flowers.
The Muses and the Graces, group'd in
threes,
Enring'd a billowing fountain in the
midst,
And here and there on lattice edges
lay
Or book or lute; but hastily we past,
And up a flight of stairs into the hall.

There at a board by tome and paper
sat,
With two tame leopards couch'd be-
side her throne,
All beauty compass'd in a female form,
The Princess; liker to the inhabitant
Of some clear planet close upon the
sun,
Than our man's earth; such eyes were
in her head,

And so much grace and power, breathing down
From over her arch'd brows, with every turn
Lived thro' her to the tips of her long hands,
And to her feet. She rose her height, and said:

'We give you welcome; not without redound
Of use and glory to yourselves ye come,
The first-fruits of the stranger; after-time,
And that full voice which circles round the grave,
Will rank you nobly, mingled up with me.
What! are the ladies of your land so tall?'
'We of the court,' said Cyril. 'From the court,'
She answer'd, 'then ye know the Prince?' and he:
'The climax of his age! as tho' there were
One rose in all the world, your Highness that,
He worships your ideal.' She replied:
'We scarcely thought in our own hall to hear
This barren verbiage, current among men,
Light coin, the tinsel clink of compliment.
Your flight from out your bookless wilds would seem
As arguing love of knowledge and of power;
Your language proves you still the child. Indeed,
We dream not of him; when we set our hand
To this great work, we purposed with ourself
Never to wed. You likewise will do well,
Ladies, in entering here, to cast and fling
The tricks which make us toys of men, that so
Some future time, if so indeed you will,
You may with those self-styled our lords ally
Your fortunes, justlier balanced, scale with scale.'

At those high words, we, consc
of ourselves,
Perused the matting; then an offic
Rose up, and read the statutes, s
as these:
Not for three years to correspond
home;
Not for three years to cross the li
ties;
Not for three years to speak with
men;
And many more, which hastily
scribed,
We enter'd on the boards. And 'N
she cried,
'Ye are green wood, see ye warp
Look, our hall!
Our statues!—not of those that
desire,
Sleek Odalisques, or oracles of mo
Nor stunted squaws of West or E
but she
That taught the Sabine how to
and she
The foundress of the Babylonian
The Carian Artemisia strong in w
The Rhodope that built the pyran
Clelia, Cornelia, with the Palmyr
That fought Aurelian, and the Ro
brows
Of Agrippina. Dwell with these,
lose
Convention, since to look on
forms
Makes noble thro' the sensuous or
ism
That which is higher. O, lift
natures up;
Embrace our aims; work out
freedom. Girls,
Knowledge is now no more a fou
seal'd!
Drink deep, until the habits of
slave,
The sins of emptiness, gossip and
And slander, die. Better not be
Than not be noble. Leave us;
may go.
To-day the Lady Psyche will hara
The fresh arrivals of the week be
For they press in from all the
vinces,
And fill the hive.'
She spoke, and bowing w
Dismissal; back again we crost
court

dy Psyche's. As we enter'd in,
sat along the forms, like morn-
ing doves
sun their milky bosoms on the
thatch,
ent range of pupils; she herself
behind a desk of satin-wood,
ck brunette, well-moulded, fal-
con-eyed,
the hither side, or so she look'd,
enty summers. At her left, a
child,
ning draperies, headed like a
star,
aiden babe, a double April old,
slept. We sat; the lady
glanced;
Florian, but no livelier than the
dame
whisper'd 'Asses' ears' among
the sedge,
sister.' 'Comely, too, by all
that's fair,'
yril. 'O, hush, hush!' and she
began.

is world was once a fluid haze
of light,
ward the centre set the starry
tides,
ddied into suns, that wheeling
cast
lanets; then the monster, then
the man;
'd or woaded, winter-clad in
skins,
from the prime, and crushing
down his mate,
we find in barbarous isles, and
here
g the lowest.'
Thereupon she took
's-eye view of all the ungracious
past;
d at the legendary Amazon
blematic of a nobler age;
ised the Lycian custom, spoke
of those
ay at wine with Lar and Lu-
cumo;
wn the Persian, Grecian, Roman
lines
pire, and the woman's state in
each,
ar from just; till warming with
her theme
She fulmined out her scorn of laws
Salique
And little-footed China, touch'd on
Mahomet
With much contempt, and came to
chivalry,
When some respect, however slight,
was paid
To woman, superstition all awry.
However, then commenced the dawn;
a beam
Had slanted forward, falling in a
land
Of promise; fruit would follow. Deep,
indeed,
Their debt of thanks to her who first
had dared
To leap the rotten pales of prejudice,
Disyoke their necks from custom, and
assert
None lordlier than themselves but
that which made
Woman and man. She had founded;
they must build.
Here might they learn whatever men
were taught.
Let them not fear, some said their
heads were less;
Some men's were small, not they the
least of men;
For often fineness compensated size.
Besides the brain was like the hand,
and grew
With using; thence the man's, if more
was more.
He took advantage of his strength to
be
First in the field; some ages had been
lost;
But woman ripen'd earlier, and her
life
Was longer; and albeit their glorious
names
Were fewer, scatter'd stars, yet since
in truth
The highest is the measure of the man,
And not the Kaffir, Hottentot, Malay,
Nor those horn-handed breakers of
the glebe,
But Homer, Plato, Verulam, even so
With woman; and in arts of govern-
ment
Elizabeth and others, arts of war
The peasant Joan and others, arts of
grace
Sappho and others vied with any man;

And, last not least, she who had left her place,
And bow'd her state to them, that they might grow
To use and power on this oasis, lapt
In the arms of leisure, sacred from the blight
Of ancient influence and scorn.
At last
She rose upon a wind of prophecy
Dilating on the future: 'everywhere
Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life.
Two plummets dropt for one to sound the abyss
Of science and the secrets of the mind;
Musician, painter, sculptor, critic, more;
And everywhere the broad and bounteous Earth
Should bear a double growth of those rare souls,
Poets, whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world.'

She ended here, and beckon'd us; the rest
Parted; and, glowing full-faced welcome, she
Began to address us, and was moving on
In gratulation, till as when a boat
Tacks and the slacken'd sail flaps, all her voice
Faltering and fluttering in her throat, she cried,
'My brother!' 'Well, my sister.' 'O,' she said,
'What do you here? and in this dress? and these?
Why, who are these? a wolf within the fold!
A pack of wolves! the Lord be gracious to me!
A plot, a plot, a plot, to ruin all!'
'No plot, no plot,' he answer'd. 'Wretched boy,
How saw you not the inscription on the gate,
LET NO MAN ENTER IN ON PAIN OF DEATH?'
'And if I had,' he answer'd, 'who could think
The softer Adams of your Acade
O sister, Sirens tho' they be, such
As chanted on the blanching bon men?'
'But you will find it otherwise said.
'You jest; ill jesting with edge-t my vow
Binds me to speak, and O that iron
That axelike edge unturnable, Head,
The Princess!' 'Well then, Ps take my life,
And nail me like a weasel on a g
For warning; bury me beside the
And cut this epitaph above my b
Here lies a brother by a sister slai
All for the common good of woman
'Let me die too,' said Cyril, 'h seen
And heard the Lady Psyche.'
I struc
'Albeit so mask'd, madam, I lo truth;
Receive it, and in me behold the
Your countryman, affianced yea
To the Lady Ida. Here, for he was,
And thus — what other way was — I came.'
'O sir, O Prince, I have no co none;
If any, this; but none. What was
Disrooted, what I am is grafted
Affianced, sir? love-whispers m breathe
Within this vestal limit, and should I,
Who am not mine, say, live? thunderbolt
Hangs silent; but prepare. I it falls.'
'Yet pause,' I said: 'for that i tion there,
I think no more of deadly therein,
Than in a clapper clapping in a
To scare the fowl from fruit; i there be,
If more and acted on, what fo war;
Your own work marr'd; for thi Academe,
Whichever side be victor, in the

pple to the trumpet down, and
pass
all fair theories only made to
gild
nless summer.' 'Let the Prin-
cess judge
,' she said: 'farewell, sir — and
o you.
der at the sequel, but I go.'

you that Lady Psyche,' I re-
join'd,
ifth in line from that old Flo-
rian,
ngs his portrait in my father's
hall —
aunt old baron with his beetle
brow
aded in the heat of dusty
fights —
estrode my grandsire, when he
fell,
l else fled? we point to it, and
we say,
yal warmth of Florian is not
cold,
anches current yet in kindred
veins.'
ou that Psyche,' Florian added;
'she
whom I sang about the morning
hills,
ball, flew kite, and raced the
purple fly,
nared the squirrel of the glen?
are you
Psyche, wont to bind my throb-
bing brow,
oth my pillow, mix the foaming
draught
er, tell me pleasant tales, and
read
kness down to happy dreams?
are you
brother-sister Psyche, both in
one?
ere that Psyche, but what are
you now?'
re that Psyche,' Cyril said, 'for
whom
d be that forever which I seem,
n, if I might sit beside your
feet,
ean your scatter'd sapience.'
Then once more,
ou that Lady Psyche,' I began,

'That on her bridal morn before she
past
From all her old companions, when
the king
Kiss'd her pale cheek, declared that
ancient ties
Would still be dear beyond the south-
ern hills;
That were there any of our people
there
In want or peril, there was one to hear
And help them? look! for such are
these and I.'
'Are you that Psyche,' Florian ask'd,
'to whom,
In gentler days, your arrow-wounded
fawn
Came flying while you sat beside the
well?
The creature laid his muzzle on your
lap
And sobb'd, and you sobb'd with it,
and the blood
Was sprinkled on your kirtle, and you
wept.
That was fawn's blood, not brother's,
yet you wept.
O, by the bright head of my little
niece,
You were that Psyche, and what are
you now?'
'You are that Psyche,' Cyril said
again,
'The mother of the sweetest little maid
That ever crow'd for kisses.'
'Out upon it!'
She answer'd, 'peace! and why
should I not play
The Spartan Mother with emotion, be
The Lucius Junius Brutus of my kind?
Him you call great; he for the common
weal,
The fading politics of mortal Rome,
As I might slay this child, if good need
were,
Slew both his sons; and I, shall I, on
whom
The secular emancipation turns
Of half this world, be swerved from
right to save
A prince, a brother? a little will I
yield.
Best so, perchance, for us, and well for
you.
O, hard when love and duty clash! I
fear

My conscience will not count me fleckless; yet—
Hear my conditions: promise—otherwise
You perish—as you came, to slip away
To-day, to-morrow, soon. It shall be said,
These women were too barbarous, would not learn;
They fled, who might have shamed us. Promise, all.'

What could we else, we promised each; and she,
Like some wild creature newly-caged, commenced
A to-and-fro, so pacing till she paused
By Florian; holding out her lily arms
Took both his hands, and smiling faintly said:
'I knew you at the first; tho' you have grown
You scarce have alter'd. I am sad and glad
To see you, Florian. *I* give thee to death,
My brother! it was duty spoke, not I.
My needful seeming harshness, pardon it.
Our mother, is she well?'
With that she kiss'd
His forehead, then, a moment after, clung
About him, and betwixt them blossom'd up
From out a common vein of memory
Sweet household talk, and phrases of the hearth,
And far allusion, till the gracious dews
Began to glisten and to fall; and while
They stood, so rapt, we gazing, came a voice,
'I brought a message here from Lady Blanche.'
Back started she, and turning round we saw
The Lady Blanche's daughter where she stood,
Melissa, with her hand upon the lock,
A rosy blonde, and in a college gown,
That clad her like an April daffodilly—
Her mother's color—with her lips apart,
And all her thoughts as fair within her eyes,

As bottom agates seen to wave float
In crystal currents of clear mo seas.

So stood that same fair creatu the door.
Then Lady Psyche, 'Ah—Melis you!
You heard us?' and Melissa, 'O, don me!
I heard, I could not help it, di wish;
But, dearest lady, pray you fear m
Nor think I bear that heart withi breast,
To give three gallant gentlem death.'
'I trust you,' said the other, 'f two
Were always friends, none closer and vine;
But yet your mother's jealous te ament—
Let not your prudence, dearest, dr or prove
The Danaïd of a leaky vase, for
This whole foundation ruin, a lose
My honor, these their lives.' fear me not,'
Replied Melissa; 'no—I woul tell,
No, not for all Aspasia's clevern
No, not to answer, madam, all hard things
That Sheba came to ask of Solo
'Be it so,' the other, 'that w may lead
The new light up, and culmin peace,
For Solomon may come to Sheb
Said Cyril, 'Madam, he the man
Feasted the woman wisest the halls
Of Lebanonian cedar; nor s you—
Tho', madam, *you* should answ would ask—
Less welcome find among us, i came
Among us, debtors for our li you,
Myself for something more.' H not what,

'hanks,' she answer'd, 'go; we
have been too long
ier; keep your hoods about the
face;
do so that affect abstraction
here.

Push'd her flat hand against his face
and laugh'd;
And thus our conference closed.
And then we strolled
For half the day thro' stately thea-
tres

'The Lady Blanche's daughter where she stood,
Melissa, with her hand upon the lock'

little; mix not with the rest;
nd hold
romise. All, I trust, may yet
e well.'

urn'd to go, but Cyril took the
hild,
ld her round the knees against
is waist,
ew the swollen cheek of a
rumpeter,
Psyche watch'd them, smiling,
nd the child

Bench'd crescent-wise. In each we
sat, we heard
The grave professor. On the lecture
slate
The circle rounded under female hands
With flawless demonstration; follow'd
then
A classic lecture, rich in sentiment,
With scraps of thunderous epic lilted
out
By violet-hooded Doctors, elegies
And quoted odes, and jewels five
words-long

That on the stretch'd forefinger of all Time
Sparkle forever. Then we dipt in all
That treats of whatsoever is, the state,
The total chronicles of man, the mind,
The morals, something of the frame, the rock,
The star, the bird, the fish, the shell, the flower,
Electric, chemic laws, and all the rest,
And whatsoever can be taught and known;
Till like three horses that have broken fence,
And glutted all night long breast-deep in corn,
We issued gorged with knowledge, and I spoke:
'Why, sirs, they do all this as well as we.'
'They hunt old trails,' said Cyril, 'very well;
But when did woman ever yet invent?'
'Ungracious!' answer'd Florian; 'have you learnt
No more from Psyche's lecture, you that talk'd
The trash that made me sick, and almost sad?'
'O, trash,' he said, 'but with a kernel in it!
Should I not call her wise who made me wise?
And learnt? I learnt more from her in a flash
Than if my brainpan were an empty hull,
And every Muse tumbled a science in.
A thousand hearts lie fallow in these halls,
And round these halls a thousand baby loves
Fly twanging headless arrows at the hearts,
Whence follows many a vacant pang; but O,
With me, sir, enter'd in the bigger boy,
The head of all the golden-shafted firm,
The long-limb'd lad that had a Psyche too:
He cleft me thro' the stomacher. And now
What think you of it, Florian? do I chase
The substance or the shadow? w
hold?
I have no sorcerer's malison on m
No ghostly hauntings like his I
ness. I
Flatter myself that always ev
where
I know the substance when I se
Well,
Are castles shadows? Three of th
Is she
The sweet proprietress a shadow
not,
Shall those three castles patch
tatter'd coat?
For dear are those three castles t
wants,
And dear is sister Psyche to
heart,
And two dear things are one of dc
worth;
And much I might have said, but
my zone
Unmann'd me. Then the Doctors
to hear
The Doctors! O, to watch the th
plants
Imbibing! once or twice I thoug
roar,
To break my chain, to shake
mane; but thou,
Modulate me, soul of mincing
icry!
Make liquid treble of that bassoo
throat;
Abase those eyes that ever lov
meet
Star-sisters answering under cre
brows;
Abate the stride which speaks of
and loose
A flying charm of blushes o'e
cheek,
Where they like swallows comin
of time
Will wonder why they came.
hark the bell
For dinner, let us go!'
And in we str
Among the columns, pacing stai
still
By twos and threes, till all fro
to end
With beauties every shade of
and fair
In colors gayer than the morning

ng hall glitter'd like a bed of flowers.
night a man not wander from his wits
d thro' with eyes, but that I kept mine own
on her, who rapt in glorious dreams,
cond-sight of some Astræan age,
mpass'd with professors; they, the while,
s'd a doubt and tost it to and fro.
nor thicken'd, mixt with inmost terms
and science; Lady Blanche alone
led form and haughtiest linea-ments,
all her autumn tresses falsely brown,
idelong daggers at us, a tiger-cat
to spring.
At last a solemn grace
ided, and we sought the gar-dens. There
valk'd reciting by herself, and one
hand held a volume as to read,
moothed a petted peacock down with that.
to a low song oar'd a shallop by
der arches of the marble bridge
shadow'd from the heat; some hid and sought
orange thickets; others tost a ball
the fountain-jets, and back again
laughter; others lay about the lawns,
older sort, and murmur'd that their May
assing — what was learning unto them?
wish'd to marry; they could rule a house;
ated learned women. But we three
uffled like the Fates; and often came
a hitting all we saw with shafts
ttle satire, kin to charity,
harm'd not. Then day droopt; the chapel bells
Call'd us; we left the walks; we mixt with those
Six hundred maidens clad in purest white,
Before two streams of light from wall to wall,
While the great organ almost burst his pipes,
Groaning for power, and rolling thro' the court
A long melodious thunder to the sound
Of solemn psalms and silver litanies,
The work of Ida, to call down from heaven
A blessing on her labors for the world.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

III

Morn in the white wake of the morning star
Came furrowing all the orient into gold.
We rose, and each by other drest with care
Descended to the court that lay three parts
In shadow, but the Muses' heads were touch'd
Above the darkness from their native East.

There while we stood beside the fount, and watch'd
Or seem'd to watch the dancing bubble, approach'd
Melissa, tinged with wan from lack of sleep,

Or grief, and glowing round her dewy eyes
The circled Iris of a night of tears;
And 'Fly,' she cried, 'O fly, while yet you may!
My mother knows.' And when I ask'd her 'how,'
'My fault,' she wept, 'my fault! and yet not mine;
Yet mine in part. O, hear me, pardon me!
My mother, 'tis her wont from night to night
To rail at Lady Psyche and her side.
She says the Princess should have been the Head,
Herself and Lady Psyche the two arms;
And so it was agreed when first they came;
But Lady Psyche was the right hand now,
And she the left, or not or seldom used;
Hers more than half the students, all the love.
And so last night she fell to canvass you,
Her countrywomen! she did not envy her.
"Who ever saw such wild barbarians?
Girls?—more like men!" and at these words the snake,
My secret, seem'd to stir within my breast;
And O, sirs, could I help it, but my cheek
Began to burn and burn, and her lynx eye
To fix and make me hotter, till she laugh'd:
"O marvellously modest maiden, you!
Men! girls, like men! why, if they had been men
You need not set your thoughts in rubric thus
For wholesale comment." Pardon, I am shamed
That I must needs repeat for my excuse
What looks so little graceful: "men"—for still
My mother went revolving on the word—
"And so they are,—very like men indeed—
And with that woman closeted for hours!"

Then came these dreadful words one by one,
"Why—these—*are*—men;" I sh
der'd; "and you know it."
"O, ask me nothing," I said. "
she knows too,
And she conceals it." So my mo
clutch'd
The truth at once, but with no v
from me;
And now thus early risen she goe
inform
The Princess. Lady Psyche wil
crush'd;
But you may yet be saved, and th
fore fly;
But heal me with your pardon
you go.'

'What pardon, sweet Melissa,
blush?'
Said Cyril: 'Pale one, blush ag
than wear
Those lilies, better blush our
away.
Yet let us breathe for one hour
in heaven,'
He added, 'lest some classic a
speak
In scorn of us, "They mounted, G
medes,
To tumble, Vulcans, on the se
morn."
But I will melt this marble
wax
To yield us farther furlough;' an
went.

Melissa shook her doubtful c
and thought
He scarce would prosper. 'Tell
Florian ask'd,
'How grew this feud betwixt the
and left.'
'O, long ago,' she said, 'betwixt
two
Division smoulders hidden; 'tis
mother,
Too jealous, often fretful as the
Pent in a crevice: much I bear
her.
I never knew my father, but she sa
God help her!—she was wedded
fool;
And still she rail'd against the
of things.

ıd the care of Lady Ida's youth,
from the Queen's decease she
brought her up.
hen your sister came she won
the heart
la; they were still together,
grew —
they said themselves — inoscu-
lated:
nant chords that shiver to one
note;
ind in all things. Yet my mo-
ther still
ıs your Psyche thieved her
theories,
ngled with them for her pupil's
love;
alls her plagiarist, I know not
what.
must go; I dare not tarry,' and
light,
es the shadow of a bird, she
fled.

Then murmur'd Florian, gazing after her:
'An open-hearted maiden, true and pure.
If I could love, why this were she. How pretty
Her blushing was, and how she blush'd again,
As if to close with Cyril's random wish!
Not like your Princess cramm'd with erring pride,
Nor like poor Psyche whom she drags in tow.'

'The crane,' I said, 'may chatter of the crane,
The dove may murmur of the dove, but I
An eagle clang an eagle to the sphere.
My princess, O my princess! true she errs,

'Melissa shook her doubtful curls, and thought
He scarce would prosper'

But in her own grand way; being herself
Three times more noble than three score of men,
She sees herself in every woman else,
And so she wears her error like a crown
To blind the truth and me. For her, and her,
Hebes are they to hand ambrosia, mix
The nectar; but — ah, she — whene'er she moves
The Samian Herè rises, and she speaks
A Memnon smitten with the morning sun.'

So saying from the court we paced, and gain'd
The terrace ranged along the northern front,
And leaning there on those balusters, high
Above the empurpled champaign, drank the gale
That blown about the foliage underneath,
And sated with the innumerable rose,
Beat balm upon our eyelids. Hither came
Cyril, and yawning, 'O hard task,' he cried:
'No fighting shadows here. I forced a way
Thro' solid opposition crabb'd and gnarl'd.
Better to clear prime forests, heave and thump
A league of street in summer solstice down,
Than hammer at this reverend gentlewoman.
I knock'd and, bidden, enter'd; found her there
At point to move, and settled in her eyes
The green malignant light of coming storm.
Sir, I was courteous, every phrase well-oil'd,
As man's could be; yet maiden-meek I pray'd
Concealment. She demanded who we were,
And why we came? I fabled nothing fair,
But, your example pilot, told her all.

Up went the hush'd amaze of h
and eye.
But when I dwelt upon your old
ance,
She answer'd sharply that I ta
astray.
I urged the fierce inscription on
gate,
And our three lives. True — we
limed ourselves
With open eyes, and we must
the chance.
But such extremes, I told her,
might harm
The woman's cause. "Not more
now," she said,
"So puddled as it is with favoritis
I tried the mother's heart. Sh
might befall
Melissa, knowing, saying not
knew;
Her answer was, "Leave me to
with that."
I spoke of war to come and m
deaths,
And she replied, her duty wa
speak,
And duty duty, clear of consequen
I grew discouraged, sir; but sin
knew
No rock so hard but that a little w
May beat admission in a thou
years,
I recommenced: "Decide not ere
pause.
I find you here but in the second p
Some say the third — the auth
foundress you.
I offer boldly; we will seat you h
est.
Wink at our advent; help my p
to gain
His rightful bride, and here I pro
you
Some palace in our land, where
shall reign
The head and heart of all our fair
world,
And your great name flow on
broadening time
For ever." Well, she balanced t
little,
And told me she would answer u
day,
Meantime be mute; thus much
more I gain'd.'

ceasing, came a message from
the Head.
afternoon the Princess rode to
take
p of certain strata to the north.
we go with her? we should find
the land
seeing, and the river made a
fall
nder;' then she pointed on to
where
ole hill ran up his furrowy forks
l the thick-leaved platans of
the vale.

eed to, this, the day fled on thro'
all
ige of duties to the appointed
nour.
ummon'd to the porch we went.
She stood
; her maidens, higher by the
head,
ck against a pillar, her foot on
one
se tame leopards. Kitten-like he
roll'd
aw'd about her sandal. I drew
near;
d. On a sudden my strange
seizure came
ne, the weird vision of our house.
incess Ida seem'd a hollow show,
y-furr'd cats a painted fantasy,
llege and her maidens empty
masks,
myself the shadow of a dream,
things were and were not. Yet
I felt
rt beat thick with passion and
with awe;
rom my breast the involuntary
sigh
as she smote me with the light
of eyes
nt my knee desire to kneel, and
shook
ses, till to horse we got, and so
forth in long retinue following
up
er as it narrow'd to the hills.

le beside her and to me she
said:
nd, we trust that you esteem'd
us not
Too harsh to your companion yester
morn;
Unwillingly we spake.' 'No—not to
her,'
I answer'd, 'but to one of whom we
spake
Your Highness might have seem'd the
thing you say.'
'Again?' she cried, 'are you ambassa-
dresses
From him to me? we give you, being
strange,
A license; speak, and let the topic die.'

I stammer'd that I knew him—could
have wish'd—
'Our king expects—was there no pre-
contract?
There is no truer-hearted—ah, you
seem
All he prefigured, and he could not see
The bird of passage flying south but
long'd
To follow. Surely, if your Highness
keep
Your purport, you will shock him even
to death,
Or baser courses, children of despair.'

'Poor boy,' she said, 'can he not
read—no books?
Quoit, tennis, ball—no games? nor
deals in that
Which men delight in, martial exer-
cise?
To nurse a blind ideal like a girl,
Methinks he seems no better than a
girl;
As girls were once, as we ourself have
been.
We had our dreams; perhaps he mixt
with them.
We touch on our dead self, nor shun
to do it,
Being other—since we learnt our
meaning here,
To lift the woman's fallen divinity
Upon an even pedestal with man.'

She paused, and added with a haugh-
tier smile,
'And as to precontracts, we move, my
friend,
At no man's beck, but know ourself
and thee,
O Vashti, noble Vashti! Summon'd out

She kept her state, and left the drunken king
To brawl at Shushan underneath the palms.'

'Alas, your Highness breathes full East,' I said,
'On that which leans to you! I know the Prince,
I prize his truth. And then how vast a work
To assail this gray preëminence of man!
You grant me license; might I use it? think;
Ere half be done perchance your life may fail;
Then comes the feebler heiress of your plan,
And takes and ruins all; and thus your pains
May only make that footprint upon sand
Which old-recurring waves of prejudice
Resmooth to nothing. Might I dread that you,
With only Fame for spouse and your great deeds
For issue, yet may live in vain, and miss
Meanwhile what every woman counts her due,
Love, children, happiness?'
And she exclaim'd,
'Peace, you young savage of the Northern wild!
What! tho' your Prince's love were like a god's,
Have we not made ourself the sacrifice?
You are bold indeed; we are not talk'd to thus.
Yet will we say for children, would they grew
Like field-flowers everywhere! we like them well:
But children die; and let me tell you, girl,
Howe'er you babble, great deeds cannot die;
They with the sun and moon renew their light
For ever, blessing those that look on them.
Children — that men may pluck them from our hearts,
Kill us with pity, break us with
selves —
O — children — there is nothing
earth
More miserable than she that has
And sees him err. Nor would we
for fame;
Tho' she perhaps might reap th
plause of Great,
Who learns the one POU STO wh
after-hands
May move the world, tho' she he
effect
But little; wherefore up and act
shrink
For fear our solid aim be dissipat
By frail successors. Would, inc
we had been,
In lieu of many mortal flies, a ra
Of giants living each a thousand y
That we might see our own work
and watch
The sandy footprint harden into st

I answer'd nothing, doubtful in
self
If that strange poet-princess wit
grand
Imaginations might at all be wor
And she broke out interpreting
thoughts:

'No doubt we seem a kind of
ster to you;
We are used to that; for wome
till this
Cramp'd under worse than Sout
isle taboo,
Dwarfs of the gynæceum, fail so
In high desire, they know not, c
guess
How much their welfare is a p
to us.
If we could give them surer, qu
proof —
O, if our end were less achievab
By slow approaches than by sing
Of immolation, any phase of dea
We were as prompt to spring a
the pikes,
Or down the fiery gulf as talk of i
To compass our dear sisters' libe

She bow'd as if to veil a noble
And up we came to where the
sloped

'The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story'

nge in cataract, shattering on
olack blocks
dth of thunder. O'er it shook
he woods,
anced the color, and, below,
stuck out
nes of some vast bulk that lived
nd roar'd
man was. She gazed awhile
nd said,
se rude bones to us, are we to
ner
vill be.' 'Dare we dream of
hat,' I ask'd,
wrought us, as the workman
nd his work,
That practice betters?' 'How,' she
cried, 'you love
The metaphysics! read and earn our
prize,
A golden brooch. Beneath an emer-
ald plane
Sits Diotima, teaching him that died
Of hemlock — our device, wrought to
the life —
She rapt upon her subject, he on her;
For there are schools for all.' 'And
yet,' I said,
'Methinks I have not found among
them all
One anatomic.' 'Nay, we thought of
that,'

She answer'd, 'but it pleased us not; in truth
We shudder but to dream our maids should ape
Those monstrous males that carve the living hound,
And cram him with the fragments of the grave,
Or in the dark dissolving human heart,
And holy secrets of this microcosm,
Dabbling a shameless hand with shameful jest,
Encarnalize their spirits. Yet we know
Knowledge is knowledge, and this matter hangs.
Howbeit ourself, foreseeing casualty,
Nor willing men should come among us, learnt,
For many weary moons before we came,
This craft of healing. Were you sick, ourself
Would tend upon you. To your question now,
Which touches on the workman and his work.
Let there be light and there was light; 't is so,
For was, and is, and will be, are but is,
And all creation is one act at once,
The birth of light; but we that are not all,
As parts, can see but parts, now this, now that,
And live, perforce, from thought to thought, and make
One act a phantom of succession. Thus
Our weakness somehow shapes the shadow, Time;
But in the shadow will we work, and mould
The woman to the fuller day.'
She spake
With kindled eyes: we rode a league beyond,
And, o'er a bridge of pinewood crossing, came
On flowery levels underneath the crag,
Full of all beauty. 'O, how sweet,' I said, —
For I was half-oblivious of my mask, —
'To linger here with one that loved us!' 'Yea,'

She answer'd, 'or with fair phi
phies
That lift the fancy; for indeed t
fields
Are lovely, lovelier not the Ely
lawns,
Where paced the demigods of old
saw
The soft white vapor streak
crowned towers
Built to the Sun.' Then, turnin
her maids,
'Pitch our pavilion here upon
sward;
Lay out the viands.' At the w
they raised
A tent of satin, elaborately wrou
With fair Corinna's triumph; her
stood,
Engirt with many a florid mai
cheek,
The woman-conqueror; woman
quer'd there
The bearded Victor of ten-thou
hymns,
And all the men mourn'd at his
But we
Set forth to climb; then, climb
Cyril kept
With Psyche, with Melissa Floria
With mine affianced. Many a
hand
Glanced like a touch of sunshin
the rocks,
Many a light foot shone like a j
set
In the dark crag. And then we tu
we wound
About the cliffs, the copses, out ar
Hammering and clinking, chatte
stony names
Of shale and hornblende, rag and
and tuff,
Amygdaloid and trachyte, till the
Grew broader toward his death
fell, and all
The rosy heights came out above
lawns.

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lak
And the wild cataract leaps in glo
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoe
ing,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, d
dying.

rk, O, hear! how thin and clear,
d thinner, clearer, farther going!
eet and far from cliff and scar
e horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
et us hear the purple glens replying,
ugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying,
ying.

e, they die in yon rich sky,
ey faint on hill or field or river;
choes roll from soul to soul,
d grow for ever and for ever.
ugle, blow, set the wild echoes fly-
ng,
swer, echoes, answer, dying, dying,
ying.

IV

e sinks the nebulous star we call
the sun,
hypothesis of theirs be sound,'
la; 'let us down and rest;' and
we
from the lean and wrinkled pre-
cipices,
ery coppice-feather'd chasm and
cleft,
thro' the ambrosial gloom to
where below
ger than a glowworm shone the
tent
lit from the inner. Once she
lean'd on me,
ding; once or twice she lent her
hand,
issful palpitations in the blood
g a sudden transport rose and
fell.

when we planted level feet, and
dipt
h the satin dome and enter'd in,
leaning deep in broider'd down
we sank
bows; on a tripod in the midst
rant flame rose, and before us
glow'd
blossom, viand, amber wine, and
gold.

a she, 'Let some one sing to us;
ightlier move
nutes fledged with music;' and
a maid,
se beside her, smote her harp
and sang.

'Tears, idle tears, I know not what they
mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

'Fresh as the first beam glittering on a
sail,
That brings our friends up from the under-
world,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

'Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer
dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering
square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no
more.

'Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy
feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more!'

She ended with such passion that
the tear
She sang of shook and fell, an erring
pearl
Lost in her bosom; but with some dis-
dain
Answer'd the Princess: 'If indeed
there haunt
About the moulder'd lodges of the past
So sweet a voice and vague, fatal to
men,
Well needs it we should cram our ears
with wool
And so pace by. But thine are fancies
hatch'd
In silken-folded idleness; nor is it
Wiser to weep a true occasion lost,
But trim our sails, and let old bygones
be,
While down the streams that float us
each and all
To the issue, goes, like glittering bergs
of ice,
Throne after throne, and molten on the
waste
Becomes a cloud; for all things serve
their time
Toward that great year of equal mights
and rights.

Nor would I fight with iron laws, in the end
Found golden. Let the past be past, let be
Their cancell'd Babels; tho' the rough kex break
The starr'd mosaic, and the beard-blown goat
Hang on the shaft, and the wild fig-tree split
Their monstrous idols, care not while we hear
A trumpet in the distance pealing news
Of better, and Hope, a poising eagle, burns
Above the unrisen morrow.' Then to me,
'Know you no song of your own land,' she said,
'Not such as moans about the retrospect,
But deals with the other distance and the hues
Of promise; not a death's-head at the wine?'

Then I remember'd one myself had made,
What time I watch'd the swallow winging south
From mine own land, part made long since, and part
Now while I sang, and maiden-like as far
As I could ape their treble did I sing.

'O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying south,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee.

'O, tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North.

'O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

'O, were I thou that she might take me in,
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died!

'Why lingereth she to clothe her with love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the wood green?

'O, tell her, Swallow, that thy bro flown;
Say to her, I do but wanton in the So
But in the North long since my n made.

'O, tell her, brief is life but love is
And brief the sun of summer in the N
And brief the moon of beauty in the S

'O Swallow, flying from the g woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her make her mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow th

I ceased, and all the ladies, ea each,
Like the Ithacensian suitors in time,
Stared with great eyes, and lau with alien lips,
And knew not what they meant still my voice
Rang false. But smiling, 'No thee,' she said,
'O Bulbul, any rose of Gulistan
Shall burst her veil; marsh-di rather, maid,
Shall croak thee sister, or the mea crake
Grate her harsh kindred in the — and this
A mere love-poem! O, for such friend,
We hold them slight; they mi of the time
When we made bricks in E Knaves are men,
That lute and flute fantastic te ness,
And dress the victim to the offerin
And paint the gates of Hell with dise,
And play the slave to gain the tyr
Poor soul! I had a maid of once;
She wept her true eyes blind fo a one,
A rogue of canzonets and serena
I loved her. Peace be with her. is dead.

y blaspheme the muse! But
great is song
great ends; ourself have often
ried
ian hymns, or into rhythm
have dash'd
assion of the prophetess; for
song
unto freedom, force and growth
irit, than to junketing and
love.
s it? Would this same mock-
love, and this
Hymen were laid up like win-
ter bats,
l men grew to rate us at our
worth,
assals to be beat, nor pretty
babes
dandled, no, but living wills,
and sphered
in ourselves and owed to none.
Enough!
ow to leaven play with profit,
you,
you no song, the true growth
of your soil,
ives the manners of your coun-
trywomen?'

spoke and turn'd her sumptu-
ous head with eyes
ning expectation fixt on mine.
while I dragg'd my brains for
such a song,
with whom the bell-mouth'd
glass had wrought,
ster'd by the sense of sport,
began
ll a careless, careless tavern-
catch
l and Meg, and strange experi-
ences
t for ladies. Florian nodded
at him,
ning; Psyche flush'd and wann'd
and shook;
ylike Melissa droop'd her brows.
ear,' the Princess cried; 'For-
bear, sir,' I;
eated thro' and thro' with wrath
and love,
e him on the breast. He started
up;
rose a shriek as of a city
sack'd;
Melissa clamor'd, 'Flee the death;'
'To horse!'
Said Ida, 'home! to horse!' and fled,
as flies
A troop of snowy doves athwart the
dusk
When some one batters at the dove-
cote doors,
Disorderly the women. Alone I stood
With Florian, cursing Cyril, vext at
heart
In the pavilion. There like parting
hopes
I heard them passing from me; hoof
by hoof,
And every hoof a knell to my desires,
Clang'd on the bridge; and then an-
other shriek,
'The Head, the Head, the Princess,
O the Head!'
For blind with rage she miss'd the
plank, and roll'd
In the river. Out I sprang from glow
to gloom;
There whirl'd her white robe like a
blossom'd branch
Rapt to the horrible fall. A glance I
gave,
No more, but woman-vested as I was
Plunged, and the flood drew; yet I
caught her; then
Oaring one arm, and bearing in my
left
The weight of all the hopes of half
the world,
Strove to buffet to land in vain. A
tree
Was half-disrooted from his place and
stoop'd
To drench his dark locks in the gur-
gling wave
Mid-channel. Right on this we drove
and caught,
And grasping down the boughs I
gain'd the shore.

There stood her maidens glimmer-
ingly group'd
In the hollow bank. One reaching
forward drew
My burthen from mine arms; they
cried, 'She lives.'
They bore her back into the tent:
but I,
So much a kind of shame within me
wrought,

Not yet endured to meet her opening eyes,
Nor found my friends; but push'd alone on foot—
For since her horse was lost I left her mine—
Across the woods, and less from Indian craft
Than beelike instinct hiveward, found at length
The garden portals. Two great statues, Art
And Science, Caryatids, lifted up
A weight of emblem, and betwixt were valves
Of open-work in which the hunter rued
His rash intrusion, manlike, but his brows
Had sprouted, and the branches thereupon
Spread out at top, and grimly spiked the gates.

A little space was left between the horns,
Thro' which I clamber'd o'er at top with pain,
Dropt on the sward, and up the linden walks,
And, tost on thoughts that changed from hue to hue,
Now poring on the glowworm, now the star,
I paced the terrace, till the Bear had wheel'd
Thro' a great arc his seven slow suns.
A step
Of lightest echo, then a loftier form
Than female, moving thro' the uncertain gloom,
Disturb'd me with the doubt 'if this were she,'
But it was Florian. 'Hist, O, hist!' he said,
'They seek us; out so late is out of rules.
Moreover, "Seize the strangers" is the cry.
How came you here?' I told him. 'I,' said he,
'Last of the train, a moral leper, I,
To whom none spake, half-sick at heart, return'd.
Arriving all confused among the rest
With hooded brows I crept into hall,
And, couch'd behind a Judith, underneath
The head of Holofernes peep'd and saw.
Girl after girl was call'd to trial; Disclaim'd all knowledge of us; of all,
Melissa; trust me, sir, I pitied her
She, question'd if she knew us at first
Was silent; closer prest, denied it
And then, demanded if her mother knew,
Or Psyche, she affirm'd not, or denied
From whence the Royal mind, familiar with her,
Easily gather'd either guilt. She
For Psyche, but she was not there she call'd
For Psyche's child to cast it from doors;
She sent for Blanche to accuse her face to face;
And I slipt out. But whither you now?
And where are Psyche, Cyril? are fled;
What, if together? that were not well.
Would rather we had never come dread
His wildness, and the chances of dark.'

'And yet,' I said, 'you wrong more than I
That struck him; this is proper to clown,
Tho' smock'd, or furr'd and purse still the clown,
To harm the thing that trusts and to shame
That which he says he loves. Cyril, howe'er
He deal in frolic, as to-night—the
Might have been worse and sinned grosser lips
Beyond all pardon—as it is, I hope
These flashes on the surface are not
He has a solid base of temperament
But as the water-lily starts and sinks
Upon the level in little puffs of wave
Tho' anchor'd to the bottom, such he.'

ce had I ceased when from a
tamarisk near
'roctors leapt upon us, crying,
'Names!'
nding still, was clutch'd; but
I began
rid the musky-circled mazes,
wind
ouble in and out the boles, and
race
the fountains. Fleet I was of
foot;
me shower'd the rose in flakes;
behind
the puff'd pursuer; at mine
ear
ed the nightingale and heeded
not,
ecret laughter tickled all my
soul.
I hook'd my ankle in a vine
laspt the feet of a Mnemosyne,
alling on my face was caught
and known.

haled us to the Princess where
she sat
n the hall; above her droop'd a
lamp,
nade the single jewel on her
brow
ike the mystic fire on a mast-
head,
et of storm; a handmaid on
each side
toward her, combing out her
long black hair
from the river; and close be-
hind her stood
daughters of the plough,
stronger than men,
women blowzed with health,
and wind, and rain,
abor. Each was like a Druid
rock;
e a spire of land that stands
apart
rom the main, and wail'd about
with mews.

, as we came, the crowd divid-
ing clove
vent to the throne; and there
beside,
aked as if caught at once from
bed
And tumbled on the purple footcloth,
lay
The lily-shining child; and on the left,
Bow'd on her palms and folded up
from wrong,
Her round white shoulder shaken with
her sobs,
Melissa knelt; but Lady Blanche erect
Stood up and spake, an affluent orator:

'It was not thus, O Princess, in old
days;
You prized my counsel, lived upon
my lips.
I led you then to all the Castalies;
I fed you with the milk of every Muse;
I loved you like this kneeler, and you
me
Your second mother: those were gra-
cious times.
Then came your new friend; you
began to change—
I saw it and grieved—to slacken and
to cool;
Till taken with her seeming openness
You turn'd your warmer currents all
to her,
To me you froze; this was my meed
for all.
Yet I bore up in part from ancient
love,
And partly that I hoped to win you
back,
And partly conscious of my own
deserts,
And partly that you were my civil
head,
And chiefly you were born for some-
thing great,
In which I might your fellow-worker
be,
When time should serve; and thus a
noble scheme
Grew up from seed we two long since
had sown;
In us true growth, in her a Jonah's
gourd,
Up in one night and due to sudden
sun.
We took this palace; but even from
the first
You stood in your own light and
darken'd mine.
What student came but that you
planed her path
To Lady Psyche, younger, not so wise,

A foreigner, and I your country-woman,
I your old friend and tried, she new in all?
But still her lists were swell'd and mine were lean;
Yet I bore up in hope she would be known.
Then came these wolves; *they* knew her; *they* endured,
Long-closeted with her the yestermorn,
To tell her what they were, and she to hear.
And me none told. Not less to an eye like mine,
A lidless watcher of the public weal,
Last night, their mask was patent, and my foot
Was to you. But I thought again; I fear'd
To meet a cold "We thank you, we shall hear of it
From Lady Psyche;" you had gone to her,
She told, perforce, and winning easy grace,
No doubt, for slight delay, remain'd among us
In our young nursery still unknown, the stem
Less grain than touchwood, while my honest heat
Were all miscounted as malignant haste
To push my rival out of place and power.
But public use required she should be known;
And since my oath was ta'en for public use,
I broke the letter of it to keep the sense.
I spoke not then at first, but watch'd them well,
Saw that they kept apart, no mischief done;
And yet this day — tho' you should hate me for it —
I came to tell you; found that you had gone,
Ridden to the hills, she likewise. Now, I thought,
That surely she will speak; if not, then I.
Did she? These monsters blazon'd what they were,
According to the coarseness of
kind,
For thus I hear; and known at l
my work —
And full of cowardice and g
shame —
I grant in her some sense of shar
she flies;
And I remain on whom to wreak
rage,
I, that have lent my life to buil
yours,
I, that have wasted here he
wealth, and time,
And talent, I — you know it — I
not boast;
Dismiss me, and I prophesy
plan,
Divorced from my experience, w
chaff
For every gust of chance, and
will say
We did not know the real light
chased
The wisp that flickers where no
can tread.'
She ceased; the Princess ans
coldly, 'Good;
Your oath is broken; we dismiss
go.
For this lost lamb' — she point
the child —
'Our mind is changed; we take
ourself.'

Thereat the lady stretch'd a vu
throat,
And shot from crooked lips a ha
smile.
'The plan was mine. I built the
she said,
'To hatch the cuckoo. Rise
stoop'd to updrag
Melissa. She, half on her mother
Half-drooping from her, turn'
face, and cast
A liquid look on Ida, full of pray
Which melted Florian's fancy
hung,
A Niobeän daughter, one arm ou
Appealing to the bolts of heaven
while
We gazed upon her came a little
About the doors, and on a sudden
Among us, out of breath, as one
sued,

ıan-post in flying raiment. Fear
in her eyes, and chalk'd her
face, and wing'd
ansit to the throne, whereby she
fell
ring seal'd dispatches which the
Head
half-amazed, and in her lion's
mood
pen, silent we with blind surmise
ding, while she read, till over
brow
ıeek and bosom brake the wrath-
ful bloom
ome fire against a stormy cloud,
the wild peasant rights himself,
the rick
s, and his anger reddens in the
heavens;
ger most it seem'd, while now
her breast,
ı with some great passion at her
heart,
ated, her hand shook, and we
heard
dead hush the papers that she
held
. At once the lost lamb at her
feet
ut a bitter bleating for its dam.
aintive cry jarr'd on her ire; she
crush'd
crolls together, made a sudden
turn
o speak, but, utterance failing
her,
hirl'd them on to me, as who
should say
' and I read — two letters — one
her sire's:

r daughter, when we sent the
Prince your way
ew not your ungracious laws,
which learnt,
nscious of what temper you are
built,
ll in haste to hinder wrong, but
fell
is father's hand, who has this
night,
ing close upon this territory,
ound and in the dark invested
you,
ere he keeps me hostage for his
son.'

The second was my father's, running
thus:
'You have our son; touch not a hair
of his head;
Render him up unscathed; give him
your hand;
Cleave to your contract — tho' indeed
we hear
You hold the woman is the better
man;
A rampant heresy, such as if it spread
Would make all women kick against
their lords
Thro' all the world, and which might
well deserve
That we this night should pluck your
palace down;
And we will do it, unless you send us
back
Our son, on the instant, whole.'
So far I read;
And then stood up and spoke impet-
uously:

'O, not to pry and peer on your
reserve,
But led by golden wishes, and a
hope
The child of regal compact, did I
break
Your precinct; not a scorner of your
sex
But venerator, zealous it should be
All that it might be. Hear me, for I
bear,
Tho' man, yet human, whatsoe'er
your wrongs,
From the flaxen curl to the gray lock
a life
Less mine than yours. My nurse
would tell me of you;
I babbled for you, as babies for the
moon,
Vague brightness; when a boy, you
stoop'd to me
From all high places, lived in all fair
lights,
Came in long breezes rapt from inmost
south
And blown to inmost north; at eve and
dawn
With Ida, Ida, Ida, rang the woods;
The leader wild-swan in among the
stars
Would clang it, and lapt in wreaths of
glowworm light

The mellow breaker murmur'd Ida. Now,
Because I would have reach'd you, had you been
Sphered up with Cassiopeia, or the enthroned
Persephone in Hades, now at length,
Those winters of abeyance, all worn out,
A man I came to see you; but, indeed,
Not in this frequence can I lend full tongue,
O noble Ida, to those thoughts that wait
On you, their centre. Let me say but this,
That many a famous man and woman, town
And landskip, have I heard of, after seen
The dwarfs of presage; tho' when known, there grew
Another kind of beauty in detail
Made them worth knowing; but in you I found
My boyish dream involved and dazzled down
And master'd, while that after-beauty makes
Such head from act to act, from hour to hour,
Within me, that except you slay me here,
According to your bitter statute-book,
I cannot cease to follow you, as they say
The seal does music; who desire you more
Than growing boys their manhood; dying lips,
With many thousand matters left to do,
The breath of life; O, more than poor men wealth,
Than sick men health — yours, yours, not mine — but half
Without you; with you, whole; and of those halves
You worthiest; and howe'er you block and bar
Your heart with system out from mine, I hold
That it becomes no man to nurse despair,
But in the teeth of clench'd antagonisms
To follow up the worthiest till die.
Yet that I came not all unauthori
Behold your father's letter.'
On one
Kneeling, I gave it, which she cau
and dash'd
Unopen'd at her feet. A tid
fierce
Invective seem'd to wait behind
lips,
As waits a river level with the da
Ready to burst and flood the w
with foam;
And so she would have spoken, there rose
A hubbub in the court of half
maids
Gather'd together; from the illum
hall
Long lanes of splendor slanted o
press
Of snowy shoulders, thick as he
ewes,
And rainbow robes, and gems and
like eyes,
And gold and golden heads. The
and fro
Fluctuated, as flowers in storm,
red, some pale,
All open-mouth'd, all gazing to
light,
Some crying there was an army i
land,
And some that men were in the
walls,
And some they cared not; till a cl
grew
As of a new-world Babel, woman-
And worse-confounded. High a
them stood
The placid marble Muses, loo
peace.

Not peace she look'd, the H
but rising up
Robed in the long night of her
hair, so
To the open window moved, re
ing there
Fixt like a beacon-tower abov
waves
Of tempest, when the crimson-r
eye
Glares ruin, and the wild birds o
light

hemselves dead. She stretch'd
her arms and call'd
the tumult, and the tumult
fell.

at fear ye, brawlers? am not I
your Head?
, me, me, the storm first breaks; I dare
ese male thunderbolts; what is
it ye fear?
there are those to avenge us
and they come; — myself were like enough, O girls,
furl the maiden banner of our rights,
lad in iron burst the ranks of war,
Or, falling, protomartyr of our cause,
Die; yet I blame you not so much for fear;
Six thousand years of fear have made you that
From which I would redeem you. But for those
That stir this hubbub — you and you — I know
Your faces there in the crowd — to-morrow morn
We hold a great convention; then shall they
That love their voices more than duty, learn
With whom they deal, dismiss'd in shame to live
No wiser than their mothers, household stuff,

'They to and fro
Fluctuated, as flowers in storm, some red, some pale'

Live chattels, mincers of each other's fame,
Full of weak poison, turnspits for the clown,
The drunkard's football, laughing-stocks of Time,
Whose brains are in their hands and in their heels,
But fit to flaunt, to dress, to dance, to thrum,
To tramp, to scream, to burnish, and to scour,
For ever slaves at home and fools abroad.'

She, ending, waved her hands; thereat the crowd
Muttering, dissolved; then with a smile, that look'd
A stroke of cruel sunshine on the cliff,
When all the glens are drown'd in azure gloom
Of thunder-shower, she floated to us and said:

'You have done well and like a gentleman,
And like a prince; you have our thanks for all.
And you look well too in your woman's dress.
Well have you done and like a gentleman.
You saved our life; we owe you bitter thanks.
Better have died and spilt our bones in the flood —
Then men had said — but now — what hinders me
To take such bloody vengeance on you both? —
Yet since our father — wasps in our good hive,
You would-be quenchers of the light to be,
Barbarians, grosser than your native bears —
O, would I had his sceptre for one hour!
You that have dared to break our bound, and gull'd
Our servants, wrong'd and lied and thwarted us —
I wed with thee! *I* bound by precontract
Your bride, your bondslave! not all the gold
That veins the world were pack' make your crown,
And every spoken tongue should you. Sir,
Your falsehood and yourself are h ful to us;
I trample on your offers and you.
Begone; we will not look upon more.
Here, push them out at gates.'
In wrath she sp
Then those eight mighty daughte the plough
Bent their broad faces toward us address'd
Their motion. Twice I sought to p my cause,
But on my shoulder hung their he hands,
The weight of destiny; so from face
They push'd us, down the steps, thro' the court
And with grim laughter thrust us at gates.

We cross'd the street and gai petty mound
Beyond it, whence we saw the li and heard
The voices murmuring. While I ten'd, came
On a sudden the weird seizure and doubt.
I seem'd to move among a worl ghosts;
The Princess with her monst woman-guard,
The jest and earnest working sid side,
The cataract and the tumult and kings
Were shadows; and the long fant night
With all its doings had and had been,
And all things were and were not This wen
As strangely as it came, and on spirits
Settled a gentle cloud of melancho
Not long; I shook it off; for spi doubts

udden ghostly shadowings I was
one
om the touch of all mischance
but came
ght to him that sitting on a
hill
he midsummer, midnight, Nor-
way sun
o sunrise; then we moved away.

INTERLUDE

voice is heard thro' rolling drums
at beat to battle where he stands;
face across his fancy comes,
d gives the battle to his hands.
oment, while the trumpets blow,
sees his brood about thy knee;
next, like fire he meets the foe,
d strikes him dead for thine and thee.

ia sang. We thought her half-
possess'd,
ruck such warbling fury thro'
the words;
fter, feigning pique at what she
call'd
illery, or grotesque, or false sub-
lime —
one that wishes at a dance to
change
usic — clapt her hands and cried
for war,
ne grand fight to kill and make
an end.
e that next inherited the tale,
turning to the broken statue,
said,
Ralph has got your colors; if I
prove
knight, and fight your battle,
what for me?'
nced, her empty glove upon the
tomb
by her like a model of her
hand.
ok it and she flung it. 'Fight,'
she said,
make us all we would be, great
and good.'
ightlike in his cap instead of
casque,
of Tyrol borrow'd from the
hall,
ged the favor, and assumed the
Prince.

V

Now, scarce three paces measured from
the mound,
We stumbled on a stationary voice,
And 'Stand, who goes?' 'Two from
the palace,' I.
'The second two; they wait,' he said,
'pass on;
His Highness wakes;' and one, that
clash'd in arms,
By glimmering lanes and walls of
canvas led
Threading the soldier-city, till we
heard
The drowsy folds of our great ensign
shake
From blazon'd lions o'er the imperial
tent
Whispers of war.
Entering, the sudden light
Dazed me half-blind. I stood and
seem'd to hear,
As in a poplar grove when a light
wind wakes
A lisping of the innumerous leaf and
dies,
Each hissing in his neighbor's ear;
and then
A strangled titter, out of which there
brake
On all sides, clamoring etiquette to
death,
Unmeasured mirth; while now the two
old kings
Began to wag their baldness up and
down,
The fresh young captains flash'd their
glittering teeth,
The huge bush-bearded barons heaved
and blew,
And slain with laughter roll'd the
gilded squire.

At length my sire, his rough cheek
wet with tears,
Panted from weary sides, 'King, you
are free!
We did but keep you surety for our
son,
If this be he, — or a draggled mawkin,
thou,
That tends her bristled grunters in the
sludge;'
For I was drench'd with ooze, and torn
with briers,

More crumpled than a poppy from the sheath,
And all one rag, disprinced from head to heel.
Then some one sent beneath his vaulted palm
A whisper'd jest to some one near him, 'Look,
He has been among his shadows.' 'Satan take
The old women and their shadows!' — thus the king
Roar'd — 'make yourself a man to fight with men.
Go; Cyril told us all.'
As boys that slink
From ferule and the trespass-chiding eye,
Away we stole, and transient in a trice
From what was left of faded woman-slough
To sheathing splendors and the golden scale
Of harness, issued in the sun, that now
Leapt from the dewy shoulders of the earth,
And hit the Northern hills. Here Cyril met us,
A little shy at first, but by and by
We twain, with mutual pardon ask'd and given
For stroke and song, resolder'd peace, whereon
Follow'd his tale. Amazed he fled away
Thro' the dark land, and later in the night
Had come on Psyche weeping: 'then we fell
Into your father's hand, and there she lies,
But will not speak nor stir.'
He show'd a tent
A stone-shot off; we enter'd in, and there
Among piled arms and rough accoutrements,
Pitiful sight, wrapp'd in a soldier's cloak,
Like some sweet sculpture draped from head to foot,
And push'd by rude hands from its pedestal,
All her fair length upon the ground she lay;
And at her head a follower of camp,
A charr'd and wrinkled piece of manhood,
Sat watching like a watcher by dead.

Then Florian knelt, and 'Co he whisper'd to her,
'Lift up your head, sweet sister not thus.
What have you done but right? could not slay
Me, nor your prince; look up comforted.
Sweet is it to have done the thing ought,
When fallen in darker ways.' likewise I:
'Be comforted; have I not lost her
In whose least act abides the nam charm
That none has else for me?' heard, she moved,
She moan'd a folded voice; an she sat,
And raised the cloak from brow pale and smooth
As those that mourn half-shro over death
In deathless marble. 'Her,' she 'my friend —
Parted from her — betray'd her and mine —
Where shall I breathe? why ke not your faith?
O base and bad! what comfort? for me!'
To whom remorseful Cyril, 'Y pray
Take comfort; live, dear lady your child!'
At which she lifted up her voic cried:

'Ah me, my babe, my blosson my child,
My one sweet child, whom I sha no more!
For now will cruel Ida keep her
And either she will die from wa care,
Or sicken with ill-usage, when say
The child is hers — for every fault,

'All her fair length upon the ground she lay;
And at her head a follower of the camp'

ild is hers; and they will beat
my girl
ıbering her mother—O my
flower!
y will take her, they will make
her hard,
ıe will pass me by in after-life
ome cold reverence worse than
were she dead.
ther that I was to leave her
there,
behind, scared by the cry they
made,
rror of the shame among them
all.
will go and sit beside the doors,
ake a wild petition night and
day,
hey hate to hear me like a wind
g for ever, till they open to me,
y my little blossom at my feet,
be, my sweet Aglaïa, my one
child;
will take her up and go my way,
tisfy my soul with kissing her.
hat might that man not de-
serve of me

Who gave me back my child?' 'Be
comforted,'
Said Cyril, 'you shall have it;' but
again,
She veil'd her brows, and prone she
sank, and so,
Like tender things that being caught
feign death,
Spoke not, nor stirr'd.
By this a murmur ran
Thro' all the camp, and inward raced
the scouts
With rumor of Prince Arac hard at
hand.
We left her by the woman, and with-
out
Found the gray kings at parle; and
'Look you,' cried
My father, 'that our compact be ful-
fill'd.
You have spoilt this child; she laughs
at you and man;
She wrongs herself, her sex, and me,
and him.
But red-faced war has rods of steel
and fire;
She yields, or war,'

Then Gama turn'd to me :
'We fear, indeed, you spent a stormy time
With our strange girl ; and yet they say that still
You love her. Give us, then, your mind at large :
How say you, war or not ?'
'Not war, if possible,
O king,' I said, 'lest from the abuse of war,
The desecrated shrine, the trampled year,
The smouldering homestead, and the household flower
Torn from the lintel — all the common wrong —
A smoke go up thro' which I loom to her
Three times a monster. Now she lightens scorn
At him that mars her plan, but then would hate —
And every voice she talk'd with ratify it,
And every face she look'd on justify it —
The general foe. More soluble is this knot
By gentleness than war. I want her love.
What were I nigher this altho' we dash'd
Your cities into shards with catapults ? —
She would not love — or brought her chain'd, a slave,
The lifting of whose eyelash is my lord?
Not ever would she love, but brooding turn
The book of scorn, till all my flitting chance
Were caught within the record of her wrongs
And crush'd to death ; and rather, Sire, than this
I would the old god of war himself were dead,
Forgotten, rusting on his iron hills,
Rotting on some wild shore with ribs of wreck,
Or like an old-world mammoth bulk'd in ice,
Not to be molten out.'
And roughly spake
My father : 'Tut, you know them not, the girls.
Boy, when I hear you prate I alm
think
That idiot legend credible. Look
sir !
Man is the hunter ; woman is his ga
The sleek and shining creatures of
chase,
We hunt them for the beauty of t
skins ;
They love us for it, and we ride t
down.
Wheedling and siding with th
Out ! for shame !
Boy, there's no rose that's hal
dear to them
As he that does the thing they
not do,
Breathing and sounding beaut
battle, comes
With the air of the trumpet ro
him, and leaps in
Among the women, snares them
the score
Flatter'd and fluster'd, wins,
dash'd with death
He reddens what he kisses. Th
won
Your mother, a good mother, a g
wife,
Worth winning ; but this firebran
gentleness
To such as her ! if Cyril spake
true,
To catch a dragon in a cherry net,
To trip a tigress with a gossamer,
Were wisdom to it.'
'Yea, but, Sire,' I c
'Wild natures need wise curbs.
soldier ? No !
What dares not Ida do that she sh
prize
The soldier ? I beheld her, when
rose
The yesternight, and storming in
tremes
Stood for her cause, and flung defi
down
Gagelike to man, and had not shu
the death,
No, not the soldier's ; yet I hold
king,
True woman ; but you clash ther
in one,
That have as many differences as
The violet varies from the lil
far

k from elm. One loves the sol-
dier, one
lken priest of peace, one this,
one that,
ome unworthily; their sinless
faith,
len moon that sparkles on a sty,
ing clown and satyr; whence
they need
breadth of culture. Is not Ida
right?
worth it? truer to the law within?
r in the logic of a life?
as magnetic to sweet influences
h and heaven? and she of whom
you speak,
ther, looks as whole as some
serene
n minted in the golden moods
ereign artists; not a thought, a
touch,
ire as lines of green that streak
the white
first snowdrop's inner leaves; I
say,
ke the piebald miscellany, man,
of great heart and slips in sen-
sual mire,
hole and one; and take them all-
in-all,
ve ourselves but half as good,
as kind,
thful, much that Ida claims as
right
'er been mooted, but as frankly
theirs
s of Nature. To our point; not
war,
lose all.'
Nay, nay, you spake but sense,'
ama. 'We remember love our-
self
sweet youth; we did not rate
him then
ed-hot iron to be shaped with
blows.
lk almost like Ida; *she* can talk;
ere is something in it as you say:
u talk kindlier; we esteem you
for it. —
ems a gracious and a gallant
Prince,
d he had our daughter. For the
rest,
vn detention, why, the causes
weigh'd,
Fatherly fears — you used us cour-
teously —
We would do much to gratify your
Prince —
We pardon it; and for your ingress
here
Upon the skirt and fringe of our fair
land,
You did but come as goblins in the
night,
Nor in the furrow broke the plough-
man's head,
Nor burnt the grange, nor buss'd the
milking-maid,
Nor robb'd the farmer of his bowl of
cream.
But let your Prince — our royal word
upon it,
He comes back safe — ride with us to
our lines,
And speak with Arac. Arac's word is
thrice
As ours with Ida; something may be
done —
I know not what — and ours shall see
us friends.
You, likewise, our late guests, if so
you will,
Follow us. Who knows? we four may
build some plan
Foursquare to opposition.'
Here he reach'd
White hands of farewell to my sire,
who growl'd
An answer which, half-muffled in his
beard,
Let so much out as gave us leave to go.

Then rode we with the old king
across the lawns
Beneath huge trees, a thousand rings
of Spring
In every bole, a song on every spray
Of birds that piped their Valentines,
and woke
Desire in me to infuse my tale of love
In the old king's ears, who promised
help, and oozed
All o'er with honey'd answer as we
rode;
And blossom-fragrant slipt the heavy
dews
Gather'd by night and peace, with
each light air
On our mail'd heads. But other
thoughts than peace

Burnt in us, when we saw the embattled squares
And squadrons of the Prince, trampling the flowers
With clamor; for among them rose a cry
As if to greet the king; they made a halt;
The horses yell'd; they clash'd their arms; the drum
Beat; merrily-blowing shrill'd the martial fife;
And in the blast and bray of the long horn
And serpent-throated bugle, undulated
The banner. Anon to meet us lightly pranced
Three captains out; nor ever had I seen
Such thews of men. The midmost and the highest
Was Arac; all about his motion clung
The shadow of his sister, as the beam
Of the East, that play'd upon them, made them glance
Like those three stars of the airy Giant's zone,
That glitter burnish'd by the frosty dark;
And as the fiery Sirius alters hue,
And bickers into red and emerald, shone
Their morions, wash'd with morning, as they came.

And I that prated peace, when first I heard
War-music, felt the blind wild-beast of force,
Whose home is in the sinews of a man,
Stir in me as to strike. Then took the king
His three broad sons; with now a wandering hand
And now a pointed finger, told them all.
A common light of smiles at our disguise
Broke from their lips, and, ere the windy jest
Had labor'd down within his ample lungs,
The genial giant, Arac, roll'd himself
Thrice in the saddle, then burst out in words:

'Our land invaded, 'sdeath! an himself
Your captive, yet my father will war!
And, 'sdeath! myself, what can war or no?
But then this question of your t remains;
And there 's a downright honest m ing in her.
She flies too high, she flies too h and yet
She ask'd but space and fair-play her scheme;
She prest and prest it on me — I my
What know I of these things? but and soul!
I thought her half-right talking o wrongs;
I say she flies too high, 'sdeath! of that?
I take her for the flower of womank
And so I often told her, right or wr
And, Prince, she can be sweet to t she loves,
And, right or wrong, I care not; is all,
I stand upon her side; she mad swear it —
'Sdeath! — and with solemn rite candle-light —
Swear by Saint something — I f her name —
Her that talk'd down the fifty w men;
She was a princess too; and so I s
Come, this is all; she will not; v your claim.
If not, the foughten field, what at once
Decides it, 'sdeath! against my fat will.'

I lagg'd in answer, loth to rend
My precontract, and loth by brai war
To cleave the rift of difference d yet;
Till one of those two brothers, half
And fingering at the hair about h
To prick us on to combat, 'Li like!
The woman's garment hid the wo heart.'
A taunt that clench'd his purpos a blow!

ry-short was Cyril's counter-
coff,
arp I answer'd, touch'd upon
he point
idle boys are cowards to their
hame,
it here; why not? we are three
o three.'

spake the third: 'But three
o three? no more?
re, and in our noble sister's
ause?
nore, for honor! every captain
vaits
for honor, angry for his king.
nore, some fifty on a side, that
ach
eathe himself, and quick! by
verthrow
e or those, the question settled
ie.'

' answer'd I, 'for this wild
vreath of air,
ake of rainbow flying on the
ighest
f men's deeds — this honor, if
e will.
s must be for honor if at all;
what decision? if we fail we
ail,
ve win we fail; she would not
eep
npact.' ''Sdeath! but we will
end to her,'
rac, 'worthy reasons why she
hould
y this issue; let our missive
hro',
u shall have her answer by the
vord.'

s!' shriek'd the old king, but
vainlier than a hen
false daughters in the pool;
or none
ed; neither seem'd there more
o say.
ode we to my father's camp,
nd found
ce had sent a herald to the
ates,
n if Ida yet would cede our
laim,
enial flush her babbling wells
With her own people's life; three
times he went.
The first, he blew and blew, but none
appear'd;
He batter'd at the doors, none came;
the next,
An awful voice within had warn'd
him thence;
The third, and those eight daughters
of the plough
Came sallying thro' the gates, and
caught his hair,
And so belabor'd him on rib and cheek
They made him wild. Not less one
glance he caught
Thro' open doors of Ida station'd there
Unshaken, clinging to her purpose,
firm
Tho' compass'd by two armies and
the noise
Of arms; and standing like a stately
pine
Set in a cataract on an island-crag,
When storm is on the heights, and
right and left
Suck'd from the dark heart of the
long hills roll
The torrents, dash'd to the vale; and
yet her will
Bred will in me to overcome it or fall.

But when I told the king that I
was pledged
To fight in tourney for my bride, he
clash'd
His iron palms together with a cry;
Himself would tilt it out among the
lads;
But overborne by all his bearded lords
With reasons drawn from age and
state, perforce
He yielded, wroth and red, with fierce
demur;
And many a bold knight started up
in heat,
And sware to combat for my claim
till death.

All on this side the palace ran the
field
Flat to the garden-wall; and likewise
here,
Above the garden's glowing blossom-
belts,
A column'd entry shone and marble
stairs,

And great bronze valves, emboss'd with Tomyris
And what she did to Cyrus after fight,
But now fast barr'd. So here upon the flat
All that long morn the lists were hammer'd up,
And all that morn the heralds to and fro,
With message and defiance, went and came;
Last, Ida's answer, in a royal hand,
But shaken here and there, and rolling words
Oration-like. I kiss'd it and I read:

'O brother, you have known the pangs we felt,
What heats of indignation when we heard
Of those that iron-cramp'd their women's feet;
Of lands in which at the altar the poor bride
Gives her harsh groom for bridal-gift a scourge;
Of living hearts that crack within the fire
Where smoulder their dead despots; and of those, —
Mothers, — that, all prophetic pity, fling
Their pretty maids in the running flood, and swoops
The vulture, beak and talon, at the heart
Made for all noble motion. And I saw
That equal baseness lived in sleeker times
With smoother men; the old leaven leaven'd all;
Millions of throats would bawl for civil rights,
No woman named; therefore I set my face
Against all men, and lived but for mine own.
Far off from men I built a fold for them;
I stored it full of rich memorial;
I fenced it round with gallant institutes,
And biting laws to scare the beasts of prey,
And prosper'd, till a rout of saucy boys

Brake on us at our books, and m
our peace,
Mask'd like our maids, bluster
know not what
Of insolence and love, some pr
held
Of baby troth, invalid, since my
Seal'd not the bond — the stripl
— for their sport! —
I tamed my leopards; shall I not
these?
Or you? or I? for since you thin
touch'd
In honor — what! I would not a
of false —
Is not our cause pure? and whe
know
Your prowess, Arac, and what
ther's blood
You draw from, fight! You fa
I abide
What end soever; fail you will
Still,
Take not his life, he risk'd it fo
own;
His mother lives. Yet whatsoe'e
do,
Fight and fight well; strike and s
home. O dear
Brothers, the woman's angel g
you, you
The sole men to be mingled wit
cause,
The sole men we shall prize i
after-time,
Your very armor hallow'd, and
statues
Rear'd, sung to, when, this g
brush'd aside,
We plant a solid foot into the Ti
And mould a generation stro
move
With claim on claim from rig
right, till she
Whose name is yoked with chil
know herself;
And Knowledge in our own
make her free,
And, ever following those two cro
twins,
Commerce and Conquest, showe
fiery grain
Of freedom broadcast over all
orbs
Between the Northern and the S
ern morn.'

came a postscript dash'd across
he rest:
at there be no traitors in your
amp.
m a nest of traitors — none to
rust
our arms fail'd — this Egypt-
lague of men!
our maids were better at their
omes,
ius man-girdled here. Indeed
think
efest comfort is the little child
unworthy mother, which she
eft.
ll not have it back; the child
hall grow
e the authentic mother of her
iind.
t for an hour in mine own bed
rning; there the tender orphan
ands
my heart, and seem'd to charm
rom thence
ith I nursed against the world.
'arewell.'

sed; he said, 'Stubborn, but
he may sit
king's right hand in thunder-
torms,
eed up warriors! See now,
no' yourself
zled by the wildfire Love to
loughs
wallow common sense, the
pindling king,
ma swamp'd in lazy tolerance.
he man wants weight, the wo-
nan takes it up,
pples down the scales; but
his is fixt
the roots of earth and base of
ll, —
the field and woman for the
earth;
the sword, and for the needle
ne;
th the head, and woman with
ne heart;
command, and woman to
bey;
confusion. Look you! the
ray mare
live with, when her whinny
rills

From tile to scullery, and her small goodman
Shrinks in his arm-chair while the fires of hell
Mix with his hearth. But you — she's yet a colt —
Take, break her; strongly groom'd and straitly curb'd
She might not rank with those detestable
That let the bantling scald at home, and brawl
Their rights or wrongs like potherbs in the street.
They say she 's comely; there 's the fairer chance.
I like her none the less for rating at her!
Besides, the woman wed is not as we,
But suffers change of frame. A lusty brace
Of twins may weed her of her folly. Boy,
The bearing and the training of a child
Is woman's wisdom.'
Thus the hard old king.
I took my leave, for it was nearly noon;
I pored upon her letter which I held,
And on the little clause, 'take not his life;'
I mused on that wild morning in the woods,
And on the 'Follow, follow, thou shalt win;'
I thought on all the wrathful king had said,
And how the strange betrothment was to end.
Then I remember'd that burnt sorcerer's curse
That one should fight with shadows and should fall;
And like a flash the weird affection came.
King, camp, and college turn'd to hollow shows;
I seem'd to move in old memorial tilts,
And doing battle with forgotten ghosts,
To dream myself the shadow of a dream;
And ere I woke it was the point of noon,
The lists were ready. Empanoplied and plumed

We enter'd in, and waited, fifty there
Opposed to fifty, till the trumpet blared
At the barrier like a wild horn in a land
Of echoes, and a moment, and once more
The trumpet, and again; at which the storm
Of galloping hoofs bare on the ridge of spears
And riders front to front, until they closed
In conflict with the crash of shivering points,
And thunder. Yet it seem'd a dream, I dream'd
Of fighting. On his haunches rose the steed,
And into fiery splinters leapt the lance,
And out of stricken helmets sprang the fire.
Part sat like rocks; part reel'd but kept their seats;
Part roll'd on the earth and rose again and drew;
Part stumbled mixt with floundering horses. Down
From those two bulks at Arac's side, and down
From Arac's arm, as from a giant's flail,
The large blows rain'd, as here and everywhere
He rode the mellay, lord of the ringing lists,
And all the plain — brand, mace, and shaft, and shield —
Shock'd, like an iron-clanging anvil bang'd
With hammers; till I thought, can this be he
From Gama's dwarfish loins? if this be so,
The mother makes us most — and in my dream
I glanced aside, and saw the palace-front
Alive with fluttering scarfs and ladies' eyes,
And highest, among the statues, statue-like,
Between a cymbal'd Miriam and a Jael,
With Psyche's babe, was Ida watching us,
A single band of gold about her hair,
Like a saint's glory up in heaven
she,
No saint — inexorable — no te
ness —
Too hard, too cruel. Yet she se
fight,
Yea, let her see me fall. With
drave
Among the thickest and bore do
prince,
And Cyril one. Yea, let me mak
dream
All that I would. But that
moulded man,
His visage all agrin as at a wake
Made at me thro' the press, and,
gering back
With stroke on stroke the hors
horseman, came
As comes a pillar of electric clou
Flaying the roofs and sucking u
drains,
And shadowing down the cham
till it strikes
On a wood, and takes, and break
cracks, and splits,
And twists the grain with such
that Earth
Reels, and the herdsmen cry; for
thing
Gave way before him. Only Fl
he
That loved me closer than his
right eye,
Thrust in between; but Arac rod
down.
And Cyril seeing it, push'd again
Prince,
With Psyche's color round his h
tough,
Strong, supple, sinew-corded,
arms;
But tougher, heavier, stronger, h
smote
And threw him. Last I spurr
felt my veins
Stretch with fierce heat; a m
hand to hand,
And sword to sword, and ho
horse we hung,
Till I struck out and shouted; the
glanced,
I did but shear a feather, and
and truth
Flow'd from me; darkness close
and I fell.

hey brought her warrior dead;
nor swoon'd nor utter'd cry.
maidens, watching, said,
must weep or she will die.'

hey praised him, soft and low,
d him worthy to be loved,
friend and noblest foe;
she neither spoke nor moved.

maiden from her place,
tly to the warrior stept,
he face-cloth from the face;
she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee —
Like summer tempest came her tears —
'Sweet my child, I live for thee.'

VI

My dream had never died or lived again;
As in some mystic middle state I lay.
Seeing I saw not, hearing not I heard;
Tho', if I saw not, yet they told me all
So often that I speak as having seen.

'Like summer tempest came her tears —
"Sweet my child, I live for thee"'

For so it seem'd, or so they said to me,
That all things grew more tragic and more strange;
That when our side was vanquish'd and my cause
For ever lost, there went up a great cry,
'The Prince is slain!' My father heard and ran
In on the lists, and there unlaced my casque
And grovell'd on my body, and after him
Came Psyche, sorrowing for Aglaïa.

But high upon the palace Ida stood
With Psyche's babe in arm; there on the roofs
Like that great dame of Lapidoth she sang.

'Our enemies have fallen, have fallen: the seed,
The little seed they laugh'd at in the dark,
Has risen and cleft the soil, and grown a bulk
Of spanless girth, that lays on every side
A thousand arms and rushes to the sun.

'Our enemies have fallen, have fallen they came;
The leaves were wet with women's tears; they heard
A noise of songs they would not understand;
They mark'd it with the red cross to the fall,
And would have strown it, and are fallen themselves.

'Our enemies have fallen, have fallen: they came,
The woodmen with their axes: lo the tree!
But we will make it faggots for the hearth,
And shape it plank and beam for roof and floor,
And boats and bridges for the use of men.

'Our enemies have fallen, have fallen; they struck;
With their own blows they hurt themselves, nor knew
There dwelt an iron nature in the grain;
The glittering axe was broken in the arms,
Their arms were shatter'd to the shoulder blade.

'Our enemies have fallen, but this shall grow
A night of Summer from the heat, a breadth
Of Autumn, dropping fruits of power; and roll'd
With music in the growing breeze of
The tops shall strike from star to sta
fangs
Shall move the stony bases of the wo

'And now, O maids, behold sanctuary
Is violate, our laws broken; fear w
To break them more in their be
whose arms
Champion'd our cause and won it
a day
Blanch'd in our annals, and perp
feast,
When dames and heroines of
golden year
Shall strip a hundred hollows b
Spring,
To rain an April of ovation roun
Their statues, borne aloft, the t
but come,
We will be liberal, since our righ
won.
Let them not lie in the tents
coarse mankind,
Ill nurses; but descend, and p
these
The brethren of our blood and
that there
Lie bruised and maim'd, the t
ministries
Of female hands and hospitality

She spoke, and with the babe
her arms,
Descending, burst the great b
valves, and led
A hundred maids in train acro
park.
Some cowl'd, and some bare-he
on they came,
Their feet in flowers, her lov
By them went
The enamor'd air sighing, and o
curls
From the high tree the blossom
ering fell,
And over them the tremulous is
light
Slided, they moving under shad
Blanche
At distance follow'd. So they
anon
Thro' open field into the list
wound
Timorously; and as the leader
herd

ds a stately fretwork to the
n,
ow'd up by a hundred airy
es,
th a tender foot, light as on
,
ly, lordly creature floated on
e her wounded brethren lay;
ere stay'd,
one knee, — the child on one,
and prest
nds, and call'd them dear de-
rerers,
ppy warriors, and immortal
mes,
l, 'You shall not lie in the
its, but here,
sed by those for whom you
ught, and served
nale hands and hospitality.'

whether moved by this, or
as it chance,
my way. Up started from
y side
ion, glaring with his whelp-
s eye,
out when she saw me lying
rk,
d and mute, and motionlessly
le,
en to her, she sigh'd; and
nen she saw
gard father's face and rever-
d beard
r twine, all dabbled with the
ood
yn son, shudder'd, a twitch of
in
her mouth, and o'er her
rehead past
y, and her hue changed, and
e said:
d my life; my brother slew
n for it.'
; at which the king in bitter
orn
m my neck the painting and
e tress,
l them up. She saw them,
d a day
n the distance on her memory,
ne good queen, her mother,
ore the tress
sses, ere the days of Lady
anche.

And then once more she look'd at my
pale face;
Till understanding all the foolish work
Of Fancy, and the bitter close of all,
Her iron will was broken in her mind;
Her noble heart was molten in her
breast;
She bow'd, she set the child on the
earth; she laid
A feeling finger on my brows, and
presently
'O Sire,' she said, 'he lives; he is
not dead!
O, let me have him with my brethren
here
In our own palace; we will tend on
him
Like one of these; if so, by any
means,
To lighten this great clog of thanks,
that make
Our progress falter to the woman's
goal.'

She said; but at the happy word
'he lives!'
My father stoop'd, re-father'd o'er my
wounds.
So those two foes above my fallen
life,
With brow to brow like night and
evening mixt
Their dark and gray, while Psyche
ever stole
A little nearer, till the babe that by
us,
Half-lapt in glowing gauze and golden
brede,
Lay like a new-fallen meteor on the
grass,
Uncared for, spied its mother and
began
A blind and babbling laughter, and to
dance
Its body, and reach its fatling inno-
cent arms
And lazy lingering fingers. She the
appeal
Brook'd not, but clamoring out 'Mine
— mine — not yours!
It is not yours, but mine; give me the
child!'
Ceased all on tremble; piteous was
the cry.
So stood the unhappy mother open
mouth'd,

And turn'd each face her way. Wan was her cheek
With hollow watch, her blooming mantle torn,
Red grief and mother's hunger in her eye,
And down dead-heavy sank her curls, and half
The sacred mother's bosom, panting, burst
The laces toward her babe; but she nor cared
Nor knew it, clamoring on, till Ida heard,
Look'd up, and rising slowly from me, stood
Erect and silent, striking with her glance
The mother, me, the child. But he that lay
Beside us, Cyril, batter'd as he was,
Trail'd himself up on one knee; then he drew
Her robe to meet his lips, and down she look'd
At the arm'd man sideways, pitying as it seem'd,
Or self-involved; but when she learnt his face,
Remembering his ill-omen'd song, arose
Once more thro' all her height, and o'er him grew
Tall as a figure lengthen'd on the sand
When the tide ebbs in sunshine, and he said:

'O fair and strong and terrible! Lioness
That with your long locks play the lion's mane!
But Love and Nature, these are two more terrible
And stronger. See, your foot is on our necks,
We vanquish'd, you the victor of your will.
What would you more? give her the child! remain
Orb'd in your isolation; he is dead,
Or all as dead: henceforth we let you be.
Win you the hearts of women; and beware
Lest, where you seek the common love of these,

The common hate with the rev wheel
Should drag you down, and great Nemesis
Break from a darken'd future, cr with fire,
And tread you out for ever. howsoe'er
Fixt in yourself, never in you arms
To hold your own, deny not h her,
Give her the child! O, if, I sa keep
One pulse that beats true wor you loved
The breast that fed or arm tha dled you,
Or own one port of sense not f prayer,
Give her the child! or if you s lay it,
Yourself, in hands so lately with yours,
Or speak to her, your dearest, h fault
The tenderness, not yours, that not kill,
Give *me* it; *I* will give it her.'
H
At first her eye with slow d roll'd
Dry flame, she listening; afte and sank
And, into mournful twilight n ing, dwelt
Full on the child. She to 'Pretty bud!
Lily of the vale! half-open'd the woods!
Sole comfort of my dark hour a world
Of traitorous friend and broken made
No purple in the distance, mys
Pledge of a love not to be min well!
These men are hard upon us as
We two must part; and yet h was I
To dream thy cause embraced i to think
I might be something to thee, felt
Thy helpless warmth about my breast

'Then felt it sound and whole from head to foot,
And hugg'd and never hugg'd it close enough'

dead prime; but may thy mo-
ther prove
e to thee as false, false, false to
me!
f thou needs must bear the
yoke, I wish it
as freedom' — here she kiss'd
t; then —
od go with thee! take it, sir,'
nd so
e soft babe in his hard-mailed
hands,
urn'd half-round to Psyche as
he sprang
t it, with an eye that swum in
hanks;
felt it sound and whole from
ead to foot,
gg'd and never hugg'd it close
nough,
her hunger mouth'd and mum-
bled it,
And hid her bosom with it; after that
Put on more calm and added suppliantly:

'We two were friends: I go to mine own land
For ever. Find some other; as for me
I scarce am fit for your great plans: yet speak to me,
Say one soft word and let me part forgiven.'

But Ida spoke not, rapt upon the child.
Then Arac: 'Ida — 'sdeath! you blame the man;
You wrong yourselves — the woman is so hard
Upon the woman. Come, a grace to me!

I am your warrior; I and mine have fought
Your battle. Kiss her; take her hand, she weeps.
'Sdeath! I would sooner fight thrice o'er than see it.'

But Ida spoke not, gazing on the ground.
And reddening in the furrows of his chin,
And moved beyond his custom, Gama said:

'I've heard that there is iron in the blood,
And I believe it. Not one word? not one?
Whence drew you this steel temper? not from me,
Not from your mother, now a saint with saints.
She said you had a heart—I heard her say it—
"Our Ida has a heart"—just ere she died—
"But see that some one with authority
Be near her still;" and I—I sought for one—
All people said she had authority—
The Lady Blanche—much profit! Not one word;
No! tho' your father sues. See how you stand
Stiff as Lot's wife, and all the good knights maim'd,
I trust that there is no one hurt to death,
For your wild whim. And was it then for this,
Was it for this we gave our palace up,
Where we withdrew from summer heats and state,
And had our wine and chess beneath the planes,
And many a pleasant hour with her that's gone,
Ere you were born to vex us? Is it kind?
Speak to her, I say; is this not she of whom,
When first she came, all flush'd you said to me,
Now had you got a friend of your own age,
Now could you share your th
now should men see
Two women faster welded i
love
Than pairs of wedlock? she you
with, she
You talk'd with, whole nights
up in the tower,
Of sine and arc, spheroid an
muth,
And right ascension, heaven
what; and now
A word, but one, one little
word,
Not one to spare her! Out upo
flint!
You love nor her, nor me, nor
nay,
You shame your mother's jud
too. Not one?
You will not? well—no heart
you, or such
As fancies like the vermin in a
Have fretted all to dust and
ness.'
So said the small king moved b
his wont.

But Ida stood nor spoke, dra
her force
By many a varying influence
long.
Down thro' her limbs a dr
languor wept;
Her head a little bent; and
mouth
A doubtful smile dwelt like a c
moon
In a still water. Then brake
sire,
Lifting his grim head fro
wounds: 'O you,
Woman, whom we thought
even now,
And were half fool'd to let yo
our son,
Because he might have wish'd it
we see
The accomplice of your madn
forgiven,
And think that you might
draught with death,
When your skies change agai
rougher hand
Is safer. On to the tents; take
Prince.'

ose, and while each ear was
rick'd to attend
est, thro' the cloud that dimm'd
er broke
l warmth and light once more,
nd shone
ittering drops on her sad friend.
'Come hither,
he,' she cried out, 'embrace
ne, come,
while I melt; make reconcile-
ment sure
ne that cannot keep her mind
n hour;
o the hollow heart they slander
o!
d be friends, like children being
hid!
no more, *I* want forgiveness
oo;
d have had to do with none
ut maids,
ave no links with men. Ah
lse but dear,
itor, too much loved, why?—
hy?—yet see
hese kings we embrace you yet
nce more
l forgiveness, all oblivion,
st, not love, you less.
And now, O Sire,
ne your son, to nurse, to wait
pon him,
ne own brother. For my debt
o him,
ghtmare weight of gratitude, I
low it.
ne no more; yourself and yours
all have
lit; we will scatter all our
aids
pier times each to her proper
earth.
se to keep them here—now?
rant my prayer.
ther, brother, help; speak to
ne king;
is male nature to some touch
that
kills me with myself, and
ags me down
y fixt height to mob me up
ith all
and milky rabble of woman-
nd,
akling even as they are.'

Passionate tears
Follow'd; the king replied not; Cyril said:
'Your brother, lady,—Florian,—ask for him
Of your great Head—for he is wounded too—
That you may tend upon him with the Prince.'
'Ay, so,' said Ida with a bitter smile,
'Our laws are broken; let him enter too.'
Then Violet, she that sang the mournful song,
And had a cousin tumbled on the plain,
Petition'd too for him. 'Ay, so,' she said,
'I stagger in the stream; I cannot keep
My heart an eddy from the brawling hour.
We break our laws with ease, but let it be.'
'Ay, so?' said Blanche: 'Amazed am I to hear
Your Highness; but your Highness breaks with ease
The law your Highness did not make; 't was I.
I had been wedded wife, I knew mankind,
And block'd them out; but these men came to woo
Your Highness,—verily I think to win.'

So she, and turn'd askance a wintry eye;
But Ida, with a voice that, like a bell
Toll'd by an earthquake in a trembling tower,
Rang ruin, answer'd full of grief and scorn:

'Fling our doors wide! all, all, not one, but all,
Not only he, but by my mother's soul,
Whatever man lies wounded, friend or foe,
Shall enter, if he will! Let our girls flit,
Till the storm die! but had you stood by us,
The roar that breaks the Pharos from his base
Had left us rock. She fain would sting us too,

But shall not. Pass, and mingle with your likes.
We brook no further insult, but are gone.'

She turn'd; the very nape of her white neck
Was rosed with indignation; but the Prince
Her brother came; the king her father charm'd
Her wounded soul with words; nor did mine own
Refuse her proffer, lastly gave his hand.

Then us they lifted up, dead weights, and bare
Straight to the doors; to them the doors gave way
Groaning, and in the vestal entry shriek'd
The virgin marble under iron heels.
And on they moved and gain'd the hall, and there
Rested; but great the crush was, and each base,
To left and right, of those tall columns drown'd
In silken fluctuation and the swarm
Of female whisperers. At the further end
Was Ida by the throne, the two great cats
Close by her, like supporters on a shield,
Bow-back'd with fear; but in the centre stood
The common men with rolling eyes; amazed
They glared upon the women, and aghast
The women stared at these, all silent, save
When armor clash'd or jingled, while the day,
Descending, struck athwart the hall, and shot
A flying splendor out of brass and steel,
That o'er the statues leapt from head to head,
Now fired an angry Pallas on the helm,
Now set a wrathful Dian's moon on flame;
And now and then an echo started up,
And shuddering fled from room to room, and died
Of fright in far apartments.
Then the v
Of Ida sounded, issuing ordinance
And me they bore up the broad st and thro'
The long-laid galleries past a hund doors
To one deep chamber shut from sou and due
To languid limbs and sickness, me in it;
And others otherwhere they laid; all
That afternoon a sound arose of h
And chariot, many a maiden pas home
Till happier times; but some v left of those
Held sagest, and the great lords and in,
From those two hosts that lay be the wall,
Walk'd at their will, and everyth was changed.

Ask me no more: the moon may draw sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven take the shape,
With fold to fold, of mountain or of c
But O too fond, when have I answer'd t
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer shou give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine seal'd;
I strove against the stream and all in v
Let the great river take me to the m
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yi
Ask me no more.

VII

So was their sanctuary violated,
So their fair college turn'd to hosp
At first with all confusion; by an
Sweet order lived again with c laws,
A kindlier influence reign'd, everywhere

oices with the ministering hand
round the sick. The maidens
came, they talk'd,
sang, they read; till she not fair
began
ther light, and she that was be-
came
rmer beauty treble; and to and
fro
books, with flowers, with angel
offices,
creatures native unto gracious
act,
n their own clear element, they
moved.

sadness on the soul of Ida fell,
natred of her weakness, blent
with shame.
udies fail'd; seldom she spoke;
but oft
to the roofs, and gazed alone
for hours
t disastrous leaguer, swarms of
men
ning her female field. Void
was her use,
he as one that climbs a peak to
gaze
nd and main, and sees a great
black cloud
inward from the deeps, a wall
of night,
ut the slope of sea from verge
to shore,
uck the blinding splendor from
the sand,
uenching lake by lake and tarn
by tarn
ge the world; so fared she gaz-
ing there,
cken'd all her world in secret,
blank
waste it seem'd and vain; till
down she came,
und fair peace once more among
the sick.

twilight dawn'd; and morn by
morn the lark
p and shrill'd in flickering gyres,
but I
ilent in the muffled cage of
life.
wilight gloom'd, and broader-
grown the bowers

Drew the great night into themselves,
and heaven,
Star after star, arose and fell; but I,
Deeper than those weird doubts could
reach me, lay
Quite sunder'd from the moving Uni-
verse,
Nor knew what eye was on me, nor
the hand
That nursed me, more than infants in
their sleep.

But Psyche tended Florian; with
her oft
Melissa came, for Blanche had gone,
but left
Her child among us, willing she should
keep
Court-favor. Here and there the small
bright head,
A light of healing, glanced about the
couch,
Or thro' the parted silks the tender
face
Peep'd, shining in upon the wounded
man
With blush and smile, a medicine in
themselves
To wile the length from languorous
hours, and draw
The sting from pain; nor seem'd it
strange that soon
He rose up whole, and those fair char-
ities
Join'd at her side; nor stranger seem'd
that hearts
So gentle, so employ'd, should close
in love,
Than when two dewdrops on the
petal shake
To the same sweet air, and tremble
deeper down,
And slip at once all-fragrant into one.

Less prosperously the second suit
obtain'd
At first with Psyche. Not tho' Blanche
had sworn
That after that dark night among the
fields
She needs must wed him for her own
good name;
Not tho' he built upon the babe re-
stored;
Not tho' she liked him, yielded she,
but fear'd

To incense the Head once more; till on a day
When Cyril pleaded, Ida came behind
Seen but of Psyche; on her foot she hung
A moment, and she heard, at which her face
A little flush'd, and she past on; but each
Assumed from thence a half-consent involved
In stillness, plighted troth, and were at peace.

Nor only these; Love in the sacred halls
Held carnival at will, and flying struck
With showers of random sweet on maid and man.
Nor did her father cease to press my claim,
Nor did mine own now reconciled; nor yet
Did those twin brothers, risen again and whole;
Nor Arac, satiate with his victory.

But I lay still, and with me oft she sat.
Then came a change; for sometimes I would catch
Her hand in wild delirium, gripe it hard,
And fling it like a viper off, and shriek,
'You are not Ida;' clasp it once again,
And call her Ida, tho' I knew her not,
And call her sweet, as if in irony,
And call her hard and cold, which seem'd a truth;
And still she fear'd that I should lose my mind,
And often she believed that I should die;
Till out of long frustration of her care,
And pensive tendance in the all-weary noons,
And watches in the dead, the dark, when clocks
Throbb'd thunder thro' the palace floors, or call'd
On flying Time from all their silver tongues—
And out of memories of her kindlier days,

And sidelong glances at my fat
grief,
And at the happy lovers hea
heart—
And out of hauntings of my sp
love,
And lonely listenings to my mut
dream,
And often feeling of the helpless h
And wordless broodings on the w
cheek—
From all a closer interest flourish'
Tenderness touch by touch, and
to these,
Love, like an Alpine harebell
with tears
By some cold morning glacier; fr
first
And feeble, all unconscious of its
But such as gather'd color day by

Last I woke sane, but well-nigh
to death
For weakness. It was evening; s
light
Slept on the painted walls, wh
were wrought
Two grand designs; for on one
arose
The women up in wild revolt,
storm'd
At the Oppian law. Titanic sh
they cramm'd
The forum, and half-crush'd a
the rest
A dwarf-like Cato cower'd. O
other side
Hortensia spoke against the tax
hind,
A train of dames. By axe and
sat,
With all their foreheads draw
Roman scowls,
And half the wolf's-milk curdl
their veins,
The fierce triumvirs; and before
paused
Hortensia, pleading; angry was
face.

I saw the forms; I knew not w
I was.
They did but look like hollow sh
nor more
Sweet Ida. Palm to palm she
the dew

in her eyes, and softer all her
hape
ounder seem'd. I moved, I
igh'd; a touch
ound my wrist, and tears upon
ny hand.
l for languor and self-pity ran
own my face, and with what
fe I had,
e a flower that cannot all un-
old,
ch'd it is with tempest, to the
un,
it may, turns toward him, I on
er
faint eyes, and utter'd whis-
eringly:

ou be what I think you, some
weet dream,

I would but ask you to fulfil yourself;
But if you be that Ida whom I knew,
I ask you nothing; only, if a dream,
Sweet dream, be perfect. I shall die
to-night.
Stoop down and seem to kiss me ere I
die.'

I could no more, but lay like one in
trance,
That hears his burial talk'd of by his
friends,
And cannot speak, nor move, nor make
one sign,
But lies and dreads his doom. She
turn'd, she paused,
She stoop'd; and out of languor leapt
a cry,
Leapt fiery Passion from the brinks of
death,

"'I shall die to-night.
Stoop down and seem to kiss me ere I die"'

And I believed that in the living world
My spirit closed with Ida's at the lips;
Till back I fell, and from mine arms she rose
Glowing all over noble shame; and all
Her falser self slipt from her like a robe,
And left her woman, lovelier in her mood
Than in her mould that other, when she came
From barren deeps to conquer all with love,
And down the streaming crystal dropt; and she
Far-fleeted by the purple island-sides,
Naked, a double light in air and wave,
To meet her Graces, where they deck'd her out
For worship without end — nor end of mine,
Stateliest, for thee! but mute she glided forth,
Nor glanced behind her, and I sank and slept,
Fill'd thro' and thro' with love, a happy sleep.

Deep in the night I woke: she, near me, held
A volume of the poets of her land.
There to herself, all in low tones, she read:

'Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font.
The fire-fly wakens; waken thou with me.

'Now droops the milk-white peacock like a ghost,
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

'Now lies the Earth all Danaë to the stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

'Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

'Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake.
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.'

I heard her turn the page; she f
a small
Sweet idyl, and once more, as low
read:

'Come down, O maid, from yo
mountain height.
What pleasure lives in height (the shep
sang),
In height and cold, the splendor o
hills?
But cease to move so near the heavens
cease
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted pin
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;
And come, for Love is of the valley,
For Love is of the valley, come thou d
And find him; by the happy threshold
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the m
Or red with spirted purple of the vats,
Or foxlike in the vine; nor cares to wa
With Death and Morning on the S
Horns,
Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ra
Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ic
That huddling slant in furrow-cloven
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors.
But follow; let the torrent dance
down
To find him in the valley; let the wild
Lean-headed eagles yelp alone, and le
The monstrous ledges there to slope
spill
Their thousand wreaths of dangling w
smoke,
That like a broken purpose waste in ai
So waste not thou, but come; for al
vales
Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth
Arise to thee; the children call, and I
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is
sound,
Sweeter thy voice, but every sou
sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the
The moan of doves in immemorial elm
And murmuring of innumerable bees.'

So she low-toned, while with
eyes I lay
Listening, then look'd. Pale wa
perfect face;
The bosom with long sighs lab
and meek
Seem'd the full lips, and mild
luminous eyes,
And the voice trembled and the h
She said
Brokenly, that she knew it, she
fail'd
In sweet humility, had fail'd in a
That all her labor was but as a bl

the quarry; but she still were
loth,
ll were loth to yield herself to
one
holly scorn'd to help their equal
rights
st the sons of men and barbarous
laws.
ay'd me not to judge their cause
from her
vrong'd it, sought far less for
truth than power
wledge. Something wild with-
in her breast,
ter than all knowledge, beat her
down.
he had nursed me there from
week to week;
had she learnt in little time. In
part
ill counsel had misled the girl
true hearts; yet was she but a
girl—
ol, and made myself a queen of
farce!
comes another such? never, I
think,
e sun drop, dead, from the signs.'
Her voice
d, and her forehead sank upon
her hands,
er great heart thro' all the fault-
ful past
sorrowing in a pause I dared not
break;
tice of a change in the dark
world
spt about the acacias, and a
bird,
arly woke to feed her little ones,
om a dewy breast a cry for light.
ved, and at her feet the volume
fell.

me not thyself too much,' I
said, 'nor blame
uch the sons of men and bar-
barous laws;
were the rough ways of the
world till now.
orth thou hast a helper, me,
that know
oman's cause is man's; they
rise or sink
er, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or
free.

For she that out of Lethe scales with
man
The shining steps of Nature, shares
with man
His nights, his days, moves with him
to one goal,
Stays all the fair young planet in her
hands—
If she be small, slight-natured, miser-
able,
How shall men grow? but work no
more alone!
Our place is much; as far as in us lies
We two will serve them both in aid-
ing her—
Will clear away the parasitic forms
That seem to keep her up but drag
her down—
Will leave her space to burgeon out
of all
Within her—let her make herself her
own
To give or keep, to live and learn and
be
All that not harms distinctive woman-
hood.
For woman is not undevelopt man,
But diverse. Could we make her as
the man,
Sweet Love were slain; his dearest
bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they
grow;
The man be more of woman, she of
man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral
height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that
throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in child-
ward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger
mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of
Time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all
their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the to-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing
each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other even as those who
love.

Then comes the statelier Eden back to men;
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm;
Then springs the crowning race of humankind.
May these things be!'
Sighing she spoke: 'I fear
They will not.'
'Dear, but let us type them now
In our own lives, and this proud watchword rest
Of equal; seeing either sex alone
Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
Nor equal, nor unequal. Each fulfils
Defect in each, and always thought in thought,
Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow,
The single pure and perfect animal,
The two-cell'd heart beating, with one full stroke,
Life.'
And again sighing she spoke: 'A dream
That once was mine! what woman taught you this?'

'Alone,' I said, 'from earlier than I know,
Immersed in rich foreshadowings of the world,
I loved the woman. He, that doth not, lives
A drowning life, besotted in sweet self,
Or pines in sad experience worse than death,
Or keeps his wing'd affections clipt with crime.
Yet was there one thro' whom I loved her, one
Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
Interpreter between the gods and men,
Who look'd all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seem'd to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
Sway'd to her from their orbits as they moved,
And girdled her with music. He
he
With such a mother! faith in wo
kind
Beats with his blood, and trust i
things high
Comes easy to him, and tho' he
and fall
He shall not blind his soul with c
'B
Said Ida, tremulously, 'so all unli
It seems you love to cheat you
with words;
This mother is your model. I
heard
Of your strange doubts; they
might be; I seem
A mockery to my own self. N
Prince!
You cannot love me.'
'Nay, but thee,' I
'From yearlong poring on thy
tured eyes,
Ere seen I loved, and loved thee
and saw
Thee woman thro' the crust of
moods
That mask'd thee from men's r
ence up, and forced
Sweet love on pranks of saucy
hood; now,
Given back to life, to life indeed,
thee,
Indeed I love. The new day c
the light
Dearer for night, as dearer tho
faults
Lived over. Lift thine eyes;
doubts are dead,
My haunting sense of hollow sh
the change,
This truthful change in thee has
it. Dear,
Look up, and let thy nature stri
mine,
Like yonder morning on the
half-world.
Approach and fear not; breathe
my brows;
In that fine air I tremble, all the
Melts mist-like into this bright
and this
Is morn to more, and all the ri
come
Reels, as the golden Autumn
land reels

'"A dream
That once was mine! what woman taught you this?"'

the smoke of burning weeds.
orgive me,
my heart in signs; let be.
y bride,
, my life! O, we will walk
is world,
n all exercise of noble end,
thro' those dark gates across
e wild
man knows. Indeed I love
ee; come,
yself up; my hopes and thine
e one.
ish thou my manhood and
yself;
sweet hands in mine and
ust to me.'

CONCLUSION

l our tale, of which I give
u all

The random scheme as wildly as it rose.
The words are mostly mine; for when we ceased
There came a minute's pause, and Walter said,
'I wish she had not yielded!' then to me,
'What if you drest it up poetically!'
So pray'd the men, the women; I gave assent.
Yet how to bind the scatter'd scheme of seven
Together in one sheaf? What style could suit?
The men required that I should give throughout
The sort of mock-heroic gigantesque,
With which we banter'd little Lilia first;
The women — and perhaps they felt their power,

For something in the ballads which they sang,
Or in their silent influence as they sat,
Had ever seem'd to wrestle with burlesque,
And drove us, last, to quite a solemn close —
They hated banter, wish'd for something real,
A gallant fight, a noble princess — why
Not make her true-heroic — true-sublime ?
Or all, they said, as earnest as the close ?
Which yet with such a framework scarce could be.
Then rose a little feud betwixt the two,
Betwixt the mockers and the realists ;
And I, betwixt them both, to please them both,
And yet to give the story as it rose,
I moved as in a strange diagonal,
And maybe neither pleased myself nor them.

But Lilia pleased me, for she took no part
In our dispute ; the sequel of the tale
Had touch'd her, and she sat, she pluck'd the grass,
She flung it from her, thinking ; last, she fixt
A showery glance upon her aunt, and said,
'You — tell us what we are' — who might have told,
For she was cramm'd with theories out of books,
But that there rose a shout. The gates were closed
At sunset, and the crowd were swarming now,
To take their leave, about the garden rails.

So I and some went out to these ; we climb'd
The slope to Vivian-place, and turning saw
The happy valleys, half in light, and half
Far-shadowing from the west, a land of peace ;

Gray halls alone among their mass
groves ;
Trim hamlets ; here and there a ru
tower
Half-lost in belts of hop and bread
of wheat ;
The shimmering glimpses of a strea
the seas ;
A red sail, or a white ; and far
yond,
Imagined more than seen, the sk
of France.

'Look there, a garden !' said
college friend,
The Tory member's elder son, '
there !
God bless the narrow sea which ke
her off,
And keeps our Britain, whole wit
herself,
A nation yet, the rulers and the rule
Some sense of duty, something o
faith,
Some reverence for the laws oursel
have made,
Some patient force to change th
when we will,
Some civic manhood firm against
crowd —
But yonder, whiff ! there comes a s
den heat,
The gravest citizen seems to lose
head,
The king is scared, the soldier will
fight,
The little boys begin to shoot
stab,
A kingdom toppies over with a sh
Like an old woman, and down r
the world
In mock heroics stranger than
own ;
Revolts, republics, revolutions, m
No graver than a schoolboys' bar
out ;
Too comic for the solemn things t
are,
Too solemn for the comic touche
them,
Like our wild Princess with as wi
dream
As some of theirs — God bless the
row seas !
I wish they were a whole Atla
broad.'

ave patience,' I replied, 'our-
selves are full
cial wrong; and maybe wildest
dreams
out the needful preludes of the
truth.
ne, the genial day, the happy
crowd,
sport half-science, fill me with a
faith,
fine old world of ours is but a
child
n the go-cart. Patience! Give
it time
arn its limbs; there is a hand that
guides.'

such discourse we gain'd the
garden rails,

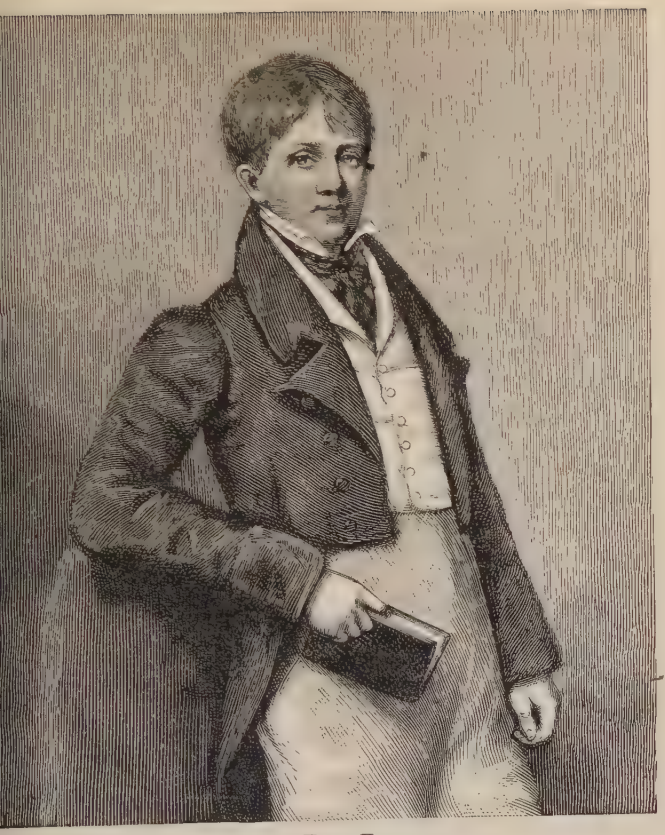
And there we saw Sir Walter where
he stood,
Before a tower of crimson holly-oaks,
Among six boys, head under head, and
look'd
No little lily-handed baronet he,
A great broad-shoulder'd genial Eng-
lishman,
A lord of fat prize-oxen and of sheep,
A raiser of huge melons and of
pine,
A patron of some thirty charities,
A pamphleteer on guano and on grain,
A quarter-sessions chairman, abler
none;
Fair-hair'd and redder than a windy
morn;
Now shaking hands with him, now
him, of those

"You — tell us what we are" —

That stood the nearest — now address'd
to speech —
Who spoke few words and pithy, such
as closed
Welcome, farewell, and welcome for
the year
To follow. A shout rose again, and
made
The long line of the approaching rook-
ery swerve
From the elms, and shook the branches
of the deer
From slope to slope thro' distant ferns,
and rang
Beyond the bourn of sunset — O, a
shout
More joyful than the city-roar that
hails
Premier or king! Why should not
these great sirs
Give up their parks some dozen times
a year
To let the people breathe? So thrice
they cried,
I likewise, and in groups they stream'd
away.

But we went back to the Al
and sat on,
So much the gathering dark
charm'd; we sat
But spoke not, rapt in nameless
erie,
Perchance upon the future man.
walls
Blacken'd about us, bats wheel'd,
owls whoop'd,
And gradually the powers of
night,
That range above the region of
wind,
Deepening the courts of twilight b
them up
Thro' all the silent spaces of
worlds,
Beyond all thought into the he
of heavens.

Last little Lilia, rising quietly,
Disrobed the glimmering statue o
Ralph
From those rich silks, and home
pleased we went.



ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM

IN MEMORIAM A. H. H.

OBIIT MDCCCXXXIII

ng Son of God, immortal Love,
om we, that have not seen thy face,
faith, and faith alone, embrace,
ving where we cannot prove;

are these orbs of light and shade;
ou madest Life in man and brute;
ou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
the skull which thou hast made.

Death's skull

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou.
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock thee when we do not fear:
But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me,
What seem'd my worth since I began;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

1849.

I

I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both
drown'd,
Let darkness keep her raven glo
Ah, sweeter to be drunk with lo
To dance with Death, to beat
ground,

Than that the victor Hours sho
scorn
The long result of love, and boa
'Behold the man that loved and l
But all he was is overworn.'

II

Old yew, which graspest at the sto
That name the underlying dead
Thy fibres net the dreamless hea
Thy roots are wrapt about the bo

The seasons bring the flower agai
And bring the firstling to the fl
And in the dusk of thee the clo
Beats out the little lives of men.

O, not for thee the glow, the bloo
Who changest not in any gale,
Nor branding summer suns ava
To touch thy thousand years of glo

And gazing on thee, sullen tree,
Sick for thy stubborn hardihood
I seem to fail from out my bloo
And grow incorporate into thee.

III

O Sorrow, cruel fellowship,
O Priestess in the vaults of Dea
O sweet and bitter in a breath,
What whispers from thy lying lip

'The stars,' she whispers, 'bli
run;
A web is woven across the sky;
From out waste places comes a
And murmurs from the dying sun

'And all the phantom, Nat
stands—
With all the music in her tone,
A hollow echo of my own,—
A hollow form with empty hands.

And shall I take a thing so blind,
Embrace her as my natural goo
Or crush her, like a vice of bloo
Upon the threshold of the mind?

IV

p I give my powers away ;
ill is bondsman to the dark ;
within a helmless bark,
th my heart I muse and say :

, how fares it with thee now,
thou shouldst fail from thy
esire,
scarcely darest to inquire,
is it makes me beat so low ?'

ing it is which thou hast lost,
pleasure from thine early
ears.
, thou deep vase of chilling
ears,
ief hath shaken into frost !

ouds of nameless trouble cross
ight below the darken'd eyes ;
morning wakes the will, and
ries.
shalt not be the fool of loss.'

V

imes hold it half a sin
it in words the grief I feel ;
ords, like Nature, half reveal
lf conceal the Soul within.

r the unquiet heart and brain,
in measured language lies ;
ad mechanic exercise,
ll narcotics, numbing pain.

s, like weeds, I 'll wrap me o'er,
coarsest clothes against the
old ;
hat large grief which these en-
old
in outline and no more.

VI

tes, that 'other friends remain,'
'loss is common to the race' —
common is the commonplace,
ant chaff well meant for grain.

ss is common would not make
wn less bitter, rather more.
ommon ! Never morning wore
ing, but some heart did break.

r, wheresoe'er thou be,
pledgest now thy gallant son,
A shot, ere half thy draught be done,
Hath still'd the life that beat from thee.

O mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor, — while thy head is
bow'd,
His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave.

Ye know no more than I who wrought
At that last hour to please him well ;
Who mused on all I had to tell,
And something written, something
thought ;

Expecting still his advent home ;
And ever met him on his way
With wishes, thinking, 'here to-day,'
Or 'here to-morrow will he come.'

O, somewhere, meek, unconscious
dove,
That sittest ranging golden hair ;
And glad to find thyself so fair,
Poor child, that waitest for thy love !

For now her father's chimney glows
In expectation of a guest :
And thinking 'this will please him
best,'
She takes a riband or a rose ;

For he will see them on to-night ;
And with the thought her color
burns ;
And, having left the glass, she turns
Once more to set a ringlet right ;

And, even when she turn'd, the curse
Had fallen, and her future lord
Was drown'd in passing thro' the
ford,
Or kill'd in falling from his horse.

O, what to her shall be the end ?
And what to me remains of good ?
To her perpetual maidenhood,
And unto me no second friend.

VII

Dark house, by which once more I
stand
Here in the long unlovely street,
Doors, where my heart was used to
beat
So quickly, waiting for a hand,

A hand that can be clasp'd no more—
Behold me, for I cannot sleep,
And like a guilty thing I creep
At earliest morning to the door.

He is not here; but far away
The noise of life begins again,
And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain
On the bald street breaks the blank day.

VIII

A happy lover who has come
To look on her that loves him well,
Who 'lights and rings the gateway bell,
And learns her gone and far from home;

He saddens, all the magic light
Dies off at once from bower and hall,
And all the place is dark, and all
The chambers emptied of delight:

So find I every pleasant spot
In which we two were wont to meet,
The field, the chamber, and the street,
For all is dark where thou art not.

Yet as that other, wandering there
In those deserted walks, may find
A flower beat with rain and wind,
Which once she foster'd up with care;

So seems it in my deep regret,
O my forsaken heart, with thee
And this poor flower of poesy
Which, little cared for, fades not yet.

But since it pleased a vanish'd eye,
I go to plant it on his tomb,
That if it can it there may bloom,
Or, dying, there at least may die.

IX

Fair ship, that from the Italian shore
Sailest the placid ocean-plains
With my lost Arthur's loved remains,
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.

So draw him home to those that mourn
In vain; a favorable speed
Ruffle thy mirror'd mast, and l
Thro' prosperous floods his holy

All night no ruder air perplex
Thy sliding keel, till Phos bright
As our pure love, thro' early li
Shall glimmer on the dewy deck

Sphere all your lights around, ab
Sleep, gentle heavens, before prow;
Sleep, gentle winds, as he s now,
My friend, the brother of my lov

My Arthur, whom I shall not see
Till all my widow'd race be ru
Dear as the mother to the son,
More than my brothers are to me

X

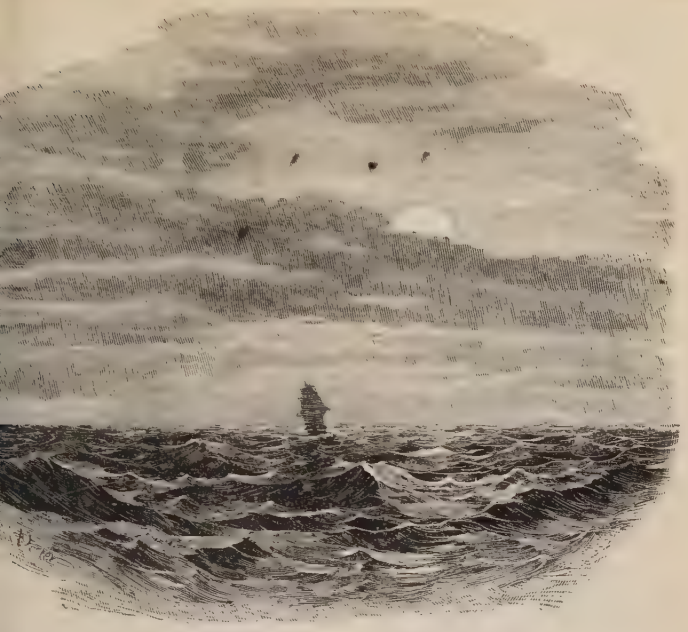
I hear the noise about thy keel;
I hear the bell struck in the ni
I see the cabin-window bright
I see the sailor at the wheel.

Thou bring'st the sailor to his w
And travell'd men from fo lands;
And letters unto trembling ha
And, thy dark freight, a va life.

So bring him; we have idle dre
This look of quiet flatters thus
Our home-bred fancies. O, to
The fools of habit, sweeter seem

To rest beneath the clover sod,
That takes the sunshine an rains,
Or where the kneeling hamlet
The chalice of the grapes of Go

Than if with thee the roaring w
Should gulf him fathom-de brine,
And hands so often clasp mine,
Should toss with tangle and shells.



'Fair ship, that from the Italian shore
Sailest the placid ocean-plains'

XI

s the morn without a sound,
as to suit a calmer grief,
only thro' the faded leaf
estnut pattering to the ground;

and deep peace on this high
wold,
on these dews that drench the
furze,
all the silvery gossamers
winkle into green and gold;

and still light on yon great
plain
sweeps with all its autumn
powers,
crowded farms and lessening
towers,
gle with the bounding main;

nd deep peace in this wide air,
e leaves that redden to the fall,
And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair;

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
And waves that sway themselves in
rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving
deep.

XII

Lo, as a dove when up she springs
To bear thro' heaven a tale of
woe,
Some dolorous message knit be-
low
The wild pulsation of her wings;

Like her I go, I cannot stay;
I leave this mortal ark behind,
A weight of nerves without a
mind,
And leave the cliffs, and haste away

O'er ocean-mirrors rounded large,
And reach the glow of southern skies,
And see the sails at distance rise,
And linger weeping on the marge,

And saying, 'Comes he thus, my friend?
Is this the end of all my care?
And circle moaning in the air,
'Is this the end? Is this the end?'

And forward dart again, and play
About the prow, and back return
To where the body sits, and learn
That I have been an hour away.

XIII

Tears of the widower, when he sees
A late-lost form that sleep reveals,
And moves his doubtful arms, and feels
Her place is empty, fall like these;

Which weep a loss for ever new,
A void where heart on heart reposed;
And, where warm hands have prest and closed,
Silence, till I be silent too;

Which weep the comrade of my choice,
An awful thought, a life removed,
The human-hearted man I loved,
A Spirit, not a breathing voice.

Come, Time, and teach me, many years,
I do not suffer in a dream;
For now so strange do these things seem,
Mine eyes have leisure for their tears,

My fancies time to rise on wing,
And glance about the approaching sails,
As tho' they brought but merchants' bales,
And not the burthen that they bring.

XIV

If one should bring me this report,
That thou hadst touch'd the land to-day,
And I went down unto the qua
And found thee lying in the port

And standing, muffled round with
Should see thy passengers in ra
Come stepping lightly down
plank,
And beckoning unto those they k

And if along with these should c
The man I held as half-divine,
Should strike a sudden han
mine,
And ask a thousand things of ho

And I should tell him all my pai
And how my life had droop
late,
And he should sorrow o'er my
And marvel what possess'd my h

And I perceived no touch of cha
No hint of death in all his fra
But found him all in all the sa
I should not feel it to be strange

XV

To-night the winds begin to rise
And roar from yonder dropping
The last red leaf is whirl'd aw
The rooks are blown about the s

The forest crack'd, the waters cu
The cattle huddled on the lea;
And wildly dash'd on tower an
The sunbeam strikes along the w

And but for fancies, which aver
That all thy motions gently pa
Athwart a plane of molten gla
I scarce could brook the strain an

That makes the barren branches
And but for fear it is not so,
The wild unrest that lives in v
Would dote and pore on yonder

That rises upward always highe
And onward drags a laboring b
And topples round the dreary
A looming bastion fringed with

XVI

What words are these have
from me?
Can calm despair and wild un

ıants of a single breast,
ow such a changeling be?

she only seem to take
ouch of change in calm or
orm,
ıows no more of transient form
eep self, than some dead lake

lds the shadow of a lark
in the shadow of a heaven?
s the shock, so harshly given,
d me like the unhappy bark

ikes by night a craggy shelf,
taggers blindly ere she sink?
tunn'd me from my power to
ink
my knowledge of myself;

le me that delirious man
e fancy fuses old and new,
ashes into false and true,
gles all without a plan?

XVII

mest, much wept for; such a
eeze
ll'd thy canvas, and my prayer
s the whisper of an air
he thee over lonely seas.

spirit saw thee move
circles of the bounding sky,
after week; the days go by;
ick, thou bringest all I love.

th, wherever thou mayst
am,
ssing, like a line of light,
he waters day and night,
a beacon guards thee home.

whatever tempest mars
ean spare thee, sacred bark,
lmy drops in summer dark
m the bosom of the stars;

ın office hath been done,
recious relics brought by thee,
ıst of him I shall not see
ıy widow'd race be run.

XVIII

l; 't is something; we may
nd

Where he in English earth is laid,
And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.

'T is little; but it looks in truth
As if the quiet bones were blest
Among familiar names to rest
And in the places of his youth.

Come then, pure hands, and bear the head
That sleeps or wears the mask of sleep,
And come, whatever loves to weep,
And hear the ritual of the dead.

Ah yet, even yet, if this might be,
I, falling on his faithful heart,
Would breathing thro' his lips impart
The life that almost dies in me;

That dies not, but endures with pain,
And slowly forms the firmer mind,
Treasuring the look it cannot find,
The words that are not heard again.

XIX

The Danube to the Severn gave
The darken'd heart that beat no more;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

The Wye is hush'd nor moved along,
And hush'd my deepest grief of all,
When fill'd with tears that cannot fall,
I brim with sorrow drowning song.

The tide flows down, the wave again
Is vocal in its wooded walls;
My deeper anguish also falls,
And I can speak a little then.

XX

The lesser griefs that may be said,
That breathe a thousand tender vows,
Are but as servants in a house
Where lies the master newly dead;

Who speak their feeling as it is,
And weep the fulness from the mind.
'It will be hard,' they say, 'to find
Another service such as this.'

My lighter moods are like to these,
That out of words a comfort win;
But there are other griefs within,
And tears that at their fountain freeze;

For by the hearth the children sit
Cold in that atmosphere of death,
And scarce endure to draw the breath,
Or like to noiseless phantoms flit;

But open converse is there none,
So much the vital spirits sink
To see the vacant chair, and think,
'How good! how kind! and he is gone.'

XXI

I sing to him that rests below,
And, since the grasses round me wave,
I take the grasses of the grave,
And make them pipes whereon to blow.

The traveller hears me now and then,
And sometimes harshly will he speak:
'This fellow would make weakness weak,
And melt the waxen hearts of men.'

Another answers: 'Let him be,
He loves to make parade of pain,
That with his piping he may gain
The praise that comes to constancy.'

A third is wroth: 'Is this an hour
For private sorrow's barren song,
When more and more the people throng
The chairs and thrones of civil power?

'A time to sicken and to swoon,
When Science reaches forth her arms
To feel from world to world, and charms
Her secret from the latest moon?'

Behold, ye speak an idle thing;
Ye never knew the sacred dust.

I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing;

And one is glad; her note is gay,
For now her little ones have ran
And one is sad; her note is chan
Because her brood is stolen away

XXII

The path by which we twain did
Which led by tracts that pleas
well,
Thro' four sweet years arose and
From flower to flower, from snc
snow;

And we with singing cheer'd the
And, crown'd with all the se
lent,
From April on to April went,
And glad at heart from May to M

But where the path we walk'd b
To slant the fifth autumnal slo
As we descended following Hc
There sat the Shadow fear'd of m

Who broke our fair companionsh
And spread his mantle dark
cold,
And wrapt thee formless in the
And dull'd the murmur on thy li

And bore thee where I could not
Nor follow, tho' I walk in hast
And think that somewhere in
waste
The Shadow sits and waits for m

XXIII

Now, sometimes in my sorrow sh
Or breaking into song by fits,
Alone, alone, to where he sits,
The Shadow cloak'd from head to

Who keeps the keys of all the cr
I wander, often falling lame,
And looking back to whence I c
Or on to where the pathway lead

And crying, How changed from v
it ran
Thro' lands where not a leaf
dumb,
But all the lavish hills would l
The murmur of a happy Pan;

each by turns was guide to each,
Fancy light from Fancy caught,
Thought leapt out to wed with Thought
ought could wed itself with Speech;

l we met was fair and good,
all was good that Time could bring,
all the secret of the Spring
in the chambers of the blood;

any an old philosophy
Argive heights divinely sang,
round us all the thicket rang
ay a flute of Arcady.

XXIV

as the day of my delight
ure and perfect as I say?
very source and fount of day
h'd with wandering isles of night.

vas good and fair we met,
earth had been the Paradise
ver look'd to human eyes
ur first sun arose and set.

And is it that the haze of grief
Makes former gladness loom so great?
The lowness of the present state,
That sets the past in this relief?

Or that the past will always win
A glory from its being far,
And orb into the perfect star
We saw not when we moved therein?

XXV

I know that this was Life,—the track
Whereon with equal feet we fared;
And then, as now, the day prepared
The daily burden for the back.

But this it was that made me move
As light as carrier-birds in air;
I loved the weight I had to bear,
Because it needed help of Love;

Nor could I weary, heart or limb,
When mighty Love would cleave in twain
The lading of a single pain,
And part it, giving half to him.

'They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave'

XXVI

Still onward winds the dreary way;
I with it, for I long to prove
No lapse of moons can canker Love,
Whatever fickle tongues may say.

And if that eye which watches guilt
And goodness, and hath power to see
Within the green the moulder'd tree,
And towers fallen as soon as built —

O, if indeed that eye foresee
Or see — in Him is no before —
In more of life true life no more
And Love the indifference to be,

Then might I find, ere yet the morn
Breaks hither over Indian seas,
That Shadow waiting with the keys,
To shroud me from my proper scorn.

XXVII

I envy not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods;

I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

XXVIII

The time draws near the birth of Christ.
The moon is hid, the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and moor,
Swell out and fail, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound;

Each voice four changes on the w
That now dilate, and now decr
Peace and goodwill, goodwill
peace,
Peace and goodwill, to all manki

This year I slept and woke with
I almost wish'd no more to wal
And that my hold on life w
break
Before I heard those bells again;

But they my troubled spirit rule,
For they controll'd me when a
They bring me sorrow touch'd
joy,
The merry, merry bells of Yule.

XXIX

With such compelling cause to g
As daily vexes household peac
And chains regret to his decea
How dare we keep our Christma

Which brings no more a welcome
To enrich the threshold of the
With shower'd largess of delig
In dance and song and game and

Yet go, and while the holly boug
Entwine the cold baptismal fo
Make one wreath more for Us
Wont,
That guard the portals of the ho

Old sisters of a day gone by,
Gray nurses, loving nothing n
Why should they miss their y
due
Before their time? They too wi

XXX

With trembling fingers did we v
The holly round the Chri
hearth;
A rainy cloud possess'd the ea
And sadly fell our Christmas-ev

At our old pastimes in the hall
We gamboll'd, making vain
tence
Of gladness, with an awful se
Of one mute Shadow watching

We paused: the winds were
beech:

eard them sweep the winter
nd ;
a circle hand-in-hand
t, looking each at each.

ho-like our voices rang ;
ng, tho' every eye was dim,
ry song we sang with him
r ; impetuously we sang.

ed ; a gentler feeling crept
us : surely rest is meet.
rest,' we said, 'their sleep is
veet,'
nce follow'd, and we wept.

es took a higher range ;
nore we sang : 'They do not
e
se their mortal sympathy,
ange to us, although they
ange ;

om the fickle and the frail
gather'd power, yet the same,
s the keen seraphic flame
b to orb, from veil to veil.'

ppy morn, rise, holy morn,
forth the cheerful day from
ght ;—
ther, touch the east, and
ght
t that shone when Hope was
rn.

XXXI

azarus left his charnel-cave,
ome to Mary's house return'd,
his demanded — if he yearn'd
her weeping by his grave ?

wert thou, brother, those four
ys ?'
lives no record of reply,
telling what it is to die
ely added praise to praise.

ery house the neighbors met,
reets were fill'd with joyful
und,
mn gladness even crown'd
ple brows of Olivet.

man raised up by Christ !
st remaineth unreveal'd ;
He told it not, or something seal'd
The lips of that Evangelist.

XXXII

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,
Nor other thought her mind admits
But, he was dead, and there he sits,
And he that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's face
And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,
Borne down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure ;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs ?

XXXIII

O thou that after toil and storm
Mayst seem to have reach'd a purer air,
Whose faith has centre everywhere,
Nor cares to fix itself to form,

Leave thou thy sister when she prays
Her early heaven, her happy views ;
Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days.

Her faith thro' form is pure as thine,
Her hands are quicker unto good.
O, sacred be the flesh and blood
To which she links a truth divine !

See thou, that countest reason ripe
In holding by the law within,
Thou fail not in a world of sin,
And even for want of such a type.

XXXIV

My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is ;

This round of green, this orb of flame,
Fantastic beauty; such as lurks
In some wild poet, when he works
Without a conscience or an aim.

What then were God to such as I?
'T were hardly worth my while to choose
Of things all mortal, or to use
A little patience ere I die;

'T were best at once to sink to peace,
Like birds the charming serpent draws,
To drop head-foremost in the jaws
Of vacant darkness and to cease.

XXXV

Yet if some voice that man could trust
Should murmur from the narrow house,
'The cheeks drop in, the body bows;
Man dies, nor is there hope in dust;'

Might I not say? 'Yet even here,
But for one hour, O Love, I strive
To keep so sweet a thing alive.'
But I should turn mine ears and hear

The moanings of the homeless sea,
The sound of streams that swift or slow
Draw down Æonian hills, and sow
The dust of continents to be;

And Love would answer with a sigh,
'The sound of that forgetful shore
Will change my sweetness more and more,
Half-dead to know that I shall die.'

O me, what profits it to put
An idle case? If Death were seen
At first as Death, Love had not been,
Or been in narrowest working shut,

Mere fellowship of sluggish moods,
Or in his coarsest Satyr-shape
Had bruised the herb and crush'd the grape,
And bask'd and batten'd in the woods.

XXXVI

Tho' truths in manhood darkly join,
Deep-seated in our mystic frame,

We yield all blessing to the na
Of Him that made them cu
coin;

For Wisdom dealt with mortal po
Where truth in closest words
fail,
When truth embodied in a tale
Shall enter in at lowly doors.

And so the Word had breath
wrought
With human hands the cre
creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thou

Which he may read that bind
sheaf,
Or builds the house, or dig
grave,
And those wild eyes that watc
wave
In roarings round the coral reef.

XXXVII

Urania speaks with darken'd bro
'Thou pratest here where th
least;
This faith has many a purer p
And many an abler voice than t

'Go down beside thy native rill,
On thy Parnassus set thy feet
And hear thy laurel whisper s
About the ledges of the hill.'

And my Melpomene replies,
A touch of shame upon her ch
'I am not worthy even to spea
Of thy prevailing mysteries;

'For I am but an earthly Muse,
And owning but a little art
To lull with song an aching h
And render human love his due

'But brooding on the dear one d
And all he said of things divi
And dear to me as sacred win
To dying lips is all he said, —

'I murmur'd, as I came along,
Of comfort clasp'd in truth re
And loiter'd in the master's fi
And darken'd sanctities with so

'Streams that swift or slow
Draw down Æonian hills'

XXXVIII

eary steps I loiter on,
always under alter'd skies
ourple from the distance dies,
spect and horizon gone.

the blowing season gives,
ierald melodies of spring,
n the songs I love to sing
tful gleam of solace lives.

are for what is here
ve in spirits render'd free,
are these songs I sing of thee
ungrateful to thine ear.

XXXIX

der of these buried bones,
answering now my random
troke
fruitful cloud and living
noke,
ew, that graspest at the stones

ppest toward the dreamless
ead,
ee too comes the golden hour
flower is feeling after flower;
row, — fixt upon the dead,
And darkening the dark graves of men, —
What whisper'd from her lying lips?
Thy gloom is kindled at the tips,
And passes into gloom again.

XL

Could we forget the widow'd hour
And look on Spirits breathed away,
As on a maiden in the day
When first she wears her orange-flower!

When crown'd with blessing she doth rise
To take her latest leave of home,
And hopes and light regrets that come
Make April of her tender eyes;

And doubtful joys the father move,
And tears are on the mother's face,
As parting with a long embrace
She enters other realms of love;

Her office there to rear, to teach,
Becoming as is meet and fit
A link among the days, to knit
The generations each with each;

And, doubtless, unto thee is given
A life that bears immortal fruit
In those great offices that suit
The full-grown energies of heaven.

Ay me, the difference I discern!
How often shall her old fireside
Be cheer'd with tidings of the bride,
How often she herself return,

And tell them all they would have told,
And bring her babe, and make her boast,
Till even those that miss'd her most
Shall count new things as dear as old;

But thou and I have shaken hands,
Till growing winters lay me low;
My paths are in the fields I know,
And thine in undiscover'd lands.

XLI

Thy spirit ere our fatal loss
Did ever rise from high to higher,
As mounts the heavenward altar-fire,
As flies the lighter thro' the gross.

But thou art turn'd to something strange,
And I have lost the links that bound
Thy changes; here upon the ground,
No more partaker of thy change.

Deep folly! yet that this could be —
That I could wing my will with might
To leap the grades of life and light,
And flash at once, my friend, to thee!

For tho' my nature rarely yields
To that vague fear implied in death,
Nor shudders at the gulfs beneath,
The howlings from forgotten fields;

Yet oft when sundown skirts the moor
An inner trouble I behold,
A spectral doubt which makes me cold,
That I shall be thy mate no more,

Tho' following with an upward mind
The wonders that have come to thee,
Thro' all the secular to-be,
But evermore a life behind.

XLII

I vex my heart with fancies dim.
He still outstript me in the race
It was but unity of place
That made me dream I rank'd him.

And so may Place retain us still,
And he the much-beloved again
A lord of large experience, train
To riper growth the mind and w

And what delights can equal tho
That stir the spirit's inner deep
When one that loves, but k
not, reaps
A truth from one that loves
knows?

XLIII

If Sleep and Death be truly one,
And every spirit's folded bloom
Thro' all its intervital gloom
In some long trance should slu
on;

Unconscious of the sliding hour,
Bare of the body, might it last
And silent traces of the past
Be all the color of the flower:

So then were nothing lost to man
So that still garden of the soul
In many a figured leaf enrolls
The total world since life began

And love will last as pure and w
As when he loved me here in
And at the spiritual prime
Rewaken with the dawning soul

XLIV

How fares it with the happy dea
For here the man is more and
But he forgets the days before
God shut the doorways of his he

The days have vanish'd, tone
tint,
And yet perhaps the hoarding
Gives out at times — he know
whence —
A little flash, a mystic hint;

he long harmonious years—
th so taste Lethean springs—
ome dim touch of earthly
ings
thee ranging with thy peers.

dreamy touch should fall,
n thee round, resolve the
ubt;
ardian angel will speak out
igh place, and tell thee all.

XLV

y new to earth and sky,
time his tender palm is prest
st the circle of the breast,
er thought that 'this is I;'

e grows he gathers much,
arns the use of 'I' and 'me,'
nds 'I am not what I see,
er than the things I touch.'

s he to a separate mind
whence clear memory may
gin,
o' the frame that binds him in
tion grows defined.

may lie in blood and breath,
else were fruitless of their
e,
an to learn himself anew
he second birth of death.

XLVI

ing down this lower track,
ath we came by, thorn and
wer,
low'd by the growing hour,
should fail in looking back.

there no shade can last
deep dawn behind the tomb,
lear from marge to marge
all bloom
nal landscape of the past;

g tract of time reveal'd,
uitful hours of still increase;
rder'd in a wealthy peace,
e five years its richest field.

thy province were not large,
nded field, nor stretching
;

Look also, Love, a brooding star.
A rosy warmth from marge to marge.

XLVII

That each, who seems a separate whole,
Should move his rounds, and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall
Remerging in the general Soul,

Is faith as vague as all unsweet.
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet;

And we shall sit at endless feast,
Enjoying each the other's good.
What vaster dream can hit the mood
Of Love on earth? He seeks at least

Upon the last and sharpest height,
Before the spirits fade away,
Some landing-place, to clasp and say,
'Farewell! We lose ourselves in light.'

XLVIII

If these brief lays, of Sorrow born,
Were taken to be such as closed
Grave doubts and answers here proposed,
Then these were such as men might scorn.

Her care is not to part and prove;
She takes, when harsher moods remit,
What slender shade of doubt may flit,
And makes it vassal unto love;

And hence, indeed, she sports with words,
But better serves a wholesome law,
And holds it sin and shame to draw
The deepest measure from the chords;

Nor dare she trust a larger lay,
But rather loosens from the lip
Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away.

XLIX

From art, from nature, from the schools,
Let random influences glance,
Like light in many a shiver'd lance
That breaks about the dappled pools.

The lightest wave of thought shall lisp,
The fancy's tenderest eddy wreathe,
The slightest air of song shall breathe
To make the sullen surface crisp.

And look thy look, and go thy way,
But blame not thou the winds that make
The seeming-wanton ripple break,
The tender-pencill'd shadow play.

Beneath all fancied hopes and fears
Ay me, the sorrow deepens down,
Whose muffled motions blindly drown
The bases of my life in tears.

L

Be near me when my light is low,
When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick
And tingle; and the heart is sick,
And all the wheels of being slow.

Be near me when the sensuous frame
Is rack'd with pangs that conquer trust;
And Time, a maniac scattering dust,
And Life, a Fury slinging flame.

Be near me when my faith is dry,
And men the flies of latter spring,
That lay their eggs, and sting and sing
And weave their petty cells and die.

Be near me when I fade away,
To point the term of human strife,
And on the low dark verge of life
The twilight of eternal day.

LI

Do we indeed desire the dead
Should still be near us at our side?
Is there no baseness we would hide?
No inner vileness that we dread?

Shall he for whose applause I stro
I had such reverence for his bla
See with clear eye some hid
shame
And I be lessen'd in his love?

I wrong the grave with fears untr
Shall love be blamed for wan
faith?
There must be wisdom with g
Death;
The dead shall look me thro' and th

Be near us when we climb or fall
Ye watch, like God, the rolling h
With larger other eyes than our
To make allowance for us all.

LII

I cannot love thee as I ought,
For love reflects the thing belo
My words are only words, and m
Upon the topmost froth of thoug

'Yet blame not thou thy plain
song,'
The Spirit of true love replied;
'Thou canst not move me from
side,
Nor human frailty do me wrong.

'What keeps a spirit wholly true
To that ideal which he bears?
What record? not the sinless y
That breathed beneath the Syrian h

'So fret not, like an idle girl,
That life is dash'd with fleck
sin.
Abide; thy wealth is gather'd
When Time hath sunder'd shell
pearl.'

LIII

How many a father have I seen,
A sober man, among his boys,
Whose youth was full of fo
noise,
Who wears his manhood hale
green;

And dare we to this fancy give,
That had the wild oat not been s
The soil, left barren, scarce
grown
The grain by which a man may l

ve held the doctrine sound
ife outliving heats of youth,
vho would preach it as a truth
se that eddy round and round ?

ou the good, define it well ;
ear divine Philosophy
ld push beyond her mark, and
e
ss to the Lords of Hell.

LIV

ve trust that somehow good
be the final goal of ill,
ngs of nature, sins of will,
of doubt, and taints of blood ;

thing walks with aimless feet ;
not one life shall be destroy'd,
st as rubbish to the void,
God hath made the pile com-
lete ;

t a worm is cloven in vain ;
not a moth with vain desire
ivell'd in a fruitless fire,
subserves another's gain.

we know not anything ;
but trust that good shall fall
t — far off — at last, to all,
ry winter change to spring.

my dream ; but what am I ?
fant crying in the night ;
fant crying for the light,
th no language but a cry.

LV

h, that of the living whole
e may fail beyond the grave,
es it not from what we have
st God within the soul ?

l and Nature then at strife,
Nature lends such evil dreams ?
reful of the type she seems,
ess of the single life,

considering everywhere
ecret meaning in her deeds,
nding that of fifty seeds
n brings but one to bear,

where I firmly trod,
alling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and
grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

LVI

'So careful of the type ?' but no.
From scarped cliff and quarried stone
She cries, 'A thousand types are
gone ;
I care for nothing, all shall go.

'Thou makest thine appeal to me :
I bring to life, I bring to death ;
The spirit does but mean the breath :
I know no more.' And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed
And love Creation's final law —
Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shriek'd against his
creed —

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or seal'd within the iron hills ?

No more ? A monster then, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow music match'd with him.

O life as futile, then, as frail !
O for thy voice to soothe and bless !
What hope of answer, or redress ?
Behind the veil, behind the veil.

LVII

Peace ; come away : the song of woe
Is after all an earthly song.
Peace ; come away : we do him
wrong
To sing so wildly : let us go.

Come ; let us go : your cheeks are pale ;
But half my life I leave behind.

Methinks my friend is richly
shrined;
But I shall pass, my work will fail.

Yet in these ears, till hearing dies,
One set slow bell will seem to toll
The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever look'd with human eyes.

I hear it now, and o'er and o'er,
Eternal greetings to the dead;
And 'Ave, Ave, Ave,' said,
'Adieu, adieu,' for evermore.

LVIII

In those sad words I took farewell.
Like echoes in sepulchral halls,
As drop by drop the water falls
In vaults and catacombs, they fell;

And, falling, idly broke the peace
Of hearts that beat from day to
day,
Half-conscious of their dying clay,
And those cold crypts where they shall
cease.

The high Muse answer'd: 'Wherefore
grieve
Thy brethren with a fruitless tear?
Abide a little longer here,
And thou shalt take a nobler leave.'

LIX

O Sorrow, wilt thou live with me
No casual mistress, but a wife,
My bosom-friend and half of life;
As I confess it needs must be?

O Sorrow, wilt thou rule my blood,
Be sometimes lovely like a bride,
And put thy harsher moods aside,
If thou wilt have me wise and good?

My centred passion cannot move,
Nor will it lessen from to-day;
But I 'll have leave at times to
play
As with the creature of my love;

And set thee forth, for thou art mine,
With so much hope for years to
come,
That, howsoe'er I know thee, some
Could hardly tell what name were
thine.

LX

He past, a soul of nobler tone;
My spirit loved and loves him
Like some poor girl whose hea
set
On one whose rank exceeds her o

He mixing with his proper spher
She finds the baseness of her lo
Half jealous of she knows not w
And envying all that meet him t

The little village looks forlorn;
She sighs amid her narrow day
Moving about the household w
In that dark house where she was

The foolish neighbors come and
And tease her till the day draw
At night she weeps, 'How vain
How should he love a thing so l

LXI

If, in thy second state sublime,
Thy ransom'd reason change r
With all the circle of the wise,
The perfect flower of human tim

And if thou cast thine eyes belo
How dimly character'd and sli
How dwarf'd a growth of col
night,
How blanch'd with darkness m
grow!

Yet turn thee to the doubtful sh
Where thy first form was m
man;
I loved thee, Spirit, and love, n
The soul of Shakespeare love
more.

LXII

Tho' if an eye that 's downward
Could make thee somewhat l
or fail,
Then be my love an idle tale
And fading legend of the past;

And thou, as one that once decl
When he was little more than
On some unworthy heart with
But lives to wed an equal mind

And breathes a novel world, the
His other passion wholly dies

the light of deeper eyes
er for a flying smile.

LXIII

y for a horse o'er-driven,
love in which my hound has
part,
hang no weight upon my heart
ssumptions up to heaven;

am so much more than these.
hou, perchance, art more than I,
yet I spare them sympathy,
would set their pains at ease.

yst thou watch me where I
weep,
into vaster motions bound,
circuits of thine orbit round
er height, a deeper deep.

LXIV

hou look back on what hath
been,
me divinely gifted man,
se life in low estate began
a simple village green;

eaks his birth's invidious bar,
grasps the skirts of happy
chance,
breasts the blows of circum-
stance,
apples with his evil star;

akes by force his merit known
lives to clutch the golden keys,
ould a mighty state's decrees,
ape the whisper of the throne;

oving up from high to higher,
mes on Fortune's crowning
slope
pillar of a people's hope,
ntre of a world's desire;

ls, as in a pensive dream,
all his active powers are
till,
tant dearness in the hill,
t sweetness in the stream,

it of his narrower fate,
e yet beside its vocal springs
ay'd at counsellors and kings,
ne that was his earliest mate;

Who ploughs with pain his native lea
And reaps the labor of his hands,
Or in the furrow musing stands:
'Does my old friend remember me?'

LXV

Sweet soul, do with me as thou wilt;
I lull a fancy trouble-tost
With 'Love's too precious to be lost,
A little grain shall not be spilt.'

And in that solace can I sing,
Till out of painful phases wrought
There flutters up a happy thought,
Self-balanced on a lightsome wing;

Since we deserved the name of friends,
And thine effect so lives in me,
A part of mine may live in thee
And move thee on to noble ends.

LXVI

You thought my heart too far diseased;
You wonder when my fancies play
To find me gay among the gay,
Like one with any trifle pleased.

The shade by which my life was crost,
Which makes a desert in the mind,
Has made me kindly with my kind,
And like to him whose sight is lost;

Whose feet are guided thro' the land,
Whose jest among his friends is free,
Who takes the children on his knee,
And winds their curls about his hand.

He plays with threads, he beats his
chair
For pastime, dreaming of the sky;
His inner day can never die,
His night of loss is always there.

LXVII

When on my bed the moonlight falls,
I know that in thy place of rest
By that broad water of the west
There comes a glory on the walls:

Thy marble bright in dark appears,
As slowly steals a silver flame
Along the letters of thy name,
And o'er the number of thy years.

The mystic glory swims away,
From off my bed the moonlight dies;

And closing eaves of wearied eyes
I sleep till dusk is dipt in gray;

And then I know the mist is drawn
A lucid veil from coast to coast,
And in the dark church like a ghost
Thy tablet glimmers in the dawn.

LXVIII

When in the down I sink my head,
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, times my breath;
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, knows not Death,
Nor can I dream of thee as dead.

I walk as ere I walk'd forlorn,
When all our path was fresh with dew,
And all the bugle breezes blew
Reveillée to the breaking morn.

But what is this? I turn about,
I find a trouble in thine eye,
Which makes me sad I know not why,
Nor can my dream resolve the doubt;

But ere the lark hath left the lea
I wake, and I discern the truth;
It is the trouble of my youth
That foolish sleep transfers to thee.

LXIX

I dream'd there would be Spring no more,
That Nature's ancient power was lost;
The streets were black with smoke and frost,
They chatter'd trifles at the door;

I wander'd from the noisy town,
I found a wood with thorny boughs;
I took the thorns to bind my brows,
I wore them like a civic crown;

I met with scoffs, I met with scorns
From youth and babe and hoary hairs:
They call'd me in the public squares
The fool that wears a crown of thorns.

They call'd me fool, they call'd me child:
I found an angel of the night;

The voice was low, the look w
bright;
He look'd upon my crown and smil

He reach'd the glory of a hand,
That seem'd to touch it into leaf
The voice was not the voice
grief,
The words were hard to understan

LXX

I cannot see the features right,
When on the gloom I strive
paint
The face I know; the hues are fa
And mix with hollow masks of nig

Cloud-towers by ghostly mas
wrought,
A gulf that ever shuts and gape
A hand that points, and palled sha
In shadowy thoroughfares of thoug

And crowds that stream from yawn
doors,
And shoals of pucker'd faces dri
Dark bulks that tumble half ali
And lazy lengths on boundless sho

Till all at once beyond the will
I hear a wizard music roll,
And thro' a lattice on the soul
Looks thy fair face and makes it s

LXXI

Sleep, kinsman thou to death
trance
And madness, thou hast forge
last
A night-long present of the past
In which we went thro' sum
France.

Hadst thou such credit with
soul?
Then bring an opiate trebly str
Drug down the blindfold sens
wrong,
That so my pleasure may be whol

While now we talk as once we tal
Of men and minds, the dus
change,
The days that grow to somet
strange,
In walking as of old we walk'd

the river's wooded reach,
fortress, and the mountain
idge,
cataract flashing from the
ridge,
eaker breaking on the beach.

LXXII

hou thus, dim dawn, again,
howlest, issuing out of night,
blasts that blow the poplar
white,
sh with storm the streaming
ane?

hen my crown'd estate begun
ine in that reverse of doom,

Which sicken'd every living bloom,
And blurr'd the splendor of the
sun;

Who usherest in the dolorous hour
With thy quick tears that make the
rose
Pull sideways, and the daisy close
Her crimson fringes to the shower;

Who mightst have heaved a windless
flame
Up the deep East, or, whispering,
play'd
A chequer-work of beam and
shade
Along the hills, yet look'd the same,

'I found a wood with thorny boughs'

As wan, as chill, as wild as now;
Day, mark'd as with some hideous crime,
When the dark hand struck down thro' time,
And cancell'd nature's best: but thou,

Lift as thou mayst thy burthen'd brows
Thro' clouds that drench the morning star,
And whirl the ungarner'd sheaf afar,
And sow the sky with flying boughs,

And up thy vault with roaring sound
Climb thy thick noon, disastrous day;
Touch thy dull goal of joyless gray,
And hide thy shame beneath the ground.

LXXIII

So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be,
How know I what had need of thee,
For thou wert strong as thou wert true?

The fame is quench'd that I foresaw,
The head hath miss'd an earthly wreath:
I curse not Nature, no, nor Death;
For nothing is that errs from law.

We pass; the path that each man trod
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds.
What fame is left for human deeds
In endless age? It rests with God.

O hollow wraith of dying fame,
Fade wholly, while the soul exults,
And self-infolds the large results
Of force that would have forged a name.

LXXIV

As sometimes in a dead man's face,
To those that watch it more and more,
A likeness, hardly seen before,
Comes out — to some one of his race;

So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,
I see thee what thou art, and know
Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kindred with the great of old.

But there is more than I can see,
And what I see I leave unsaid,
Nor speak it, knowing Death l
made
His darkness beautiful with thee.

LXXV

I leave thy praises unexpress'd
In verse that brings myself relie
And by the measure of my grief
I leave thy greatness to be guess'd.

What practice howsoe'er expert
In fitting aptest words to things,
Or voice the richest-toned t
sings,
Hath power to give thee as thou we

I care not in these fading days
To raise a cry that lasts not long
And round thee with the breez
song
To stir a little dust of praise.

Thy leaf has perish'd in the green,
And, while we breathe beneath
sun,
The world which credits wha
done
Is cold to all that might have beer

So here shall silence guard thy fa
But somewhere, out of human vi
Whate'er thy hands are set to d
Is wrought with tumult of acclain

LXXVI

Take wings of fancy, and ascend,
And in a moment set thy face
Where all the starry heavens of s
Are sharpen'd to a needle's end;

Take wings of foresight; lighten t
The secular abyss to come,
And lo, thy deepest lays are du
Before the mouldering of a yew;

And if the matin songs, that wok
The darkness of our planet, las
Thine own shall wither in the v
Ere half the lifetime of an oak.

Ere these have clothed their bra
bowers
With fifty Mays, thy songs
vain;

vhat are they when these remain
n'd shells of hollow towers ?

LXXVII

lope is here for modern rhyme
m who turns a musing eye
ngs, and deeds, and lives, that
ie
rten'd in the tract of time ?

nortal lullabies of pain
bind a book, may line a box,
serve to curl a maiden's locks ;
n a thousand moons shall wane

upon a stall may find,
passing, turn the page that tells
ef, then changed to something
lse,
y a long-forgotten mind.

at of that ? My darken'd ways
ring with music all the same ;
reathe my loss is more than
ame,
r love more sweet than praise.

LXXVIII

t Christmas did we weave
holly round the Christmas
earth ;
ilent snow possess'd the earth,
dmly fell our Christmas-eve.

ule-clog sparkled keen with
rost,
ing of wind the region swept,
ver all things brooding slept
iet sense of something lost.

e winters left behind,
n our ancient games had place,
nimic picture's breathing grace,
nce and song and hoodman-
lind.

ow'd a token of distress ?
ngle tear, no mark of pain —
row, then can sorrow wane ?
can grief be changed to less ?

egret, regret can die !
mixt with all this mystic
ame,
leep relations are the same,
h long use her tears are dry.

LXXIX

'More than my brothers are to me,' —
Let this not vex thee, noble heart !
I know thee of what force thou art
To hold the costliest love in fee.

But thou and I are one in kind,
As moulded like in Nature's mint ;
And hill and wood and field did print
The same sweet forms in either mind.

For us the same cold streamlet curl'd
Thro' all his eddying coves, the same
All winds that roam the twilight came
In whispers of the beauteous world.

At one dear knee we proffer'd vows,
One lesson from one book we learn'd,
Ere childhood's flaxen ringlet turn'd
To black and brown on kindred brows.

And so my wealth resembles thine,
But he was rich where I was poor,
And he supplied my want the more
As his unlikeness fitted mine.

LXXX

If any vague desire should rise,
That holy Death ere Arthur died
Had moved me kindly from his side,
And dropt the dust on tearless eyes ;

Then fancy shapes, as fancy can,
The grief my loss in him had wrought,
A grief as deep as life or thought,
But stay'd in peace with God and man.

I make a picture in the brain ;
I hear the sentence that he speaks ;
He bears the burthen of the weeks,
But turns his burthen into gain.

His credit thus shall set me free ;
And, influence-rich to soothe and save,
Unused example from the grave
Reach out dead hands to comfort me.

LXXXI

Could I have said while he was here,
'My love shall now no further range ;
There cannot come a mellower change,
For now is love mature in ear' ?

Love, then, had hope of richer store:
What end is here to my complaint?
This haunting whisper makes me faint,
'More years had made me love thee more.'

But Death returns an answer sweet:
'My sudden frost was sudden gain
And gave all ripeness to the grain,
It might have drawn from after-heat.'

LXXXII

I wage not any feud with Death
For changes wrought on form and face;
No lower life that earth's embrace
May breed with him can fright my faith.

Eternal process moving on,
From state to state the spirit walks;
And these are but the shatter'd stalks,
Or ruin'd chrysalis of one.

Nor blame I Death, because he bare
The use of virtue out of earth;
I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit, otherwhere.

For this alone on Death I wreak
The wrath that garners in my heart:
He put our lives so far apart
We cannot hear each other speak.

LXXXIII

Dip down upon the northern shore,
O sweet new-year delaying long;
Thou doest expectant Nature wrong;
Delaying long, delay no more.

What stays thee from the clouded noons,
Thy sweetness from its proper place?
Can trouble live with April days,
Or sadness in the summer moons?

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,
The little speedwell's darling blue,
Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew,
Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

O thou, new-year, delaying long,
Delayest the sorrow in my blood,
That longs to burst a frozen bud
And flood a fresher throat with song.

LXXXIV

When I contemplate all alone
The life that had been thine below
And fix my thoughts on all the glow
To which thy crescent would have grown,

I see thee sitting crown'd with good
A central warmth diffusing bliss
In glance and smile, and clasp and kiss,
On all the branches of thy blood;

Thy blood, my friend, and partly mine
For now the day was drawing on,
When thou shouldst link thy life with one
Of mine own house, and boys of thine

Had babbled 'Uncle' on my knee;
But that remorseless iron hour
Made cypress of her orange flower
Despair of hope, and earth of thee.

I seem to meet their least desire,
To clap their cheeks, to call them mine.
I see their unborn faces shine
Beside the never-lighted fire.

I see myself an honor'd guest,
Thy partner in the flowery walk
Of letters, genial table-talk,
Or deep dispute, and graceful jest;

While now thy prosperous labor fills
The lips of men with honest prai
And sun by sun the happy days
Descend below the golden hills

With promise of a morn as fair;
And all the train of bounteo hours
Conduct, by paths of growi powers,
To reverence and the silver hair;

Till slowly worn her earthly robe,
Her lavish mission richly wrough
Leaving great legacies of though
Thy spirit should fail from off t globe;

hat time mine own might also flee,
As link'd with thine in love and fate,
And, hovering o'er the dolorous strait
o the other shore, involved in thee,

rrive at last the blessed goal,
And He that died in Holy Land
Would reach us out the shining hand,
nd take us as a single soul.

hat reed was that on which I leant?
Ah, backward fancy, wherefore wake
The old bitterness again, and break
ne low beginnings of content!

LXXXV

is truth came borne with bier and pall,
I felt it, when I sorrow'd most,
'T is better to have loved and lost,
an never to have loved at all—

true in word, and tried in deed,
Demanding, so to bring relief
To this which is our common grief,
hat kind of life is that I lead;

nd whether trust in things above
Be dimm'd of sorrow, or sustain'd;
And whether love for him have drain'd
y capabilities of love;

our words have virtue such as draws
A faithful answer from the breast,
Thro' light reproaches, half exprest,
nd loyal unto kindly laws.

y blood an even tenor kept,
Till on mine ear this message falls,
That in Vienna's fatal walls
od's finger touch'd him, and he slept.

ne great Intelligences fair
That range above our mortal state,
In circle round the blessed gate,
ceived and gave him welcome there;

nd led him thro' the blissful climes,
And show'd him in the fountain fresh
All knowledge that the sons of flesh
all gather in the cycled times.

But I remain'd, whose hopes were dim,
Whose life, whose thoughts were little worth,
To wander on a darken'd earth,
Where all things round me breathed of him.

O friendship, equal-poised control,
O heart, with kindliest motion warm,
O sacred essence, other form,
O solemn ghost, O crowned soul!

Yet none could better know than I,
How much of act at human hands
The sense of human will demands
By which we dare to live or die.

Whatever way my days decline,
I felt and feel, tho' left alone,
His being working in mine own,
The footsteps of his life in mine;

A life that all the Muses deck'd
With gifts of grace, that might express
All-comprehensive tenderness,
All-subtilizing intellect:

And so my passion hath not swerved
To works of weakness, but I find
An image comforting the mind,
And in my grief a strength reserved.

Likewise the imaginative woe,
That loved to handle spiritual strife,
Diffused the shock thro' all my life,
But in the present broke the blow.

My pulses therefore beat again
For other friends that once I met;
Nor can it suit me to forget
The mighty hopes that make us men.

I woo your love: I count it crime
To mourn for any overmuch;
I, the divided half of such
A friendship as had master'd Time;

Which masters Time indeed, and is
Eternal, separate from fears.
The all-assuming months and years
Can take no part away from this;

But Summer on the steaming floods,
And Spring that swells the narrow brooks,

And Autumn, with a noise of rooks,
That gather in the waning woods,

And every pulse of wind and wave
Recalls, in change of light or gloom,
My old affection of the tomb,
And my prime passion in the grave.

My old affection of the tomb,
A part of stillness, yearns to speak:
'Arise, and get thee forth and seek
A friendship for the years to come.

'I watch thee from the quiet shore;
Thy spirit up to mine can reach;
But in dear words of human speech
We two communicate no more.'

And I, 'Can clouds of nature stain
The starry clearness of the free?
How is it? Canst thou feel for me
Some painless sympathy with pain?'

And lightly does the whisper fall:
''Tis hard for thee to fathom this;
I triumph in conclusive bliss,
And that serene result of all.'

So hold I commerce with the dead;
Or so methinks the dead would say;
Or so shall grief with symbols play
And pining life be fancy-fed.

Now looking to some settled end,
That these things pass, and I shall prove
A meeting somewhere, love with love,
I crave your pardon, O my friend;

If not so fresh, with love as true,
I, clasping brother-hands, aver
I could not, if I would, transfer
The whole I felt for him to you.

For which be they that hold apart
The promise of the golden hours?
First love, first friendship, equal powers,
That marry with the virgin heart.

Still mine, that cannot but deplore,
That beats within a lonely place,
That yet remembers his embrace,
But at his footstep leaps no more,

My heart, tho' widow'd, may r
rest
Quite in the love of what is gone
But seeks to beat in time w
one
That warms another living breast.

Ah, take the imperfect gift I bring
Knowing the primrose yet is dea
The primrose of the later year,
As not unlike to that of Spring.

LXXXVI

Sweet after showers, ambrosial air,
That rollest from the gorge
gloom
Of evening over brake and bloon
And meadow, slowly breathing ba

The round of space, and rapt belov
Thro' all the dewy tassell'd wooc
And shadowing down the hor
flood
In ripples, fan my brows and blow

The fever from my cheek, and sigl
The full new life that feeds
breath
Throughout my frame, till Do
and Death,
Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

From belt to belt of crimson seas
On leagues of odor streaming fa
To where in yonder orient star
A hundred spirits whisper 'Peace.'

LXXXVII

I past beside the reverend walls
In which of old I wore the gow
I roved at random thro' the tow
And saw the tumult of the halls;

And heard once more in coll
fanes
The storm their high-built org
make,
And thunder-music, rolling, sha
The prophet blazon'd on the panes

And caught once more the dis
shout,
The measured pulse of racing o
Among the willows; paced
shores
And many a bridge, and all about

'Thro' all the dewy tassell'd wood'

e same gray flats again, and felt
The same, but not the same; and last
Up that long walk of limes I past
see the rooms in which he dwelt.

nother name was on the door.
I linger'd; all within was noise
Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys
at crash'd the glass and beat the floor;

here once we held debate, a band
Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
And labor, and the changing mart,
d all the framework of the land;

hen one would aim an arrow fair,
But send it slackly from the string;
And one would pierce an outer ring,
d one an inner, here and there;

And last the master-bowman, he,
Would cleave the mark. A willing ear
We lent him. Who but hung to hear
The rapt oration flowing free

From point to point, with power and grace
And music in the bounds of law,
To those conclusions when we saw
The God within him light his face,

And seem to lift the form, and glow
In azure orbits heavenly-wise;
And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo?

LXXXVIII

Wild bird, whose warble, liquid sweet,
Rings Eden thro' the budded quicks,
O, tell me where the senses mix,
O, tell me where the passions meet,

Whence radiate : fierce extremes em-
ploy
Thy spirits in the darkening leaf,
And in the midmost heart of grief
Thy passion clasps a secret joy ;

And I—my harp would prelude woe—
I cannot all command the strings ;
The glory of the sum of things
Will flash along the chords and go.

LXXXIX

Witch-elms that counterchange the
floor
Of this flat lawn with dusk and
bright ;
And thou, with all thy breadth and
height
Of foliage, towering sycamore ;

How often, hither wandering down,
My Arthur found your shadows fair,
And shook to all the liberal air
The dust and din and steam of town !

He brought an eye for all he saw ;
He mixt in all our simple sports ;
They pleased him, fresh from brawl-
ing courts
And dusty purlieus of the law.

O joy to him in this retreat,
Immantled in ambrosial dark,
To drink the cooler air, and mark
The landscape winking thro' the
heat !

O sound to rout the brood of cares,
The sweep of scythe in morning
dew,
The gust that round the garden flew,
And tumbled half the mellowing pears !

O bliss, when all in circle drawn
About him, heart and ear were fed
To hear him, as he lay and read
The Tuscan poets on the lawn !

Or in the all-golden afternoon
A guest, or happy sister, sung,
Or here she brought the harp and
flung
A ballad to the brightening moon.

Nor less it pleased in livelier moods,
Beyond the bounding hill to stray,
And break the livelong summ
day
With banquet in the distant woods ;

Whereat we glanced from theme
theme,
Discuss'd the books to love or hat
Or touch'd the changes of the stat
Or threaded some Socratic dream ;

But if I praised the busy town,
He loved to rail against it still,
For 'ground in yonder social mill
We rub each other's angles down,

'And merge,' he said, 'in form a
gloss
The picturesque of man and man.
We talk'd: the stream beneath
ran,
The wine-flask lying couch'd in mo

Or cool'd within the glooming wave
And last, returning from afar,
Before the crimson-circled star
Had fallen into her father's grave,

And brushing ankle-deep in flowers
We heard behind the woodbine v
The milk that bubbled in the pail
And buzzings of the honeyed hours

XC

He tasted love with half his mind,
Nor ever drank the inviolate spri
Where nighest heaven, who fi
could fling
This bitter seed among mankind :

That could the dead, whose dyi
eyes
Were closed with wail, resume th
life,
They would but find in child a
wife
An iron welcome when they rise.

'T was well, indeed, when warm w
wine,
To pledge them with a kindly te
To talk them o'er, to wish th
here,
To count their memories half divin

But if they came who past away,
Behold their brides in other hand

The hard heir strides about their
lands,
d will not yield them for a day.

a, tho' their sons were none of these,
Not less the yet-loved sire would
make
Confusion worse than death, and
shake
e pillars of domestic peace.

, dear, but come thou back to me!
Whatever change the years have
wrought,
find not yet one lonely thought
at cries against my wish for thee.

XCI

hen rosy plumelets tuft the larch,
And rarely pipes the mounted thrush,
Or underneath the barren bush
ts by the sea-blue bird of March;

me, wear the form by which I know
Thy spirit in time among thy peers;
The hope of unaccomplish'd years
large and lucid round thy brow.

hen summer's hourly-mellowing
change
May breathe, with many roses sweet,
Upon the thousand waves of wheat
at ripple round the lowly grange,

me; not in watches of the night,
But where the sunbeam broodeth
warm,
Come, beauteous in thine after form,
d like a finer light in light.

XCII

ny vision should reveal
Thy likeness, I might count it vain
As but the canker of the brain;
a, tho' it spake and made appeal

chances where our lots were cast
Together in the days behind,
might but say, I hear a wind
memory murmuring the past.

a, tho' it spake and bared to view
A fact within the coming year;
And tho' the months, revolving near,
ould prove the phantom-warning
true,

They might not seem thy prophecies,
But spiritual presentiments,
And such refraction of events
As often rises ere they rise.

XCIII

I shall not see thee. Dare I say
No spirit ever brake the band
That stays him from the native land
Where first he walk'd when clasped in
clay?

No visual shade of some one lost,
But he, the Spirit himself, may come
Where all the nerve of sense is numb,
Spirit to Spirit, Ghost to Ghost.

O, therefore from thy sightless range
With gods in unconjectured bliss,
O, from the distance of the abyss
Of tenfold-complicated change,

Descend, and touch, and enter; hear
The wish too strong for words to
name,
That in this blindness of the frame
My Ghost may feel that thine is near.

XCIV

How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold
Should be the man whose thought
would hold
An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst
say,
My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest;

But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within.

XCV

By night we linger'd on the lawn,
For underfoot the herb was dry;
And genial warmth; and o'er the sky
The silvery haze of summer drawn;

And calm that let the tapers burn
Unwavering: not a cricket chirr'd;
The brook alone far-off was heard,
And on the board the fluttering urn.

And bats went round in fragrant skies,
And wheel'd or lit the filmy shapes
That haunt the dusk, with ermine capes
And woolly breasts and beaded eyes;

While now we sang old songs that peal'd
From knoll to knoll, where, couch'd at ease,
The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field.

But when those others, one by one,
Withdrew themselves from me and night,
And in the house light after light
Went out, and I was all alone,

A hunger seized my heart; I read
Of that glad year which once had been,
In those fallen leaves which kept their green,
The noble letters of the dead.

And strangely on the silence broke
The silent-speaking words, and strange
Was love's dumb cry defying change
To test his worth; and strangely spoke

The faith, the vigor, bold to dwell
On doubts that drive the coward back,
And keen thro' wordy snares to track
Suggestion to her inmost cell.

So word by word, and line by line,
The dead man touch'd me from the past,
And all at once it seem'd at last
The living soul was flash'd on mine,

And mine in this was wound, and whirl'd
About empyreal heights of thought,
And came on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsations of the world,

Æonian music measuring out
The steps of Time—the shocks of Chance—
The blows of Death. At length my trance
Was cancell'd, stricken thro' with doubt.

Vague words! but ah, how hard to frame
In matter-moulded forms of speech,
Or even for intellect to reach
Thro' memory that which I became

Till now the doubtful dusk reveal'd
The knolls once more where, couch'd at ease,
The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field.

And suck'd from out the distant gloom
A breeze began to tremble o'er
The large leaves of the sycamore,
And fluctuate all the still perfume,

And gathering freshlier overhead,
Rock'd the full-foliaged elms, and swung
The heavy-folded rose, and flung
The lilies to and fro, and said,

'The dawn, the dawn,' and died away
And East and West, without breath,
Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,
To broaden into boundless day.

XCVI

You say, but with no touch of scorn
Sweet-hearted, you, whose light blue eyes
Are tender over drowning flies,
You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.

I know not: one indeed I knew
In many a subtle question versed,
Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first,
But ever strove to make it true;

Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

fought his doubts and gather'd
strength,
He would not make his judgment
blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
d laid them ; thus he came at length

find a stronger faith his own,
And Power was with him in the
night,
Which makes the darkness and the
light,
d dwells not in the light alone,

t in the darkness and the cloud,
As over Sinai's peaks of old,
While Israel made their gods of gold,
tho' the trumpet blew so loud.

XCVII

love has talk'd with rocks and
trees ;
He finds on misty mountain-ground
His own vast shadow glory-crown'd ;
sees himself in all he sees.

vo partners of a married life —
I look'd on these and thought of thee
In vastness and in mystery,
d of my spirit as of a wife.

ese two — they dwelt with eye on
eye,
Their hearts of old have beat in
tune,
Their meetings made December
June,
eir every parting was to die.

eir love has never past away ;
The days she never can forget
Are earnest that he loves her yet,
nate'er the faithless people say.

r life is lone, he sits apart ;
He loves her yet, she will not weep,
Tho' rapt in matters dark and deep
seems to slight her simple heart.

thrids the labyrinth of the mind,
He reads the secret of the star,
He seems so near and yet so far,
looks so cold : she thinks him kind.

e keeps the gift of years before,
A wither'd violet is her bliss ;
She knows not what his greatness is,
For that, for all, she loves him more.

For him she plays, to him she sings
Of early faith and plighted vows ;
She knows but matters of the house,
And he, he knows a thousand things.

Her faith is fixt and cannot move,
She darkly feels him great and wise,
She dwells on him with faithful eyes,
'I cannot understand ; I love.'

XCVIII (feeling)

You leave us : you will see the Rhine,
And those fair hills I sail'd below,
When I was there with him ; and go
By summer belts of wheat and vine

To where he breathed his latest breath,
That city. All her splendor seems
No livelier than the wisp that gleams
On Lethe in the eyes of Death.

Let her great Danube rolling fair
Enwind her isles, unmark'd of me ;
I have not seen, I will not see
Vienna ; rather dream that there,

A treble darkness, Evil haunts
The birth, the bridal ; friend from
friend
Is oftener parted, fathers bend
Above more graves, a thousand wants

Gnarr at the heels of men, and prey
By each cold hearth, and sadness
flings
Her shadow on the blaze of kings.
And yet myself have heard him say,

That not in any mother town
With statelier progress to and fro
The double tides of chariots flow
By park and suburb under brown

Of lustier leaves ; nor more content,
He told me, lives in any crowd,
When all is gay with lamps, and loud
With sport and song, in booth and tent,

Imperial halls, or open plain ;
And wheels the circled dance, and
breaks
The rocket molten into flakes
Of crimson or in emerald rain.

XCIX

Risest thou thus, dim dawn, again,
So loud with voices of the birds,
So thick with lowings of the herds,
Day, when I lost the flower of men;

Who tremblest thro' thy darkling red
On yon swollen brook that bubbles fast
By meadows breathing of the past,
And woodlands holy to the dead;

Who murmurest in the foliaged eaves
A song that slights the coming care,
And Autumn laying here and there
A fiery finger on the leaves;

Who wakenest with thy balmy breath
To myriads on the genial earth,
Memories of bridal, or of birth,
And unto myriads more, of death.

O, wheresoever those may be,
Betwixt the slumber of the poles,
To-day they count as kindred souls;
They know me not, but mourn with me.

C

I climb the hill: from end to end
Of all the landscape underneath,
I find no place that does not breathe
Some gracious memory of my friend;

No gray old grange, or lonely fold,
Or low morass and whispering reed,
Or simple stile from mead to mead,
Or sheepwalk up the windy wold;

Nor hoary knoll of ash and haw
That hears the latest linnet trill,
Nor quarry trench'd along the hill
And haunted by the wrangling daw;

Nor runlet tinkling from the rock;
Nor pastoral rivulet that swerves
To left and right thro' meadowy curves,
That feed the mothers of the flock;

But each has pleased a kindred eye,
And each reflects a kindlier day;
And, leaving these, to pass away,
I think once more he seems to die.

CI

Unwatch'd, the garden bough sh
sway,
The tender blossom flutter down,
Unloved, that beech will gath
brown,
This maple burn itself away;

Unloved, the sunflower, shining fai
Ray round with flames her disk
seed,
And many a rose-carnation feed
With summer spice the humming a

Unloved, by many a sandy bar,
The brook shall babble down
plain,
At noon or when the Lesser Wai
Is twisting round the polar star;

Uncared for, gird the windy grove
And flood the haunts of hern
crake,
Or into silver arrows break
The sailing moon in creek and cov

Till from the garden and the wild
A fresh association blow,
And year by year the landsc
grow
Familiar to the stranger's child;

As year by year the laborer tills
His wonted glebe, or lops the glad
And year by year our memory fa
From all the circle of the hills.

CII

We leave the well-beloved place
Where first we gazed upon the s
The roofs that heard our earliest
Will shelter one of stranger race.

We go, but ere we go from home,
As down the garden-walks I mo
Two spirits of a diverse love
Contend for loving masterdom.

One whispers, 'Here thy boyh
sung
Long since its matin song, and he
The low love-language of the bi
In native hazels tassel-hung.'

The other answers, 'Yea, but her
Thy feet have stray'd in after h

With thy lost friend among the bowers,
ıd this hath made them trebly dear.'

ıese two have striven half the day,
And each prefers his separate claim,
Poor rivals in a losing game,
ıat will not yield each other way.

urn to go; my feet are set
To leave the pleasant fields and farms;
They mix in one another's arms
) one pure image of regret.

CIII

ı that last night before we went
From out the doors where I was bred,
I dream'd a vision of the dead,
hich left my after-morn content.

Methought I dwelt within a hall,
And maidens with me; distant hills
From hidden summits fed with rills
A river sliding by the wall.

The hall with harp and carol rang.
They sang of what is wise and good
And graceful. In the centre stood
A statue veil'd, to which they sang;

And which, tho' veil'd, was known to me,
The shape of him I loved, and love
For ever. Then flew in a dove
And brought a summons from the sea;

And when they learnt that I must go,
They wept and wail'd, but led the way
To where a little shallop lay
At anchor in the flood below;

'You will see the Rhine,
And those fair hills I sail'd below'

And on by many a level mead,
And shadowing bluff that made the banks,
We glided winding under ranks
Of iris and the golden reed;

And still as vaster grew the shore
And roll'd the floods in grander space,
The maidens gather'd strength and grace
And presence, lordlier than before;

And I myself, who sat apart
And watch'd them, wax'd in every limb;
I felt the thews of Anakim,
The pulses of a Titan's heart;.

As one would sing the death of war,
And one would chant the history
Of that great race which is to be,
And one the shaping of a star;

Until the forward-creeping tides
Began to foam, and we to draw
From deep to deep, to where we saw
A great ship lift her shining sides.

The man we loved was there on deck,
But thrice as large as man he bent
To greet us. Up the side I went,
And fell in silence on his neck;

Whereat those maidens with one mind
Bewail'd their lot; I did them wrong:
'We served thee here,' they said, 'so long,
And wilt thou leave us now behind?'

So rapt I was, they could not win
An answer from my lips, but he
Replying, 'Enter likewise ye
And go with us:' they enter'd in.

And while the wind began to sweep
A music out of sheet and shroud,
We steer'd her toward a crimson cloud
That landlike slept along the deep.

CIV

The time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid, the night is still;
A single church below the hill
Is pealing, folded in the mist.

A single peal of bells below,
That wakens at this hour of rest
A single murmur in the breast,
That these are not the bells I know.

Like strangers' voices here they soun
In lands where not a memory stra
Nor landmark breathes of oth
days,
But all is new unhallow'd ground.

CV

To-night ungather'd let us leave
This laurel, let this holly stand:
We live within the stranger's lan
And strangely falls our Christm
eve.

Our father's dust is left alone
And silent under other snows:
There in due time the woodb
blows,
The violet comes, but we are gone.

No more shall wayward grief abus
The genial hour with mask a
mime;
For change of place, like growth
time,
Has broke the bond of dying use.

Let cares that petty shadows cast,
By which our lives are chi
proved,
A little spare the night I loved,
And hold it solemn to the past.

But let no footstep beat the floor,
Nor bowl of wassail mantle warm
For who would keep an anci
form
Thro' which the spirit breathes
more?

Be neither song, nor game, nor fe
Nor harp be touch'd, nor flute
blown;
No dance, no motion, save alone
What lightens in the lucid East

Of rising worlds by yonder wood.
Long sleeps the summer in
seed:

Run out your measured arcs, and lead
he closing cycle rich in good.

CVI

ing out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
ing out, wild bells, and let him die.

ing out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
ng out the false, ring in the true.

ng out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
ng in redress to all mankind.

ng out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
ith sweeter manners, purer laws.

ng out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
ut ring the fuller minstrel in.

ng out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
ng in the common love of good.

ng out old shapes of foul disease:
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
ng in the thousand years of peace.

ng in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
ng in the Christ that is to be.

CVII

is the day when he was born,
A bitter day that early sank
Behind a purple-frosty bank
vapor, leaving night forlorn.

e time admits not flowers or leaves
To deck the banquet. Fiercely flies
The blast of North and East, and ice
akes daggers at the sharpen'd eaves,
And bristles all the brakes and thorns
To yon hard crescent, as she hangs
Above the wood which grides and clangs
Its leafless ribs and iron horns

Together, in the drifts that pass
To darken on the rolling brine
That breaks the coast. But fetch the wine,
Arrange the board and brim the glass;

Bring in great logs and let them lie,
To make a solid core of heat;
Be cheerful-minded, talk and treat
Of all things even as he were by;

We keep the day. With festal cheer,
With books and music, surely we
Will drink to him, whate'er he be,
And sing the songs he loved to hear.

CVIII

I will not shut me from my kind,
And, lest I stiffen into stone,
I will not eat my heart alone,
Nor feed with sighs a passing wind:

What profit lies in barren faith,
And vacant yearning, tho' with might
To scale the heaven's highest height,
Or dive below the wells of death?

What find I in the highest place,
But mine own phantom chanting hymns?
And on the depths of death there swims
The reflex of a human face.

I'll rather take what fruit may be
Of sorrow under human skies:
'T is held that sorrow makes us wise,
Whatever wisdom sleep with thee.

CIX

Heart-affluence in discursive talk
From household fountains never dry;
The critic clearness of an eye
That saw thro' all the Muses' walk;

Seraphic intellect and force
To seize and throw the doubts of man:

Impassion'd logic, which outran
The hearer in its fiery course;

High nature amorous of the good,
But touch'd with no ascetic gloom;
And passion pure in snowy bloom
Thro' all the years of April blood;

A love of freedom rarely felt,
Of freedom in her regal seat
Of England; not the schoolboy heat,
The blind hysterics of the Celt;

And manhood fused with female grace
In such a sort, the child would twine
A trustful hand, unask'd, in thine,
And find his comfort in thy face;

All these have been, and thee mine eyes
Have look'd on: if they look'd in vain,
My shame is greater who remain,
Nor let thy wisdom make me wise.

CX

Thy converse drew us with delight,
The men of rathe and riper years;
The feeble soul, a haunt of fears,
Forgot his weakness in thy sight.

On thee the loyal-hearted hung,
The proud was half disarm'd of pride,
Nor cared the serpent at thy side
To flicker with his double tongue.

The stern were mild when thou wert by,
The flippant put himself to school
And heard thee, and the brazen fool
Was soften'd, and he knew not why;

While I, thy nearest, sat apart,
And felt thy triumph was as mine;
And loved them more, that they were thine,
The graceful tact, the Christian art;

Nor mine the sweetness or the skill,
But mine the love that will not tire,
And, born of love, the vague desire
That spurs an imitative will.

CXI

The churl in spirit, up or down
Along the scale of ranks, thro' all,
To him who grasps a golden ball,
By blood a king, at heart a clown,—

The churl in spirit, howe'er he veil
His want in forms for fashion's sake,
Will let his coltish nature break
At seasons thro' the gilded pale;

For who can always act? but he,
To whom a thousand memories call,
Not being less but more than all
The gentleness he seem'd to be,

Best seem'd the thing he was, and join'd
Each office of the social hour
To noble manners, as the flower
And native growth of noble mind;

Nor ever narrowness or spite,
Or villain fancy fleeting by,
Drew in the expression of an eye
Where God and Nature met in light;

And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soil'd with all ignoble use.

CXII

High wisdom holds my wisdom less,
That I, who gaze with temperate eyes
On glorious insufficiencies,
Set light by narrower perfectness.

But thou, that fillest all the room
Of all my love, art reason why
I seem to cast a careless eye
On souls, the lesser lords of doom.

For what wert thou? some novel power
Sprang up for ever at a touch,
And hope could never hope too much,
In watching thee from hour to hour,

Large elements in order brought,
And tracts of calm from tempest made,
And world-wide fluctuation sway'd
In vassal tides that follow'd thought.

CXIII

'T is held that sorrow makes us wise
Yet how much wisdom sleeps with thee

Which not alone had guided me,
it served the seasons that may rise;

r can I doubt, who knew thee keen
In intellect, with force and skill
To strive, to fashion, to fulfil —
doubt not what thou wouldst have
been:

life in civic action warm,
A soul on highest mission sent,
A potent voice of Parliament,
pillar steadfast in the storm,

ould licensed boldness gather force,
Becoming, when the time has birth,
A lever to uplift the earth
d roll it in another course,

ith thousand shocks that come and
go,
With agonies, with energies,
With overthrowings, and with cries,
d undulations to and fro.

CXIV

ho loves not Knowledge? Who
shall rail
Against her beauty? May she mix
With men and prosper! Who shall fix
r pillars? Let her work prevail.

t on her forehead sits a fire:
She sets her forward countenance
And leaps into the future chance,
bmitting all things to desire.

lf-grown as yet, a child, and vain —
She cannot fight the fear of death.
What is she, cut from love and faith,
t some wild Pallas from the brain

demons? fiery-hot to burst
All barriers in her onward race
For power. Let her know her place;
e is the second, not the first.

higher hand must make her mild,
f all be not in vain, and guide
Her footsteps, moving side by side
th Wisdom, like the younger child;

r she is earthly of the mind,
But Wisdom heavenly of the soul.
O friend, who camest to thy goal
early, leaving me behind,

I would the great world grew like
thee,
Who grewest not alone in power
And knowledge, but by year and
hour
In reverence and in charity.

CXV

Now fades the last long streak of
snow,
Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and
thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and
long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drown'd in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and
lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds, that change their
sky
To build and brood, that live their
lives

From land to land; and in my breast
Spring wakens too, and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

CXVI

Is it, then, regret for buried time
That keenlier in sweet April wakes,
And meets the year, and gives and
takes
The colors of the crescent prime?

Not all: the songs, the stirring air,
The life re-orient out of dust,
Cry thro' the sense to hearten trust
In that which made the world so fair.

Not all regret: the face will shine
Upon me, while I muse alone,
And that dear voice, I once have
known,
Still speak to me of me and mine.

Yet less of sorrow lives in me
For days of happy commune dead,
Less yearning for the friendship fled
Than some strong bond which is to be.

CXVII

O days and hours, your work is this,
To hold me from my proper place,
A little while from his embrace,
For fuller gain of after bliss;

That out of distance might ensue
Desire of nearness doubly sweet,
And unto meeting, when we meet,
Delight a hundredfold accrue,

For every grain of sand that runs,
And every span of shade that steals,
And every kiss of toothed wheels,
And all the courses of the suns.

CXVIII

Contemplate all this work of Time,
The giant laboring in his youth;
Nor dream of human love and truth,
As dying Nature's earth and lime;

But trust that those we call the dead
Are breathers of an ampler day
For ever nobler ends. They say,
The solid earth whereon we tread

In tracts of fluent heat began,
And grew to seeming-random forms,
The seeming prey of cyclic storms,
Till at the last arose the man;

Who throve and branch'd from clime to clime,
The herald of a higher race,
And of himself in higher place,
If so he type this work of time

Within himself, from more to more;
Or, crown'd with attributes of woe
Like glories, move his course, and show
That life is not as idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom

To shape and use. Arise and fly
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
Move upward, working out th beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.

CXIX

Doors, where my heart was used t beat
So quickly, not as one that weeps
I come once more; the city sleeps
I smell the meadow in the street;

I hear a chirp of birds; I see
Betwixt the black fronts long-witl drawn
A light-blue lane of early dawn,
And think of early days and thee,

And bless thee, for thy lips a bland,
And bright the friendship of thi eye;
And in my thoughts with scarce sigh
I take the pressure of thine hand.

CXX

I trust I have not wasted breath:
I think we are not wholly brain,
Magnetic mockeries; not in vain,
Like Paul with beasts, I fought wi Death;

Not only cunning casts in clay:
Let Science prove we are, and the
What matters Science unto men,
At least to me? I would not stay.

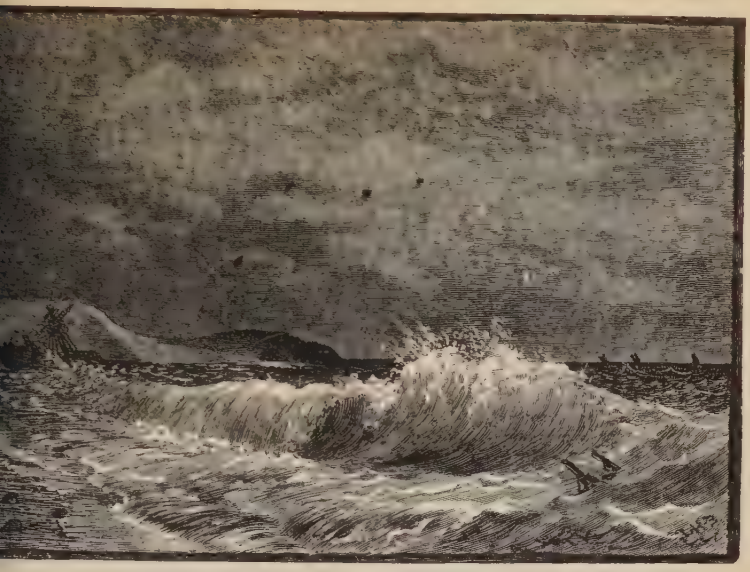
Let him, the wiser man who springs
Hereafter, up from childhood sha
His action like the greater ape,
But I was *born* to other things.

CXXI

Sad Hesper o'er the buried sun
And ready, thou, to die with him,
Thou watchest all things ever din
And dimmer, and a glory done.

The team is loosen'd from the wain,
The boat is drawn upon the shor
Thou listenest to the closing doo
And life is darken'd in the brain.

Bright Phosphor, fresher for the nig
By thee the world's great work heard



'There rolls the deep'

eginning, and the wakeful bird ;
ind thee comes the greater light.

market boat is on the stream,
nd voices hail it from the brink ;
hou hear'st the village hammer clink,
see'st the moving of the team.

et Hesper-Phosphor, double name
or what is one, the first, the last,
hou, like my present and my past,
place is changed ; thou art the same.

CXXII

vast thou with me, dearest, then,
hile I rose up against my doom,
nd yearn'd to burst the folded gloom,
are the eternal heavens again,

eel once more, in placid awe,
ne strong imagination roll
sphere of stars about my soul,
ll her motion one with law ?

If thou wert with me, and the grave
Divide us not, be with me now,
And enter in at breast and brow,
Till all my blood, a fuller wave,

Be quicken'd with a livelier breath,
And like an inconsiderate boy,
As in the former flash of joy,
I slip the thoughts of life and death ;

And all the breeze of Fancy blows,
And every dewdrop paints a bow,
The wizard lightnings deeply glow,
And every thought breaks out a rose.

CXXIII

There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
O earth, what changes hast thou seen!
There where the long street roars hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands ;

They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves
and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,
And dream my dream, and hold it
true;
For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing farewell.

CXXIV

That which we dare invoke to bless;
Our dearest faith; our ghastliest
doubt;
He, They, One, All; within, with-
out;
The Power in darkness whom we
guess, —

I found Him not in world or sun,
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye,
Nor thro' the questions men may
try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun.

If e'er when faith had fallen asleep,
I heard a voice, 'believe no more,'
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep,

A warmth within the breast would
melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answer'd, 'I have felt.'

No, like a child in doubt and fear:
But that blind clamor made me wise;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his father near;

And what I am beheld again
What is, and no man understands;
And out of darkness came the hands
That reach thro' nature, moulding men.

CXXV

Whatever I have said or sung,
Some bitter notes my harp would
give,
Yea, tho' there often seem'd to live
A contradiction on the tongue,

Yet Hope had never lost her youth,
She did but look through dimmer
eyes;
Or Love but play'd with gracio
lies,
Because he felt so fix'd in truth;

And if the song were full of care,
He breathed the spirit of the song
And if the words were sweet a
strong
He set his royal signet there;

Abiding with me till I sail
To seek thee on the mystic deeps,
And this electric force, that keeps
A thousand pulses dancing, fail.

CXXVI

Love is and was my lord and king,
And in his presence I attend
To hear the tidings of my friend,
Which every hour his couriers brin

Love is and was my king and lord,
And will be, tho' as yet I keep
Within the court on earth, and sle
Encompass'd by his faithful guard,

And hear at times a sentinel
Who moves about from place
place,
And whispers to the worlds of spa
In the deep night, that all is well.

CXXVII

And all is well, tho' faith and form
Be sunder'd in the night of fear;
Well roars the storm to those th
hear
A deeper voice across the storm,

Proclaiming social truth shall sprea
And justice, even tho' thrice agai
The red fool-fury of the Seine
Should pile her barricades with dea

But ill for him that wears a crown,
And him, the lazar, in his rags!
They tremble, the sustaining cra
The spires of ice are toppled down,

And molten up, and roar in flood;
The fortress crashes from on hig
The brute earth lightens to the sk
And the great Æon sinks in blood,

And compass'd by the fires of hell;
While thou, dear spirit, happy st

)'erlook'st the tumult from afar,
d smilest, knowing all is well.

CXXVIII

e love that rose on stronger wings,
Jnpalsied when he met with Death,
s comrade of the lesser faith
at sees the course of human things.

doubt vast eddies in the flood
)f onward time shall yet be made,
And throned races may degrade;
t, O ye mysteries of good,

ld Hours that fly with Hope and Fear,
f all your office had to do
Vith old results that look like new —
his were all your mission here,

draw, to sheathe a useless sword,
To fool the crowd with glorious lies,
To cleave a creed in sects and cries,
change the bearing of a word,

shift an arbitrary power,
To cramp the student at his desk,
To make old bareness picturesque
d tuft with grass a feudal tower,

ay, then my scorn might well descend
)n you and yours. I see in part
That all, as in some piece of art,
toil coöperant to an end.

CXXIX

ar friend, far off, my lost desire,
So far, so near in woe and weal,
) loved the most, when most I feel
ere is a lower and a higher;

own and unknown, human, divine;
Sweet human hand and lips and eye;
Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,
ne, mine, for ever, ever mine;

ange friend, past, present, and to be;
Loved deeplier, darklier understood;
Behold, I dream a dream of good,
d mingle all the world with thee.

CXXX

y voice is on the rolling air;
hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then? I cannot guess;
But tho' I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less.

My love involves the love before;
My love is vaster passion now;
Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
I have thee still, and I rejoice;
I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

CXXXI

O living will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure,

That we may lift from out of dust
A voice as unto him that hears,
A cry above the conquer'd years
To one that with us works, and trust,

With faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

O true and tried, so well and long,
Demand not thou a marriage lay;
In that it is thy marriage day
Is music more than any song.

Nor have I felt so much of bliss
Since first he told me that he loved
A daughter of our house, nor proved
Since that dark day a day like this;

Tho' I since then have number'd o'er
Some thrice three years; they went and came,
Remade the blood and changed the frame,
And yet is love not less, but more;

No longer caring to embalm
In dying songs a dead regret,
But like a statue solid-set,
And moulded in colossal calm.

Regret is dead, but love is more
Than in the summers that are flown,
For I myself with these have grown
To something greater than before;

Which makes appear the songs I made
As echoes out of weaker times,
As half but idle brawling rhymes,
The sport of random sun and shade.

But where is she, the bridal flower,
That must be made a wife ere noon?
She enters, glowing like the moon
Of Eden on its bridal bower.

On me she bends her blissful eyes
And then on thee; they meet thy look
And brighten like the star that shook
Betwixt the palms of Paradise.

O, when her life was yet in bud,
He too foretold the perfect rose.
For thee she grew, for thee she grows
For ever, and as fair as good.

And thou art worthy, full of power;
As gentle; liberal-minded, great,
Consistent; wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower.

But now set out: the noon is near,
And I must give away the bride;
She fears not, or with thee beside
And me behind her, will not fear.

For I that danced her on my knee,
That watch'd her on her nurse's arm,
That shielded all her life from harm,
At last must part with her to thee;

Now waiting to be made a wife,
Her feet, my darling, on the dead;
Their pensive tablets round her head,
And the most living words of life

Breathed in her ear. The ring is on,
The 'Wilt thou?' answer'd, and
again
The 'Wilt thou?' ask'd, till out of
twain
Her sweet 'I will' has made you one.

Now sign your names, which shall
read,
Mute symbols of a joyful morn,
By village eyes as yet unborn.
The names are sign'd, and overhead

Begins the clash and clang that tells
The joy to every wandering breez
The blind wall rocks, and on t
trees
The dead leaf trembles to the bells.

O happy hour, and happier hours
Await them. Many a merry face
Salutes them — maidens of the pla
That pelt us in the porch with flowe

O happy hour, behold the bride
With him to whom her hand I ga
They leave the porch, they pass t
grave
That has to-day its sunny side.

To-day the grave is bright for me,
For them the light of life increas
Who stay to share the morning fea
Who rest to-night beside the sea.

Let all my genial spirits advance
To meet and greet a whiter sun;
My drooping memory will not sh
The foaming grape of eastern Fran

It circles round, and fancy plays,
And hearts are warm'd and fa
bloom,
As drinking health to bride a
groom
We wish them store of happy days

Nor count me all to blame if I
Conjecture of a stiller guest,
Perchance, perchance, among
rest,
And, tho' in silence, wishing joy.

But they must go, the time draws
And those white-favor'd hou
wait;
They rise, but linger; it is late;
Farewell, we kiss, and they are go

A shade falls on us like the dark
From little cloudlets on the gras
But sweeps away as out we pass
To range the woods, to roam the p

cussing how their courtship grew,
nd talk of others that are wed,
nd how she look'd, and what he said,
l back we come at fall of dew.

in the feast, the speech, the glee,
he shade of passing thought, the wealth
f words and wit, the double health,
crowning cup, the three-times-three,

l last the dance ; — till I retire.
umb is that tower which spake so loud,
nd high in heaven the streaming cloud,
l on the downs a rising fire:

l rise, O moon, from yonder down,
ill over down and over dale
ll night the shining vapor sail
pass the silent-lighted town,

white-faced halls, the glancing rills,
nd catch at every mountain head,
nd o'er the friths that branch and spread
ir sleeping silver thro' the hills;

l touch with shade the bridal doors,
ith tender gloom the roof, the wall·

And breaking let the splendor fall
To spangle all the happy shores

By which they rest, and ocean sounds,
And, star and system rolling past,
A soul shall draw from out the vast
And strike his being into bounds,

And, moved thro' life of lower phase,
Result in man, be born and think,
And act and love, a closer link
Betwixt us and the crowning race

Of those that, eye to eye, shall look
On knowledge ; under whose command
Is Earth and Earth's, and in their hand
Is Nature like an open book;

No longer half-akin to brute,
For all we thought and loved and did,
And hoped, and suffer'd, is but seed
Of what in them is flower and fruit;

Whereof the man that with me trod
This planet was a noble type
Appearing ere the times were ripe,
That friend of mine who lives in God,

That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.

'I hate the dreadful hollow behind the little wood'

MAUD AND OTHER POEMS

MAUD; A MONODRAMA

PART I

I

I

I HATE the dreadful hollow behind
the little wood;
Its lips in the field above are dabbled
with blood-red heath.
The red-ribb'd ledges drip with a silent
horror of blood,
And Echo there, whatever is ask'd her,
answers 'Death.'

II

For there in the ghastly pit long si
a body was found,
His who had given me life — O fath
O God! was it well? —
Mangled, and flatten'd, and crus
and dinted into the ground;
There yet lies the rock that fell v
him when he fell.

III

Did he fling himself down?
knows? for a vast specula
had fail'd,

l ever he mutter'd and madden'd,
and ever wann'd with despair,
l out he walk'd when the wind like
a broken worldling wail'd,
l the flying gold of the ruin'd wood-
lands drove thro' the air.

IV

member the time, for the roots of
my hair were stirr'd
a shuffled step, by a dead weight
trail'd, by a whisper'd fright,
l my pulses closed their gates with
a shock on my heart as I heard
shrill-edged shriek of a mother
divide the shuddering night.

V

lainy somewhere! whose? One
says, we are villains all.
he; his honest fame should at least
by me be maintained;
that old man, now lord of the
broad estate and the Hall,
pt off gorged from a scheme that
had left us flaccid and drain'd.

VI

y do they prate of the blessings of
peace? we have made them a
curse,
xpockets, each hand lusting for all
that is not its own;
l lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain,
is it better or worse
n the heart of the citizen hissing
in war on his own hearthstone?

VII

these are the days of advance, the
works of the men of mind,
en who but a fool would have faith
in a tradesman's ware or his
word?
t peace or war? Civil war, as I
think, and that of a kind
viler, as underhand, not openly
bearing the sword.

VIII

ıer or later I too may passively
take the print
he golden age — why not? I have
neither hope nor trust;
make my heart as a millstone, set
my face as a flint,
Cheat and be cheated, and die — who
knows? we are ashes and dust.

IX

Peace sitting under her olive, and
slurring the days gone by,
When the poor are hovell'd and hus-
tled together, each sex, like
swine,
When only the ledger lives, and when
only not all men lie;
Peace in her vineyard — yes! — but a
company forges the wine.

X

And the vitriol madness flushes up in
the ruffian's head,
Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell
of the trampled wife,
And chalk and alum and plaster are
sold to the poor for bread,
And the spirit of murder works in the
very means of life,

XI

And Sleep must lie down arm'd, for
the villainous centre-bits
Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush
of the moonless nights,
While another is cheating the sick of
a few last gasps, as he sits
To pestle a poison'd poison behind his
crimson lights.

XII

When a Mammonite mother kills her
babe for a burial fee,
And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile
of children's bones,
Is it peace or war? better, war! loud
war by land and by sea,
War with a thousand battles, and shak-
ing a hundred thrones!

XIII

For I trust if an enemy's fleet came
yonder round by the hill,
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from
the three-decker out of the
foam,
That the smooth-faced, snub-nosed
rogue would leap from his
counter and till,
And strike, if he could, were it but
with his cheating yardwand,
home. —

XIV

What! am I raging alone as my father raged in his mood?
Must *I* too creep to the hollow and dash myself down and die
Rather than hold by the law that I made, nevermore to brood
On a horror of shatter'd limbs and a wretched swindler's lie?

XV

Would there be sorrow for *me*? there was *love* in the passionate shriek,
Love for the silent thing that had made false haste to the grave —
Wrapt in a cloak, as I saw him, and thought he would rise and speak
And rave at the lie and the liar, ah God, as he used to rave.

XVI

I am sick of the Hall and the hill, I am sick of the moor and the main.
Why should I stay? can a sweeter chance ever come to me here?
O, having the nerves of motion as well as the nerves of pain,
Were it not wise if I fled from the place and the pit and the fear?

XVII

Workmen up at the Hall! — they are coming back from abroad;
The dark old place will be gilt by the touch of a millionaire.
I have heard, I know not whence, of the singular beauty of Maud;
I play'd with the girl when a child; she promised then to be fair.

XVIII

Maud, with her venturous climbings and tumbles and childish escapes,
Maud, the delight of the village, the ringing joy of the Hall,
Maud, with her sweet purse-mouth when my father dangled the grapes,
Maud, the beloved of my mother, the moon-faced darling of all, —

XIX

What is she now? My dreams are bad. She may bring me a curse.
No, there is fatter game on the moo
she will let me alone.
Thanks; for the fiend best kno
whether woman or man be
worse.
I will bury myself in myself, and
Devil may pipe to his own.

II

Long have I sigh'd for a cal
God grant I may find it
last!
It will never be broken by Maud;
has neither savor nor salt,
But a cold and clear-cut face, a
found when her carriage pas
Perfectly beautiful; let it be gran
her; where is the fault?
All that I saw — for her eyes w
downcast, not to be seen —
Faultily faultless, icily regular, spl
didly null,
Dead perfection, no more; noth
more, if it had not been
For a chance of travel, a paleness,
hour's defect of the rose,
Or an underlip, you may call it a li
too ripe, too full,
Or the least little delicate aquil
curve in a sensitive nose,
From which I escaped heart-free, w
the least little touch of splee

III

Cold and clear-cut face, why come
so cruelly meek,
Breaking a slumber in which
spleenful folly was drown'd
Pale with the golden beam of an
lash dead on the cheek,
Passionless, pale, cold face, star-sv
on a gloom profound;
Womanlike, taking revenge too d
for a transient wrong
Done but in thought to your beau
and ever as pale as before
Growing and fading and grow
upon me without a sound,
Luminous, gemlike, ghostlike, de
like, half the night long
Growing and fading and growing,
I could bear it no more,

arose, and all by myself in my
own dark garden ground,
ening now to the tide in its broad-
flung shipwrecking roar,
to the scream of a madden'd
beach dragg'd down by the
wave,
k'd in a wintry wind by a ghastly
glimmer, and found
shining daffodil dead, and Orion
low in his grave.

IV

I

illion emeralds break from the
ruby-budded lime
he little grove where I sit — ah,
wherefore cannot I be
things of the season gay, like the
bountiful season bland,
n the far-off sail is blown by the
breeze of a softer clime,
-lost in the liquid azure bloom of
a crescent of sea,
silent sapphire-spangled marriage
ring of the land ?

II

w me, there, is the village, and
looks how quiet and small !
yet bubbles o'er like a city, with
gossip, scandal, and spite ;
Jack on his ale-house bench has
as many lies as a Czar ;
here on the landward side,
by a red rock, glimmers the
Hall ;
up in the high Hall-garden I see
her pass like a light ;
sorrow seize me if ever that light
be my leading star !

III

n have I bow'd to her father, the
wrinkled head of the race ?
t her to-day with her brother, but
not to her brother I bow'd ;
w'd to his lady-sister as she rode
by on the moor,
the fire of a foolish pride flash'd
over her beautiful face.
ild, you wrong your beauty, be-
lieve it, in being so proud ;
father has wealth well-gotten,
and I am nameless and poor.

IV

I keep but a man and a maid, ever
ready to slander and steal ;
I know it, and smile a hard-set smile,
like a stoic, or like
A wiser epicurean, and let the world
have its way
For nature is one with rapine, a harm
no preacher can heal ;
The Mayfly is torn by the swallow,
the sparrow spear'd by the
shrike,
And the whole little wood where I sit
is a world of plunder and prey.

V

We are puppets, Man in his pride,
and Beauty fair in her flower ;
Do we move ourselves, or are moved
by an unseen hand at a game
That pushes us off from the board,
and others ever succeed ?
Ah yet, we cannot be kind to each
other here for an hour ;
We whisper, and hint, and chuckle,
and grin at a brother's shame ;
However we brave it out, we men are
a little breed.

VI

A monstrous eft was of old the lord
and master of earth,
For him did his high sun flame, and
his river billowing ran,
And he felt himself in his force to be
Nature's crowning race.
As nine months go to the shaping an
infant ripe for his birth,
So many a million of ages have gone
to the making of man :
He now is first, but is he the last ? is
he not too base ?

VII

The man of science himself is fonder
of glory, and vain,
An eye well-practised in nature, a
spirit bounded and poor ;
The passionate heart of the poet is
whirl'd into folly and vice.
I would not marvel at either, but keep
a temperate brain ;
For not to desire or admire, if a man
could learn it, were more
Than to walk all day like the sultan
of old in a garden of spice.

VIII

For the drift of the Maker is dark, an Isis hid by the veil.
Who knows the ways of the world, how God will bring them about?
Our planet is one, the suns are many, the world is wide.
Shall I weep if a Poland fall? shall I shriek if a Hungary fail?
Or an infant civilization be ruled with rod or with knout?
I have not made the world, and He that made it will guide.

IX

Be mine a philosopher's life in the quiet woodland ways,
Where if I cannot be gay let a passionless peace be my lot,
Far-off from the clamor of liars belied in the hubbub of lies;
From the long-neck'd geese of the world that are ever hissing dispraise
Because their natures are little, and, whether he heed it or not,
Where each man walks with his head in a cloud of poisonous flies.

X

And most of all would I flee from the cruel madness of love,
The honey of poison-flowers and all the measureless ill.
Ah, Maud, you milk-white fawn, you are all unmeet for a wife.
Your mother is mute in her grave as her image in marble above;
Your father is ever in London, you wander about at your will;
You have but fed on the roses and lain in the lilies of life.

V

I

A voice by the cedar tree
In the meadow under the Hall!
She is singing an air that is known to me,
A passionate ballad gallant and gay,
A martial song like a trumpet's call!
Singing alone in the morning of life,
In the happy morning of life and of May,
Singing of men that in battle array,
Ready in heart and ready in hand,
March with banner and bugle and fife
To the death, for their native land.

II

Maud with her exquisite face,
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky,
And feet like sunny gems on an English green,
Maud in the light of her youth and her grace,
Singing of Death, and of Honor that cannot die,
Till I well could weep for a time so sordid and mean,
And myself so languid and base.

III

Silence, beautiful voice!
Be still, for you only trouble the mind
With a joy in which I cannot rejoice,
A glory I shall not find.
Still! I will hear you no more,
For your sweetness hardly leaves me a choice
But to move to the meadow and fall before
Her feet on the meadow grass, and adore,
Not her, who is neither courtly nor kind,
Not her, not her, but a voice.

VI

I

Morning arises stormy and pale,
No sun, but a wannish glare
In fold upon fold of hueless cloud
And the budded peaks of the wood are bow'd,
Caught, and cuff'd by the gale:
I had fancied it would be fair.

II

Whom but Maud should I meet
Last night, when the sunset burn'd
On the blossom'd gable-ends
At the head of the village street,
Whom but Maud should I meet?
And she touch'd my hand with a shy so sweet,

made me divine amends
a courtesy not return'd.

III

l thus a delicate spark
glowing and growing light
ro' the livelong hours of the dark
ot itself warm in the heart of my dreams,
dy to burst in a color'd flame;
at last, when the morning came
a cloud, it faded, and seems
an ashen-gray delight.

IV

at if with her sunny hair,
l smile as sunny as cold,
meant to weave me a snare
some coquettish deceit,
opatra-like as of old
entangle me when we met,
have her lion roll in a silken net
l fawn at a victor's feet.

V

what shall I be at fifty
uld Nature keep me alive,
find the world so bitter
en I am but twenty-five?
if she were not a cheat,
laud were all that she seem'd,
l her smile were all that I dream'd,
n the world were not so bitter
a smile could make it sweet.

VI

at if, tho' her eye seem'd full
kind intent to me,
at if that dandy-despot, he,
t jewell'd mass of millinery,
t oil'd and curl'd Assyrian bull
lling of musk and of insolence,
brother, from whom I keep aloof,
o wants the finer politic sense
mask, tho' but in his own behoof,
h a glassy smile his brutal scorn —
at if he had told her yestermorn
prettily for his own sweet sake
ce of tenderness might be feign'd,
a moist mirage in desert eyes,
t so, when the rotten hustings shake
nother month to his brazen lies,
retched vote may be gain'd?

VII

For a raven ever croaks, at my side,
Keep watch and ward, keep watch and ward,
Or thou wilt prove their tool.
Yea, too, myself from myself I guard,
For often a man's own angry pride
Is cap and bells for a fool.

VIII

Perhaps the smile and tender tone
Came out of her pitying womanhood,
For am I not, am I not, here alone
So many a summer since she died,
My mother, who was so gentle and good?
Living alone in an empty house,
Here half-hid in the gleaming wood,
Where I hear the dead at midday moan,
And the shrieking rush of the wainscot mouse,
And my own sad name in corners cried,
When the shiver of dancing leaves is thrown
About its echoing chambers wide,
Till a morbid hate and horror have grown
Of a world in which I have hardly mixt,
And a morbid eating lichen fixt
On a heart half-turn'd to stone.

IX

O heart of stone, are you flesh, and caught
By that you swore to withstand?
For what was it else within me wrought
But, I fear, the new strong wine of love,
That made my tongue to stammer and trip
When I saw the treasured splendor, her hand,
Come sliding out of her sacred glove,
And the sunlight broke from her lip?

X

I have play'd with her when a child;
She remembers it now we meet.
Ah, well, well, well, I *may* be beguiled
By some coquettish deceit.

Yet, if she were not a cheat,
If Maud were all that she seem'd,
And her smile had all that I dream'd,
Then the world were not so bitter
But a smile could make it sweet.

VII

I

Did I hear it half in a doze
Long since, I know not where?
Did I dream it an hour ago,
When asleep in this arm-chair?

II

Men were drinking together,
Drinking and talking of me:
'Well, if it prove a girl, the boy
Will have plenty; so let it be.'

III

Is it an echo of something
Read with a boy's delight,
Viziers nodding together
In some Arabian night?

IV

Strange, that I hear two men,
Somewhere, talking of me:
'Well, if it prove a girl, my boy
Will have plenty; so let it be.'

VIII

She came to the village church,
And sat by a pillar alone;
An angel watching an urn
Wept over her, carved in stone;
And once, but once, she lifted her eyes,
And suddenly, sweetly, strangely blush'd
To find they were met by my own;
And suddenly, sweetly, my heart beat stronger
And thicker, until I heard no longer
The snowy-banded, dilettante,
Delicate-handed priest intone;
And thought, is it pride? and mused and sigh'd,
'No surely, now it cannot be pride.'

IX

I was walking a mile,
More than a mile from the shore,
The sun look'd out with a smile
Betwixt the cloud and the moor:
And riding at set of day
Over the dark moor land,
Rapidly riding far away,
She waved to me with her hand.
There were two at her side,
Something flash'd in the sun,
Down by the hill I saw them rid
In a moment they were gone;
Like a sudden spark
Struck vainly in the night,
Then returns the dark
With no more hope of light.

X

I

Sick, am I sick of a jealous dread?
Was not one of the two at her side
This new-made lord, whose splen
plucks
The slavish hat from the villag
head?
Whose old grandfather has lately di
Gone to a blacker pit, for whom
Grimy nakedness dragging his tru
And laying his trams in a poisc
gloom
Wrought, till he crept from a gut
mine
Master of half a servile shire,
And left his coal all turn'd into go
To a grandson, first of his noble li
Rich in the grace all women desire
Strong in the power that all m
adore,
And simper and set their voices lo
And soften as if to a girl, and hol
Awe-stricken breaths at a work div
Seeing his gewgaw castle shine,
New as his title, built last year,
There amid perky larches and pin
And over the sullen-purple moor—
Look at it—pricking a cockney e

II

What, has he found my jewel out
For one of the two that rode at her
Bound for the Hall, I am sure
he;
Bound for the Hall, and I think
bride.
Blithe would her brother's accept
be.
Maud could be gracious too, no d

'She came to the village church,
And sat by a pillar alone'

a lord, a captain, a padded shape,
ought commission, a waxen face,
rabbit mouth that is ever agape—
ught? what is it he cannot buy? 361
d therefore splenetic, personal, base,
wounded thing with a rancorous cry,
war with myself and a wretched race,
k, sick to the heart of life, am I.

III

st week came one to the county town,
preach our poor little army down,
d play the game of the despot kings,
Tho' the state has done it and thrice as well.
This broad-brimm'd hawker of holy things, 370
Whose ear is cramm'd with his cotton, and rings
Even in dreams to the chink of his pence,
This huckster put down war! can he tell
Whether war be a cause or a consequence?
Put down the passions that make earth hell!
Down with ambition, avarice, pride,
Jealousy, down! cut off from the mind
The bitter springs of anger and fear!

Down too, down at your own fireside,
With the evil tongue and the evil ear,
For each is at war with mankind!

IV

I wish I could hear again
The chivalrous battle-song
That she warbled alone in her joy!
I might persuade myself then
She would not do herself this great wrong,
To take a wanton dissolute boy
For a man and leader of men.

V

Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone
For ever and ever by,
One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him — what care I? —
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat — one
Who can rule and dare not lie!

VI

And ah for a man to arise in me,
That the man I am may cease to be!

XI

I

O, let the solid ground
Not fail beneath my feet
Before my life has found
What some have found so sweet!
Then let come what come may,
What matter if I go mad,
I shall have had my day.

II

Let the sweet heavens endure,
Not close and darken above me
Before I am quite quite sure
That there is one to love me!
Then let come what come may
To a life that has been so sad,
I shall have had my day.

XII

I

Birds in the high Hall-garden
When twilight was falling,
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling.

II

Where was Maud? in our wood;
And I — who else? — was wi
her,
Gathering woodland lilies,
Myriads blow together.

III

Birds in our wood sang
Ringing thro' the valleys,
Maud is here, here, here
In among the lilies.

IV

I kiss'd her slender hand,
She took the kiss sedately;
Maud is not seventeen,
But she is tall and stately.

V

I to cry out on pride
Who have won her favor!
O, Maud were sure of heaven
If lowliness could save her!

VI

I know the way she went
Home with her maiden posy,
For her feet have touch'd the m
dows
And left the daisies rosy.

VII

Birds in the high Hall-garden
Were crying and calling to her
Where is Maud, Maud, Maud?
One is come to woo her.

VIII

Look, a horse at the door,
And little King Charley sn
ing!
Go back, my lord, across the mo
You are not her darling.

XIII

I

Scorn'd, to be scorn'd by one th
scorn,
Is that a matter to make me fret?
That a calamity hard to be borne
Well, he may live to hate me yet.

ol that I am to be vext with his pride!
ast him, I was crossing his lands;
stood on the path a little aside;
face, as I grant, in spite of spite,
s a broad-blown comeliness, red and white,
d six feet two, as I think, he stands;
t his essences turn'd the live air sick,
d barbarous opulence jewel-thick
in'd itself on his breast and his hands.

II

no shall call me ungentle, unfair?
ng'd so heartily then and there
give him the grasp of fellowship;
t while I past he was humming an air,
pt, and then with a riding-whip
surely tapping a glossy boot,
d curving a contumelious lip,
gonized me from head to foot
th a stony British stare.

III

y sits he here in his father's chair?
at old man never comes to his place;
ll I believe him ashamed to be seen?
only once, in the village street,
t year, I caught a glimpse of his face,
ray old wolf and a lean.
rcely, now, would I call him a cheat;
then, perhaps, as a child of deceit,
might by a true descent be untrue;
l Maud is as true as Maud is sweet,
' I fancy her sweetness only due
he sweeter blood by the other side;
mother has been a thing complete,
wever she came to be so allied.
l fair without, faithful within,
id to him is nothing akin.
ne peculiar mystic grace
le her only the child of her mother,
l heap'd the whole inherited sin
that huge scapegoat of the race,
all upon the brother.

IV

ce, angry spirit, and let him be!
not his sister smiled on me?

XIV

I

Maud has a garden of roses
And lilies fair on a lawn;
There she walks in her state
And tends upon bed and bower,
And thither I climb'd at dawn
And stood by her garden-gate.
A lion ramps at the top,
He is clasp't by a passion-flower.

II

Maud's own little oak-room —
Which Maud, like a precious stone
Set in the heart of the carven gloom,
Lights with herself, when alone
She sits by her music and books
And her brother lingers late
With a roystering company — looks
Upon Maud's own garden-gate;
And I thought as I stood, if a hand, as white
As ocean-foam in the moon, were laid
On the hasp of the window, and my Delight
Had a sudden desire, like a glorious ghost, to glide,
Like a beam of the seventh heaven, down to my side,
There were but a step to be made.

III

The fancy flatter'd my mind,
And again seem'd overbold;
Now I thought that she cared for me,
Now I thought she was kind
Only because she was cold.

IV

I heard no sound where I stood
But the rivulet on from the lawn
Running down to my own dark wood,
Or the voice of the long sea-wave as it swell'd
Now and then in the dim-gray dawn;
But I look'd, and round, all round the house I beheld
The death-white curtain drawn,
Felt a horror over me creep,
Prickle my skin and catch my breath,
Knew that the death-white curtain meant but sleep,
Yet I shudder'd and thought like a fool of the sleep of death.

XV

So dark a mind within me dwells,
And I make myself such evil cheer,
That if *I* be dear to some one else,
Then some one else may have much to fear;
But if *I* be dear to some one else,
Then I should be to myself more dear.
Shall I not take care of all that I think,
Yea, even of wretched meat and drink,
If I be dear,
If I be dear to some one else?

XVI

I

This lump of earth has left his estate
The lighter by the loss of his weight;
And so that he find what he went to seek,
And fulsome pleasure clog him, and drown
His heart in the gross mud-honey of town,
He may stay for a year who has gone for a week.
But this is the day when I must speak,
And I see my Oread coming down,
O, this is the day!
O beautiful creature, what am I
That I dare to look her way?
Think I may hold dominion sweet,
Lord of the pulse that is lord of her breast,
And dream of her beauty with tender dread,
From the delicate Arab arch of her feet
To the grace that, bright and light as the crest
Of a peacock, sits on her shining head,
And she knows it not—O, if she knew it,
To know her beauty might half undo it!
I know it the one bright thing to save
My yet young life in the wilds of Time,
Perhaps from madness, perhaps from crime,
Perhaps from a selfish grave

II

What, if she be fasten'd to this fo
lord,
Dare I bid her abide by her word?
Should I love her so well if she
Had given her word to a thing so low
Shall I love her as well if she
Can break her word were it even f
me?
I trust that it is not so.

III

Catch not my breath, O clamoro
heart,
Let not my tongue be a thrall to r
eye.
For I must tell her before we part,
I must tell her, or die.

XVII

Go not, happy day,
From the shining fields,
Go not, happy day,
Till the maiden yields,
Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.
When the happy Yes
Falters from her lips,
Pass and blush the news
Over glowing ships;
Over blowing seas,
Over seas at rest,
Pass the happy news,
Blush it thro' the West;
Till the red man dance
By his red cedar-tree,
And the red man's babe
Leap, beyond the sea.
Blush from West to East,
Blush from East to West,
Till the West is East,
Blush it thro' the West.
Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.

XVIII

I

I have led her home, my love,
only friend.
There is none like her, none.

d never yet so warmly ran my blood
d sweetly, on and on
lming itself to the long-wish'd-for end,
ll to the banks, close on the promised good.

II

ne like her, none.
st now the dry-tongued laurels' pattering talk
em'd her light foot along the garden walk,
d shook my heart to think she comes once more.
t even then I heard her close the door;
e gates of heaven are closed, and she is gone.

III

ere is none like her, none,
r will be when our summers have deceased.
art thou sighing for Lebanon
the long breeze that streams to thy delicious East,
hing for Lebanon,
rk cedar, tho' thy limbs have here increased,
on a pastoral slope as fair,
d looking to the South and fed
th honey'd rain and delicate air,
d haunted by the starry head
her whose gentle will has changed my fate,
d made my life a perfumed altar-flame;
d over whom thy darkness must have spread
th such delight as theirs of old, thy great
refathers of the thornless garden, there
adowing the snow-limb'd Eve from whom she came?

IV

re will I lie, while these long branches sway,
d you fair stars that crown a happy day
in and out as if at merry play,
o am no more so all forlorn
when it seem'd far better to be born
To labor and the mattock-harden'd hand
Than nursed at ease and brought to understand
A sad astrology, the boundless plan
That makes you tyrants in your iron skies,
Innumerable, pitiless, passionless eyes,
Cold fires, yet with power to burn and brand
His nothingness into man.

V

But now shine on, and what care I,
Who in this stormy gulf have found a pearl
The countercharm of space and hollow sky,
And do accept my madness, and would die
To save from some slight shame one simple girl?—

VI

Would die, for sullen-seeming Death may give
More life to Love than is or ever was
In our low world, where yet 't is sweet to live.
Let no one ask me how it came to pass;
It seems that I am happy, that to me
A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass,
A purer sapphire melts into the sea.

VII

Not die, but live a life of truest breath,
And teach true life to fight with mortal wrongs.
O, why should Love, like men in drinking-songs,
Spice his fair banquet with the dust of death?
Make answer, Maud my bliss,
Maud made my Maud by that long loving kiss,
Life of my life, wilt thou not answer this?
'The dusky strand of Death inwoven here
With dear Love's tie, makes Love himself more dear.'

VIII

Is that enchanted moan only the swell
Of the long waves that roll in yonder bay?
And hark the clock within, the silver knell
Of twelve sweet hours that past in bridal white,
And died to live, long as my pulses play;
But now by this my love has closed her sight
And given false death her hand, and stolen away
To dreamful wastes where footless fancies dwell
Among the fragments of the golden day.
May nothing there her maiden grace affright!
Dear heart, I feel with thee the drowsy spell.
My bride to be, my evermore delight,
My own heart's heart, my ownest own, farewell;
It is but for a little space I go.
And ye meanwhile far over moor and fell
Beat to the noiseless music of the night!
Has our whole earth gone nearer to the glow
Of your soft splendors that you look so bright?
I have climb'd nearer out of lonely hell.
Beat, happy stars, timing with things below,
Beat with my heart more blest than heart can tell,
Blest, but for some dark undercurrent woe
That seems to draw — but it shall not be so;
Let all be well, be well.

XIX

I

Her brother is coming back to-night,
Breaking up my dream of delight.

II

My dream? do I dream of bliss?
I have walk'd awake with Truth.
O, when did a morning shine
So rich in atonement as this
For my dark-dawning youth,
Darken'd watching a mother decline
And that dead man at her heart a mine;
For who was left to watch her but
Yet so did I let my freshness die.

III

I trust that I did not talk
To gentle Maud in our walk —
For often in lonely wanderings
I have cursed him even to lifele things —
But I trust that I did not talk,
Not touch on her father's sin.
I am sure I did but speak
Of my mother's faded cheek
When it slowly grew so thin
That I felt she was slowly dying
Vext with lawyers and harass'd wi debt;
For how often I caught her with ey all wet,
Shaking her head at her son and sig ing
A world of trouble within!

IV

And Maud too, Maud was moved
To speak of the mother she loved
As one scarce less forlorn,
Dying abroad and it seems apart
From him who had ceased to sh her heart,
And ever mourning over the feud,
The household Fury sprinkled w blood
By which our houses are torn.
How strange was what she said,
When only Maud and the brother
Hung over her dying bed —
That Maud's dark father and mine
Had bound us one to the other,
Betrothed us over their wine,
On the day when Maud was born;
Seal'd her mine from her first sw breath!
Mine, mine by a right, from birth death!
Mine, mine — our fathers have swo

V

But the true blood spilt had in it a h
To dissolve the precious seal on a bo
That, if left uncancell'd, had been sweet;

d none of us thought of a something
beyond,
desire that awoke in the heart of
the child,
it were a duty done to the
tomb,
be friends for her sake, to be rec-
onciled;
d I was cursing them and my
doom,
d letting a dangerous thought run
wild
ile often abroad in the fragrant
gloom
foreign churches — I see her there,
ght English lily, breathing a prayer
be friends, to be reconciled!

VI

t then what a flint is he!
road, at Florence, at Rome,
nd whenever she touch'd on me
is brother had laugh'd her down,
d at last, when each came home,
had darken'd into a frown,
d her, and forbid her to speak
me, her friend of the years be-
fore;
d this was what had redden'd her
cheek
en I bow'd to her on the moor.

VII

Maud, altho' not blind
the faults of his heart and mind,
e she cannot but love him,
l says he is rough but kind,
l wishes me to approve him,
l tells me, when she lay
k once, with a fear of worse,
t he left his wine and horses and
play,
with her, read to her, night and
day,
l tended her like a nurse.

VIII

d? but the death-bed desire
rn'd by this heir of the liar —
gh but kind? yet I know
has plotted against me in this,
t he plots against me still.
d to Maud? that were not amiss.
l, rough but kind; why, let it be
so,
shall not Maud have her will?

IX

For, Maud, so tender and true,
As long as my life endures
I feel I shall owe you a debt
That I never can hope to pay;
And if ever I should forget
That I owe this debt to you
And, for your sweet sake to yours,
O, then, what then shall I say? —
If ever I *should* forget,
May God make me more wretched
Than ever I have been yet!

X

So now I have sworn to bury
All this dead body of hate,
I feel so free and so clear
By the loss of that dead weight,
That I should grow light-headed, I
fear,
Fantastically merry,
But that her brother comes, like a
blight
On my fresh hope, to the Hall to-night.

XX

I

Strange, that I felt so gay,
Strange, that *I* tried to-day
To beguile her melancholy;
The Sultan, as we name him —
She did not wish to blame him —
But he vext her and perplext her
With his worldly talk and folly.
Was it gentle to reprove her
For stealing out of view
From a little lazy lover
Who but claims her as his due?
Or for chilling his caresses
By the coldness of her manners,
Nay, the plainness of her dresses?
Now I know her but in two,
Nor can pronounce upon it
If one should ask me whether
The habit, hat, and feather,
Or the frock and gipsy bonnet
Be the neater and completer;
For nothing can be sweeter
Than maiden Maud in either.

II

But to-morrow, if we live,
Our ponderous squire will give
A grand political dinner
To half the squirelings near;

And Maud will wear her jewels,
And the bird of prey will hover,
And the titmouse hope to win her
With his chirrup at her ear.

III

A grand political dinner
To the men of many acres,
A gathering of the Tory,
A dinner and then a dance
For the maids and marriage-makers,
And every eye but mine will glance
At Maud in all her glory.

IV

For I am not invited,
But, with the Sultan's pardon,
I am all as well delighted,
For I know her own rose-garden,
And mean to linger in it
Till the dancing will be over;
And then, O, then, come out to me
For a minute, but for a minute,
Come out to your own true lover,
That your true lover may see
Your glory also, and render
All homage to his own darling,
Queen Maud in all her splendor.

XXI

Rivulet crossing my ground,
And bringing me down from the Hall
This garden-rose that I found,
Forgetful of Maud and me,
And lost in trouble and moving round
Here at the head of a tinkling fall,
And trying to pass to the sea;
O rivulet, born at the Hall,
My Maud has sent it by thee —
If I read her sweet will right —
On a blushing mission to me,
Saying in odor and color, 'Ah, be
Among the roses to-night.'

XXII

I

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the rose is blown.

II

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high
Beginning to faint in the light th
she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun s
loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

III

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessami
stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune;
Till a silence fell with the waking bir
And a hush with the setting moo

IV

I said to the lily, 'There is but one,
With whom she has heart to
gay.
When will the dancers leave her alon
She is weary of dance and play.'
Now half to the setting moon are go
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the sto
The last wheel echoes away.

V

I said to the rose, 'The brief night g
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs
those,
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine,' so I sware
the rose,
'For ever and ever, mine.'

VI

And the soul of the rose went into
blood,
As the music clash'd in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stoo
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and
to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all

VII

From the meadow your walks h
left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sig
He sets the jewel-print of your fee
In violets blue as your eyes,

the woody hollows in which we meet
And the valleys of Paradise.

VIII

e slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
e white lake-blossom fell into the lake
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
t the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
e lilies and roses were all awake,
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

IX

een rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
ne out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

X

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate.
The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is near;'
And the white rose weeps, 'She is late;'
The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear;'
And the lily whispers, 'I wait.'

XI

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead,
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

'Come into the garden, Maud'

PART II

I

1

'The fault was mine, the fault was mine'—
Why am I sitting here so stunn'd and still,
Plucking the harmless wild-flower on the hill?—
It is this guilty hand!—
And there rises ever a passionate cry
From underneath in the darkening land—
What is it, that has been done?
O dawn of Eden bright over earth and sky,
The fires of hell brake out of thy rising sun,
The fires of hell and of hate;
For she, sweet soul, had hardly spoken a word,
When her brother ran in his rage to the gate,
He came with the babe-faced lord,
Heap'd on her terms of disgrace;
And while she wept, and I strove to be cool,
He fiercely gave me the lie,
Till I with as fierce an anger spoke,
And he struck me, madman, over the face,
Struck me before the languid fool,
Who was gaping and grinning by;
Struck for himself an evil stroke,
Wrought for his house an irredeemable woe.
For front to front in an hour we stood,
And a million horrible bellowing echoes broke
From the red-ribb'd hollow behind the wood,
And thunder'd up into heaven the Christless code
That must have life for a blow.
Ever and ever afresh they seem'd to grow.
Was it he lay there with a fading eye?
'The fault was mine,' he whisper'd, 'fly!'
Then glided out of the joyous wood
The ghastly Wraith of one that I know,
And there rang on a sudden a p
sionate cry,
A cry for a brother's blood;
It will ring in my heart and my ea
till I die, till I die.

2

Is it gone? my pulses beat—
What was it? a lying trick of brain?
Yet I thought I saw her stand,
A shadow there at my feet,
High over the shadowy land.
It is gone; and the heavens fall i
gentle rain,
When they should burst and dro
with deluging storms
The feeble vassals of wine and an
and lust,
The little hearts that know not h
to forgive.
Arise, my God, and strike, for
hold Thee just,
Strike dead the whole weak race
venomous worms,
That sting each other here in
dust;
We are not worthy to live.

II

1

See what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairily well
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design!

2

What is it? a learned man
Could give it a clumsy name.
Let him name it who can,
The beauty would be the same.

3

The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the little living will
That made it stir on the shore.
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill?
Did he push, when he was uncurl'
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Thro' his dim water-world?

IV

ght, to be crush'd with a tap
my finger-nail on the sand,
all, but a work divine,
il, but of force to withstand,
ar upon year, the shock
cataract seas that snap
e three-decker's oaken spine
wart the ledges of rock,
re on the Breton strand!

V

ton, not Briton; here
e a shipwreck'd man on a coast
ancient fable and fear—
gued with a flitting to and fro,
isease, a hard mechanic ghost
t never came from on high
ever arose from below,
only moves with the moving eye,
ing along the land and the main—
y should it look like Maud?
I to be overawed
what I cannot but know
juggle born of the brain?

VI

k from the Breton coast,
of a nameless fear,
k to the dark sea-line
king, thinking of all I have lost;
old song vexes my ear,
that of Lamech is mine.

VII

years, a measureless ill,
years, for ever, to part—
she, she would love me still;
l as long, O God, as she
e a grain of love for me,
ong, no doubt, no doubt,
ll I nurse in my dark heart,
vever weary, a spark of will
to be trampled out.

VIII

nge, that the mind, when fraught
h a passion so intense
would think that it well
ht drown all life in the eye,—
t it should, by being so overwrought,
denly strike on a sharper sense
a shell, or a flower, little things
Which else would have been past by!
And now I remember, I,
When he lay dying there,
I noticed one of his many rings—
For he had many, poor worm—and thought,
It is his mother's hair.

IX

Who knows if he be dead?
Whether I need have fled?
Am I guilty of blood?
However this may be,
Comfort her, comfort her, all things good,
While I am over the sea!
Let me and my passionate love go by,
But speak to her all things holy and high,
Whatever happen to me!
Me and my harmful love go by;
But come to her waking, find her asleep,
Powers of the height, Powers of the deep,
And comfort her tho' I die!

III

Courage, poor heart of stone!
I will not ask thee why
Thou canst not understand
That thou art left for ever alone;
Courage, poor stupid heart of stone!—
Or if I ask thee why,
Care not thou to reply:
She is but dead, and the time is at hand
When thou shalt more than die.

IV

I

O that 't were possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again!

II

When I was wont to meet her
In the silent woody places
By the home that gave me birth,
We stood tranced in long embraces
Mixt with kisses sweeter, sweeter
Than anything on earth.

III

A shadow flits before me,
Not thou, but like to thee.
Ah, Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be!

IV

It leads me forth at evening,
It lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
And the roaring of the wheels.

V

Half the night I waste in sighs,
Half in dreams I sorrow after
The delight of early skies;
In a wakeful doze I sorrow
For the hand, the lips, the eyes,
For the meeting of the morrow,
The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.

VI

'T is a morning pure and sweet,
And a dewy splendor falls
On the little flower that clings
To the turrets and the walls;
'T is a morning pure and sweet,
And the light and shadow fleet.
She is walking in the meadow,
And the woodland echo rings;
In a moment we shall meet.
She is singing in the meadow,
And the rivulet at her feet
Ripples on in light and shadow
To the ballad that she sings.

VII

Do I hear her sing as of old,
My bird with the shining head,
My own dove with the tender eye?
But there rings on a sudden a passionate cry,
There is some one dying or dead,
And a sullen thunder is roll'd;
For a tumult shakes the city,
And I wake, my dream is fled.
In the shuddering dawn, behold,
Without knowledge, without pity,
By the curtains of my bed
That abiding phantom cold!

VIII

Get thee hence, nor come again,
Mix not memory with doubt,
Pass, thou deathlike type of pain,
Pass and cease to move about!
'T is the blot upon the brain
That *will* show itself without.

IX

Then I rise, the eave-drops fall,
And the yellow vapors choke
The great city sounding wide;
The day comes, a dull red ball
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke
On the misty river-tide.

X

Thro' the hubbub of the market
I steal, a wasted frame;
It crosses here, it crosses there,
Thro' all that crowd confused a loud,
The shadow still the same;
And on my heavy eyelids
My anguish hangs like shame.

XI

Alas for her that met me,
That heard me softly call,
Came glimmering thro' the laurels
At the quiet evenfall,
In the garden by the turrets
Of the old manorial hall!

XII

Would the happy spirit descend
From the realms of light and song,
In the chamber or the street,
As she looks among the blest,
Should I fear to greet my friend
Or to say 'Forgive the wrong,'
Or to ask her, 'Take me, sweet,
To the regions of thy rest'?

XIII

But the broad light glares and bea
And the shadow flits and fleets
And will not let me be;
And I loathe the squares and stree
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me.
Always I long to creep
Into some still cavern deep,
There to weep, and weep, weep
My whole soul out to thee.

V

I

ad, long dead,
ng dead!
d my heart is a handful of dust,
d the wheels go over my head,
d my bones are shaken with pain,
r into a shallow grave they are thrust,
ly a yard beneath the street,
d the hoofs of the horses beat, beat,
e hoofs of the horses beat,
at into my scalp and my brain,
th never an end to the stream of passing feet,
ving, hurrying, marrying, burying,
mor and rumble, and ringing and clatter;
d here beneath it is all as bad,
r I thought the dead had peace, but it is not so.
have no peace in the grave, is that not sad?
t up and down and to and fro,
er about me the dead men go;
d then to hear a dead man chatter
enough to drive one mad.

II

etchedest age, since Time began,
ey cannot even bury a man;
d tho' we paid our tithes in the days that are gone,
t a bell was rung, not a prayer was read.
s that which makes us loud in the world of the dead;
ere is none that does his work, not one.
touch of their office might have sufficed,
t the churchmen fain would kill their church,
the churches have kill'd their Christ.

III

, there is one of us sobbing,
limit to his distress;
d another, a lord of all things, praying
his own great self, as I guess;
d another, a statesman there, betraying
His party-secret, fool, to the press;
And yonder a vile physician, blabbing
The case of his patient — all for what?
To tickle the maggot born in an empty head,
And wheedle a world that loves him not,
For it is but a world of the dead.

IV

Nothing but idiot gabble!
For the prophecy given of old
And then not understood,
Has come to pass as foretold;
Not let any man think for the public good,
But babble, merely for babble.
For I never whisper'd a private affair
Within the hearing of cat or mouse,
No, not to myself in the closet alone,
But I heard it shouted at once from the top of the house;
Everything came to be known.
Who told *him* we were there?

V

Not that gray old wolf, for he came not back
From the wilderness, full of wolves, where he used to lie;
He has gather'd the bones for his o'ergrown whelp to crack —
Crack them now for yourself, and howl, and die.

VI

Prophet, curse me the blabbing lip,
And curse me the British vermin, the rat;
I know not whether he came in the Hanover ship,
But I know that he lies and listens mute
In an ancient mansion's crannies and holes.
Arsenic, arsenic, sure, would do it,
Except that now we poison our babes, poor souls!
It is all used up for that.

VII

Tell him now: she is standing here at my head;
Not beautiful now, not even kind;
He may take her now; for she never speaks her mind,

But is ever the one thing silent here.
She is not *of* us, as I divine;
She comes from another stiller world of the dead,
Stiller, not fairer than mine.

VIII

But I know where a garden grows,
Fairer than aught in the world beside,
All made up of the lily and rose
That blow by night, when the season is good,
To the sound of dancing music and flutes:
It is only flowers, they had no fruits,
And I almost fear they are not roses, but blood;
For the keeper was one, so full of pride,
He linkt a dead man there to a spectral bride;
For he, if he had not been a Sultan of brutes,
Would he have that hole in his side?

IX

But what will the old man say?
He laid a cruel snare in a pit
To catch a friend of mine one stormy day;
Yet now I could even weep to think of it;
For what will the old man say
When he comes to the second corpse in the pit?

X

Friend, to be struck by the public foe,
Then to strike him and lay him low,
That were a public merit, far,
Whatever the Quaker holds, from sin;
But the red life spilt for a private blow—
I swear to you, lawful and lawless war
Are scarcely even akin.

XI

O me, why have they not buried me deep enough?
Is it kind to have made me a grave so rough,
Me, that was never a quiet sleeper?
Maybe still I am but half-dead;
Then I cannot be wholly dumb.
I will cry to the steps above m head
And somebody, surely, some ki heart will come
To bury me, bury me
Deeper, ever so little deeper.

PART III

I

My life has crept so long on a brok wing
Thro' cells of madness, haunts of h ror and fear,
That I come to be grateful at last a little thing
My mood is changed, for it fell a time of year
When the face of night is fair on t dewy downs,
And the shining daffodil dies, and Charioteer
And starry Gemini hang like glori crowns
Over Orion's grave low down in west,
That like a silent lightning under stars
She seem'd to divide in a dream fr a band of the blest,
And spoke of a hope for the world the coming wars—
'And in that hope, dear soul, trouble have rest,
Knowing I tarry for thee,' and poin to Mars
As he glow'd like a ruddy shield the Lion's breast.

II

And it was but a dream, yet it yiel a dear delight
To have look'd, tho' but in a dre upon eyes so fair,
That had been in a weary world one thing bright;
And it was but a dream, yet it li en'd my despair
When I thought that a war wo arise in defence of the right,
That an iron tyranny now sh bend or cease,
The glory of manhood stand on ancient height,
Nor Britain's one sole God be the lionaire.

more shall commerce be all in all, and Peace
e on her pastoral hillock a languid note,
d watch her harvest ripen, her herd increase,
r the cannon-bullet rust on a slothful shore,
d the cobweb woven across the cannon's throat
ll shake its threaded tears in the wind no more.

III

d as months ran on and rumor of battle grew,
is time, it is time, O passionate heart,' said I, —
I cleaved to a cause that I felt to be pure and true, —
is time, O passionate heart and morbid eye,
t old hysterical mock-disease should die.'
d I stood on a giant deck and mixt my breath
h a loyal people shouting a battle-cry,
I saw the dreary phantom arise and fly
into the North, and battle, and seas of death.

IV

it go or stay, so I wake to the higher aims
a land that has lost for a little her lust of gold,
l love of a peace that was full of wrongs and shames,
rible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told;
l hail once more to the banner of battle unroll'd!
' many a light shall darken, and many shall weep
those that are crush'd in the clash of jarring claims,
God's just wrath shall be wreak'd on a giant liar,
l many a darkness into the light shall leap,
l shine in the sudden making of splendid names,
l noble thought be freer under the sun,
And the heart of a people beat with one desire;
For the peace, that I deem'd no peace, is over and done,
And now by the side of the Black and the Baltic deep,
And deathful-grinning mouths of the fortress, flames
The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire.

V

Let it flame or fade, and the war roll down like a wind,
We have proved we have hearts in a cause, we are noble still,
And myself have awaked, as it seems, to the better mind.
It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill;
I have felt with my native land, I am one with my kind,
I embrace the purpose of God, and the doom assign'd.

THE BROOK

'HERE by this brook we parted, I to the East
And he for Italy — too late — too late:
One whom the strong sons of the world despise;
For lucky rhymes to him were scrip and share,
And mellow metres more than cent for cent.
Nor could he understand how money breeds,
Thought it a dead thing; yet himself could make
The thing that is not as the thing that is.
O, had he lived! In our schoolbooks we say
Of those that held their heads above the crowd,
They flourish'd then or then; but life in him
Could scarce be said to flourish, only touch'd
On such a time as goes before the leaf,
When all the wood stands in a mist of green,
And nothing perfect. Yet the brook he loved,

For which, in branding summers of Bengal,
Or even the sweet half-English Neilgherry air,
I panted, seems, as I re-listen to it,
Prattling the primrose fancies of the boy
To me that loved him; for "O brook," he says,
"O babbling brook," says Edmund in his rhyme,
"Whence come you?" and the brook —why not?— replies:

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

'Poor lad, he died at Florence, quite worn out,
Travelling to Naples. There is Darnley bridge,
It has more ivy; there the river; and there
Stands Philip's farm where brook and river meet.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

'But Philip chatter'd more than brook or bird,
Old Philip: all about the fields you caught
His weary daylong chirping, like the dry
High-elbow'd grigs that leap in summer grass.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery water-break
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

'O darling Katie Willows, his o
child!
A maiden of our century, yet mo
meek;
A daughter of our meadows, yet n
coarse;
Straight, but as lissome as a haz
wand;
Her eyes a bashful azure, and h
hair
In gloss and hue the chestnut, wh
the shell
Divides threefold to show the fru
within.

'Sweet Katie, once I did her a go
turn,
Her and her far-off cousin and b
trothed,
James Willows, of one name and hea
with her.
For here I came, twenty years ba
— the week
Before I parted with poor Edmund
crost
By that old bridge which, half
ruins then,
Still makes a hoary eyebrow for t
gleam
Beyond it, where the waters marry
crost,
Whistling a random bar of Bon
Doon,
And push'd at Philip's garden-ga
The gate,
Half-parted from a weak and scoldi
hinge,
Stuck; and he clamor'd from a ca
ment, "Run,"
To Katie somewhere in the walks
low,
"Run, Katie!" Katie never ran;
moved

'I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern'

meet me, winding under woodbine bowers,
ttle flutter'd, with her eyelids down,
sh apple-blossom, blushing for a boon.

What was it? less of sentiment than sense
l Katie; not illiterate, nor of those
o dabbling in the fount of fictive tears,
l nursed by mealy-mouth'd philanthropies,
orce the Feeling from her mate the Deed.

She told me. She and James had quarrell'd. Why?
at cause of quarrel? None, she said, no cause;
es had no cause: but when I prest the cause,
earnt that James had flickering jealousies
ich anger'd her. Who anger'd James? I said.

But Katie snatch'd her eyes at once from mine,
And sketching with her slender pointed foot
Some figure like a wizard pentagram
On garden gravel, let my query pass
Unclaim'd, in flushing silence, till I ask'd
If James were coming. "Coming every day,"
She answer'd, "ever longing to explain,
But evermore her father came across
With some long-winded tale, and broke him short;
And James departed vext with him and her."
How could I help her? "Would I—was it wrong?"—
Claspt hands and that petitionary grace
Of sweet seventeen subdued me ere she spoke—
"O, would I take her father for one hour,
For one half-hour, and let him talk to me!"

And even while she spoke, I saw where James
Made toward us, like a wader in the surf,
Beyond the brook, waist-deep in meadow-sweet.

'O Katie, what I suffer'd for your sake!
For in I went, and call'd old Philip out
To show the farm. Full willingly he rose;
He led me thro' the short sweet-smelling lanes
Of his wheat-suburb, babbling as he went.
He praised his land, his horses, his machines;
He praised his ploughs, his cows, his hogs, his dogs;
He praised his hens, his geese, his guinea-hens,
His pigeons, who in session on their roofs
Approved him, bowing at their own deserts.
Then from the plaintive mother's teat he took
Her blind and shuddering puppies, naming each,
And naming those, his friends, for whom they were;
Then crost the common into Darnley chase
To show Sir Arthur's deer. In copse and fern
Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail.
Then, seated on a serpent-rooted beech,
He pointed out a pasturing colt, and said,
"That was the four-year-old I sold the Squire."
And there he told a long, long-winded tale
Of how the Squire had seen the colt at grass,
And how it was the thing his daughter wish'd,
And how he sent the bailiff to the farm
To learn the price, and what the price he ask'd,
And how the bailiff swore that he was mad,
But he stood firm, and so the matter hung;
He gave them line; and five days afte
that
He met the bailiff at the Golde
Fleece,
Who then and there had offer'd som
thing more,
But he stood firm, and so the matt
hung;
He knew the man, the colt woul
fetch its price;
He gave them line; and how b
chance at last—
It might be May or April, he forgot
The last of April or the first of May-
He found the bailiff riding by th
farm,
And, talking from the point, he dre
him in,
And there he mellow'd all his hea
with ale,
Until they closed a bargain, hand
hand.

'Then, while I breathed in sight
haven, he—
Poor fellow, could he help it?—
commenced,
And ran thro' all the coltish chronicl
Wild Will, Black Bess, Tantivy, T
lyho,
Reform, White Rose, Bellerophon, t
Jilt,
Arbaces, and Phenomenon, and t
rest,
Till, not to die a listener, I arose,
And with me Philip, talking still; a
so
We turn'd our foreheads from the fa
ing sun,
And following our own shadows thri
as long
As when they follow'd us from Philip
door,
Arrived, and found the sun of swe
content
Re-risen in Katie's eyes, and all thin
well.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

s, men may come and go; and these
are gone,
l gone. My dearest brother, Ed-
mund, sleeps,
ot by the well-known stream and
rustic spire,
t unfamiliar Arno, and the dome
Brunelleschi, sleeps in peace; and
he,
or Philip, of all his lavish waste of
words
mains the lean P. W. on his tomb;
scraped the lichen from it. Katie
walks
By the long wash of Australasian
seas
Far off, and holds her head to other
stars,
And breathes in April-autumns. All
are gone.'

So Lawrence Aylmer, seated on a
stile
In the long hedge, and rolling in his
mind
Old waifs of rhyme, and bowing o'er
the brook
A tonsured head in middle age forlorn,
Mused, and was mute. On a sudden
a low breath
Of tender air made tremble in the
hedge
The fragile bindweed-bells and briony
rings;
And he look'd up. There stood a mai-
den near,

'I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers'

Waiting to pass. In much amaze he stared
On eyes a bashful azure, and on hair
In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
Divides threefold to show the fruit within;
Then, wondering, ask'd her, 'Are you from the farm?'
'Yes,' answer'd she. 'Pray stay a little; pardon me,
What do they call you?' 'Katie.' 'That were strange.
What surname?' 'Willows.' 'No!' 'That is my name.'
'Indeed!' and here he look'd so self-perplext,
That Katie laugh'd, and laughing blush'd, till he
Laugh'd also, but as one before he wakes,
Who feels a glimmering strangeness in his dream.
Then looking at her: 'Too happy, fresh and fair,
Too fresh and fair in our sad world's best bloom,
To be the ghost of one who bore your name
About these meadows, twenty years ago.'

'Have you not heard?' said Katie, 'we came back.
We bought the farm we tenanted before.
Am I so like her? so they said on board.
Sir, if you knew her in her English days,
My mother, as it seems you did, the days
That most she loves to talk of, come with me.
My brother James is in the harvest-field;
But she—you will be welcome—O, come in!'

THE DAISY

WRITTEN AT EDINBURGH

O LOVE, what hours were thine and mine,
In lands of palm and southern pine;
In lands of palm, or orange-blosso
Of olive, aloe, and maize and vine!

What Roman strength Turbia show
In ruin, by the mountain road;
How like a gem, beneath, the cit
Of little Monaco, basking, glow'd!

How richly down the rocky dell
The torrent vineyard streaming fell
To meet the sun and sunny wate
That only heaved with a summ
swell!

What slender campanili grew
By bays, the peacock's neck in hue
Where, here and there, on san
beaches
A milky-bell'd amaryllis blew!

How young Columbus seem'd to ro
Yet present in his natal grove,
Now watching high on mount
cornice,
And steering, now, from a pur
cove,

Now pacing mute by ocean's rim;
Till, in a narrow street and dim,
I stay'd the wheels at Cogoletto,
And drank, and loyally drank to hi

Nor knew we well what pleased
most;
Not the clipt palm of which t
boast,
But distant color, happy hamlet,
A moulder'd citadel on the coast,

Or tower, or high hill-convent, see
A light amid its olives green;
Or olive-hoary cape in ocean;
Or rosy blossom in hot ravine,

Where oleanders flush'd the bed
Of silent torrents, gravel-spread;
And, crossing, oft we saw the glis
Of ice, far up on a mountain head.

We loved that hall, tho' white and c
Those niched shapes of noble moul
A princely people's awful prince
The grave, severe Genovese of old

At Florence too what golden hour
In those long galleries, were ours;

What drives about the fresh Cascinè,
walks in Boboli's ducal bowers!

bright vignettes, and each complete,
tower or duomo, sunny-sweet,
Or palace, how the city glitter'd,
ro' cypress avenues, at our feet!

t when we crost the Lombard plain
member what a plague of rain;
Of rain at Reggio, rain at Parma,
Lodi rain, Piacenza rain.

d stern and sad — so rare the smiles
sunlight — look'd the Lombard piles;
Porch-pillars on the lion resting,
d sombre, old, colonnaded aisles.

Milan, O the chanting quires,
e giant windows' blazon'd fires,
The height, the space, the gloom, the glory!
mount of marble, a hundred spires!

limb'd the roofs at break of day;
n-smitten Alps before me lay.
I stood among the silent statues,
d statued pinnacles, mute as they.

w faintly-flush'd, how phantom-fair,
as Monte Rosa, hanging there
A thousand shadowy-pencill'd valleys
d snowy dells in a golden air!

member how we came at last
Como; shower and storm and blast
Had blown the lake beyond his limit,
d all was flooded; and how we past

om Como, when the light was gray,
d in my head, for half the day,
The rich Virgilian rustic measure
'Lari Maxume,' all the way,

e ballad-burthen music, kept,
on the Lariano crept
To that fair port below the castle
Queen Theodolind, where we slept;

hardly slept, but watch'd awake
cypress in the moonlight shake,

The moonlight touching o'er a terrace
One tall agavè above the lake.

What more? we took our last adieu,
And up the snowy Splügen drew;
But ere we reach'd the highest summit
I pluck'd a daisy, I gave it you.

It told of England then to me,
And now it tells of Italy.
O love, we two shall go no longer
To lands of summer across the sea,

So dear a life your arms enfold
Whose crying is a cry for gold;
Yet here to-night in this dark city,
When ill and weary, alone and cold,

I found, tho' crush'd to hard and dry,
This nursling of another sky
Still in the little book you lent me,
And where you tenderly laid it by;

And I forgot the clouded Forth,
The gloom that saddens heaven and earth,
The bitter east, the misty summer
And gray metropolis of the North.

Perchance to lull the throbs of pain,
Perchance to charm a vacant brain,
Perchance to dream you still beside me,
My fancy fled to the South again.

TO THE REV. F. D. MAURICE

Come, when no graver cares employ,
Godfather, come and see your boy;
Your presence will be sun in winter,
Making the little one leap for joy.

For, being of that honest few
Who give the Fiend himself his due,
Should eighty thousand college councils
Thunder 'Anathema,' friend, at you,

Should all our churchmen foam in spite
At you, so careful of the right,

Yet one lay-hearth would give you welcome —
Take it and come — to the Isle of Wight;

Where, far from noise and smoke of town,
I watch the twilight falling brown
All round a careless-order'd garden
Close to the ridge of a noble down.

You'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine,
And only hear the magpie gossip
Garrulous under a roof of pine;

For groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter, stand,
And further on, the hoary Channel
Tumbles a billow on chalk and sand;

Where, if below the milky steep
Some ship of battle slowly creep,
And on thro' zones of light and shadow
Glimmer away to the lonely deep,

We might discuss the Northern sin
Which made a selfish war begin,
Dispute the claims, arrange the chances, —
Emperor, Ottoman, which shall win;

Or whether war's avenging rod
Shall lash all Europe into blood;
Till you should turn to dearer matters,
Dear to the man that is dear to God, —

How best to help the slender store,
How mend the dwellings, of the poor,
How gain in life, as life advances,
Valor and charity more and more.

Come, Maurice, come; the lawn as yet
Is hoar with rime or spongy-wet,
But when the wreath of March has blossom'd, —
Crocus, anemone, violet, —

Or later, pay one visit here,
For those are few we hold as dear;
Nor pay but one, but come for many,
Many and many a happy year.

January, 1854.

WILL

I

O, WELL for him whose will is stron
He suffers, but he will not suffer lon
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wron
For him nor moves the loud worl
random mock,
Nor all Calamity's hugest waves co
found,
Who seems a promontory of rock,
That, compass'd round with turbule
sound,
In middle ocean meets the surgi
shock,
Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crown'd.

II

But ill for him who, bettering n
with time,
Corrupts the strength of heaven-c
scended Will,
And ever weaker grows thro' act
crime,
Or seeming-genial venial fault,
Recurring and suggesting still!
He seems as one whose footsteps ha
Toiling in immeasurable sand,
And o'er a weary sultry land,
Far beneath a blazing vault,
Sown in a wrinkle of the monstro
hill,
The city sparkles like a grain of sa

ODE ON THE DEATH OF TH DUKE OF WELLINGTON

I

BURY the Great Duke
With an empire's lamentation;
Let us bury the Great Duke
To the noise of the mourning o
mighty nation;
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and ha

II

Where shall we lay the man whom
deplore?
Here, in streaming London's cent
roar.
Let the sound of those he wrou
for,
And the feet of those he fought fo
Echo round his bones for evermore

III

ad out the pageant: sad and slow,
fits an universal woe,
t the long, long procession go,
id let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
id let the mournful martial music blow;
ie last great Englishman is low.

IV

ourn, for to us he seems the last,
emembering all his greatness in the past.
more in soldier fashion will he greet
ith lifted hand the gazer in the street.
friends, our chief state-oracle is mute!
ourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
ie statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
hole in himself, a common good.
ourn for the man of amplest influence,
t clearest of ambitious crime,
ir greatest yet with least pretence,
eat in council and great in war,
remost captain of his time,
ch in saving common-sense,
id, as the greatest only are,
his simplicity sublime.
good gray head which all men knew,
voice from which their omens all men drew,
iron nerve to true occasion true,
fallen at length that tower of strength
hich stood four-square to all the winds that blew!
ch was he whom we deplore.
ie long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
ie great World-victor's victor will be seen no more.

V

l is over and done.
nder thanks to the Giver,
gland, for thy son.
t the bell be toll'd.
nder thanks to the Giver,
id render him to the mould.
der the cross of gold
at shines over city and river,
There he shall rest for ever
Among the wise and the bold.
Let the bell be toll'd,
And a reverent people behold
The towering car, the sable steeds.
Bright let it be with its blazon'd deeds
Dark in its funeral fold.
Let the bell be toll'd,
And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd;
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd
Thro' the dome of the golden cross;
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss;
He knew their voices of old.
For many a time in many a clime
His captain's-ear has heard them boom
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom.
When he with those deep voices wrought,
Guarding realms and kings from shame,
With those deep voices our dead captain taught
The tyrant, and asserts his claim
In that dread sound to the great name
Which he has worn so pure of blame,
In praise and in dispraise the same,
A man of well-attemper'd frame.
O civic muse, to such a name,
To such a name for ages long,
To such a name,
Preserve a broad approach of fame,
And ever-echoing avenues of song!

VI

'Who is he that cometh, like an honor'd guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?'—
Mighty Seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since our world began.
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes;
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.
His foes were thine; he kept us free:
O, give him welcome, this is he
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,

And worthy to be laid by thee;
For this is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun;
This is he that far away
Against the myriads of Assaye
Clash'd with his fiery few and won;
And underneath another sun,
Warring on a later day,
Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble works, the vast designs
Of his labor'd rampart-lines,
Where he greatly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Beyond the Pyrenean pines,
Follow'd up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamor of men,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings;
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler down;
A day of onsets of despair!
Dash'd on every rocky square,
Their surging charges foam'd themselves away;
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;
Thro' the long-tormented air
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
And down we swept and charged and overthrew.
So great a soldier taught us there
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world-earthquake, Waterloo!
Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine!

And thro' the centuries let a peopl
voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fam
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's clai
With honor, honor, honor, honor
him,
Eternal honor to his name.

VII

A people's voice! we are a people y
Tho' all men else their nobler drea
forget,
Confused by brainless mobs and la
less Powers,
Thank Him who isled us here, a
roughly set
His Briton in blown seas and stormi
showers,
We have a voice with which to p
the debt
Of boundless love and reverence a
regret
To those great men who fought, a
kept it ours.
And keep it ours, O God, from br
control!
O Statesmen, guard us, guard the e
the soul
Of Europe, keep our noble Engla
whole,
And save the one true seed of freed
sown
Betwixt a people and their anci
throne,
That sober freedom out of which th
springs
Our loyal passion for our temper
kings!
For, saving that, ye help to save m
kind
Till public wrong be crumbled i
dust,
And drill the raw world for the ma
of mind,
Till crowds at length be sane
crowns be just.
But wink no more in slothful o
trust.
Remember him who led your hosts
He bade you guard the sacred coas
Your cannons moulder on the seaw
wall;

voice is silent in your council-hall
ever; and whatever tempests lour
ever silent; even if they broke
hunder, silent; yet remember all
spoke among you, and the Man
who spoke;
o never sold the truth to serve the
hour,
palter'd with Eternal God for
power;
o let the turbid streams of rumor
flow
o' either babbling world of high
and low;
ose life was work, whose language
rife
h rugged maxims hewn from life;
o never spoke against a foe;
ose eighty winters freeze with one
rebuke
great self-seekers trampling on the
right.
th-teller was our England's Alfred
named;
th-lover was our English Duke;
atever record leap to light
never shall be shamed.

VIII

the leader in these glorious wars
to glorious burial slowly borne,
ow'd by the brave of other lands,
on whom from both her open
hands
ish Honor shower'd all her stars,
affluent Fortune emptied all her
horn.
let all good things await
who cares not to be great
as he saves or serves the state.
once or twice in our rough island-
story
path of duty was the way to
glory.
hat walks it, only thirsting
the right, and learns to deaden
e of self, before his journey closes,
hall find the stubborn thistle burst-
ing
glossy purples, which outredden
voluptuous garden-roses.
once or twice in our fair island-
story
path of duty was the way to
glory.
that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and
hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light
has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty
scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon
and sun.
Such was he: his work is done.
But while the races of mankind endure
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the states-
man pure;
Till in all lands and thro' all human
story
The path of duty be the way to glory.
And let the land whose hearths he
saved from shame
For many and many an age proclaim
At civic revel and pomp and game,
And when the long-illumined cities
flame,
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
With honor, honor, honor, honor to
him,
Eternal honor to his name.

IX

Peace, his triumph will be sung
By some yet unmoulded tongue
Far on in summers that we shall not
see.
Peace, it is a day of pain
For one about whose patriarchal knee
Late the little children clung.
O peace, it is a day of pain
For one upon whose hand and heart
and brain
Once the weight and fate of Europe
hung.
Ours the pain, be his the gain!
More than is of man's degree
Must be with us, watching here
At this, our great solemnity.
Whom we see not we revere;
We revere, and we refrain
From talk of battles loud and vain,
And brawling memories all too free
For such a wise humility
As befits a solemn fane:
We revere, and while we hear
The tides of Music's golden sea
Setting toward eternity,

Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
Until we doubt not that for one so true
There must be other nobler work to do
Than when he fought at Waterloo,
And Victor he must ever be.
For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore
Make and break, and work their will,
Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul?
On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears;
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears;
The black earth yawns; the mortal disappears;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
He is gone who seem'd so great. —
Gone, but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in State,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
Speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him,
God accept him, Christ receive him!

1852.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

I

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
'Forward the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!' he said.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

II

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred.

IV

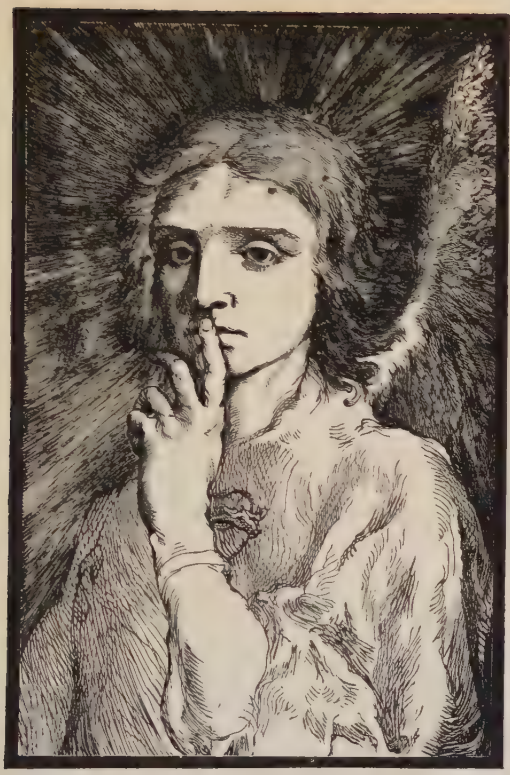
Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd.
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

V

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

VI

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!



'Beating it in upon his weary brain,
As tho' it were the burthen of a song,
"Not to tell her, never to let her know"'

ENOCH ARDEN AND OTHER POEMS

ENOCH ARDEN

ONG lines of cliff breaking have
left a chasm;
l in the chasm are foam and yel-
low sands;
ond, red roofs about a narrow
wharf
luster; then a moulder'd church;
and higher
ng street climbs to one tall-tower'd
mill;
And high in heaven behind it a gray
down
With Danish barrows· and a hazel-
wood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.
Here on this beach a hundred years
ago,
Three children of three houses, Annie
Lee,
The prettiest little damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray, the miller's only son,

And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn;
And built their castles of dissolving sand
To watch them overflow'd, or following up
And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little footprint daily wash'd away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff;
In this the children play'd at keeping house.
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,
While Annie still was mistress; but at times
Enoch would hold possession for a week:
'This is my house and this my little wife.'
'Mine too,' said Philip; 'turn and turn about;'
When, if they quarrell'd, Enoch stronger-made
Was master. Then would Philip, his blue eyes
All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,
Shriek out, 'I hate you, Enoch,' and at this
The little wife would weep for company,
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,
And the new warmth of life's ascending sun
Was felt by either, either fixt his heart
On that one girl; and Enoch spoke his love,
But Philip loved in silence; and the girl
Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him;
But she loved Enoch, tho' she kn
it not,
And would if ask'd deny it. Enoch
A purpose evermore before his eye
To hoard all savings to the uttermo
To purchase his own boat, and ma
a home
For Annie; and so prosper'd that at l
A luckier or a bolder fisherman,
A carefuller in peril, did not breath
For leagues along that breaker-bea
coast
Than Enoch. Likewise had he ser
a year
On board a merchantman, and ma
himself
Full sailor; and he thrice had pluc
a life
From the dread sweep of the do
streaming seas,
And all men look'd upon him fav
ably.
And ere he touch'd his one-and-tw
tieth May
He purchased his own boat, and m
a home
For Annie, neat and nestlike, halfv
up
The narrow street that clamber'd
ward the mill.

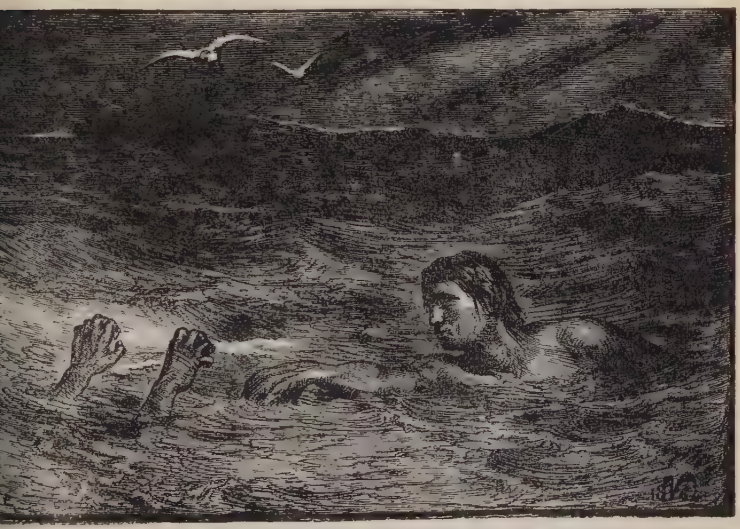
Then, on a golden autumn event
The younger people making holid
With bag and sack and basket, g
and small,
Went nutting to the hazels. Ph
stay'd—
His father lying sick and need
him—
An hour behind; but as he clim
the hill,
Just where the prone edge of
wood began
To feather toward the hollow,
the pair,
Enoch and Annie, sitting hand
hand,
His large gray eyes and weather-be
face
All-kindled by a still and sacred fi
That burn'd as on an altar. Ph
look'd,
And in their eyes and faces read
doom;
Then, as their faces drew toge
groan'd,

slipt aside, and like a wounded life
ot down into the hollows of the wood;
re, while the rest were loud in merry-making,
his dark hour unseen, and rose and past
ring a lifelong hunger in his heart.

o these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,
merrily ran the years, seven happy years,
en happy years of health and competence,
mutual love and honorable toil,
h children, first a daughter. In him woke,
h his first babe's first cry, the noble wish
ave all earnings to the uttermost,
give his child a better bringing-up
n his had been, or hers; a wish renew'd,
en two years after came a boy to be
rosy idol of her solitudes,
le Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,

Or often journeying landward; for in truth
Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil
In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,
Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter gales,
Not only to the market-cross were known,
But in the leafy lanes behind the down,
Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp
And peacock yew-tree of the lonely Hall,
Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering.

Then came a change, as all things human change.
Ten miles to northward of the narrow port
Open'd a larger haven. Thither used
Enoch at times to go by land or sea;
And once when there, and clambering on a mast
In harbor, by mischance he slipt and fell.
A limb was broken when they lifted him;



'He thrice had pluck'd a life
From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas'

And while he lay recovering there, his wife
Bore him another son, a sickly one.
Another hand crept too across his trade
Taking her bread and theirs; and on him fell,
Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,
Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.
He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,
To see his children leading evermore
Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,
And her he loved a beggar. Then he pray'd,
'Save them from this, whatever comes to me.'
And while he pray'd, the master of that ship
Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance,
Came, for he knew the man and valued him,
Reporting of his vessel China-bound,
And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go?
There yet were many weeks before she sail'd,
Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch have the place?
And Enoch all at once assented to it,
Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of mischance appear'd
No graver than as when some little cloud
Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,
And isles a light in the offing. Yet the wife—
When he was gone—the children—what to do?
Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans:
To sell the boat—and yet he loved her well—
How many a rough sea had he weather'd in her!
He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse—
And yet to sell her—then with what she brought
Buy goods and stores—set Annie forth in trade

With all that seamen needed or th wives—
So might she keep the house while was gone.
Should he not trade himself out y der? go
This voyage more than once? y twice or thrice—
As oft as needed—last, returning ri
Become the master of a larger craft
With fuller profits lead an easier lif
Have all his pretty young ones ed cated,
And pass his days in peace among own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determi all;
Then moving homeward came Annie pale,
Nursing the sickly babe, her lat born.
Forward she started with a happy c
And laid the feeble infant in his ar
Whom Enoch took, and handled all limbs,
Appraised his weight and fond fatherlike,
But had no heart to break his purpo
To Annie, till the morrow, when spoke.

Then first since Enoch's golden r had girt
Her finger, Annie fought against will;
Yet not with brawling opposition s
But manifold entreaties, many a t
Many a sad kiss by day, by night, new'd—
Sure that all evil would come ou it—
Besought him, supplicating, if he ca
For her or his dear children, not to
He not for his own self caring, but
Her and her children, let her plead vain;
So grieving held his will, and bor thro'.

For Enoch parted with his old friend,
Bought Annie goods and stores, set his hand
To fit their little streetward sitt room

'Forward she started with a happy cry,
And laid the feeble infant in his arms'

shelf and corner for the goods and stores.
ll day long till Enoch's last at home,
ing their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,
r and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear
wn death-scaffold raising, shrill'd and rang,
his was ended, and his careful hand, —
space was narrow, — having order'd all
st as neat and close as Nature packs
Her blossom or her seedling, paused; and he,
Who needs would work for Annie to the last,
Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell
Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,
Save as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.
Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man
Bow'd himself down, and in that mys tery

Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,
Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes,
Whatever came to him; and then he said:
'Annie, this voyage by the grace of God
Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.
Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,
For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it;'
Then lightly rocking baby's cradle, 'and he,
This pretty, puny, weakly little one, —
Nay — for I love him all the better for it —
God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees
And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,
And make him merry, when I come home again.
Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I go.'

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,
And almost hoped herself; but when he turn'd
The current of his talk to graver things
In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing
On providence and trust in heaven, she heard,
Heard and not heard him; as the village girl,
Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

At length she spoke: 'O Enoch, you are wise;
And yet for all your wisdom well know I
That I shall look upon your face no more.'

'Well, then,' said Enoch, 'I shall look on yours.
Annie, the ship I sail in passes here' —
He named the day; — 'get you a s
man's glass,
Spy out my face, and laugh at all y
fears.'

But when the last of those last
ments came.
'Annie, my girl, cheer up, be c
forted,
Look to the babes, and till I come ag
Keep everything shipshape, for I m
go.
And fear no more for me; or if
fear,
Cast all your cares on God; that anc
holds.
Is He not yonder in those uttermo
Parts of the morning? if I flee to th
Can I go from Him? and the se
His,
The sea is His; He made it.'

Enoch
Cast his strong arms about his dr
ing wife,
And kiss'd his wonder-stricken l
ones;
But for the third, the sickly one,
slept
After a night of feverous wakefuln
When Annie would have raised
Enoch said,
'Wake him not, let him sleep;
should the child
Remember this?' and kiss'd hi
his cot.
But Annie from her baby's forel
clipt
A tiny curl, and gave it; this he
Thro' all his future, but now ha
caught
His bundle, waved his hand, and
his way.

She, when the day that Enoch
tion'd came,
Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain.
haps
She could not fix the glass to suit
eye;
Perhaps her eye was dim, hand t
ulous;
She saw him not, and while he
on deck
Waving, the moment and the w
past.

ven to the last dip of the vanishing sail
watch'd it, and departed weeping for him;
n, tho' she mourn'd his absence as his grave,
ner sad will no less to chime with his,
throve not in her trade, not being bred
arter, nor compensating the want
shrewdness, neither capable of lies,
asking overmuch and taking less, still foreboding 'what would Enoch say?'
more than once, in days of difficulty
pressure, had she sold her wares for less
n what she gave in buying what she sold.
fail'd and sadden'd knowing it; and thus,
ectant of that news which never came,
'd for her own a scanty sustenance,
lived a life of silent melancholy.

ow the third child was sickly-born and grew
icklier, tho' the mother cared for it all a mother's care; nevertheless,
ther her business often call'd her from it.
nro' the want of what it needed most,
eans to pay the voice who best could tell
t most it needed — howsoe'er it was,
a lingering, — ere she was aware, —
the caged bird escaping suddenly,
ittle innocent soul flitted away.

that same week when Annie buried it,
p's true heart, which hunger'd for her peace, —
Enoch left he had not look'd upon her, —
e him, as having kept aloof so long.

'Surely,' said Philip, 'I may see her now,
May be some little comfort;' therefore went,
Past thro' the solitary room in front,
Paused for a moment at an inner door,
Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,
Enter'd, but Annie, seated with her grief,
Fresh from the burial of her little one,
Cared not to look on any human face,
But turn'd her own toward the wall and wept.
Then Philip standing up said falteringly,
'Annie, I came to ask a favor of you.'

He spoke; the passion in her moan'd reply,
'Favor from one so sad and so forlorn
As I am!' half abash'd him; yet unask'd,
His bashfulness and tenderness at war,
He set himself beside her, saying to her:

'I came to speak to you of what he wish'd,
Enoch, your husband. I have ever said
You chose the best among us — a strong man;
For where he fixt his heart he set his hand
To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'.
And wherefore did he go this weary way,
And leave you lonely? not to see the world —
For pleasure? — nay, but for the wherewithal
To give his babes a better bringing up
Than his had been, or yours; that was his wish.
And if he come again, vext will he be
To find the precious morning hours were lost.
And it would vex him even in his grave,
If he could know his babes were running wild
Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now —

Have we not known each other all our lives?
I do beseech you by the love you bear
Him and his children not to say me nay —
For, if you will, when Enoch comes again
Why then he shall repay me — if you will,
Annie — for I am rich and well-to-do.
Now let me put the boy and girl to school;
This is the favor that I came to ask.'

Then Annie with her brows against the wall
Answer'd, 'I cannot look you in the face;
I seem so foolish and so broken down.
When you came in my sorrow broke me down;
And now I think your kindness breaks me down.
But Enoch lives; that is borne in on me;
He will repay you. Money can be repaid,
Not kindness such as yours.'

And Philip ask'd,
'Then you will let me, Annie?'

There she turn'd,
She rose, and fixt her swimming eyes upon him,
And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,
Then calling down a blessing on his head
Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,
And past into the little garth beyond.
So lifted up in spirit he moved away.

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,
And bought them needful books, and every way,
Like one who does his duty by his own,
Made himself theirs; and tho' for Annie's sake,
Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,
He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,
And seldom crost her threshold, he sent
Gifts by the children, garden-h and fruit,
The late and early roses from his v
Or conies from the down, and and then,
With some pretext of fineness in meal
To save the offence of charit flour
From his tall mill that whistle the waste.

But Philip did not fathom An mind;
Scarce could the woman, whe came upon her,
Out of full heart and boundless g tude
Light on a broken word to thank with.
But Philip was her children's all-in
From distant corners of the street ran
To greet his hearty welcome hear
Lords of his house and of his were they,
Worried his passive ear with wrongs
Or pleasures, hung upon him, p with him
And all'd him Father Philip. P gain'd
As Enoch lost, for Enoch seem them
Uncertain as a vision or a dream,
Faint as a figure seen in early da
Down at the far end of an avenu
Going we know not where; a ten years,
Since Enoch left his hearth and n land,
Fled forward, and no news of E came.

It chanced one evening A children long'd
To go with others nutting t wood,
And Annie would go with t then they begg'd
For Father Philip, as they call'd too.
Him, like the working bee in blo dust.

'Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,
And bought them needful books'

ch'd with his mill, they found;
and saying to him,
ne with us, Father Philip,' he
denied;
when the children pluck'd at him
to go,
augh'd, and yielded readily to
their wish,
was not Annie with them? and
they went.

t after scaling half the weary
down,
where the prone edge of the
wood began
To feather toward the hollow, all her
force
Fail'd her; and sighing, 'Let me rest,'
she said.
So Philip rested with her well-content;
While all the younger ones with jubi-
lant cries
Broke from their elders, and tumul-
tuously
Down thro' the whitening hazels made
a plunge
To the bottom, and dispersed, and
bent or broke
The lithe reluctant boughs to tear
away

Their tawny clusters, crying to each other
And calling, here and there, about the wood.

But Philip sitting at her side forgot
Her presence, and remember'd one dark hour
Here in this wood, when like a wounded life
He crept into the shadow. At last he said,
Lifting his honest forehead, 'Listen, Annie,
How merry they are down yonder in the wood.
Tired, Annie?' for she did not speak a word.
'Tired?' but her face had fallen upon her hands;
At which, as with a kind of anger in him,
'The ship was lost,' he said, 'the ship was lost!
No more of that! why should you kill yourself
And make them orphans quite?' And Annie said,
'I thought not of it; but—I know not why—
Their voices make me feel so solitary.'

Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke:
'Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,
And it has been upon my mind so long
That, tho' I know not when it first came there,
I know that it will out at last. O Annie,
It is beyond all hope, against all chance,
That he who left you ten long years ago
Should still be living; well, then—let me speak.
I grieve to see you poor and wanting help;
I cannot help you as I wish to do
Unless—they say that women are so quick—
Perhaps you know what I would have you know—
I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove
A father to your children; I do think
They love me as a father; I am sur
That I love them as if they were mi
own;
And I believe, if you were fast r
wife,
That after all these sad uncertain yea
We might be still as happy as G
grants
To any of his creatures. Think up
it;
For I am well-to-do—no kin, no ca
No burthen, save my care for you a
yours,
And we have known each other all o
lives,
And I have loved you longer than y
know.'

Then answer'd Annie—tenderly s
spoke:
'You have been as God's good an
in our house.
God bless you for it, God reward y
for it,
Philip, with something happier th
myself.
Can one love twice? can you be e
loved
As Enoch was? what is it that y
ask?'
'I am content,' he answer'd, 'to
loved
A little after Enoch.' 'O,' she cri
Scared as it were, 'dear Philip, wa
while.
If Enoch comes—but Enoch will
come—
Yet wait a year, a year is not so lo
Surely I shall be wiser in a year.
O, wait a little!' Philip sadly sai
'Annie, as I have waited all my li
I well may wait a little.' 'Nay,'
cried,
'I am bound: you have my pron
—in a year.
Will you not bide your year as I b
mine?'
And Philip answer'd, 'I will bide
year.'

Here both were mute, till Ph
glancing up
Beheld the dead flame of the fa
day
Pass from the Danish barrow o
head;

n, fearing night and chill for Annie, rose
. sent his voice beneath him thro' the wood.
came the children laden with their spoil;
n all descended to the port, and there
Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,
ing gently, 'Annie, when I spoke to you,
t was your hour of weakness. I was wrong,
n always bound to you, but you are free.'
n Annie weeping answer'd, 'I am bound.'

ne spoke; and in one moment as it were,
lle yet she went about her household ways,

Even as she dwelt upon his latest words,
That he had loved her longer than she knew,
That autumn into autumn flash'd again,
And there he stood once more before her face,
Claiming her promise. 'Is it a year?' she ask'd.
'Yes, if the nuts,' he said, 'be ripe again;
Come out and see.' But she — she put him off —
So much to look to — such a change — a month —
Give her a month — she knew that she was bound —
A month — no more. Then Philip with his eyes
Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice
Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,

'Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke:
"Annie, there is a thing upon my mind"'

'Take your own time, Annie, take your own time.'
And Annie could have wept for pity of him;
And yet she held him on delayingly
With many a scarce-believable excuse,
Trying his truth and his long-sufferance,
Till half another year had slipt away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port,
Abhorrent of a calculation crost,
Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.
Some thought that Philip did but trifle with her;
Some that she but held off to draw him on;
And others laugh'd at her and Philip too,
As simple folk that knew not their own minds;
And one, in whom all evil fancies clung
Like serpent eggs together, laughingly
Would hint at worse in either. Her own son
Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish;
But evermore the daughter prest upon her
To wed the man so dear to all of them
And lift the household out of poverty;
And Philip's rosy face contracting grew
Careworn and wan; and all these things fell on her
Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced
That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly
Pray'd for a sign, 'My Enoch, is he gone?'
Then compass'd round by the blind wall of night
Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart,
Started from bed, and struck herself a light,
Then desperately seized the holy Book,
Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,
Suddenly put her finger on the text,
'Under the palm-tree.' That was nothing to her,
No meaning there; she closed the Book and slept.
When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height,
Under a palm-tree, over him the su
'He is gone,' she thought, 'he is hap
he is singing
Hosanna in the highest; yonder shi
The Sun of Righteousness, and th
be palms
Whereof the happy people strow
cried
"Hosanna in the highest!"' Here
woke,
Resolved, sent for him and said wil
to him,
'There is no reason why we sho
not wed.'
'Then for God's sake,' he answe
'both our sakes,
So you will wed me, let it be at on

So these were wed, and merrily r
the bells,
Merrily rang the bells, and they w
wed.
But never merrily beat Annie's he
A footstep seem'd to fall beside
path,
She knew not whence; a whisper
her ear,
She knew not what; nor loved sh
be left
Alone at home, nor ventured out al
What ail'd her then that, ere
enter'd, often
Her hand dwelt lingeringly on
latch,
Fearing to enter? Philip though
knew:
Such doubts and fears were com
to her state,
Being with child; but when her c
was born,
Then her new child was as herself
new'd,
Then the new mother came about
heart,
Then her good Philip was her all-in
And that mysterious instinct wi
died.

And where was Enoch? Pro
ously sail'd
The ship 'Good Fortune,' tho' at
ting forth
The Biscay, roughly ridging eastw
shook
And almost overwhelm'd her, ye
vext

slipt across the summer of the world,
after a long tumble about the Cape
frequent interchange of foul and fair,
passing thro' the summer world again,
breath of heaven came continually
sent her sweetly by the golden isles,
silent in her oriental haven.

ere Enoch traded for himself, and bought
at monsters for the market of those times,
ded dragon also for the babes.

ss lucky her home-voyage: at first indeed
many a fair sea-circle, day by day,
e-rocking, her full-busted figure-head
d o'er the ripple feathering from her bows:
follow'd calms, and then winds variable,
baffling, a long course of them; and last
n, such as drove her under moonless heavens
ard upon the cry of 'breakers' came
crash of ruin, and the loss of all
Enoch and two others. Half the night,
'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,
drifted, stranding on an isle at morn
but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

want was there of human sustenance,
fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots;
ave for pity was it hard to take
elpless life so wild that it was tame.
in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge
built, and thatch'd with leaves of palm, a hut,
Half hut, half native cavern. So the three,
Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,
Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.
For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,
Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,
Lay lingering out a five-years' death-in-life.
They could not leave him. After he was gone,
The two remaining found a fallen stem;
And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,
Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell
Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.
In those two deaths he read God's warning 'wait.'

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The lustre of the long convolvuluses
That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran
Even to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,—
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long

'A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail'

Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail.
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon his island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.

There often as he watch'd or see
to watch,
So still the golden lizard on
paused,
A phantom made of many phant
moved
Before him haunting him, or he l
self
Moved haunting people, things,
places, known
Far in a darker isle beyond
line;
The babes, their babble, Annie,
small house,
The climbing street, the mill, the l
lanes,
The peacock yew-tree and the lo
Hall,

horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill
ember dawns and dewy-glooming downs,
gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
the low moan of leaden-color'd seas.

nce likewise, in the ringing of his ears,
faintly, merrily — far and far away —
heard the pealing of his parish bells;
n, tho' he knew not wherefore, started up
ddering, and when the beauteous hateful isle
ırn'd upon him, had not his poor heart
ken with That which being everywhere
none who speaks with Him seem all alone,
ly the man had died of solitude.

hus over Enoch's early-silvering head
sunny and rainy seasons came and went
r after year. His hopes to see his own,
pace the sacred old familiar fields,
yet had perish'd, when his lonely doom
e suddenly to an end. Another ship —
wanted water — blown by baffling winds,
the 'Good Fortune,' from her destined course,
'd by this isle, not knowing where she lay;
since the mate had seen at early dawn
ss a break on the mist-wreathen isle
silent water slipping from the hills,
sent a crew that landing burst away
earch of stream or fount, and fill'd the shores
clamor. Downward from his mountain gorge
Stept the long-hair'd, long-bearded solitary,
Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,
Muttering and mumbling, idiot-like it seem'd,
With inarticulate rage, and making signs
They knew not what; and yet he led the way
To where the rivulets of sweet water ran,
And ever as he mingled with the crew,
And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue
Was loosen'd, till he made them understand;
Whom, when their casks were fill'd, they took aboard.
And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,
Scarce-credited at first but more and more,
Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it;
And clothes they gave him and free passage home,
But oft he work'd among the rest and shook
His isolation from him. None of these
Came from his country, or could answer him,
If question'd, aught of what he cared to know.
And dull the voyage was with long delays,
The vessel scarce sea-worthy; but evermore
His fancy fled before the lazy wind
Returning, till beneath a clouded moon
He like a lover down thro' all his blood
Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath
Of England, blown across her ghostly wall.
And that same morning officers and men
Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,
Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it;
Then moving up the coast they landed him,
Even in that harbor whence he sail'd before.

There Enoch spoke no word to any one,

But homeward — home — what home? had he a home? —
His home, he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,
Sunny but chill; till drawn thro' either chasm,
Where either haven open'd on the deeps,
Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the world in gray,
Cut off the length of highway on before,
And left but narrow breadth to left and right
Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage.
On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped
Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down.
Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom;
Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light
Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,
His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home
Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes
In those far-off seven happy years were born;
But finding neither light nor murmur there —
A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle — crept
Still downward thinking, 'dead or dead to me!'

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,
Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,
A front of timber-crost antiquity,
So propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old,
He thought it must have gone; but he was gone
Who kept it, and his widow Miriam Lane,
With daily-dwindling profits held the house;
A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now
Stiller, with yet a bed for wander men.
There Enoch rested silent many da

But Miriam Lane was good and g rulous,
Nor let him be, but often break in,
Told him, with other annals of the p
Not knowing — Enoch was so bro so bow'd,
So broken — all the story of his hou
His baby's death, her growing p erty,
How Philip put her little ones school,
And kept them in it, his long woo her,
Her slow consent and marriage, the birth
Of Philip's child; and o'er his cou nance
No shadow past, nor motion. Any Regarding, well had deem'd he the tale
Less than the teller; only when closed,
'Enoch, poor man, was cast away lost,'
He, shaking his gray head pathetica
Repeated muttering, 'cast away lost;'
Again in deeper inward whisp 'lost!'

But Enoch yearn'd to see her again:
'If I might look on her sweet again,
And know that she is happy.' So thought
Haunted and harass'd him, and d him forth,
At evening when the dull Nover day
Was growing duller twilight, to hill.
There he sat down gazing on all be
There did a thousand memories upon him,
Unspeakable for sadness. By an
The ruddy square of comfortable l
Far-blazing from the rear of Ph house,
Allured him, as the beacon-blaz lures

bird of passage, till he madly strikes
nst it and beats out his weary life.

r Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
latest house to landward; but behind,
one small gate that open'd on the waste,
rish'd a little garden square and wall'd,
in it throve an ancient evergreen,
ew-tree, and all round it ran a walk
ingle, and a walk divided it.
Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole
y the wall, behind the yew; and thence
which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs
his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

r cups and silver on the burnish'd board
kled and shone; so genial was the hearth;
on the right hand of the hearth he saw
p, the slighted suitor of old times,
t, rosy, with his babe across his knees;
o'er her second father stoopt a girl,
er but a loftier Annie Lee,
hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand
led a length of ribbon and a ring
empt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,
ht at and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd;
on the left hand of the hearth he saw
nother glancing often toward her babe,
turning now and then to speak with him,
on, who stood beside her tall and strong,
saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
And his own children tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love—
Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
And feeling all along the garden-wall,
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
Crept to the gate, and open'd it and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd:

'Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?
O God Almighty, blessed Saviour. Thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness

A little longer! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children too! must I not speak to these?
They know me not. I should betray myself.
Never! no father's kiss for me — the girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son.'

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little,
And he lay tranced; but when he rose and paced
Back toward his solitary home again,
All down the long and narrow street he went
Beating it in upon his weary brain,
As tho' it were the burthen of a song,
'Not to tell her, never to let her know.'

He was not all unhappy. His resolve
Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore
Prayer from a living source within the will,
And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
Kept him a living soul. 'This miller's wife,'
He said to Miriam, 'that you spoke about,
Has she no fear that her first husband lives?'
'Ay, ay, poor soul,' said Miriam, 'fear enow!
If you could tell her you had seen him dead,
Why, that would be her comfort;' and he thought,
'After the Lord has call'd me she shall know,
I wait His time;' and Enoch set himself,
Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.
Almost to all things could he turn his hand.

Cooper he was and carpenter, a
wrought
To make the boatmen fishing-nets,
help'd
At lading and unlading the tall bar
That brought the stinted commerce
those days,
Thus earn'd a scanty living for himse
Yet since he did but labor for himse
Work without hope, there was not l
in it
Whereby the man could live; and
the year
Roll'd itself round again to meet t
day
When Enoch had return'd, a langu
came
Upon him, gentle sickness, gradual
Weakening the man, till he could
no more,
But kept the house, his chair, and l
his bed.
And Enoch bore his weakness che
fully.
For sure no gladlier does the strand
wreck
See thro' the gray skirts of a lifti
squall
The boat that bears the hope of
approach
To save the life despair'd of, than
saw
Death dawning on him, and the cl
of all.

For thro' that dawning gleam'
kindlier hope
On Enoch thinking, 'after I am gc
Then may she learn I loved her to
last.'
He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane
said:
'Woman, I have a secret — only sw
Before I tell you — swear upon
book
Not to reveal it, till you see me de
'Dead,' clamor'd the good wom
'hear him talk!
I warrant, man, that we shall bu
you round.'
'Swear,' added Enoch sternly,
the book;'
And on the book, half-frighted, Mir
swore.
Then Enoch rolling his gray e
upon her,

you know Enoch Arden of this
town?'
ow him?' she said, 'I knew him
far away.
ay, I mind him coming down the
street;
his head high, and cared for no
man, he.'
ly and sadly Enoch answer'd
her:
head is low, and no man cares
for him.
nk I have not three days more to
live;
the man.' At which the woman
gave
alf-incredulous, half-hysterical
cry:
ı Arden, you! nay,—sure he
was a foot
er than you be.' Enoch said
again:
God has bow'd me down to what
I am;
My grief and solitude have broken
me;
Nevertheless, know you that I am
he
Who married—but that name has
twice been changed—
I married her who married Philip Ray.
Sit, listen.' Then he told her of his
voyage,
His wreck, his lonely life, his coming
back,
His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,
And how he kept it. As the woman
heard,
Fast flow'd the current of her easy
tears,
While in her heart she yearn'd inces-
santly
To rush abroad all round the little
haven,
Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his
woes;
But awed and promise-bounden she
forbore,

'Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer! aid me, give me strength'

Saying only, 'See your bairns before you go!
Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden,' and arose
Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
A moment on her words, but then replied:

'Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
But let me hold my purpose till I die.
Sit down again; mark me and understand,
While I have power to speak. I charge you now,
When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;
Save for the bar between us, loving her
As when she laid her head beside my own.
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
And tell my son that I died blessing him.
And say to Philip that I blest him too;
He never meant us anything but good.
But if my children care to see me dead,
Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
I am their father; but she must not come,
For my dead face would vex her after-life.
And now there is but one of all my blood
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be.
This hair is his, she cut it off and gave it,
And I have borne it with me all these years,
And thought to bear it with me to my grave;
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
My babe in bliss. Wherefore wh
am gone,
Take, give her this, for it may c
fort her;
It will moreover be a token to her
That I am he.'

He ceased; and Miriam I
Made such a voluble answer pro
ing all,
That once again he roll'd his eyes u
her
Repeating all he wish'd, and
again
She promised.

Then the third night after
While Enoch slumber'd motio
and pale,
And Miriam watch'd and dozed a
tervals,
There came so loud a calling o
sea
That all the houses in the haven r
He woke, he rose, he spread his
abroad,
Crying with a loud voice, 'A sa
sail!
I am saved;' and so fell back
spoke no more.

So past the strong heroic soul a
And when they buried him the
port
Had seldom seen a costlier funera

AYLMER'S FIELD

1793

Dust are our frames; and, g
dust, our pride
Looks only for a moment whol
sound,
Like that long buried body of the
Found lying with his urns and
ments,
Which at a touch of light, an
heaven,
Slipt into ashes, and was foun
more.

Here is a story which in ro
shape
Came from a grizzled cripple, w
saw

ning himself in a waste field
alone —
and a mine of memories — who
had served,
g since, a bygone rector of the
place,
been himself a part of what he
told.

R AYLMER AYLMER, that al-
mighty man,
county God — in whose capacious
hall,
g with a hundred shields, the
family tree
ng from the midriff of a prostrate
king —
se blazing wyvern weathercock'd
the spire,
d from his walls and wing'd his
entry-gates,
swang besides on many a windy
sign —
se eyes from under a pyramidal
head
from his windows nothing save
his own —
t lovelier of his own had he than
her,
only child, his Edith, whom he
loved
eiress and not heir regretfully?
'he that marries her marries her
name.'
fiat somewhat soothed himself
and wife,
wife a faded beauty of the Baths,
id as the queen upon a card:
all of thought and bearing hardly
more
n his own shadow in a sickly sun.

land of hops and poppy-mingled
corn,
e about it stirring save a brook!
eepy land, where under the same
wheel
same old rut would deepen year
by year;
re almost all the village had one
name;
re Aylmer followed Aylmer at
the Hall
Averill Averill at the Rectory
e over; so that Rectory and Hall,
d in an immemorial intimacy,
Were open to each other; tho' to
dream
That Love could bind them closer well
had made
The hoar hair of the baronet bristle up
With horror, worse than had he heard
his priest
Preach an inverted scripture, sons of
men,
Daughters of God; so sleepy was the
land.

And might not Averill, had he will'd
it so,
Somewhere beneath his own low range
of roofs,
Have also set his many-shielded tree?
There was an Aylmer-Averill marriage
once,
When the red rose was redder than
itself,
And York's white rose as red as Lan-
caster's,
With wounded peace which each had
prick'd to death.
'Not proven,' Averill said, or laugh-
ingly,
'Some other race of Averills' — proven
or no,
What cared he? what, if other or the
same?
He lean'd not on his fathers but him-
self.
But Leolin, his brother, living oft
With Averill, and a year or two before
Call'd to the bar, but ever call'd away
By one low voice to one hear neigh-
borhood,
Would often, in his walks with Edith,
claim
A distant kinship to the gracious blood
That shook the heart of Edith hearing
him.

Sanguine he was; a but less vivid
hue
Than of that islet in the chestnut-
bloom
Flamed in his cheek; and eager eyes,
that still
Took joyful note of all things joyful,
beam'd,
Beneath a mane-like mass of rolling
gold,
Their best and brightest when they
dwelt on hers.

Edith, whose pensive beauty, perfect else,
But subject to the season or the mood,
Shone like a mystic star between the less
And greater glory varying to and fro,
We know not wherefore; bounteously made,
And yet so finely, that a troublous touch
Thinn'd, or would seem to thin her in a day,
A joyous to dilate, as toward the light.
And these had been together from the first.
Leolin's first nurse was, five years after, hers.
So much the boy foreran; but when his date
Doubled her own, for want of playmates, he —
Since Averill was a decad and a half
His elder, and their parents underground —
Had tost his ball and flown his kite, and roll'd
His hoop to pleasure Edith, with her dipt
Against the rush of the air in the prone swing,
Made blossom-ball or daisy-chain, arranged
Her garden, sow'd her name and kept it green
In living letters, told her fairy-tales,
Show'd her the fairy footings on the grass,
The little dells of cowslip, fairy palms,
The petty mare's-tail forest, fairy pines,
Or from the tiny pitted target blew
What look'd a flight of fairy arrows aim'd
All at one mark, all hitting, make-believes
For Edith and himself; or else he forged,
But that was later, boyish histories
Of battle, bold adventure, dungeon, wreck,
Flights, terrors, sudden rescues, and true love
Crown'd after trial; sketches rude and faint,
But where a passion yet unborn perhaps
Lay hidden as the music of the moc
Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nig
ingale.
And thus together, save for colle
times
Or Temple-eaten terms, a couple, f
As ever painter painted, poet sang,
Or heaven in lavish bounty mould
grew.
And more and more, the maiden wom
grown,
He wasted hours with Averill; the
when first
The tented winter-field was broken
Into that phalanx of the summer spe
That soon should wear the garla
there again
When burr and bine were gather
lastly there
At Christmas; ever welcome at
Hall,
On whose dull sameness his full t
of youth
Broke with a phosphorescence cha
ing even
My lady, and the baronet yet
laid
No bar between them. Dull and s
involved,
Tall and erect, but bending from
height
With half-allowing smiles for all
world,
And mighty courteous in the mai
his pride
Lay deeper than to wear it as his rin
He, like an Aylmer in his Aylmeri
Would care no more for Leolin's w
ing with her
Than for his old Newfoundland's, w
they ran
To loose him at the stables, for he
Two-footed at the limit of his cha
Roaring to make a third; and
should Love,
Whom the cross-lightnings of
chance-met eyes
Flash into fiery life from nothing,
low
Such dear familiarities of dawn?
Seldom, but when he does, masto
all.

So these young hearts, not know
that they loved,
Not she at least, nor conscious of a

ween them, nor by plight or broken ring
und, but an immemorial intimacy,
nder'd at will, and oft accompanied Averill; his, a brother's love, that hung
th wings of brooding shelter o'er her peace,
ght have been other, save for Leolin's—
o knows? but so they wander'd, hour by hour
ther'd the blossom that re-bloom'd, and drank
e magic cup that fill'd itself anew.

whisper half reveal'd her to herself.
out beyond her lodges, where the brook
cal, with here and there a silence, ran
sallowy rims, arose the laborers' homes,
frequent haunt of Edith, on low knolls
at dimpling died into each other, huts
random scatter'd, each a nest in bloom.
r art, her hand, her counsel, all had wrought
out them. Here was one that, summer-blanch'd,
s parcel-bearded with the traveller's-joy
autumn, parcel ivy-clad; and here
e warm-blue breathings of a hidden hearth
ke from a bower of vine and honeysuckle.
e look'd all rose-tree, and another wore
lose-set robe of jasmine sown with stars.
s had a rosy sea of gillyflowers
out it; this, a milky-way on earth,
e visions in the Northern dreamer's heavens,
ily-avenue climbing to the doors;
, almost to the martin-haunted eaves
ummer burial deep in hollyhocks;
h, its own charm; and Edith's everywhere;
d Edith ever visitant with him,

He but less loved than Edith, of her poor.
For she—so lowly-lovely and so loving,
Queenly responsive when the loyal hand
Rose from the clay it work'd in as she past,
Not sowing hedgerow texts and passing by,
Nor dealing goodly counsel from a height
That makes the lowest hate it, but a voice
Of comfort and an open hand of help,
A splendid presence flattering the poor roofs
Revered as theirs, but kindlier than themselves
To ailing wife or wailing infancy
Or old bedridden palsy,—was adored;
He, loved for her and for himself. A grasp
Having the warmth and muscle of the heart,
A childly way with children, and a laugh
Ringing like proven golden coinage true,
Were no false passport to that easy realm,
Where once with Leolin at her side the girl,
Nursing a child, and turning to the warmth
The tender pink five-beaded baby-soles,
Heard the good mother softly whisper, 'Bless,
God bless 'em! marriages are made in heaven.'

A flash of semi-jealousy clear'd it to her.
My lady's Indian kinsman unannounced
With half a score of swarthy faces came.
His own, tho' keen and bold and soldierly,
Sear'd by the close ecliptic, was not fair;
Fairer his talk, a tongue that ruled the hour,
Tho' seeming boastful. So when first he dash'd
Into the chronicle of a deedful day,

Sir Aylmer half forgot his lazy smile
Of patron, 'Good! my lady's kinsman! good!'
My lady with her fingers interlock'd
And rotatory thumbs on silken knees,
Call'd all her vital spirits into each ear
To listen; unawares they flitted off,
Busying themselves about the flowerage
That stood from out a stiff brocade in which,
The meteor of a splendid season, she,
Once with this kinsman, ah! so long ago,
Stept thro' the stately minuet of those days.
But Edith's eager fancy hurried with him
Snatch'd thro' the perilous passes of his life;
Till Leolin, ever watchful of her eye,
Hated him with a momentary hate.
Wife-hunting, as the rumor ran, was he.
I know not, for he spoke not, only shower'd
His oriental gifts on every one
And most on Edith. Like a storm he came,
And shook the house, and like a storm he went.

Among the gifts he left her — possibly
He flow'd and ebb'd uncertain, to return
When others had been tested — there was one,
A dagger, in rich sheath with jewels on it
Sprinkled about in gold that branch'd itself
Fine as ice-ferns on January panes
Made by a breath. I know not whence at first,
Nor of what race, the work; but as he told
The story, storming a hill-fort of thieves
He got it; for their captain after fight,
His comrades having fought their last below,
Was climbing up the valley, at whom he shot.
Down from the beetling crag to which he clung
Tumbled the tawny rascal at his feet
This dagger with him, which, when now admired
By Edith whom his pleasure was to please,
At once the costly Sahib yielded to her.

And Leolin, coming after he was gone,
Tost over all her presents petulantly
And when she show'd the wealthy scabbard, saying,
'Look what a lovely piece of workmanship!'
Slight was his answer, 'Well — I care not for it.'
Then playing with the blade he prick'd his hand,
'A gracious gift to give a lady, this!
'But would it be more gracious,' ask'd the girl,
'Were I to give this gift of his to one
That is no lady?' 'Gracious? No said he.
'Me? — but I cared not for it. O pardon me,
I seem to be ungraciousness itself.'
'Take it,' she added sweetly, 'the his gift;
For I am more ungracious even than you,
I care not for it either;' and he said,
'Why, then I love it;' but Sir Aylmer past,
And neither loved nor liked the thing he heard.

The next day came a neighbor Blues and reds
They talk'd of; blues were sure of it he thought;
Then of the latest fox — where started — kill'd
In such a bottom. 'Peter had the brush,
My Peter, first;' and did Sir Aylmer know
That great pock-pitten fellow had been caught?
Then made his pleasure echo, hand hand,
And rolling as it were the substance of it
Between his palms a moment up and down —

he birds were warm, the birds were warm upon him;
e have him now;' and had Sir Aylmer heard—
ay, but he must—the land was ringing of it—
is blacksmith border-marriage—one they knew—
w from the nursery—who could trust a child?
at cursed France with her egalities!
d did Sir Aylmer—deferentially
ith nearing chair and lower'd accent—think—
r people talk'd—that it was wholly wise
let that handsome fellow Averill walk
freely with his daughter? people talk'd—
e boy might get a notion into him;
e girl might be entangled ere she knew.
Aylmer Aylmer slowly stiffening spoke:
he girl and boy, sir, know their differences!'
ood,' said his friend, 'but watch!' and he, 'Enough,
re than enough, sir! I can guard my own.'
ey parted, and Sir Aylmer Aylmer watch'd.

Pale, for on her the thunders of the house
d fallen first, was Edith that same night;
le as the Jephtha's daughter, a rough piece
early rigid color, under which
thdrawing by the counter door to that
hich Leolin open'd, she cast back upon him
piteous glance, and vanish'd. He, as one
ught in a burst of unexpected storm,
d pelted with outrageous epithets,
rning beheld the Powers of the House
either side the hearth, indignant; her,
bling her false cheek with a feather fan,
Him, glaring, by his own stale devil spurr'd,
And, like a beast hard-ridden, breathing hard.
'Ungenerous, dishonorable, base,
Presumptuous! trusted as he was with her,
The sole succeeder to their wealth, their lands,
The last remaining pillar of their house,
The one transmitter of their ancient name,
Their child.' 'Our child!' 'Our heiress!' 'Ours!' for still,
Like echoes from beyond a hollow, came
Her sicklier iteration. Last he said:
'Boy, mark me! for your fortunes are to make.
I swear you shall not make them out of mine.
Now inasmuch as you have practised on her,
Perplext her, made her half forget herself,
Swerve from her duty to herself and us—
Things in an Aylmer deem'd impossible,
Far as we track ourselves—I say that this—
Else I withdraw favor and countenance
From you and yours for ever—shall you do.
Sir, when you see her—but you shall not see her—
No, you shall write, and not to her, but me;
And you shall say that having spoken with me,
And after look'd into yourself, you find
That you meant nothing—as indeed you know
That you meant nothing. Such a match as this!
Impossible, prodigious!' These were words,
As meted by his measure of himself,
Arguing boundless forbearance: after which,
And Leolin's horror-stricken answer, 'I
So foul a traitor to myself and her!
Never, O, never!' for about as long

As the wind-hover hangs in balance, paused
Sir Aylmer reddening from the storm within,
Then broke all bonds of courtesy, and crying,
'Boy, should I find you by my doors again,
My men shall lash you from them like a dog;
Hence!' with a sudden execration drove
The footstool from before him, and arose;
So, stammering 'scoundrel' out of teeth that ground
As in a dreadful dream, while Leolin still
Retreated half-aghast, the fierce old man
Follow'd, and under his own lintel stood
Storming with lifted hands, a hoary face
Meet for the reverence of the hearth, but now,
Beneath a pale and unimpassion'd moon,
Vext with unworthy madness, and deform'd.

Slowly and conscious of the rageful eye
That watch'd him, till he heard the ponderous door
Close, crashing with long echoes thro' the land,
Went Leolin; then, his passions all in flood
And masters of his motion, furiously
Down thro' the bright lawns to his brother's ran,
And foam'd away his heart at Averill's ear;
Whom Averill solaced as he might, amazed:
The man was his, had been his father's friend;
He must have seen, himself had seen it long;
He must have known, himself had known; besides,
He never yet had set his daughter forth
Here in the woman-markets of the west,
Where our Caucasians let themselve
be sold.
Some one, he thought, had slander'
Leolin to him.
'Brother, for I have loved you mo
as son
Than brother, let me tell you: I m
self—
What is their pretty saying? jilted,
it?
Jilted I was; I say it for your peace
Pain'd, and, as bearing in myself th
shame
The woman should have borne, h
miliated,
I lived for years a stunted sunle
life;
Till after our good parents past awa
Watching your growth, I seem'd aga
to grow.
Leolin, I almost sin in envying you.
The very whitest lamb in all my fol
Loves you; I know her; the wor
thought she has
Is whiter even than her pretty hand.
She must prove true; for, brothe
where two fight
The strongest wins, and truth a
love are strength,
And you are happy; let her paren
be.'

But Leolin cried out the more up
them—
Insolent, brainless, heartless! heire
wealth,
Their wealth, their heiress! weal
enough was theirs
For twenty matches. Were he lo
of this,
Why, twenty boys and girls shou
marry on it,
And forty blest ones bless him, a
himself
Be wealthy still, ay, wealthier.
believed
This filthy marriage-hindering Ma
mon made
The harlot of the cities; Nature cr
Was mother of the foul adulteries
That saturate soul with body. Nam
too! name,
Their ancient name! they *might*
proud; its worth
Was being Edith's. Ah, how p
she had look'd

AYLMER HALL

ling, to-night! they must have rated her
ond all tolerance. These old pheasant-lords,
se partridge-breeders of a thousand years,
o had mildew'd in their thousands, doing nothing
ce Egbert — why, the greater their disgrace!
back upon a name! rest, rot in that!
keep it noble, make it nobler? fools,
h such a vantage-ground for nobleness!
had known a man, a quintessence of man,
life of all — who madly loved — and he,
varted by one of these old father-fools,
rioted his life out, and made an end.

He would not do it! her sweet face and faith
Held him from that; but he had powers, he knew it.
Back would he to his studies, make a name,
Name, fortune too; the world should ring of him,
To shame these mouldy Aylmers in their graves.
Chancellor, or what is greatest would he be —
'O brother, I am grieved to learn your grief —
Give me my fling, and let me say my say.'

At which, like one that sees his own excess,
And easily forgives it as his own,
He laugh'd, and then was mute, but presently
Wept like a storm; and honest Averill, seeing

How low his brother's mood had fallen, fetch'd
His richest bee's-wing from a binn reserved
For banquets, praised the waning red, and told
The vintage — when *this* Aylmer came of age —
Then drank and past it; till at length the two,
Tho' Leolin flamed and fell again, agreed
That much allowance must be made for men.
After an angry dream this kindlier glow
Faded with morning, but his purpose held.

Yet once by night again the lovers met,
A perilous meeting under the tall pines
That darken'd all the northward of her Hall.
Him, to her meek and modest bosom prest
In agony, she promised that no force,
Persuasion, no, nor death could alter her;
He, passionately hopefuller, would go,
Labor for his own Edith, and return
In such a sunlight of prosperity
He should not be rejected. 'Write to me!
They loved me, and because I love their child
They hate me. There is war between us, dear,
Which breaks all bonds but ours; we must remain
Sacred to one another.' So they talk'd,
Poor children, for their comfort. The wind blew,
The rain of heaven and their own bitter tears,
Tears and the careless rain of heaven, mixt
Upon their faces, as they kiss'd each other
In darkness, and above them roar'd the pine.

So Leolin went; and as we task ourselves
To learn a language known but sma
teringly
In phrases here and there at randor
toil'd
Mastering the lawless science of ou
law,
That codeless myriad of precedent,
That wilderness of single instances,
Thro' which a few, by wit or fortu
led,
May beat a pathway out to weal
and fame.
The jests, that flash'd about the plea
er's room,
Lightning of the hour, the pun, th
scurrilous tale, —
Old scandals buried now seven deca
deep
In other scandals that have lived a
died,
And left the living scandal that sh
die —
Were dead to him already; bent as
was
To make disproof of scorn, and stro
in hopes,
And prodigal of all brain-labor he,
Charier of sleep, and wine, and ex
cise,
Except when for a breathing-while
eve,
Some niggard fraction of an hour,
ran
Beside the river-bank. And then
deed
Harder the times were, and the har
of power
Were bloodier, and the accordi
hearts of men
Seem'd harder too; but the soft riv
breeze,
Which fann'd the gardens of th
rival rose
Yet fragrant in a heart rememberin
His former talks with Edith, on h
breathed
Far purelier in his rushings to a
fro,
After his books, to flush his blood w
air,
Then to his books again. My lad
cousin,
Half-sickening of his pension'd aft
noon,
Drove in upon the student once
twice,

an a Malayan amuck against the times.
nd golden hopes for France and all mankind,
nswer'd all queries touching those at home
ith a heaved shoulder and a saucy smile,
nd fain had haled him out into the world,
nd air'd him there. His nearer friend would say,
crew not the chord too sharply lest it snap.'
hen left alone he pluck'd her dagger forth
om where his worldless heart had kept it warm,
ssing his vows upon it like a knight.
nd wrinkled benchers often talk'd of him
pprovingly, and prophesied his rise;
r heart, I think, help'd head. Her letters too,
o' far between, and coming fitfully
ke broken music, written as she found
made occasion, being strictly watch'd,
arm'd him thro' every labyrinth till he saw
end, a hope, a light breaking upon him.

But they that cast her spirit into flesh,
r worldly-wise begetters, plagued themselves
sell her, those good parents, for her good.
hatever eldest-born of rank or wealth
ght lie within their compass, him they lured
o their net made pleasant by the baits
gold and beauty, wooing him to woo.
month by month the noise about their doors,
nd distant blaze of those dull banquets, made
e nightly wirer of their innocent hare
lter before he took it. All in vain.
llen, defiant, pitying, wroth, return'd
Leolin's rejected rivals from their suit
So often, that the folly taking wings
Slipt o'er those lazy limits down the wind
With rumor, and became in other fields
A mockery to the yeomen over ale,
And laughter to their lords. But those at home,
As hunters round a hunted creature draw
The cordon close and closer toward the death,
Narrow'd her goings out and comings in;
Forbade her first the house of Averill,
Then closed her access to the wealthier farms,
Last from her own home-circle of the poor
They barr'd her. Yet she bore it, yet her cheek
Kept color — wondrous! but, O mystery!
What amulet drew her down to that old oak,
So old, that twenty years before, a part
Falling had let appear the brand of John —
Once grove-like, each huge arm a tree, but now
The broken base of a black tower, a cave
Of touchwood, with a single flourishing spray.
There the manorial lord too curiously
Raking in that millennial touchwood-dust
Found for himself a bitter treasure-trove;
Burst his own wyvern on the seal, and read
Writhing a letter from his child, for which
Came at the moment Leolin's emissary,
A crippled lad, and coming turn'd to fly,
But scared with threats of jail and halter gave
To him that fluster'd his poor parish wits
The letter which he brought, and swore besides
To play their go-between as heretofore

Nor let them know themselves betray'd; and then,
Soul-stricken at their kindness to him, went
Hating his own lean heart and miserable.

Thenceforward oft from out a despot dream
The father panting woke, and oft, as dawn
Aroused the black republic on his elms,
Sweeping the froth-fly from the fescue brush'd
Thro' the dim meadow toward his treasure-trove,
Seized it, took home, and to my lady, — who made
A downward crescent of her minion mouth,
Listless in all despondence, — read; and tore,
As if the living passion symboll'd there
Were living nerves to feel the rent; and burnt,
Now chafing at his own great self defied,
Now striking on huge stumbling-blocks of scorn
In babyisms and dear diminutives
Scatter'd all over the vocabulary
Of such a love as like a chidden child,
After much wailing, hush'd itself at last
Hopeless of answer. Then tho' Averill wrote
And bade him with good heart sustain himself —
All would be well — the lover heeded not,
But passionately restless came and went,
And rustling once at night about the place,
There by a keeper shot at, slightly hurt,
Raging return'd. Nor was it well for her
Kept to the garden now, and grove of pines,
Watch'd even there; and one was set to watch
The watcher, and Sir Aylmer watch'd them all,

Yet bitterer from his readings. On indeed,
Warm'd with his wines, or takin pride in her,
She look'd so sweet, he kiss'd her te derly,
Not knowing what possess'd hi That one kiss
Was Leolin's one strong rival up earth;
Seconded, for my lady follow'd suit
Seem'd hope's returning rose; a then ensued
A Martin's summer of his fad love,
Or ordeal by kindness. After this
He seldom crost his child without sneer;
The mother flow'd in shallower ac monics,
Never one kindly smile, one kind word;
So that the gentle creature shut fr all
Her charitable use, and face to face
With twenty months of silence, slow lost,
Nor greatly cared to lose, her hold life.
Last some low fever ranging round spy
The weakness of a people or house,
Like flies that haunt a wound, or de or men,
Or almost all that is, hurting t hurt —
Save Christ as we believe him — fou the girl
And flung her down upon a couch fire,
Where careless of the household fa near,
And crying upon the name of Leol
She, and with her the race of Aylm past.

Star to star vibrates light; may s to soul
Strike thro' a finer element of her ow
So, — from afar, — touch as at on or why
That night, that moment, when named his name,
Did the keen shriek, 'Yes, love, Edith, yes,'

ill, till the comrade of his chambers woke.
d came upon him half-arisen from sleep,
th a weird bright eye, sweating and trembling,
hair as it were crackling into flames,
body half flung forward in pursuit,
d his long arms stretch'd as to grasp a flyer.
r knew he wherefore he had made the cry;
d being much befool'd and idioted
the rough amity of the other, sank
into sleep again. The second day,
lady's Indian kinsman rushing in,
breaker of the bitter news from home,
nd a dead man, a letter edged with death
ide him, and the dagger which himself
ve Edith, redden'd with no bandit's blood;
om Edith' was engraven on the blade.

Then Averill went and gazed upon his death.
d when he came again, his flock believed —
olding how the years which are not Time's
d blasted him — that many thousand days
re clipt by horror from his term of life.
the sad mother, for the second death
rce touch'd her thro' that nearness of the first,
d being used to find her pastor texts,
t to the harrow'd brother, praying him
speak before the people of her child,
d fixt the Sabbath. Darkly that day rose.
umn's mock sunshine of the faded woods
s all the life of it; for hard on these,
breathless burthen of low-folded heavens
Stifled and chill'd at once; but every roof
Sent out a listener. Many too had known
Edith among the hamlets round, and since
The parents' harshness and the hapless loves
And double death were widely murmur'd, left
Their own gray tower, or plain-faced tabernacle,
To hear him; all in mourning these, and those
With blots of it about them, ribbon, glove,
Or kerchief; while the church, — one night, except
For greenish glimmerings thro' the lancets, — made
Still paler the pale head of him, who tower'd
Above them, with his hopes in either grave.

Long o'er his bent brows linger'd Averill,
His face magnetic to the hand from which
Livid he pluck'd it forth, and labor'd thro'
His brief prayer-prelude, gave the verse, 'Behold,
Your house is left unto you desolate!'
But lapsed into so long a pause again
As half amazed, half frighted, all his flock;
Then from his height and loneliness of grief
Bore down in flood, and dash'd his angry heart
Against the desolations of the world.

Never since our bad earth became one sea,
Which rolling o'er the palaces of the proud,
And all but those who knew the living God —
Eight that were left to make a purer world —
When since had flood, fire, earthquake, thunder, wrought
Such waste and havoc as the idolatries
Which from the low light of mortality

Shot up their shadows to the heaven of heavens,
And worshipt their own darkness in the Highest?
'Gash thyself, priest, and honor thy brute Baäl,
And to thy worst self sacrifice thyself,
For with thy worst self hast thou clothed thy God.
Then came a Lord in no wise like to Baäl.
The babe shall lead the lion. Surely now
The wilderness shall blossom as the rose.
Crown thyself, worm, and worship thine own lusts! —
No coarse and blockish God of acreage
Stands at thy gate for thee to grovel to —
Thy God is far diffused in noble groves
And princely halls, and farms, and flowing lawns,
And heaps of living gold that daily grow,
And title-scrolls and gorgeous heraldries.
In such a shape dost thou behold thy God.
Thou wilt not gash thy flesh for *him;* for thine
Fares richly, in fine linen, not a hair
Ruffled upon the scarfskin, even while
The deathless ruler of thy dying house
Is wounded to the death that cannot die;
And tho' thou numberest with the followers
Of One who cried, "Leave all and follow me."
Thee therefore with His light about thy feet,
Thee with His message ringing in thine ears,
Thee shall thy brother man, the Lord from heaven,
Born of a village girl, carpenter's son,
Wonderful, Prince of Peace, the Mighty God,
Count the more base idolater of the two;
Crueller, as not passing thro' the fire
Bodies, but souls — thy children's — thro' the smoke,
The blight of low desires — darkening thine own
To thine own likeness; or if one c
these,
Thy better born unhappily from the
Should, as by miracle, grow straigh
and fair —
Friends, I was bid to speak to such
one
By those who most have cause to so
row for her —
Fairer than Rachel by the palmy wel
Fairer than Ruth among the fields
corn,
Fair as the Angel that said "Hail!
she seem'd,
Who entering fill'd the house with sue
den light.
For so mine own was brighten'd -
where indeed
The roof so lowly but that beam
heaven
Dawn'd sometime thro' the doorway
whose the babe
Too ragged to be fondled on her lap,
Warm'd at her bosom? The poor chi
of shame,
The common care whom no one car
for, leapt
To greet her, wasting his forgotte
heart,
As with the mother he had nev
known,
In gambols; for her fresh and inn
cent eyes
Had such a star of morning in the
blue,
That all neglected places of the field
Broke into nature's music when the
saw her.
Low was her voice, but won myste
ous way
Thro' the seal'd ear to which a loud
one
Was all but silence — free of alms h
hand —
The hand that robed your cottag
walls with flowers
Has often toil'd to clothe your litt
ones;
How often placed upon the sick mar
brow
Cool'd it, or laid his feverish pillo
smooth!
Had you one sorrow and she shared
not?
One burthen and she would not light
it?

ıe spiritual doubt she did not soothe ?
r when some heat of difference sparkled out,
ow sweetly would she glide between your wraths,
ıd steal you from each other! for she walk'd
earing the light yoke of that Lord of love
ho still'd the rolling wave of Galilee!
ıd one — of him I was not bid to speak —
as always with her, whom you also knew.
ım too you loved, for he was worthy love.
ıd these had been together from the first;
ıey might have been together till the last.
iends, this frail bark of ours, when sorely tried,
ıy wreck itself without the pilot's guilt,
ithout the captain's knowledge; hope with me.
hose shame is that, if he went hence with shame ?
or mine the fault, if losing both of these
cry to vacant chairs and widow'd walls,
My house is left unto me desolate."'

While thus he spoke, his hearers wept; but some,
ns of the glebe, with other frowns than those
at knit themselves for summer shadow, scowl'd
their great lord. He, when it seem'd he saw
pale sheet-lightnings from afar, but fork'd
the near storm, and aiming at his head,
anger-charm'd from sorrow, soldier-like,
ect; but when the preacher's cadence flow'd
ftening thro' all the gentle attributes
his lost child, the wife, who watch'd his face,
ed at a sudden twitch of his iron mouth;

And 'O, pray God that he hold up!' she thought,
'Or surely I shall shame myself and him.'

'Nor yours the blame — for who beside your hearths
Can take her place — if echoing me you cry
"Our house is left unto us desolate"?
But thou, O thou that killest, hadst thou known,
O thou that stonest, hadst thou understood
The things belonging to thy peace and ours!
Is there no prophet but the voice that calls
Doom upon kings, or in the waste "Repent"?
Is not our own child on the narrow way,
Who down to those that saunter in the broad
Cries, "Come up hither," as a prophet to us?
Is there no stoning save with flint and rock?
Yes, as the dead we weep for testify —
No desolation but by sword and fire?
Yes, as your moanings witness, and myself
Am lonelier, darker, earthlier for my loss.
Give me your prayers, for he is past your prayers,
Not past the living fount of pity in heaven.
But I that thought myself long-suffering, meek,
Exceeding "poor in spirit" — how the words
Have twisted back upon themselves, and mean
Vileness, we are grown so proud — I wish'd my voice
A rushing tempest of the wrath of God
To blow these sacrifices thro' the world —
Sent like the twelve-divided concubine
To inflame the tribes; but there — out yonder — earth
Lightens from her own central hell — O, there
The red fruit of an old idolatry —

The heads of chiefs and princes fall so fast,
They cling together in the ghastly sack —
The land all shambles — naked marriages
Flash from the bridge, and ever-murder'd France,
By shores that darken with the gathering wolf,
Runs in a river of blood to the sick sea.
Is this a time to madden madness then?
Was this a time for these to flaunt their pride?
May Pharaoh's darkness, folds as dense as those
Which hid the Holiest from the people's eyes
Ere the great death, shroud this great sin from all!
Doubtless our narrow world must canvass it.
O, rather pray for those and pity them,
Who, thro' their own desire accomplish'd, bring
Their own gray hairs with sorrow to the grave —
Who broke the bond which they desired to break,
Which else had link'd their race with times to come —
Who wove coarse webs to snare her purity,
Grossly contriving their dear daughter's good —
Poor souls, and knew not what they did, but sat
Ignorant, devising their own daughter's death!
May not that earthly chastisement suffice?
Have not our love and reverence left them bare?
Will not another take their heritage?
Will there be children's laughter in their hall
For ever and for ever, or one stone
Left on another, or is it a light thing
That I, their guest, their host, their ancient friend,
I made by these the last of all my race,
Must cry to these the last of theirs, as cried

Christ ere His agony to those th swore
Not by the temple but the gold, a made
Their own traditions God, and sle the Lord,
And left their memories a worl curse — "Behold,
Your house is left unto you des late"?'

Ended he had not, but she brook no more;
Long since her heart had beat remor lessly,
Her crampt-up sorrow pain'd her, a a sense
Of meanness in her unresisting life.
Then their eyes vext her; for on tering
He had cast the curtains of their s aside —
Black velvet of the costliest — she h self
Had seen to that. Fain had she clos them now,
Yet dared not stir to do it, o near'd
Her husband inch by inch, but wh she laid,
Wifelike, her hand in one of his, veil'd
His face with the other, and at on as falls
A creeper when the prop is brok fell
The woman shrieking at his feet, a swoon'd.
Then her own people bore along nave
Her pendent hands, and narrow m gre face
Seam'd with the shallow cares of fi years.
And her the lord of all the landsc round
Even to its last horizon, and of all
Who peer'd at him so keenly, follo out
Tall and erect, but in the middle a
Reel'd, as a footsore ox in crow ways
Stumbling across the market to death,
Unpitied; for he groped as blind, seem'd

ays about to fall, grasping the pews
l oaken finials till he touch'd the door ;
to the lychgate, where his chariot stood,
de from the porch, tall and erect again.

ut nevermore did either pass the gate
e under pall with bearers. In one month,
o' weary and yet ever wearier hours,
childless mother went to seek her child ;
when he felt the silence of his house
ut him, and the change and not the change,
those fixt eyes of painted ancestors
ing for ever from their gilded walls
him their last descendant, his own head
an to droop, to fall. The man became
ecile ; his one word was 'desolate.'
l for two years before his death was he ;
when the second Christmas came, escaped
keepers, and the silence which he felt,
ind a deeper in the narrow gloom
vife and child ; nor wanted at his end
dark retinue reverencing death
golden thresholds ; nor from tender hearts,
those who sorrow'd o'er a vanish'd race,
, the violet on the tyrant's grave.
n the great Hall was wholly broken down,
the broad woodland parcell'd into farms ;
where the two contrived their daughter's good,
the hawk's cast, the mole has made his run,
hedgehog underneath the plantain bores,

The rabbit fondles his own harmless face,
The slow-worm creeps, and the thin weasel there
Follows the mouse, and all is open field.

SEA DREAMS

A CITY clerk, but gently born and bred ;
His wife, an unknown artist's orphan child —
One babe was theirs, a Margaret, three years old.
They, thinking that her clear germander eye
Droopt in the giant-factoried city-gloom,
Came, with a month's leave given them, to the sea ;
For which his gains were dock'd, however small.
Small were his gains, and hard his work ; besides,
Their slender household fortunes — for the man
Had risk'd his little — like the little thrift,
Trembled in perilous places o'er a deep.
And oft, when sitting all alone, his face
Would darken, as he cursed his credulousness,
And that one unctuous mouth which lured him, rogue,
To buy strange shares in some Peruvian mine.
Now seaward-bound for health they gain'd a coast,
All sand and cliff and deep-inrunning cave,
At close of day ; slept, woke, and went the next,
The Sabbath, pious variers from the church,
To chapel ; where a heated pulpiteer,
Not preaching simple Christ to simple men,
Announced the coming doom, and fulminated
Against the Scarlet Woman and her creed.
For sideways up he swung his arms, and shriek'd

'Thus, thus with violence,' even as if he held
The Apocalyptic millstone, and himself
Were that great angel; 'Thus with violence
Shall Babylon be cast into the sea;
Then comes the close.' The gentle-hearted wife
Sat shuddering at the ruin of a world,
He at his own; but when the wordy storm
Had ended, forth they came and paced the shore,
Ran in and out the long sea-framing caves,
Drank the large air, and saw, but scarce believed—
The soot-flake of so many a summer still
Clung to their fancies—that they saw, the sea.
So now on sand they walk'd, and now on cliff,
Lingering about the thymy promontories,
Till all the sails were darken'd in the west,
And rosed in the east, then homeward and to bed;
Where she, who kept a tender Christian hope,
Haunting a holy text, and still to that
Returning, as the bird returns, at night,
'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,'
Said, 'Love, forgive him.' But he did not speak;
And silenced by that silence lay the wife,
Remembering her dear Lord who died for all,
And musing on the little lives of men,
And how they mar this little by their feuds.

But while the two were sleeping, a full tide
Rose with ground-swell, which, on the foremost rocks
Touching, upjetted in spirts of wild sea-smoke,
And scaled in sheets of wasteful foam, and fell
In vast sea-cataracts—ever and anc
Dead claps of thunder from with the cliffs
Heard thro' the living roar. At t the babe,
Their Margaret cradled near the wail'd and woke
The mother, and the father sudde cried,
'A wreck, a wreck!' then turn'd a groaning said:

'Forgive! How many will s "forgive," and find
A sort of absolution in the sound
To hate a little longer! No; the s
That neither God nor man can w forgive,
Hypocrisy, I saw it in him at once.
Is it so true that second thoughts best?
Not first, and third, which are a ri first?
Too ripe, too late! they come too l for use.
Ah, love, there surely lives in m and beast
Something divine to warn them their foes;
And such a sense, when first I fron him,
Said, "Trust him not;" but aft when I came
To know him more, I lost it, knew h less,
Fought with what seem'd my own charity,
Sat at his table, drank his co wines,
Made more and more allowance for talk;
Went further, fool! and trusted with all,
All my poor scrapings from a do years
Of dust and desk-work. There is such mine,
None; but a gulf of ruin, swallow gold,
Not making. Ruin'd! ruin'd! the roars
Ruin—a fearful night!'

'Not fearful; f
Said the good wife, 'if every sta heaven

'"I dream'd
Of such a tide swelling toward the land"'

make it fair; you do but hear the tide.
l you ill dreams?'

'O, yes,' he said, 'I dream'd such a tide swelling toward the land,
l I from out the boundless outer deep
ept with it to the shore, and enter'd one
those dark caves that run beneath the cliffs.
ought the motion of the boundless deep
e thro' the cave, and I was heaved upon it
arkness; then I saw one lovely star
ger and larger. "What a world," I thought,
o live in!" but in moving on I found
Only the landward exit of the cave,
Bright with the sun upon the stream beyond;
And near the light a giant woman sat,
All over earthy, like a piece of earth,
A pickaxe in her hand. Then out I slipt
Into a land all sun and blossom, trees
As high as heaven, and every bird that sings;
And here the night-light flickering in my eyes
Awoke me.'

'That was then your dream,' she said,
'Not sad, but sweet.'

'So sweet, I lay,' said he,
'And mused upon it, drifting up the stream
In fancy, till I slept again, and pieced

The broken vision; for I dream'd that still
The motion of the great deep bore me on,
And that the woman walk'd upon the brink.
I wonder'd at her strength, and ask'd her of it.
"It came," she said, "by working in the mines."
O, then to ask her of my shares, I thought;
And ask'd; but not a word; she shook her head.
And then the motion of the current ceased,
And there was rolling thunder; and we reach'd
A mountain, like a wall of burs and thorns;
But she with her strong feet up the steep hill
Trod out a path. I follow'd, and at top
She pointed seaward; there a fleet of glass,
That seem'd a fleet of jewels under me,
Sailing along before a gloomy cloud
That not one moment ceased to thunder, past
In sunshine. Right across its track there lay,
Down in the water, a long reef of gold,
Or what seem'd gold; and I was glad at first
To think that in our often-ransack'd world
Still so much gold was left; and then I fear'd
Lest the gay navy there should splinter on it,
And fearing waved my arm to warn them off;
An idle signal, for the brittle fleet —
I thought I could have died to save it — near'd,
Touch'd, clink'd, and clash'd, and vanish'd, and I woke,
I heard the clash so clearly. Now I see
My dream was Life, the woman honest Work,
And my poor venture but a fleet of glass
Wreck'd on a reef of visionary gold.'

'Nay,' said the kindly wife to co
fort him,
'You raised your arm, you tumbl
down and broke
The glass with little Margaret's me
cine in it;
And, breaking that, you made a
broke your dream.
A trifle makes a dream, a trifle break

'No trifle,' groan'd the husban
'yesterday
I met him suddenly in the street, a
ask'd
That which I ask'd the woman in
dream.
Like her, he shook his head. "Sh
me the books!"
He dodged me with a long and lo
account.
"The books, the books!" but he,
could not wait,
Bound on a matter he of life
death;
When the great Books — see Dan
seven and ten —
Were open'd, I should find he me
me well;
And then began to bloat himself,
ooze
All over with the fat affectionate sn
That makes the widow lean. "
dearest friend,
Have faith, have faith! We live
faith," said he;
"And all things work together for
good
Of those" — it makes me sick to qu
him — last
Gript my hand hard, and with G
bless-you went.
I stood like one that had receive
blow.
I found a hard friend in his lo
accounts,
A loose one in the hard grip of
hand,
A curse in his God-bless-you; t
my eyes
Pursued him down the street, and
away,
Among the honest shoulders of
crowd,
Read rascal in the motions of his b
And scoundrel in the supple-slio
knee.'

Vas he so bound, poor soul?' said
the good wife;
are we all; but do not call him,
love,
re you prove him, rogue, and
proved, forgive.
gain is loss; for he that wrongs
his friend
ngs himself more, and ever bears
about
lent court of justice in his breast,
self the judge and jury, and him-
self
prisoner at the bar, ever con-
demn'd.
that drags down his life; then
comes what comes
after; and he meant, he said he
meant,
aps he meant, or partly meant,
you well.'

With all his conscience and one
eye askew"—
, let me quote these lines, that
you may learn
an is likewise counsel for himself,
often, in that silent court of
yours—
th all his conscience and one eye
askew,
alse, he partly took himself for
true;
se pious talk, when most his
heart was dry,
wet the crafty crowsfoot round
his eye;
never naming God except for
gain,
ver took that useful name in vain,
Him his catspaw and the Cross
his tool,
Christ the bait to trap his dupe
and fool;
leeds of gift, but gifts of grace
he forged,
snake-like slimed his victim ere
he gorged;
oft at Bible meetings, o'er the
rest
ng, did his holy oily best,
ping the too rough H in Hell
and Heaven,
read the Word by which himself
had thriven."
like you this old satire?'

'Nay,' she said,
'I loathe it; he had never kindly
heart,
Nor ever cared to better his own kind,
Who first wrote satire, with no pity
in it.
But will you hear *my* dream, for I
had one
That altogether went to music? Still
It awed me.'

Then she told it, having dream'd
Of that same coast. —

But round the North, a light,
A belt, it seem'd, of luminous vapor,
lay,
And ever in it a low musical note
Swell'd up and died; and, as it swell'd,
a ridge
Of breaker issued from the belt, and
still
Grew with the growing note, and
when the note
Had reach'd a thunderous fulness, on
those cliffs
Broke, mixt with awful light—the
same as that
Living within the belt—whereby she
saw
That all those lines of cliffs were cliffs
no more,
But huge cathedral fronts of every
age,
Grave, florid, stern, as far as eye could
see,
One after one; and then the great
ridge drew,
Lessening to the lessening music, back,
And past into the belt and swell'd
again
Slowly to music. Ever when it broke
The statues, king, or saint, or founder
fell;
Then from the gaps and chasms of
ruin left
Came men and women in dark clus-
ters round,
Some crying, 'Set them up! they
shall not fall!'
And others, 'Let them lie, for they
have fallen.'
And still they strove and wrangled;
and she grieved
In her strange dream, she knew not
why, to find

Their wildest wailings never out of tune
With that sweet note; and ever as their shrieks
Ran highest up the gamut, that great wave
Returning, while none mark'd it, on the crowd
Broke, mixt with awful light, and show'd their eyes
Glaring, and passionate looks, and swept away
The men of flesh and blood, and men of stone,
To the waste deeps together.

'Then I fixt
My wistful eyes on two fair images,
Both crown'd with stars and high among the stars, —
The Virgin Mother standing with her child
High up on one of those dark minster-fronts —
Till she began to totter, and the child
Clung to the mother, and sent out a cry
Which mixt with little Margaret's, and I woke,
And my dream awed me; — well — but what are dreams?
Yours came but from the breaking of a glass,
And mine but from the crying of a child.'

'Child? No!' said he, 'but this tide's roar, and his,
Our Boanerges with his threats of doom
And loud-lung'd Antibabylonianisms —
Altho' I grant but little music there —
Went both to make your dream; but if there were
A music harmonizing our wild cries,
Sphere-music such as that you dream'd about,
Why, that would make our passions far too like
The discords dear to the musician. No —
One shriek of hate would jar all the hymns of heaven.
True devils with no ear, they howl in tune
With nothing but the devil!'

'"True" inde
One of our town, but later by an h
Here than ourselves, spoke with
on the shore;
While you were running down
sands, and made
The dimpled flounce of the sea-fu
low flap,
Good man, to please the child.
brought strange news.
Why were you silent when I sp
to-night?
I had set my heart on your forgiv
him
Before you knew. We *must* for
the dead.'

'Dead! who is dead?'

'The man your eye purs
A little after you had parted
him,
He suddenly dropt dead of heart
ease.'

'Dead? he? of heart-disease? v
heart had he
To die of? dead!'

'Ah, dearest, if ther
A devil in man, there is an angel
And if he did that wrong you ch
him with,
His angel broke his heart. But
rough voice —
You spoke so loud — has roused
child again.
Sleep, little birdie, sleep! will sh
sleep
Without her "little birdie"?
then, sleep,
And I will sing you "birdie."'

Saying
The woman half turn'd round
him she loved,
Left him one hand, and reaching
the night
Her other, found — for it was
beside —
And half-embraced the basket c
head
With one soft arm, which, lik
pliant bough
That moving moves the nest and
ling, sway'd

ıe cradle, while she sang this baby-
song:

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger,
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger;
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

'She sleeps; let us too, let all evil,
sleep.
: also sleeps — another sleep than
ours.
: can do no more wrong; forgive
him, dear,
ıd I shall sleep the sounder!'

Then the man,
Iis deeds yet live, the worst is yet
to come.
:t let your sleep for this one night
be sound;
lo forgive him!'

'Thanks, my love,' she said,
Your own will be the sweeter' and
they slept.

DE SUNG AT THE OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

I

?LIFT a thousand voices full and
sweet,
In this wide hall with earth's inven-
tion stored,
And praise the invisible universal
Lord,
ho lets once more in peace the
nations meet,
Where Science, Art, and Labor have
outpour'd
ıeir myriad horns of plenty at our
feet.

II

O silent father of our Kings to be,
Mourn'd in this golden hour of jubi-
lee,
For this, for all, we weep our thanks
to thee!

III

The world-compelling plan was
thine, —
And, lo! the long laborious miles
Of Palace; lo! the giant aisles,
Rich in model and design
Harvest-tool and husbandry,
Loom and wheel and enginery,
Secrets of the sullen mine,
Steel and gold, and corn and wine,
Fabric rough, or fairy-fine,
Sunny tokens of the Line,
Polar marvels, and a feast
Of wonder, out of West and East,
And shapes and hues of Art divine!
All of beauty, all of use,
That one fair planet can produce,
Brought from under every star,
Blown from over every main,
And mixt, as life is mixt with pain,
The works of peace with works of
war.

IV

Is the goal so far away?
Far, how far no tongue can say,
Let us dream our dream to-day.

V

O ye, the wise who think, the wise
who reign,
From growing Commerce loose her
latest chain,
And let the fair white-wing'd peace-
maker fly
To happy havens under all the sky,
And mix the seasons and the golden
hours;
Till each man find his own in all
men's good,
And all men work in noble brother-
hood,
Breaking their mailed fleets and armed
towers,
And ruling by obeying Nature's
powers,
And gathering all the fruits of earth
and crown'd with all her flowers.

A WELCOME TO ALEXANDRA

MARCH 7, 1863

Sea-kings' daughter from over the sea,
Alexandra!
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!
Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!
Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street!
Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,
Scatter the blossom under her feet!
Break, happy land, into earlier flowers!
Make music, O bird, in the new-budded bowers!
Blazon your mottoes of blessing and prayer!
Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!
Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare!
Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers!
Flames, on the windy headland flare!
Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire!
Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!
Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!
Rush to the roof, sudden rocket, and higher
Melt into stars for the land's desire!
Roll and rejoice, jubilant voice,
Roll as a ground-swell dash'd on the strand,
Roar as the sea when he welcomes the land,
And welcome her, welcome the land's desire,
The sea-kings' daughter as happy as fair,
Blissful bride of a blissful heir,
Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea—
O joy to the people and joy to the throne,
Come to us, love us and make us your own;
For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,
We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!

THE GRANDMOTHER

I

And Willy, my eldest-born, is go
you say, little Anne?
Ruddy and white, and strong on
legs, he looks like a man.
And Willy's wife has written;
never was over-wise,
Never the wife for Willy; he would
take my advice.

II

For, Annie, you see, her father
not the man to save,
Had n't a head to manage, and dr
himself into his grave.
Pretty enough, very pretty! but I
against it for one.
Eh!—but he would n't hear me—
Willy, you say, is gone.

III

Willy, my beauty, my eldest-born,
flower of the flock;
Never a man could fling him,
Willy stood like a rock.
'Here's a leg for a babe of a wee
says Doctor; and he would
bound
There was not his like that yea
twenty parishes round.

IV

Strong of his hands, and strong on
legs, but still of his tongue
I ought to have gone before hi
wonder he went so young.
I cannot cry for him, Annie; I h
not long to stay.
Perhaps I shall see him the sooner
he lived far away.

V

Why do you look at me, Annie?
think I am hard and cold;
But all my children have gone be
me, I am so old.
I cannot weep for Willy, nor c
weep for the rest;
Only at your age, Annie, I could
wept with the best.

VI

For I remember a quarrel I had
your father, my dear,

'Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago'

l for a slanderous story, that cost
me many a tear.
mean your grandfather, Annie; it
cost me a world of woe,
venty years ago, my darling, seventy
years ago.

VII

r Jenny, my cousin, had come to
the place, and I knew right well
at Jenny had tript in her time; I
knew, but I would not tell.
d she to be coming and slandering
me, the base little liar!
t the tongue is a fire, as you know,
my dear, the tongue is a fire.

VIII

d the parson made it his text that
week, and he said likewise
at a lie which is half a truth is
ever the blackest of lies,
at a lie which is all a lie may be
met and fought with outright,
t a lie which is part a truth is a
harder matter to fight.

IX

And Willy had not been down to the
farm for a week and a day;
And all things look'd half-dead, tho'
it was the middle of May.
Jenny, to slander me, who knew what
Jenny had been!
But soiling another, Annie, will never
make oneself clean.

X

And I cried myself well-nigh blind,
and all of an evening late
I climb'd to the top of the garth, and
stood by the road at the gate.
The moon like a rick on fire was
rising over the dale,
And whit, whit, whit, in the bush
beside me chirrupt the night-
ingale.

XI

All of a sudden he stopt; there past
by the gate of the farm
Willy, — he did n't see me, — and
Jenny hung on his arm.

Out into the road I started, and spoke
I scarce knew how;
Ah, there's no fool like the old one —
it makes me angry now.

XII

Willy stood up like a man, and look'd
the thing that he meant;
Jenny, the viper, made me a mocking
curtsey and went.
And I said, 'Let us part; in a hun-
dred years it 'll all be the same.
You cannot love me at all, if you love
not my good name.'

XIII

And he turn'd, and I saw his eyes all
wet, in the sweet moonshine:
'Sweetheart, I love you so well that
your good name is mine.
And what do I care for Jane, let her
speak of you well or ill;
But marry me out of hand; we two
shall be happy still.'

XIV

'Marry you, Willy!' said I, 'but I
needs must speak my mind,
And I fear you 'll listen to tales, be
jealous and hard and unkind.'
But he turn'd and claspt me in his
arms, and answer'd, 'No, love,
no;'
Seventy years ago, my darling, sev-
enty years ago.

XV

So Willy and I were wedded. I wore
a lilac gown;
And the ringers rang with a will, and
he gave the ringers a crown.
But the first that ever I bare was dead
before he was born;
Shadow and shine is life, little Annie,
flower and thorn.

XVI

That was the first time, too, that ever
I thought of death.
There lay the sweet little body that
never had drawn a breath.
I had not wept, little Anne, not since
I had been a wife;
But I wept like a child that day, for
the babe had fought for his life.

XVII

His dear little face was troubled,
if with anger or pain;
I look'd at the still little body —
trouble had all been in vain.
For Willy I cannot weep, I shall
him another morn;
But I wept like a child for the ch
that was dead before he
born.

XVIII

But he cheer'd me, my good man,
he seldom said me nay.
Kind, like a man, was he; like a m
too, would have his way;
Never jealous — not he. We
many a happy year;
And he died, and I could not weep
my own time seem'd so near

XIX

But I wish'd it had been God's
that I, too, then could h
died;
I began to be tired a little, and
had slept at his side.
And that was ten years back, or m
if I don't forget;
But as to the children, Annie, they
all about me yet.

XX

Pattering over the boards, my A
who left me at two,
Patter she goes, my own little An
an Annie like you;
Pattering over the boards, she co
and goes at her will,
While Harry is in the five-acre
Charlie ploughing the hill.

XXI

And Harry and Charlie, I hear t
too — they sing to their tea
Often they come to the door
pleasant kind of a dream.
They come and sit by my chair,
hover about my bed —
I am not always certain if they
alive or dead.

XXII

And yet I know for a truth th
none of them left alive,

: Harry went at sixty, your father
at sixty-five;
d Willy, my eldest-born, at nigh
threescore and ten.
new them all as babies, and now
they 're elderly men.

XXIII

: mine is a time of peace, it is not
often I grieve;
m oftener sitting at home in my
father's farm at eve;
d the neighbors come and laugh
and gossip, and so do I;
nd myself often laughing at things
that have long gone by.

XXIV

be sure the preacher says, our
sins should make us sad;
: mine is a time of peace, and there
is Grace to be had;
l God, not man, is the Judge of us
all when life shall cease;
l in this Book, little Annie, the
message is one of peace.

XXV

l age is a time of peace, so it be
free from pain,
l happy has been my life; but I
would not live it again.
em to be tired a little, that's all,
and long for rest;
y at your age, Annie, I could have
wept with the best.

XXVI

Willy has gone, my beauty, my
eldest-born, my flower;
: how can I weep for Willy, he has
but gone for an hour, —
ie for a minute, my son, from this
room into the next;
oo, shall go in a minute. What
time have I to be vext?

XXVII

l Willy's wife has written, she
never was over-wise.
me my glasses, Annie; thank
God that I keep my eyes.
re is but a trifle left you, when I
shall have past away.
: stay with the old woman now;
you cannot have long to stay.

NORTHERN FARMER

OLD STYLE

I

Wheer 'asta beän saw long and meä
liggin' 'ere aloän?
Noorse? thoort nowt o' a noorse;
whoy, Doctor's abeän an' agoän,
Says that I moänt 'a naw moor aäle,
but I beänt a fool;
Git ma my aäle, fur I beänt a-gawin'
to breäk my rule.

II

Doctors, they knaws nowt, fur a says
what 's nawways true;
Naw soort o' koind o' use to saäy the
things that a do.
I've 'ed my point o' aäle ivry noight
sin' I beän 'ere.
An' I've 'ed my quart ivry market-
noight for foorty year.

III

Parson 's a beän loikewoise, an' a sit-
tin' ere o' my bed.
'The Amoighty 's a taäkin o' you[1] to
'issén, my friend,' a said,
An' a towd ma my sins, an' 's toithe
were due, an' I gied it in
hond;
I done moy duty boy 'um, as I 'a done
boy the lond.

IV

Larn'd a ma' beä. I reckons I 'annot
sa mooch to larn.
But a cast oop, thot a did, 'bout Bessy
Marris's barne.
Thaw a knaws I hallus voäted wi'
Squoire an' choorch an' staäte,
An' i' the woost o' toimes I wur niver
agin the raäte.

V

An' I hallus coom'd to 's choorch afoor
moy Sally wur deäd,
An' 'eärd 'um a bummin' awaäy loike
a buzzard-clock[2] ower my 'eäd,
An' I niver knaw'd whot a meän'd
but I thowt a 'ad summut to
saäy,
An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a
said, an' I coom'd awaäy.

[1] *ou* as in *hour*. [2] Cockchafer.

VI

Bessy Marris's barne! tha knaws she
laäid it to meä.
Mowt a beän, mayhap, for she wur a
bad un, sheä.
'Siver, I kep 'um, I kep 'um, my lass,
tha mun understond;
I done moy duty boy 'um, as I 'a done
boy the lond.

VII

But Parson a cooms an' a goäs, an' a
says it eäsy an' freeä:
'The Amoighty 's a taäkin o' you to
'issén, my friend,' says 'eä.
I weänt saäy men be loiars, thaw sum-
mun said it in 'aäste;
But 'e reäds wonn sarmin a weeäk, an'
I 'a stubb'd Thurnaby waäste.

VIII

D' ya moind the waäste, my lass? naw, naw, tha was not born then;
Theer wur a boggle in it, I often 'eärd 'um mysén;
Moäst loike a butter-bump,[1] fur I 'eärd 'um about an' about,
But I stubb'd 'um oop wi' the lot, an' raäved an' rembled 'um out.

IX

Keäper's it wur; fo' they fun 'um theer a-laäid of 'is faäce
Down i' the woild 'enemies[2] afoor I coom'd to the plaäce.
Noäks or Thimbleby — toäner[3] 'ed shot 'um as deäd as a naäil.
Noäks wur 'ang'd for it oop at 'soize — but git ma my aäle.

X

Dubbut looök at the waäste; theer warn't not feeäd for a cow;
Nowt at all but bracken an' fuzz, an' looök at it now —
Warn't worth nowt a haäcre, an' now theer's lots o' feeäd,
Fourscoor[4] yows upon it, an' some on it down i' seeäd.[5]

XI

Nobbut a bit on it's left, an' I meän'd to 'a stubb'd it at fall,
Done it ta-year I meän'd, an' run plow thruff it an' all,
If Godamoighty an' parson 'ud nob let ma aloän, —
Meä, wi' haäte hoonderd haäcres Squoire's, an' lond o' my oä

XII

Do Godamoighty knaw what a 's ing a-taäkin' o' meä?
I beänt wonn as saws 'ere a beän yonder a peä;
An' Squoire 'ull be sa mad an' a a' dear, a' dear!
And I 'a managed for Squoire c Michaelmas thutty year.

XIII

A mowt 'a taäen owd Joänes, as not a 'aäpoth o' sense,
Or a mowt 'a taäen young Robins niver mended a fence;
But Godamoighty a moost taäke an' taäke ma now,
Wi' aäf the cows to cauve an' Th aby hoälms to plow!

XIV

Looök 'ow quoloty smoiles when seeäs ma a passin' boy,
Says to thessén, naw doubt, 'Wh man a beä sewer-loy!'
Fur they knaws what I beän to Squ sin' fust a coom'd to the 'A
I done moy duty by Squoire an' I moy duty boy hall.

XV

Squoire 's i' Lunnon, an' summ reckons 'ull 'a to wroite,
For whoä 's to howd the lond ater thot muddles ma quoit;
Sartin-sewer I beä thot a weänt give it to Joänes,
Naw, nor a moänt to Robins — a rembles the stoäns.

XVI

But summun 'ull come ater meä hap wi' 'is kittle o' steäm
Huzzin' an' maäzin' the blessed wi' the divil's oän teäm.
Sin' I mun doy I mun doy, thaw they says is sweet,
But sin' I mun doy I mun doy, couldn abeär to see it.

[1] Bittern. [2] Anemones. [3] One or other.
[4] *ou* as in *hour*. [5] Clover.

XVII

What atta stannin' theer fur, an' doesn
bring ma the aäle ?
Doctor's a 'toättler, lads, an a's hallus
i' the owd taäle ;
weänt breäk rules fur Doctor, a
knaws naw moor nor a floy ;
it ma my aäle, I tell tha, an' if I mun
doy I mun doy.

NORTHERN FARMER

NEW STYLE

I

Dosn't thou 'ear my 'erse's legs, as
they canters awaäy ?
Proputty, proputty, proputty — that 's
what I 'ears 'em saäy.
Proputty, proputty, proputty — Sam,
thou 's an ass for thy païns ;
heer's moor sense i' one o' 'is legs,
nor in all thy braïns.

II

Woä — theer 's a craw to pluck wi' tha,
Sam : yon 's parson's 'ouse —
osn't thou knaw that a man mun be
eäther a man or a mouse ?
ime to think on it then ; for thou 'll
be twenty to weeäk.[1]
Proputty, proputty — woä then, woä
— let ma 'ear mysén speäk.

III

'e an' thy muther, Sammy, 'as beän
a-talkin' o' thee ;
hou 's beän talkin' to muther, an' she
beän a-tellin' it me.
hou 'll not marry for munny — thou 's
sweet upo' parson's lass —
oä — thou 'll marry for luvv — an' we
boäth on us thinks tha an ass.

IV

eä'd her to-daäy goä by — Saäint's-
daäy — they was ringing the
bells.
e 's a beauty, thou thinks — an' soä
is scoors o' gells,
em as 'as munny an' all — wot 's a
beauty ? — the flower as blaws.
t proputty, proputty sticks, an' pro-
putty, proputty graws.

[1] This week.

V

Do'ant be stunt ;[1] taäke time. I'
knaws what maäkes tha sa mad.
Warn't I craäzed fur the lasses mysén
when I wur a lad ?
But I knaw'd a Quaäker feller as
often 'as towd ma this :
'Doänt thou marry for munny, but
goä wheer munny is ! '

VI

An' I went wheer munny war ; an'
thy muther coom to 'and,
Wi' lots o' munny laaïd by, an' a nice-
tish bit o' land.
Maäybe she warn't a beauty — I niver
giv it a thowt —
But warn't she as good to cuddle an'
kiss as a lass as 'ant nowt ?

VII

Parson's lass 'ant nowt, an' she weänt
'a nowt when 'e 's deäd
Mun be a guvness, lad, or summut,
and addle [2] her breäd.
Why ? fur 'e 's nobbut a curate, an'
weänt niver get hissén clear,
An' 'e maäde the bed as 'e ligs on afoor
'e coom'd to the shere.

VIII

An' thin 'e coom'd to the parish wi'
lots o' Varsity debt,
Stook to his taaïl they did, an' 'e 'ant
got shut on 'em yet.
An' 'e ligs on 'is back i' the grip, wi'
noän to lend 'im a shove,
Woorse nor a far-welter'd [3] yowe ; fur,
Sammy, 'e married fur luvv.

IX

Luvv ? what 's luvv ? thou can luvv
thy lass an' 'er munny too,
Maäkin' 'em goä togither, as they 've
good right to do.
Couldn I luvv thy muther by cause o'
'er munny laaïd by ?
Naäy — fur I luvv'd 'er a vast sight
moor fur it ; reäson why.

X

Ay, an' thy muther says thou wants to
marry the lass,

[1] Obstinate. [2] Earn.
[3] Or, fow-welter'd, — said of a sheep lying on its back in the furrow.

Cooms of a gentleman burn ; an' we
boäth on us thinks tha an
ass.
Woä then, proputty, wiltha ? — an ass
as near as mays nowt [1] —
Woä then, wiltha ? dangtha ! — the
bees is as fell as owt.[2]

XI

Breäk me a bit o' the esh for his 'eäd,
lad, out o' the fence !
Gentleman burn ! what 's gentleman
burn ? is it shillins an' pence ?
Proputty, proputty 's ivrything 'ere,
an', Sammy, I 'm blest
If it is n't the saäme oop yonder, fur
them as 'as it 's the best.

XII

Tis 'n them as 'as munny as breäks
into 'ouses an' steäls,
Them as 'as coäts to their backs an'
taäkes their regular meäls.
Noä, but it 's them as niver knaws
wheer a meäl 's to be 'ad.
Taäke my word for it, Sammy, the
poor in a loomp is bad.

XIII

Them or thir feythers, tha sees, mun
'a beän a laäzy lot,
Fur work mun 'a gone to the gittin'
whiniver munny was got.
Feyther 'ad ammost nowt ; leästways
'is munny was 'id.
But 'e tued an' moil'd issén deäd, an'
'e died a good un, 'e did.

XIV

Looök thou theer wheer Wrigglesby
beck cooms out by the 'ill !
Feyther run oop to the farm, an' I
runs oop to the mill ;
An' I 'll run oop to the brig, an' that
thou 'll live to see ;
And if thou marries a good un I 'll
leäve the land to thee.

XV

Thim 's my noätions, Sammy, wheerby
I meäns to stick ;
But if thou marries a bad un, I 'll
leäve the land to Dick. —

[1] Makes nothing.
[2] The flies are as fierce as anything.

Coom oop, proputty, proputty — tha
what I 'ears 'im saäy —
Proputty, proputty, proputty — can
an' canter awaäy.

IN THE VALLEY OF CAUT RETZ

All along the valley, stream th
flashest white,
Deepening thy voice with the deep
ing of the night,
All along the valley, where thy wat
flow,
I walk'd with one I loved two a
thirty years ago.
All along the valley, while I wall
to-day,
The two and thirty years were a m
that rolls away ;
For all along the valley, down t
rocky bed,
Thy living voice to me was as
voice of the dead,
And all along the valley, by rock a
cave and tree,
The voice of the dead was a livi
voice to me.

THE FLOWER

Once in a golden hour
I cast to earth a seed.
Up there came a flower,
The people said, a weed.

To and fro they went
Thro' my garden-bower,
And muttering discontent
Cursed me and my flower.

Then it grew so tall
It wore a crown of light,
But thieves from o'er the wall
Stole the seed by night ;

Sow'd it far and wide
By every town and tower,
Till all the people cried,
'Splendid is the flower.'

Read my little fable :
He that runs may read.
Most can raise the flowers now
For all have got the seed.

And some are pretty enough,
And some are poor indeed;
And now again the people
Call it but a weed.

REQUIESCAT

AIR is her cottage in its place,
Where yon broad water sweetly,
slowly glides.
sees itself from thatch to base
Dream in the sliding tides.

nd fairer she, but ah, how soon to
die!
Her quiet dream of life this hour
may cease.
er peaceful being slowly passes by
To some more perfect peace.

THE SAILOR BOY

E rose at dawn and, fired with hope,
Shot o'er the seething harbor-bar,
nd reach'd the ship and caught the
rope,
And whistled to the morning star.

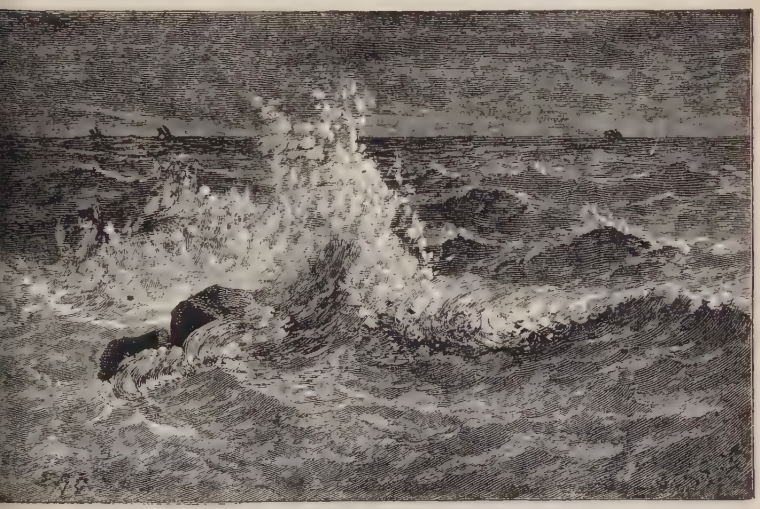
And while he whistled long and loud
He heard a fierce mermaiden cry,
'O boy, tho' thou art young and
proud,
I see the place where thou wilt lie.

'The sands and yeasty surges mix
In caves about the dreary bay,
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
And in thy heart the scrawl shall
play.'

'Fool,' he answer'd, 'death is sure
To those that stay and those that
roam,
But I will nevermore endure
To sit with empty hands at home.

'My mother clings about my neck,
My sisters crying, "Stay for
shame;"
My father raves of death and wreck, —
They are all to blame, they are all
to blame.

'God help me! save I take my part
Of danger on the roaring sea,
A devil rises in my heart,
Far worse than any death to me.'



'"God help me! save I take my part
Of danger on the roaring sea"'

THE ISLET

'Whither, O whither, love, shall we go,
For a score of sweet little summers or so?'
The sweet little wife of the singer said,
On the day that follow'd the day she was wed,
'Whither, O whither, love, shall we go?'
And the singer shaking his curly head
Turn'd as he sat, and struck the keys
There at his right with a sudden crash,
Singing, 'And shall it be over the seas
With a crew that is neither rude nor rash,
But a bevy of Eroses apple-cheek'd,
In a shallop of crystal ivory-beak'd?
With a satin sail of a ruby glow,
To a sweet little Eden on earth that I know,
A mountain islet pointed and peak'd;
Waves on a diamond shingle dash,
Cataract brooks to the ocean run,
Fairily-delicate palaces shine
Mixt with myrtle and clad with vine,
And overstream'd and silvery-streak'd
With many a rivulet high against the sun
The facets of the glorious mountain flash
Above the valleys of palm and pine.'

'Thither, O thither, love, let us go.'

'No, no, no!
For in all that exquisite isle, my dear,
There is but one bird with a musical throat,
And his compass is but of a single note,
That it makes one weary to hear.'

'Mock me not! mock me not! love, let us go.'

'No, love, no.
For the bud ever breaks into bloom on the tree,
And a storm never wakes on the lonely sea,
And a worm is there in the lonel wood,
That pierces the liver and blacke the blood,
And makes it a sorrow to be.'

A DEDICATION

Dear, near and true, — no truer Tim himself
Can prove you, tho' he make yc evermore
Dearer and nearer, as the rapid life
Shoots to the fall, — take this ar pray that he
Who wrote it, honoring your swe faith in him,
May trust himself; and after prai and scorn,
As one who feels the immeasurab world,
Attain the wise indifference of t wise;
And after autumn past — if left pass
His autumn into seeming-leafle days —
Draw toward the long frost and lon est night,
Wearing his wisdom lightly, like t fruit
Which in our winter woodland loo a flower.[1]

EXPERIMENTS

BOÄDICÉA

While about the shore of Mona tho Neronian legionaries
Burnt and broke the grove and alt of the Druid and Druidess,
Far in the East Boädicéa, standir loftily charioted,
Mad and maddening all that hea her in her fierce volubility,
Girt by half the tribes of Britain, ne the colony Cámulodúne,
Yell'd and shriek'd between h daughters o'er a wild confe eracy.

[1] The fruit of the Spindle-tree (*Euo mus Europæus*).

'They that scorn the tribes and call us Britain's barbarous populaces,
Did they hear me, would they listen, did they pity me supplicating?
Shall I heed them in their anguish? shall I brook to be supplicated?
Hear, Icenian, Catieuchlanian, hear, Coritanian, Trinobant!
Must their ever-ravening eagle's beak and talon annihilate us?
Tear the noble heart of Britain, leave it gorily quivering?
Bark an answer, Britain's raven! bark and blacken innumerable,
Blacken round the Roman carrion, make the carcase a skeleton,
Kite and kestrel, wolf and wolfkin, from the wilderness, wallow in it,
Till the face of Bel be brighten'd, Taranis be propitiated.
Lo their colony half-defended! lo their colony, Cámulodúne!
There the horde of Roman robbers mock at a barbarous adversary.
There the hive of Roman liars worship an emperor-idiot.
Such is Rome, and this her deity; hear it, Spirit of Cássivĕlaún!

'Hear it, Gods! the Gods have heard it, O Icenian, O Coritanian!
Doubt not ye the Gods have answer'd, Catieuchlanian, Trinobant.
These have told us all their anger in miraculous utterances,
Thunder, a flying fire in heaven, a murmur heard aërially,
Phantom sound of blows descending, moan of an enemy massacred,
Phantom wail of women and children, multitudinous agonies.
Bloodily flow'd the Tamesa rolling phantom bodies of horses and men;
Then a phantom colony smoulder'd on the refluent estuary;
Lastly yonder yester-even, suddenly giddily tottering—
There was one who watch'd and told me—down their statue of Victory fell.
So their precious Roman bantling, lo the colony Cámulodúne,
Shall we teach it a Roman lesson? shall we care to be pitiful?
Shall we deal with it as an infant? shall we dandle it amorously?

'Hear, Icenian, Catieuchlanian, hear, Coritanian, Trinobant!
While I roved about the forest, long and bitterly meditating,
There I heard them in the darkness, at the mystical ceremony;
Loosely robed in flying raiment, sang the terrible prophetesses:
"Fear not, isle of blowing woodland, isle of silvery parapets!
Tho' the Roman eagle shadow thee, tho' the gathering enemy narrow thee,
Thou shalt wax and he shall dwindle, thou shalt be the mighty one yet!
Thine the liberty, thine the glory, thine the deeds to be celebrated,
Thine the myriad-rolling ocean, light and shadow illimitable,
Thine the lands of lasting summer, many-blossoming Paradises,
Thine the North and thine the South and thine the battle-thunder of God."
So they chanted: how shall Britain light upon auguries happier?
So they chanted in the darkness, and there cometh a victory now.

'Hear, Icenian, Catieuchlanian, hear, Coritanian, Trinobant!
Me the wife of rich Prasútagus, me the lover of liberty,
Me they seized and me they tortured, me they lash'd and humiliated,
Me the sport of ribald Veterans, mine of ruffian violators!
See, they sit, they hide their faces, miserable in ignominy!
Wherefore in me burns an anger, not by blood to be satiated.
Lo the palaces and the temple, lo the colony Cámulodúne!
There they ruled, and thence they wasted all the flourishing territory,
Thither at their will they haled the yellow-ringleted Britoness—
Bloodily, bloodily fall the battle-axe, unexhausted, inexorable.

Shout, Icenian, Catieuchlanian, shout,
Coritanian, Trinobant,
Till the victim hear within and yearn
to hurry precipitously,
Like the leaf in a roaring whirlwind,
like the smoke in a hurricane
whirl'd.
Lo the colony, there they rioted in the
city of Cúnobelíne!
There they drank in cups of emerald,
there at tables of ebony lay,
Rolling on their purple couches in their
tender effeminacy.
There they dwelt and there they rioted;
there — there — they dwell no
more.
Burst the gates, and burn the palaces,
break the works of the statuary,
Take the hoary Roman head and shat-
ter it, hold it abominable,
Cut the Roman boy to pieces in his
lust and voluptuousness,
Lash the maiden into swooning, me
they lash'd and humiliated,
Chop the breasts from off the mother,
dash the brains of the little one
out,
Up, my Britons! on, my chariot! on,
my chargers, trample them
under us!'

So the Queen Boädicéa, standing
loftily charioted,
Brandishing in her hand a dart and
rolling glances lioness-like,
Yell'd and shriek'd between her daugh-
ters in her fierce volubility.
Till her people all around the royal
chariot agitated,
Madly dash'd the darts together, writh-
ing barbarous lineaments,
Made the noise of frosty woodlands,
when they shiver in January,
Roar'd as when the roaring breakers
boom and blanch on the preci-
pices,
Yell'd as when the winds of winter
tear an oak on a promontory.
So the silent colony, hearing her tumul-
tuous adversaries
Clash the darts and on the buckler beat
with rapid unanimous hand,
Thought on all her evil tyrannies, all
her pitiless avarice,
Till she felt the heart within her fall
and flutter tremulously,
Then her pulses at the clamoring o
her enemy fainted away.
Out of evil evil flourishes, out of ty
anny tyranny buds.
Ran the land with Roman slaughte
multitudinous agonies.
Perish'd many a maid and matron
many a valorous legionary,
Fell the colony, city, and citadel, Lon
don, Verulam, Cámulodúne.

IN QUANTITY

(HEXAMETERS AND PENTAMETERS)

ON TRANSLATIONS OF HOMER

THESE lame hexameters the strong
wing'd music of Homer!
No — but a most burlesque barba
rous experiment.
When was a harsher sound ever hear
ye Muses, in England?
When did a frog coarser croak upo
our Helicon?
Hexameters no worse than daring Ge
many gave us,
Barbarous experiment, barbarou
hexameters.

(ALCAICS)

MILTON

O MIGHTY-MOUTH'D inventor of ha
monies,
O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity
God-gifted organ-voice of Englan
Milton, a name to resound f
ages;
Whose Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdie
Starr'd from Jehovah's gorgeous arm
ries,
Tower, as the deep-domed empyre
Rings to the roar of an angel onse
Me rather all that bowery loneliness
The brooks of Eden mazily murmu
ing,
And bloom profuse and cedar arch
Charm, as a wanderer out in ocea
Where some refulgent sunset of Ind
Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean isl
And crimson-hued the stately pal
woods
Whisper in odorous heights
even.

(HENDECASYLLABICS)

O YOU CHORUS OF INDOLENT REVIEWERS'

YOU chorus of indolent reviewers,
responsible, indolent reviewers,
ook, I come to the test, a tiny poem
ll composed in a metre of Catullus,
ll in quantity, careful of my motion,
ike the skater on ice that hardly bears
him,
est I fall unawares before the people,
aking laughter in indolent reviewers.
ould I flounder awhile without a tumble
hro' this metrification of Catullus,
hey should speak to me not without a welcome,
ll that chorus of indolent reviewers.
ard, hard, hard is it, only not to tumble,
o fantastical is the dainty metre.
herefore slight me not wholly, nor believe me
oo presumptuous, indolent reviewers.
blatant Magazines, regard me rather —
nce I blush to belaud myself a moment —
s some rare little rose, a piece of inmost
orticultural art, or half coquette-like
aiden, not to be greeted unbenignly.

PECIMEN OF A TRANSLATION OF THE ILIAD IN BLANK VERSE

[ILIAD, VIII. 542–561]

Hector spake; the Trojans roar'd applause;
ien loosed their sweating horses from the yoke,
d each beside his chariot bound his own;
d oxen from the city, and goodly sheep
haste they drove, and honey-hearted wine
d bread from out the houses brought, and heap'd
Their firewood, and the winds from off the plain
Roll'd the rich vapor far into the heaven.
And these all night upon the bridge[1] of war
Sat glorying; many a fire before them blazed.
As when in heaven the stars about the moon
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
And every height comes out, and jutting peak
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest, and all the stars
Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart;
So many a fire between the ships and stream
Of Xanthus blazed before the towers of Troy,
A thousand on the plain; and close by each
Sat fifty in the blaze of burning fire;
And eating hoary grain and pulse the steeds,
Fixt by their cars, waited the golden dawn.

THE THIRD OF FEBRUARY, 1852

My Lords, we heard you speak: you told us all
That England's honest censure went too far,
That our free press should cease to brawl,
Not sting the fiery Frenchman into war.
It was our ancient privilege, my Lords,
To fling whate'er we felt, not fearing, into words.

We love not this French God, the child of hell,
Wild War, who breaks the converse of the wise;
But though we love kind Peace so well,
We dare not even by silence sanction lies.

[1] Or, ridge.

It might be safe our censures to with-
draw,
And yet, my Lords, not well; there is
a higher law.

As long as we remain, we must speak
free,
Tho' all the storm of Europe on us
break.
No little German state are we,
But the one voice in Europe; we
must speak,
That if to-night our greatness were
struck dead,
There might be left some record of
the things we said.

If you be fearful, then must we be
bold.
Our Britain cannot salve a tyrant
o'er.
Better the waste Atlantic roll'd
On her and us and ours for evermore.
What! have we fought for Freedom
from our prime,
At last to dodge and palter with a
public crime?

Shall we fear *him?* our own we never
fear'd.
From our first Charles by force we
wrung our claims.
Prick'd by the Papal spur, we rear'd,
We flung the burthen of the second
James.
I say, we *never* fear'd! and as for
these,
We broke them on the land, we drove
them on the seas.

And you, my Lords, you make the
people muse
In doubt if you be of our Barons'
breed—
Were those your sires who fought at
Lewes?
Is this the manly strain of Runny-
mede?
O fallen nobility that, overawed,
Would lisp in honey'd whispers of
this monstrous fraud!

We feel, at least, that silence here were
sin,
Not ours the fault if we have feeble
hosts—
If easy patrons of their kin
Have left the last free race wit
naked coasts!
They knew the precious things the
had to guard;
For us, we will not spare the tyra
one hard word.

Tho' niggard throats of Manchest
may bawl,
What England was, shall her tru
sons forget?
We are not cotton-spinners all,
But some love England and h
honor yet.
And these in our Thermopylæ sha
stand,
And hold against the world this hon
of the land.

A WELCOME TO HER ROYA HIGHNESS MARIE ALEXAN DROVNA, DUCHESS OF EDIN BURGH

MARCH 7, 1874

I

The Son of him with whom we stro
for power—
Whose will is lord thro' all his worl
domain—
Who made the serf a man, and bur
his chain—
Has given our Prince his own imperi
Flower,
Alexandrovna.
And welcome, Russian flower, a pe
ple's pride,
To Britain, when her flowers beg
to blow!
From love to love, from home
home you go,
From mother unto mother, state
bride,
Marie Alexandrovn

II

The golden news along the steppes
blown,
And at thy name the Tartar ten
are stirr'd:
Elburz and all the Caucasus ha
heard;

l all the sultry palms of India known,
Alexandrovna.
voices of our universal sea
n capes of Afric as on cliffs of Kent,
he Maoris and that Isle of Continent,
l loyal pines of Canada murmur thee,
Marie Alexandrovna!

III

empires branching, both, in lusty life!—
et Harold's England fell to Norman swords;
et thine own land has bow'd to Tartar hordes
e English Harold gave its throne a wife,
Alexandrovna!
thrones and peoples are as waifs that swing,
nd float or fall, in endless ebb and flow;
ut who love best have best the grace to know
t Love by right divine is deathless king,
Marie Alexandrovna!

IV

Love has led thee to the stranger land,
here men are bold and strongly say their say;—
e, empire upon empire smiles today,
hou with thy young lover hand in hand,
Alexandrovna!
ow thy fuller life is in the west,
hose hand at home was gracious to thy poor;
hy name was blest within the narrow door;
e also, Marie, shall thy name be blest,
Marie Alexandrovna!

V

l fears and jealous hatreds flame again?
r at thy coming, Princess, everywhere,
The blue heaven break, and some diviner air
Breathe thro' the world and change the hearts of men,
Alexandrovna?
But hearts that change not, love that cannot cease,
And peace be yours, the peace of soul in soul!
And howsoever this wild world may roll,
Between your peoples truth and manful peace,
Alfred — Alexandrovna!

IN THE GARDEN AT SWAINSTON

Nightingales warbled without,
Within was weeping for thee;
Shadows of three dead men
Walk'd in the walks with me,
Shadows of three dead men, and thou wast one of the three.

Nightingales sang in his woods,
The Master was far away;
Nightingales warbled and sang
Of a passion that lasts but a day;
Still in the house in his coffin the Prince of courtesy lay.

Two dead men have I known
In courtesy like to thee;
Two dead men have I loved
With a love that ever will be;
Three dead men have I loved, and thou art last of the three.

CHILD SONGS

I

THE CITY CHILD

Dainty little maiden, whither would you wander?
Whither from this pretty home, the home where mother dwells?
'Far and far away,' said the dainty little maiden,
'All among the gardens, auriculas, anemones,
Roses and lilies and Canterbury bells.'

Dainty little maiden, whither would you wander?
Whither from this pretty house, this city-house of ours?
'Far and far away,' said the dainty little maiden,
'All among the meadows, the clover and the clematis,
Daisies and kingcups and honeysuckle-flowers.'

II

MINNIE AND WINNIE

MINNIE and Winnie
Slept in a shell.
Sleep, little ladies!
And they slept well.

Pink was the shell within,
Silver without;
Sounds of the great sea
Wander'd about.

Sleep, little ladies!
Wake not soon!
Echo on echo
Dies to the moon.

Two bright stars
Peep'd into the shell.
'What are they dreaming of?
Who can tell?'

Started a green linnet
Out of the croft;
Wake, little ladies!
The sun is aloft!

THE SPITEFUL LETTER

HERE, it is here, the close of the year,
And with it a spiteful letter.
My name in song has done him much wrong,
For himself has done much better.

O little bard, is your lot so hard,
If men neglect your pages?
I think not much of yours or of mine,
I hear the roll of the ages.

Rhymes and rhymes in the range of the times!
Are mine for the moment stronger?
Yet hate me not, but abide your l
I last but a moment longer.

This faded leaf, our names are as b
What room is left for a hater?
Yet the yellow leaf hates the gre
leaf,
For it hangs one moment later.

Greater than I — is that your cry
And men will live to see it.
Well — if it be so — so it is, you kn
And if it be so, so be it.

Brief, brief is a summer leaf,
But this is the time of hollies.
O hollies and ivies and evergreens
How I hate the spites and the fol

LITERARY SQUABBLES

AH God! the petty fools of rhym
That shriek and sweat in pigmy
Before the stony face of Time,
And look'd at by the silent star

Who hate each other for a song,
And do their little best to bite
And pinch their brethren in the thr
And scratch the very dead for s

And strain to make an inch of ro
For their sweet selves, and ca
hear
The sullen Lethe rolling doom
On them and theirs and all t
here;

When one small touch of Charity
Could lift them nearer Godlike
Than if the crowded Orb should
Like those who cried Diana gr

And I too talk, and lose the touc
I talk of. Surely, after all,
The noblest answer unto such
Is perfect stillness when they b

THE VICTIM

I

A PLAGUE upon the people fell,
A famine after laid them low
Then thorpe and byre arose in f
For on them brake the sudden

hick they died the people cried,
The Gods are moved against the land.'
Priest in horror about his altar
o Thor and Odin lifted a hand:
'Help us from famine
And plague and strife!
What would you have of us?
Human life?
Were it our nearest,
Were it our dearest, —
Answer, O answer! —
We give you his life.'

II

still the foeman spoil'd and burn'd,
nd cattle died, and deer in wood,
bird in air, and fishes turn'd
nd whiten'd all the rolling flood;
dead men lay all over the way,
down in a furrow scathed with flame;
ever and aye the Priesthood moan'd,
ll at last it seem'd that an answer came:
'The King is happy
In child and wife;
Take you his dearest,
Give us a life.'

III

Priest went out by heath and hill;
e King was hunting in the wild;
found the mother sitting still;
e cast her arms about the child.
child was only eight summers old,
s beauty still with his years increased,
face was ruddy, his hair was gold;
seem'd a victim due to the priest.
The Priest beheld him,
And cried with joy,
'The Gods have answer'd;
We give them the boy.'

IV

King return'd from out the wild,
bore but little game in hand;
mother said, 'They have taken the child
spill his blood and heal the land.
land is sick, the people diseased,
d blight and famine on all the lea;
The holy Gods, they must be appeased,
So I pray you tell the truth to me.
They have taken our son,
They will have his life.
Is *he* your dearest?
Or I, the wife?'

V

The King bent low, with hand on brow,
He stay'd his arms upon his knee:
'O wife, what use to answer now?
For now the Priest has judged for me.'
The King was shaken with holy fear;
'The Gods,' he said, 'would have chosen well;
Yet both are near, and both are dear,
And which the dearest I cannot tell!'
But the Priest was happy,
His victim won:
'We have his dearest,
His only son!'

VI

The rites prepared, the victim bared,
The knife uprising toward the blow,
To the altar-stone she sprang alone:
'Me, not my darling, no!'
He caught her away with a sudden cry;
Suddenly from him brake his wife,
And shrieking, '*I* am his dearest, I —
I am his dearest!' rush'd on the knife.
And the Priest was happy:
'O Father Odin,
We give you a life.
Which was his nearest?
Who was his dearest?
The Gods have answer'd;
We give them the wife!'

WAGES

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea —
Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong —
Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of glory she;
Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.

The wages of sin is death: if the wages of Virtue be dust,
Would she have heart to endure for the life of the worm and the fly?
She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky;
Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

THE HIGHER PANTHEISM

The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains, —
Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?

Is not the Vision He, tho' He be not that which He seems?
Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?

Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and limb,
Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from Him?

Dark is the world to thee; thyself art the reason why,
For is He not all but thou, that hast power to feel 'I am I'?

Glory about thee, without thee; and thou fulfillest thy doom,
Making Him broken gleams and a stifled splendor and gloom.

Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet —
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

God is law, say the wise; O Soul, and let us rejoice,
For if He thunder by law the thunder is yet His voice.

Law is God, say some; no God at all, says the fool,
For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in a pool;

And the ear of man cannot hear, the eye of man cannot see;
But if we could see and hear, Vision — were it not He?

THE VOICE AND THE PI

I

The voice and the Peak
Far over summit and lawn,
The lone glow and long roar
Green-rushing from the rosy thr
of dawn!

II

All night have I heard the voice
Rave over the rocky bar,
But thou wert silent in heaven,
Above thee glided the star.

III

Hast thou no voice, O Peak,
That standest high above all?
'I am the voice of the Peak,
I roar and rave, for I fall.

IV

'A thousand voices go
To North, South, East, and W
They leave the heights and
troubled,
And moan and sink to their res

V

'The fields are fair beside them,
The chestnut towers in his blo
But they — they feel the desire o
deep —
Fall, and follow their doom.

VI

'The deep has power on the heig
And the height has power o
deep;
They are raised for ever and ever
And sink again into sleep.'

VII

Not raised for ever and ever,
But when their cycle is o'er,
The valley, the voice, the peak
star
Pass, and are found no more.

'Hast thou no voice, O Peak'

VIII

Peak is high and flush'd
t his highest with sunrise fire;
Peak is high, and the stars are high,
nd the thought of a man is higher.

IX

ep below the deep,
nd a height beyond the height!
hearing is not hearing,
nd our seeing is not sight.

X

voice and the Peak
r into heaven withdrawn,
lone glow and long roar
een-rushing from the rosy thrones
of dawn!

OWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL'

VER in the crannied wall,
ck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower — but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

LUCRETIUS

Lucilia, wedded to Lucretius, found
Her master cold; for when the morning flush
Of passion and the first embrace had died
Between them, tho' he loved her none the less,
Yet often when the woman heard his foot
Return from pacings in the field, and ran
To greet him with a kiss, the master took

Small notice, or austerely, for — his mind
Half buried in some weightier argument,
Or fancy-borne perhaps upon the rise
And long roll of the hexameter — he past
To turn and ponder those three hundred scrolls
Left by the Teacher, whom he held divine.
She brook'd it not, but wrathful, petulant,
Dreaming some rival, sought and found a witch
Who brew'd the philtre which had power, they said,
To lead an errant passion home again.
And this, at times, she mingled with his drink,
And this destroy'd him; for the wicked broth
Confused the chemic labor of the blood,
And tickling the brute brain within the man's
Made havoc among those tender cells, and check'd
His power to shape. He loathed himself, and once
After a tempest woke upon a morn
That mock'd him with returning calm, and cried:

'Storm in the night! for thrice I heard the rain
Rushing; and once the flash of a thunderbolt —
Methought I never saw so fierce a fork —
Struck out the streaming mountain-side, and show'd
A riotous confluence of watercourses
Blanching and billowing in a hollow of it,
Where all but yester-eve was dusty-dry.

'Storm, and what dreams, ye holy Gods, what dreams!
For thrice I waken'd after dreams. Perchance
We do but recollect the dreams that come
Just ere the waking. Terrible: for it seem'd
A void was made in Nature; all bonds
Crack'd; and I saw the flaring at streams
And torrents of her myriad univer
Ruining along the illimitable inan
Fly on to clash together again, make
Another and another frame of thi
For ever. That was mine, my dre I knew it —
Of and belonging to me, as the do
With inward yelp and restless fore plies
His function of the woodland; but next!
I thought that all the blood by S shed
Came driving rainlike down agai earth,
And where it dash'd the redde meadow, sprang
No dragon warriors from Cadr teeth,
For these I thought my dream w show to me,
But girls, Hetairai, curious in art,
Hired animalisms, vile as those made
The mulberry-faced Dictator's o worse
Than aught they fable of the Gods.
And hands they mixt, and yell'd round me drove
In narrowing circles till I yell'd a
Half-suffocated, and sprang up, saw —
Was it the first beam of my latest

'Then, then, from utter gloom out the breasts,
The breasts of Helen, and hover a sword
Now over and now under, now d
Pointed itself to pierce, but sank shamed
At all that beauty; and as I sta fire,
The fire that left a roofless Ilion,
Shot out of them, and scorch'd m I woke.

'Is this thy vengeance, holy V thine,

ıuse I would not one of thine own doves,
even a rose, were offer'd to thee? thine,
getful how my rich proœmion makes
glory fly along the Italian field,
ays that will outlast thy deity?

Deity? nay, thy worshippers. My tongue
s, or I speak profanely. Which of these
ers thee most, or angers thee at all?
if thou be'st of those who, far aloof
n envy, hate and pity, and spite and scorn,
the great life which all our greatest fain
ıld follow, centred in eternal calm.

Nay, if thou canst, O Goddess, like ourselves
ch, and be touch'd, then would I cry to thee
kiss thy Mavors, roll thy tender arms
nd him, and keep him from the lust of blood
makes a steaming slaughter-house of Rome.

ıy, but I meant not thee; I meant not her
m all the pines of Ida shook to see
from that quiet heaven of hers, and tempt
Trojan, while his neatherds were abroad;
her that o'er her wounded hunter wept
deity false in human-amorous tears;
whom her beardless apple-arbiter ded fairest. Rather, O ye Gods, -like, as the great Sicilian called ope to grace his golden verse — and this Kypris also — did I take popular name of thine to shadow forth
all-generating powers and genial heat
Nature, when she strikes thro' the thick blood
Of cattle, and light is large, and lambs are glad
Nosing the mother's udder, and the bird
Makes his heart voice amid the blaze of flowers;
Which things appear the work of mighty Gods.

'The Gods!' and if I go *my* work is left
Unfinish'd — *if* I go. The Gods, who haunt
The lucid interspace of world and world,
Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,
Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,
Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,
Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar
Their sacred everlasting calm! and such,
Not all so fine, nor so divine a calm,
Not such, nor all unlike it, man may gain
Letting his own life go. The Gods, the Gods!
If all be atoms, how then should the Gods
Being atomic not be dissoluble,
Not follow the great law? My master held
That Gods there are, for all men so believe.
I prest my footsteps into his, and meant
Surely to lead my Memmius in a train
Of flowery clauses onward to the proof
That Gods there are, and deathless. Meant? I meant?
I have forgotten what I meant; my mind
Stumbles, and all my faculties are lamed.

'Look where another of our Gods, the Sun,
Apollo, Delius, or of older use
All-seeing Hyperion — what you will —
Has mounted yonder; since he never sware,
Except his wrath were wreak'd on wretched man.

That he would only shine among the dead
Hereafter — tales! for never yet on earth
Could dead flesh creep, or bits of roasting ox
Moan round the spit — nor knows he what he sees;
King of the East altho' he seem, and girt
With song and flame and fragrance, slowly lifts
His golden feet on those empurpled stairs
That climb into the windy halls of heaven.
And here he glances on an eye newborn,
And gets for greeting but a wail of pain;
And here he stays upon a freezing orb
That fain would gaze upon him to the last;
And here upon a yellow eyelid fallen
And closed by those who mourn a friend in vain,
Not thankful that his troubles are no more.
And me, altho' his fire is on my face
Blinding, he sees not, nor at all can tell
Whether I mean this day to end myself,
Or lend an ear to Plato where he says,
That men like soldiers may not quit the post
Allotted by the Gods. But he that holds
The Gods are careless, wherefore need he care
Greatly for them, nor rather plunge at once,
Being troubled, wholly out of sight, and sink
Past earthquake — ay, and gout and stone, that break
Body toward death, and palsy, death-in-life,
And wretched age — and worst disease of all,
These prodigies of myriad nakednesses,
And twisted shapes of lust, unspeakable,
Abominable, strangers at my hearth
Not welcome, harpies miring every dish,
The phantom husks of somet
foully done,
And fleeting thro' the boundless
verse,
And blasting the long quiet of
breast
With animal heat and dire insanit

'How should the mind, exce
loved them, clasp
These idols to herself? or do the
Now thinner, and now thicker,
the flakes
In a fall of snow, and so press in,
force
Of multitude, as crowds that i
hour
Of civic tumult jam the doors,
bear
The keepers down, and throng,
rags and they
The basest, far into that council-
Where sit the best and statelie
the land?

'Can I not fling this horror of
again,
Seeing with how great ease N
can smile,
Balmier and nobler from her ba
storm,
At random ravage? and how easi
The mountain there has cast his cl
slough,
Now towering o'er him in serenes
A mountain o'er a mountain, -
and within
All hollow as the hopes and fea
men?

'But who was he that in the g
snared
Picus and Faunus, rustic Gods?
To laugh at — more to laugh
myself —
For look! what is it? there? yo
butus
Totters; a noiseless riot underne
Strikes through the wood, sets a
tops quivering —
The mountain quickens into N
and Faun;
And here an Oread — how the su
lights
To glance and shift about her sli
sides,

rosy knees and supple roundedness,
budded bosom-peaks — who this way runs
ore the rest! — A satyr, a satyr, see,
ows; but him I proved impossible;
-natured is no nature. Yet he draws
rer and nearer, and I scan him now
stlier than any phantom of his kind
t ever butted his rough brother-brute
lust or lusty blood or provender.
ate, abhor, spit, sicken at him; and she
thes him as well; such a precipitate heel,
lged as it were with Mercury's ankle-wing,
irls her to me — but will she fling herself
neless upon me? Catch her, goat-foot! nay,
e, hide them, million-myrtled wilderness,
cavern-shadowing laurels, hide! do I wish —
at? — that the bush were leafless? or to whelm
of them in one massacre? O ye Gods,
ow you careless, yet, behold, to you
n childly wont and ancient use I call —
ought I lived securely as yourselves —
lewdness, narrowing envy, monkey-spite,
nadness of ambition, avarice, none;
larger feast than under plane or pine
h neighbors laid along the grass, to take
such cups as left us friendly-warm,
ming each his own philosophy —
ning to mar the sober majesties
ettled, sweet, Epicurean life.
now it seems some unseen monster lays
vast and filthy hands upon my will,
nching it backward into his, and spoils
My bliss in being; and it was not great,
For save when shutting reasons up in rhythm,
Or Heliconian honey in living words,
To make a truth less harsh, I often grew
Tired of so much within our little life,
Or of so little in our little life —
Poor little life that toddles half an hour
Crown'd with a flower or two, and there an end —
And since the nobler pleasure seems to fade,
Why should I, beastlike as I find myself,
Not manlike end myself? — our privilege —
What beast has heart to do it? And what man,
What Roman would be dragg'd in triumph thus?
Not I; not he, who bears one name with her
Whose death-blow struck the dateless doom of kings,
When, brooking not the Tarquin in her veins,
She made her blood in sight of Collatine
And all his peers, flushing the guiltless air,
Spout from the maiden fountain in her heart.
And from it sprang the Commonwealth, which breaks
As I am breaking now!

'And therefore now
Let her, that is the womb and tomb of all,
Great Nature, take, and forcing far apart
Those blind beginnings that have made me man,
Dash them anew together at her will
Thro' all her cycles — into man once more,
Or beast or bird or fish, or opulent flower.
But till this cosmic order everywhere
Shatter'd into one earthquake in one day
Cracks all to pieces, — and that hour perhaps
Is not so far when momentary man

Shall seem no more a something to himself,
But he, his hopes and hates, his homes and fanes,
And even his bones long laid within the grave,
The very sides of the grave itself shall pass,
Vanishing, atom and void, atom and void,
Into the unseen for ever, — till that hour,
My golden work in which I told a truth
That stays the rolling Ixionian wheel,
And numbs the Fury's ringlet-snake, and plucks
The mortal soul from out immortal hell,
Shall stand. Ay, surely; then it fails at last
And perishes as I must; for O Thou,
Passionless bride, divine Tranquillity,
Yearn'd after by the wisest of the wise,
Who fail to find thee, being as thou art
Without one pleasure and without pain,
Howbeit I know thou surely must mine
Or soon or late, yet out of season, t
I woo thee roughly, for thou carest
How roughly men may woo thee they win —
Thus — thus — the soul flies out dies in the air.'

With that he drove the knife his side.
She heard him raging, heard him ran in,
Beat breast, tore hair, cried out u herself
As having fail'd in duty to h shriek'd
That she but meant to win him b fell on him,
Clasp'd, kiss'd him, wail'd. He swer'd, 'Care not thou!
Thy duty? What is duty? Fare well!'

'The home of my love'

HE WINDOW; OR, THE SONG OF THE WRENS

WORDS WRITTEN FOR MUSIC

THE MUSIC BY ARTHUR SULLIVAN

ır years ago Mr. Sullivan requested me to write a little song-cycle, German on, for him to exercise his art upon. He had been very successful in setting such ongs as 'Orpheus with his lute,' and I drest up for him, partly in the old style, a et whose almost only merit is, perhaps, that it can dance to Mr. Sullivan's instru-. I am sorry that my four-year-old puppet should have to dance at all in the dark ow of these days; but the music is now completed, and I am bound by my promise.

A. TENNYSON.

ember, 1870.

ON THE HILL

E lights and shadows fly!
ler it brightens and darkens down
on the plain.

A jewel, a jewel dear to a lover's eye!
O, is it the brook, or a pool, or her
window-pane,
When the winds are up in the
morning?

Clouds that are racing above,
And winds and lights and shadows
that cannot be still,
All running on one way to the home
of my love,
You are all running on, and I stand
on the slope of the hill,
And the winds are up in the
morning!

Follow, follow the chase!
And my thoughts are as quick and as
quick, ever on, on, on.
O lights, are you flying over her
sweet little face?
And my heart is there before you are
come, and gone,
When the winds are up in the
morning!

Follow them down the slope!
And I follow them down to the win-
dow-pane of my dear,
And it brightens and darkens and
brightens like my hope,
And it darkens and brightens and
darkens like my fear,
And the winds are up in the
morning!

AT THE WINDOW

Vine, vine and eglantine,
Clasp her window, trail and twine!
Rose, rose and clematis,
Trail and twine and clasp and kiss,
Kiss, kiss; and make her a bower
All of flowers, and drop me a
flower,
Drop me a flower.

Vine, vine and eglantine,
Cannot a flower, a flower, be mine?
Rose, rose and clematis,
Drop me a flower, a flower to kiss,
Kiss, kiss — and out of her bower
All of flowers, a flower, a flower,
Dropt, a flower.

GONE

Gone!
Gone, till the end of the year,
Gone, and the light gone with her,
and left me in shadow here!
Gone — flitted away,
Taken the stars from the night
the sun from the day!
Gone, and a cloud in my heart, an
storm in the air!
Flown to the east or the west, flit
I know not where!
Down in the south is a flash an
groan: she is there! she
there!

WINTER

The frost is here,
And fuel is dear,
And woods are sear,
And fires burn clear,
And frost is here
And has bitten the heel of the go
year.

Bite, frost, bite!
You roll up away from the light
The blue wood-louse and the plu
dormouse,
And the bees are still'd, and the
are kill'd,
And you bite far into the heart of
house,
But not into mine.

Bite, frost, bite!
The woods are all the searer,
The fuel is all the dearer,
The fires are all the clearer,
My spring is all the nearer,
You have bitten into the heart of
earth,
But not into mine.

SPRING

Birds' love and birds' song
Flying here and there,
Birds' song and birds' love,
And you with gold for hair!
Birds' song and birds' love,
Passing with the weather,
Men's song and men's love,
To love once and for ever.

Men's love and birds' love,
And women's love and men's!
And you my wren with a crow
gold,
You my queen of the wrens!

i the queen of the wrens—
Ve 'll be birds of a feather,
be King of the Queen of the wrens,
nd all in a nest together.

THE LETTER

ere is another sweet as my sweet,
ine of the fine, and shy of the shy ?
e little hands, fine little feet—
Dewy blue eye.
ll I write to her ? shall I go ?
sk her to marry me by and by ?
ıebody said that she 'd say no ;
ɔmebody knows that she 'll say ay !

or no, if ask'd to her face ?
y or no, from shy of the shy ?
little letter, apace, apace,
Fly ;
to the light in the valley below—
ell my wish to her dewy blue eye.
ıebody said that she 'd say no ;
ɔmebody knows that she 'll say ay!

NO ANSWER

mist and the rain, the mist and the rain !
it ay or no ? is it ay or no ?
never a glimpse of her window-pane !
nd I may die but the grass will grow,
the grass will grow when I am gone,
the wet west wind and the world will go on.

is the song of the wedded spheres,
o is trouble and cloud and storm,
is life for a hundred years,
o will push me down to the worm,
when I am there and dead and gone,
wet west wind and the world will go on.

wind and the wet, the wind and the wet !
'et west wind, how you blow, you blow !

And never a line from my lady yet !
Is it ay or no ? is it ay or no ?
Blow then, blow, and when I am gone,
The wet west wind and the world may go on.

NO ANSWER

Winds are loud and you are dumb,
Take my love, for love will come,
Love will come but once a life.
Winds are loud and winds will pass !
Spring is here with leaf and grass ;
Take my love and be my wife.
After-loves of maids and men
Are but dainties drest again.
Love me now, you 'll love me then ;
Love can love but once a life.

THE ANSWER

Two little hands that meet,
Claspt on her seal, my sweet !
Must I take you and break you,
Two little hands that meet ?
I must take you, and break you,
And loving hands must part—
Take, take—break, break—
Break—you may break my heart.
Faint heart never won—
Break, break, and all 's done.

AY

Be merry, all birds, to-day,
Be merry on earth as you never were merry before,
Be merry in heaven, O larks, and far away,
And merry for ever and ever, and one day more.

Why ?
For it 's easy to find a rhyme.
Look, look, how he flits,
The fire-crown'd king of the wrens, from out of the pine !
Look how they tumble the blossom, the mad little tits !
'Cuck-oo ! Cuck-oo !' was ever a May so fine ?

Why ?
For it 's easy to find a rhyme.
O merry the linnet and dove,

And swallow and sparrow and
throstle, and have your desire!
O merry my heart, you have gotten
the wings of love,
And flit like the king of the wrens
with a crown of fire.
Why?
For it's ay ay, ay ay.

WHEN

Sun comes, moon comes,
Time slips away.
Sun sets, moon sets,
Love, fix a day.

'A year hence, a year hence.'
'We shall both be gray.'
'A month hence, a month hence.'
'Far, far away.'

'A week hence, a week hence.'
'Ah, the long delay!'
'Wait a little, wait a little,
You shall fix a day.'

'To-morrow, love, to-morrow,
And that's an age away.'
Blaze upon her window, sun,
And honor all the day.

MARRIAGE MORNING

Light, so low upon earth,
You send a flash to the sun.
Here is the golden close of love,
All my wooing is done.
O, the woods and the meadows,
Woods where we hid from the w
Stiles where we stay'd to be kind,
Meadows in which we met!

Light, so low in the vale
You flash and lighten afar,
For this is the golden morning
love,
And you are his morning star.
Flash, I am coming, I come,
By meadow and stile and wood,
O, lighten into my eyes and
heart,
Into my heart and my blood!

Heart, are you great enough
For a love that never tires?
O heart, are you great enough
love?
I have heard of thorns and briers
Over the thorns and briers,
Over the meadows and stiles,
Over the world to the end of it
Flash for a million miles.

'She was dark-hair'd, dark-eyed'

THE LOVER'S TALE

he original Preface to 'The Lover's Tale' states that it was composed in my nine-
th year. Two only of the three parts then written were printed, when, feeling the
erfection of the poem, I withdrew it from the press. One of my friends, however,
, boylike, admired the boy's work, distributed among our common associates of that
r some copies of these two parts, without my knowledge, without the omissions and
ndments which I had in contemplation, and marred by the many misprints of the
positor. Seeing that these two parts have of late been mercilessly pirated, and that
t I had deemed scarce worthy to live is not allowed to die, may I not be pardoned if
ffer the whole poem at last to come into the light — accompanied with a reprint of the
iel — a work of my mature life — 'The Golden Supper'?
ay, 1879.

ARGUMENT

ılian, whose cousin and foster-sister, Camilla, has been wedded to his friend and rival,
ıel, endeavors to narrate the story of his own love for her, and the strange sequel.
peaks (in Parts II. and III.) of having been haunted by visions and the sound of bells,
ng for a funeral, and at last ringing for a marriage; but he breaks away, overcome,
e approaches the Event, and a witness to it completes the tale.

I

RE far away, seen from the top-
most cliff,
ing with purple gloom the vacan-
cies
Between the tufted hills, the sloping
seas
Hung in mid-heaven, and half-way
down rare sails,
White as white clouds, floated from
sky to sky.

O pleasant breast of waters, quiet bay,
Like to a quiet mind in the loud world,
Where the chafed breakers of the outer sea
Sank powerless, as anger falls aside
And withers on the breast of peaceful love!
Thou didst receive the growth of pines that fledged
The hills that watch'd thee, as Love watcheth Love,
In thine own essence, and delight thyself
To make it wholly thine on sunny days.
Keep thou thy name of 'Lover's Bay.'
See, sirs,
Even now the Goddess of the Past, that takes
The heart, and sometimes touches but one string
That quivers and is silent, and sometimes
Sweeps suddenly all its half-moulder'd chords
To some old melody, begins to play
That air which pleased her first. I feel thy breath;
I come, great Mistress of the ear and eye;
Thy breath is of the pine-wood, and tho' years
Have hollow'd out a deep and stormy strait
Betwixt the native land of Love and me,
Breathe but a little on me, and the sail
Will draw me to the rising of the sun,
The lucid chambers of the morning star,
And East of Life.

Permit me, friend, I prythee,
To pass my hand across my brows, and muse
On those dear hills, that nevermore will meet
The sight that throbs and aches beneath my touch,
As tho' there beat a heart in either eye;
For when the outer lights are darken'd thus,
The memory's vision hath a keener edge.

It grows upon me now — the se
circle
Of dark-blue waters and the narr
fringe
Of curving beach — its wreaths of d
ping green —
Its pale pink shells — the summ
house aloft
That open'd on the pines with door
glass,
A mountain nest — the pleasure-b
that rock'd,
Light-green with its own shadow, k
to keel,
Upon the dappled dimplings of
wave
That blanch'd upon its side.

O Love, O Ho
They come, they crowd upon me
at once —
Moved from the cloud of unforgo
things,
That sometimes on the horizon of
mind
Lies folded, often sweeps athwar
storm —
Flash upon flash they lighten thro
— days
Of dewy dawning and the an
eves
When thou and I, Camilla, thou a
Were borne about the bay or sa
moor'd
Beneath a low-brow'd cavern, w
the tide
Plash'd, sapping its worn ribs; an
without
The slowly-ridging rollers on
cliffs
Clash'd, calling to each other, and
the arch
Down those loud waters, like a set
star,
Mixt with the gorgeous west the li
house shone,
And silver-smiling Venus ere she
Would often loiter in her b
blue,
To crown it with herself.

Here, too, my
Waver'd at anchor with me, when
hung
From his mid-dome in heaven's
halls;

eams of the water-circles as they broke
cker'd like doubtful smiles about her lips,
iver'd a flying glory on her hair,
ipt like a passing thought across her eyes;
d mine with one that will not pass, till earth
d heaven pass too, dwelt on my heaven, a face
st starry-fair, but kindled from within
't were with dawn. She was dark-hair'd, dark-eyed —
such dark eyes! a single glance of them
ll govern a whole life from birth to death,
reless of all things else, led on with light
trances and in visions. Look at them,
u lose yourself in utter ignorance;
u cannot find their depth; for they go back,
d farther back, and still withdraw themselves
ite into the deep soul, that evermore
sh springing from her fountains in the brain,
ll pouring thro', floods with redundant life
r narrow portals.

Trust me, long ago
ould have died, if it were possible
die in gazing on that perfectness
ich I do bear within me. I had died,
t from my farthest lapse, my latest ebb,
ne image, like a charm of light and strength
on the waters, push'd me back again
these deserted sands of barren life.
' from the deep vault where the heart of Hope
into dust, and crumbled in the dark —
getting how to render beautiful
countenance with quick and healthful blood —
u didst not sway me upward; could I perish
ile thou, a meteor of the sepulchre,
Didst swathe thyself all round Hope's quiet urn
For ever? He that saith it hath o'er stept
The slippery footing of his narrow wit,
And fallen away from judgment. Thou art light,
To which my spirit leaneth all her flowers,
And length of days, and immortality
Of thought, and freshness ever self-renew'd.
For Time and Grief abode too long with Life,
And, like all other friends i' the world, at last
They grew aweary of her fellowship.
So Time and Grief did beckon unto Death,
And Death drew nigh and beat the doors of Life;
But thou didst sit alone in the inner house,
A wakeful portress, and didst parle with Death, —
'This is a charmed dwelling which I hold;'
So Death gave back, and would no further come.
Yet is my life nor in the present time,
Nor in the present place. To me alone,
Push'd from his chair of regal heritage,
The Present is the vassal of the Past:
So that, in that I *have* lived, do I live,
And cannot die, and am, in having been —
A portion of the pleasant yesterday,
Thrust forward on to-day and out of place;
A body journeying onward, sick with toil,
The weight as if of age upon my limbs,
The grasp of hopeless grief about my heart,
And all the senses weaken'd, save in that,
Which long ago they had glean'd and garner'd up
Into the granaries of memory —
The clear brow, bulwark of the precious brain,
Chink'd as you see, and seam'd — and all the while
The light soul twines and mingles with the growths
Of vigorous early days, attracted, won.

Married, made one with, molten into all
The beautiful in Past of act or place,
And like the all-enduring camel, driven
Far from the diamond fountain by the palms,
Who toils across the middle moonlit nights,
Or when the white heats of the blinding noons
Beat from the concave sand; yet in him keeps
A draught of that sweet fountain that he loves,
To stay his feet from falling and his spirit
From bitterness of death.

Ye ask me, friends,
When I began to love. How should I tell you?
Or from the after-fulness of my heart,
Flow back again unto my slender spring
And first of love, tho' every turn and depth
Between is clearer in my life than all
Its present flow. Ye know not what ye ask.
How should the broad and open flower tell
What sort of bud it was, when, prest together
In its green sheath, close-lapt in silken folds,
It seem'd to keep its sweetness to itself,
Yet was not the less sweet for that it seem'd?
For young Life knows not when young Life was born,
But takes it all for granted: neither Love,
Warm in the heart, his cradle, can remember
Love in the womb, but resteth satisfied,
Looking on her that brought him to the light;
Or as men know not when they fall asleep
Into delicious dreams, our other life,
So know I not when I began to love.
This is my sum of knowledge — that my love
Grew with myself — say rather, was my growth,
My inward sap, the hold I have
earth,
My outward circling air wherewit
breathe,
Which yet upholds my life, and ev
more
Is to me daily life and daily death.
For how should I have lived and
have loved?
Can ye take off the sweetness from
flower,
The color and the sweetness from
rose,
And place them by themselves; or
apart
Their motions and their brightn
from the stars,
And then point out the flower or
star?
Or build a wall betwixt my life
love,
And tell me where I am? 'T is e
thus:
In that I live I love; because I lov
I live. Whate'er is fountain to
one
Is fountain to the other; and when
Our God unknits the riddle of the c
There is no shade or fold of myste
Swathing the other.

Many, many year
For they seem many and my mos
life,
And well I could have linger'd in t
porch,
So unproportion'd to the dwell
place, —
In the May-dews of childhood, op
site
The flush and dawn of youth, we li
together,
Apart, alone together on those hill

Before he saw my day my fa
died,
And he was happy that he saw it
But I and the first daisy on his gra
From the same clay came into ligh
once.
As Love and I do number equal ye
So she, my love, is of an age with
How like each other was the birtl
each!
On the same morning, almost the s
hour,

der the selfsame aspect of the stars—.
falsehood of all star-craft!—we were born.
w like each other was the birth of each!
e sister of my mother—she that bore
nilla close beneath her beating heart,
ich to the imprison'd spirit of the child,
th its true-touched pulses in the flow
d hourly visitation of the blood,
t notes of preparation manifold,
d mellow'd echoes of the outer world—
mother's sister, mother of my love,
o had a twofold claim upon my heart,
e twofold mightier than the other was,
giving so much beauty to the world,
d so much wealth as God had charged her with—
thing to put it from herself for ever,
't her own life with it; and dying thus,
wn'd with her highest act the placid face
d breathless body of her good deeds past.

o were we born, so orphan'd. She was motherless,
d I without a father. So from each
those two pillars which from earth uphold
childhood, one had fallen away, and all
e careful burthen of our tender years
mbled upon the other. He that gave
life, to me delightedly fulfill'd
loving kindnesses, all offices
watchful care and trembling tenderness.
waked for both, he pray'd for both, he slept
aming of both; nor was his love the less
ause it was divided, and shot forth
ghs on each side, laden with wholesome shade,
erein we nested sleeping or awake,
d sang aloud the matin-song of life.

She was my foster-sister. On one arm
The flaxen ringlets of our infancies
Wander'd, the while we rested; one soft lap
Pillow'd us both; a common light of eyes
Was on us as we lay; our baby lips,
Kissing one bosom, ever drew from thence
The stream of life, one stream, one life, one blood,
One sustenance, which, still as thought grew large,
Still larger moulding all the house of thought,
Made all our tastes and fancies like, perhaps—
All—all but one; and strange to me, and sweet,
Sweet thro' strange years to know that whatsoe'er
Our general mother meant for me alone,
Our mutual mother dealt to both of us.
So what was earliest mine in earliest life,
I shared with her in whom myself remains.

As was our childhood, so our infancy,
They tell me, was a very miracle
Of fellow-feeling and communion.
They tell me that we would not be alone,—
We cried when we were parted; when I wept,
Her smile lit up the rainbow on my tears,
Stay'd on the cloud of sorrow; that we loved
The sound of one another's voices more
Then the gray cuckoo loves his name, and learn'd
To lisp in tune together; that we slept
In the same cradle always, face to face,
Heart beating time to heart, lip pressing lip,
Folding each other, breathing on each other,
Dreaming together—dreaming of each other,
They should have added,—till the morning light

Sloped thro' the pines, upon the dewy pane
Falling, unseal'd our eyelids, and we woke
To gaze upon each other. If this be true,
At thought of which my whole soul languishes
And faints, and hath no pulse, no breath — as tho'
A man in some still garden should infuse
Rich atar in the bosom of the rose,
Till, drunk with its own wine, and overfull
Of sweetness, and in smelling of itself,
It fall on its own thorns — if this be true —
And that way my wish leads me evermore
Still to believe it, 'tis so sweet a thought —
Why in the utter stillness of the soul
Doth question'd memory answer not, nor tell
Of this our earliest, our closest-drawn,
Most loveliest, earthly-heavenliest harmony?

O blossom'd portal of the lonely house,
Green prelude, April promise, glad new-year
Of being, which with earliest violets
And lavish carol of clear-throated larks
Fill'd all the March of life! — I will not speak of thee,
These have not seen thee, these can never know thee,
They cannot understand me. Pass we then
A term of eighteen years. Ye would but laugh
If I should tell you how I hoard in thought
The faded rhymes and scraps of ancient crones,
Gray relics of the nurseries of the world,
Which are as gems set in my memory,
Because she learnt them with me; or what use
To know her father left us just before
The daffodil was blown? or how we found
The dead man cast upon the shor
All this
Seems to the quiet daylight of yo
minds
But cloud and smoke, and in the da
of mine
Is traced with flame. Move with r
to the event.

There came a glorious mornin
such a one
As dawns but once a season. Mercu
On such a morning would have flu
himself
From cloud to cloud, and swum wi
balanced wings
To some tall mountain. When I sa
to her,
'A day for gods to stoop,' she a
swered, 'Ay,
And men to soar;' for as that otl
gazed,
Shading his eyes till all the fiery clou
The prophet and the chariot and t
steeds,
Suck'd into oneness like a little star
Were drunk into the inmost blue,
stood,
When first we came from out t
pines at noon,
With hands for eaves, uplooking a
almost
Waiting to see some blessed shape
heaven,
So bathed we were in brillian
Never yet
Before or after have I known the spri
Pour with such sudden deluges of li
Into the middle summer; for that
Love, rising, shook his wings, a
charged the winds
With spiced May-sweets from bou
to bound, and blew
Fresh fire into the sun, and fr
within
Burst thro' the heated buds, and s
his soul
Into the songs of birds, and touc
far-off
His mountain-altars, his high hi
with flame
Milder and purer.

Thro' the rocks we wou
The great pine shook with lou
sounds of joy

That came on the sea-wind. As mountain streams
Our bloods ran free; the sunshine seem'd to brood
More warmly on the heart than on the brow.
We often paused, and, looking back, we saw
The clefts and openings in the mountains fill'd
With the blue valley and the glistening brooks,
And all the low dark groves, a land of love!
A land of promise, a land of memory,
A land of promise flowing with the milk
And honey of delicious memories!
And down to sea, and far as eye could ken,
Each way from verge to verge a Holy Land,
Still growing holier as you near'd the bay,
For there the Temple stood.

When we had reach'd
The grassy platform on some hill, I stoop'd,
I gather'd the wild herbs, and for her brows
And mine made garlands of the self-same flower,
Which she took smiling, and with my work thus
Crown'd her clear forehead. Once or twice she told me —
For I remember all things — to let grow
The flowers that run poison in their veins.
She said, 'The evil flourish in the world.'
Then playfully she gave herself the lie —
'Nothing in nature is unbeautiful;
So, brother, pluck and spare not.' So I wove
Even the dull-blooded poppy-stem, 'whose flower,
Hued with the scarlet of a fierce sunrise,
Like to the wild youth of an evil prince,
Is without sweetness, but who crowns himself
Above the naked poisons of his heart
In his old age.' A graceful thought, of hers
Graven on my fancy! And O, how like a nymph,
A stately mountain nymph she look'd! how native
Unto the hills she trod on! While I gazed
My coronal slowly disentwined itself
And fell between us both; tho' while I gazed
My spirit leap'd as with those thrills of bliss
That strike across the soul in prayer, and show us
That we are surely heard. Methought a light
Burst from the garland I had woven, and stood
A solid glory on her bright black hair;
A light methought broke from her dark, dark eyes,
And shot itself into the singing winds;
A mystic light flash'd even from her white robe
As from a glass in the sun, and fell about
My footsteps on the mountains.

Last we came
To what our people call 'The Hill of Woe.'
A bridge is there, that, look'd at from beneath,
Seems but a cobweb filament to link
The yawning of an earthquake-cloven chasm.
And thence one night, when all the winds were loud,
A woful man — for so the story went —
Had thrust his wife and child and dash'd himself
Into the dizzy depth below. Below,
Fierce in the strength of far descent, a stream
Flies with a shatter'd foam along the chasm.

The path was perilous, loosely strown with crags.
We mounted slowly; yet to both there came
The joy of life in steepness overcome,
And victories of ascent, and looking down

On all that had look'd down on us ; and joy
In breathing nearer heaven ; and joy to me,
High over all the azure-circled earth,
To breathe with her as if in heaven itself ;
And more than joy that I to her became
Her guardian and her angel, raising her
Still higher, past all peril, until she saw
Beneath her feet the region far away,
Beyond the nearest mountain's bosky brows,
Arise in open prospect — heath and hill,
And hollow lined and wooded to the lips,
And steep-down walls of battlemented rock
Gilded with broom, or shatter'd into spires,
And glory of broad waters interfused,
Whence rose as it were breath and steam of gold,
And over all the great wood rioting
And climbing, streak'd or starr'd at intervals
With falling brook or blossom'd bush — and last,
Framing the mighty landscape to the west,
A purple range of mountain-cones, between
Whose interspaces gush'd in blinding bursts
The incorporate blaze of sun and sea.

At length
Descending from the point, and standing both
There on the tremulous bridge, that from beneath
Had seem'd a gossamer filament up in air,
We paused amid the splendor. All the west
And even unto the middle south was ribb'd
And barr'd with bloom on bloom. The sun below,
Held for a space 'twixt cloud and wave, shower'd down
Rays of a mighty circle, weaving over
That various wilderness a tissue
light
Unparallel'd. On the other side, t
moon,
Half-melted into thin blue air, stc
still,
And pale and fibrous as a withe
leaf,
Nor yet endured in presence of I
eyes
To indue his lustre ; most unloverli
Since in his absence full of light a
joy,
And giving light to others. But t
most,
Next to her presence whom I loved
well,
Spoke loudly even into my inm
heart
As to my outward hearing. T
loud stream,
Forth issuing from his portals in
crag, —
A visible link unto the home of
heart, —
Ran amber toward the west, and n
the sea
Parting my own loved mounta
was received,
Shorn of its strength, into the sym
thy
Of that small bay, which out to o
main
Glow'd intermingling close bene
the sun.
Spirit of Love ! that little hour
bound,
Shut in from Time, and dedicate
thee ;
Thy fires from heaven had touch'd
and the earth
They fell on became hallow'd e
more.

We turn'd, our eyes met ; hers w
bright, and mine
Were dim with floating tears, t
shot the sunset
In lightnings round me, and my n
was borne
Upon her breath. Henceforth
name has been
A hallow'd memory like the name
old,
A centred, glory-circled memory,
And a peculiar treasure, brooking

xchange or currency; and in that hour
hope flow'd round me, like a golden mist
harm'd amid eddies of melodious airs,
moment, ere the onward whirlwind shatter it,
Vaver'd and floated — which was less than Hope,
ecause it lack'd the power of perfect Hope;
ut which was more and higher than all Hope,
ecause all other Hope had lower aim;
ven that this name to which her gracious lips
id lend such gentle utterance, this one name,
some obscure hereafter, might inwreathe —
ow lovelier, nobler then! — her life, her love,
Vith my life, love, soul, spirit, and heart and strength.
Brother,' she said, 'let this be call'd henceforth
he Hill of Hope;' and I replied, 'O sister,
y will is one with thine; the Hill of Hope.'
evertheless, we did not change the name.

I did not speak; I could not speak my love.
ove lieth deep, Love dwells not in lip-depths.
ove wraps his wings on either side the heart,
onstraining it with kisses close and warm,
bsorbing all the incense of sweet thoughts
o that they pass not to the shrine of sound.
lse had the life of that deughted hour
runk in the largeness of the utterance
f Love; but how should earthly measure mete
he heavenly-unmeasured or unlimited Love,
ho scarce can tune his high majestic sense
Unto the thunder-song that wheels the spheres,
Scarce living in the Æolian harmony,
And flowing odor of the spacious air,
Scarce housed within the circle of this earth,
Be cabin'd up in words and syllables,
Which pass with that which breathes them? Sooner earth
Might go round heaven, and the strait girth of Time
Inswathe the fulness of Eternity,
Than language grasp the infinite of Love.

O day which did enwomb that happy hour,
Thou art blessed in the years, divinest day!
O Genius of that hour which dost uphold
Thy coronal of glory like a god,
Amid thy melancholy mates far-seen,
Who walk before thee, ever turning round
To gaze upon thee till their eyes are dim
With dwelling on the light and depth of thine,
Thy name is ever worshipp'd among hours!
Had I died then, I had not seem'd to die,
For bliss stood round me like the light of heaven, —
Had I died then, I had not known the death;
Yea, had the Power from whose right hand the light
Of Life issueth, and from whose left hand floweth
The Shadow of Death, perennial effluences,
Whereof to all that draw the wholesome air,
Somewhile the one must overflow the other —
Then had he stemm'd my day with night, and driven
My current to the fountain whence it sprang, —
Even his own abiding excellence —
On me, methinks, that shock of gloom had fallen
Unfelt, and in this glory I had merged
The other, like the sun I gazed upon,

Which seeming for the moment due to death,
And dipping his head low beneath the verge,
Yet bearing round about him his own day,
In confidence of unabated strength,
Steppeth from heaven to heaven, from light to light,
And holdeth his undimmed forehead far
Into a clearer zenith, pure of cloud.

We trod the shadow of the downward hill;
We past from light to dark. On the other side
Is scoop'd a cavern and a mountain hall,
Which none have fathom'd. If you go far in —
The country people rumor — you may hear
The moaning of the woman and the child,
Shut in the secret chambers of the rock.
I too have heard a sound — perchance of streams
Running far on within its inmost halls,
The home of darkness; but the cavern-mouth,
Half overtrailed with a wanton weed,
Gives birth to a brawling brook, that passing lightly
Adown a natural stair of tangled roots,
Is presently received in a sweet grave
Of eglantines, a place of burial
Far lovelier than its cradle; for unseen
But taken with the sweetness of the place,
It makes a constant bubbling melody
That drowns the nearer echoes. Lower down
Spreads out a little lake, that, flooding, leaves
Low banks of yellow sand; and from the woods

That belt it rise three dark, tall cypresses, —
Three cypresses, symbols of mortal woe,
That men plant over graves.

Hither we can
And sitting down upon the gold moss,
Held converse sweet and low — lo converse sweet,
In which our voices bore least pa The wind
Told a love-tale beside us, how woo'd
The waters, and the waters answeri lisp'd
To kisses of the wind, that, sick wi love,
Fainted at intervals, and grew agai
To utterance of passion. Ye cann shape
Fancy so fair as is this memory.
Methought all excellence that ev was
Had drawn herself from many thc sand years,
And all the separate Edens of t earth,
To centre in this place and time. I ten'd,
And her words stole with most p vailing sweetness
Into my heart, as thronging fanc come
To boys and girls when summer da are new,
And soul and heart and body are at ease.
What marvel my Camilla told me a
It was so happy an hour, so swee place,
And I was as the brother of her blo
And by that name I moved upon breath;
Dear name, which had too much nearness in it
And heralded the distance of this tin
At first her voice was very sweet a low,
As if she were afraid of utterance;
But in the onward current of speech, —
As echoes of the hollow-banked bro
Are fashion'd by the channel wh they keep, —
Her words did of their meaning born sound,
Her cheek did catch the color of words.
I heard and trembled, yet I could hear;

'Lower down
Spreads out a little lake'

My heart paused — my raised eyelids
would not fall,
But still I kept my eyes upon the sky.
I seem'd the only part of Time stood
still,
And saw the motion of all other things;
While her words, syllable by syllable,
Like water, drop by drop, upon my ear
Fell, and I wish'd, yet wish'd her not
to speak;
But she spake on, for I did name no
wish.
What marvel my Camilla told me all
Her maiden dignities of Hope and
Love —
'Perchance,' she said, 'return'd'?
Even then the stars
Did tremble in their stations as I gazed;
But she spake on, for I did name no
wish,
No wish — no hope. Hope was not
wholly dead,
But breathing hard at the approach of
death, —
Camilla, my Camilla, who was mine
No longer in the dearest sense of
mine —
For all the secret of her inmost heart,
And all the maiden empire of her mind,
Lay like a map before me, and I saw
There, where I hoped myself to reign
as king,
There, where that day I crown'd my-
self as king,
There in my realm and even on my
throne,
Another! Then it seem'd as tho' a link
Of some tight chain within my inmost
frame
Was riven in twain; that life I heeded
not
Flow'd from me, and the darkness of
the grave,
The darkness of the grave and utter
night,
Did swallow up my vision; at her feet,
Even the feet of her I loved, I fell,
Smit with exceeding sorrow unto
death.

Then had the earth beneath me
yawning cloven
With such a sound as when an iceberg
splits
From cope to base — had Heaven from
all her doors,
With all her golden thresholds clash-
ing, roll'd
Her heaviest thunder — I had lain as
dead,
Mute, blind, and motionless as then I
lay;
Dead, for henceforth there was no life
for me!

Mute, for henceforth what use were words to me?
Blind, for the day was as the night to me!
The night to me was kinder than the day;
The night in pity took away my day,
Because my grief as yet was newly born
Of eyes too weak to look upon the light;
And thro' the hasty notice of the ear
Frail Life was startled from the tender love
Of him she brooded over. Would I had lain
Until the plaited ivy-tress had wound
Round my worn limbs, and the wild brier had driven
Its knotted thorns thro' my unpaining brows,
Leaning its roses on my faded eyes.
The wind had blown above me, and the rain
Had fallen upon me, and the gilded snake
Had nestled in this bosom-throne of Love,
But I had been at rest for evermore.

Long time entrancement held me. All too soon
Life—like a wanton, too-officious friend,
Who will not *hear* denial, vain and rude
With proffer of unwish'd-for services—
Entering all the avenues of sense
Past thro' into his citadel, the brain,
With hated warmth of apprehensiveness.
And first the chillness of the sprinkled brook
Smote on my brows, and then I seem'd to hear
Its murmur, as the drowning seaman hears,
Who with his head below the surface dropt
Listens the muffled booming indistinct
Of the confused floods, and dimly knows
His head shall rise no more; and then came in
The white light of the weary moon above,
Diffused and molten into flaky cloud.

Was my sight drunk that it did sha
to me
Him who should own that nam
Were it not well
If so be that the echo of that name
Ringing within the fancy had updra
A fashion and a phantasm of the fo
It should attach to? Phantom!—h
the ghastliest
That ever lusted for a body, suckin
The foul steam of the grave to thick
by it,
There in the shuddering moonlig
brought its face
And what it has for eyes as close
mine
As he did—better that than his, th
he
The friend, the neighbor, Lionel, t
beloved,
The loved, the lover, the happy Lion
The low-voiced, tender-spirited Lion
All joy, to whom my agony was a j
O, how her choice did leap forth fr
his eyes!
O, how her love did clothe itself
smiles
About his lips! and—not one r
ment's grace—
Then when the effect weigh'd s
upon my head
To come my way! to twit me w
the cause!

Was not the land as free thro'
her ways
To him as me? Was not his wont
walk
Between the going light and grow
night?
Had I not learnt my loss before
came?
Could that be more because he ca
my way?
Why should he not come my way
he would?
And yet to-night, to-night—when
my wealth
Flash'd from me in a moment an
fell
Beggar'd for ever—why *should*
come my way
Robed in those robes of light I m
not wear,
With that great crown of beams ab
his brows—

Come like an angel to a damned soul,
To tell him of the bliss he had with God —
Come like a careless and a greedy heir
That scarce can wait the reading of the will
Before he takes possession? Was mine a mood
To be invaded rudely, and not rather
A sacred, secret, unapproached woe,
Unspeakable? I was shut up with Grief;
She took the body of my past delight,
Narded and swathed and balm'd it for herself,
And laid it in a sepulchre of rock
Never to rise again. I was led mute
Into her temple like a sacrifice;
I was the High Priest in her holiest place,
Not to be loudly broken in upon.

O friend, thoughts deep and heavy as these well-nigh
O'erbore the limits of my brain: but he
Bent o'er me, and my neck his arm upstay'd.
I thought it was an adder's fold, and once
I strove to disengage myself, but fail'd,
Being so feeble. She bent above me, too;
Wan was her cheek, for whatsoe'er of blight
Lives in the dewy touch of pity had made
The red rose there a pale one — and her eyes —
I saw the moonlight glitter on their tears —
And some few drops of that distressful rain
Fell on my face, and her long ringlets moved,
Drooping and beaten by the breeze, and brush'd
My fallen forehead in their to and fro,
For in the sudden anguish of her heart
Loosed from their simple thrall they had flow'd abroad,
And floated on and parted round her neck,
Mantling her form halfway. She, when I woke,
Something she ask'd, I know not what, and ask'd,
Unanswer'd, since I spake not; for the sound
Of that dear voice so musically low,
And now first heard with any sense of pain,
As it had taken life away before,
Choked all the syllables that strove to rise
From my full heart.

The blissful lover, too,
From his great hoard of happiness distill'd
Some drops of solace; like a vain rich man,
That, having always prosper'd in the world,
Folding his hands, deals comfortable words
To hearts wounded for ever; yet, in truth,
Fair speech was his and delicate of phrase,
Falling in whispers on the sense, address'd
More to the inward than the outward ear,
As rain of the midsummer midnight soft,
Scarce-heard, recalling fragrance and the green
Of the dead spring: but mine was wholly dead,
No bud, no leaf, no flower, no fruit for me.
Yet who had done, or who had suffer'd wrong?
And why was I to darken their pure love?
If, as I found, they two did love each other,
Because my own was darken'd? Why was I
To cross between their happy star and them?
To stand a shadow by their shining doors,
And vex them with my darkness? Did I love her?
Ye know that I did love her; to this present
My full-orb'd love has waned not. Did I love her,

And could I look upon her tearful eyes?
What had *she* done to weep? Why should *she* weep?
O innocent of spirit — let my heart
Break rather — whom the gentlest airs of heaven
Should kiss with an unwonted gentleness.
Her love did murder mine? What then? She deem'd
I wore a brother's mind; she call'd me brother.
She told me all her love; she shall not weep.

The brightness of a burning thought, awhile
In battle with the glooms of my dark will,
Moonlike emerged, and to itself lit up
There on the depth of an unfathom'd woe
Reflex of action. Starting up at once,
As from a dismal dream of my own death,
I, for I loved her, lost my love in Love;
I, for I loved her, graspt the hand she loved,
And laid it in her own, and sent my cry
Thro' the blank night to Him who loving made
The happy and the unhappy love, that He
Would hold the hand of blessing over them,
Lionel, the happy, and her, and her, his bride!
Let them so love that men and boys may say,
'Lo! how they love each other!' till their love
Shall ripen to a proverb, unto all
Known, when their faces are forgot in the land —
One golden dream of love, from which may death
Awake them with heaven's music in a life
More living to some happier happiness,
Swallowing its precedent in victory.
And as for me, Camilla, as for me, —
The dew of tears is an unwholesome dew,
They will but sicken the sick plant th
more.
Deem that I love thee but as brothe
do,
So shalt thou love me still as sisters do
Or if thou dream aught farther, drea
but how
I could have loved thee, had the
been none else
To love as lovers, loved again by the

Or this, or somewhat like to this,
spake,
When I beheld her weep so ruefully
For sure my love should ne'er indu
the front
And mask of Hate, who lives on other
moans.
Shall Love pledge Hatred in her bitte
draughts,
And batten on her poisons? Lov
forbid!
Love passeth not the threshold of col
Hate,
And Hate is strange beneath the roo
of Love.
O Love, if thou be'st Love, dry u
these tears
Shed for the love of Love; for th
mine image,
The subject of thy power, be cold i
her,
Yet, like cold snow, it melteth in th
source
Of these sad tears, and feeds the
downward flow.
So Love, arraign'd to judgment and
death,
Received unto himself a part of blam
Being guiltless, as an innocent pr
soner,
Who, when the woful sentence ha
been past,
And all the clearness of his fame ha
gone
Beneath the shadow of the curse
man,
First falls asleep in swoon, wherefro
awaked,
And looking round upon his tearf
friends,
Forthwith and in his agony conceiv
A shameful sense as of a cleavi
crime —
For whence without some guilt shou
such grief be?

So died that hour, and fell into the abysm
Of forms outworn, but not to me outworn,
Who never hail'd another — was there one?
There might be one — one other, worth the life
That made it sensible. So that hour died
Like odor rapt into the winged wind
Borne into alien lands and far away.

There be some hearts so airily built, that they,
They — when their love is wreck'd — if Love can wreck —
On that sharp ridge of utmost doom ride highly
Above the perilous seas of Change and Chance,
Nay, more, hold out the lights of cheerfulness;
As the tall ship, that many a dreary year
Knit to some dismal sandbank far at sea,
All thro' the livelong hours of utter dark,
Showers slanting light upon the dolorous wave.

For me — what light, what gleam on those black ways
Where Love could walk with banish'd Hope no more?

It was ill-done to part you, sisters fair;
Love's arms were wreath'd about the neck of Hope,
And Hope kiss'd Love, and Love drew in her breath
In that close kiss, and drank her whisper'd tales.
They said that Love would die when Hope was gone,
And Love mourn'd long, and sorrow'd after Hope;
At last she sought out Memory, and they trod
The same old paths where Love had walk'd with Hope,
And Memory fed the soul of Love with tears.

II

From that time forth I would not see her more;
But many weary moons I lived alone —
Alone, and in the heart of the great forest.

'In the heart of the great forest'

Sometimes upon the hills beside the sea
All day I watch'd the floating isles of shade,
And sometimes on the shore, upon the sands
Insensibly I drew her name, until
The meaning of the letters shot into
My brain; anon the wanton billow wash'd
Them over, till they faded like my love.
The hollow caverns heard me — the black brooks
Of the mid-forest heard me — the soft winds,
Laden with thistle-down and seeds of flowers,
Paused in their course to hear me, for my voice
Was all of thee; the merry linnet knew me,
The squirrel knew me, and the dragon-fly
Shot by me like a flash of purple fire.
The rough brier tore my bleeding palms; the hemlock,
Brow-high, did strike my forehead as I past;
Yet trod I not the wild-flower in my path,
Nor bruised the wild-bird's egg.

Was this the end?
Why grew we then together in one plot?
Why fed we from one fountain? drew one sun?
Why were our mothers branches of one stem?
Why were we one in all things, save in that
Where to have been one had been the cope and crown
Of all I hoped and fear'd? — if that same nearness
Were father to this distance, and that *one*
Vauntcourier to this *double?* if Affection
Living slew Love, and Sympathy hew'd out
The bosom-sepulchre of Sympathy?

Chiefly I sought the cavern and the hill
Where last we roam'd together, the sound
Of the loud stream was pleasant, the wind
Came wooingly with woodbine sme
Sometimes
All day I sat within the cavern-mou
Fixing my eyes on those three cypr
cones
That spired above the wood; and w
mad hand
Tearing the bright leaves of the i
screen,
I cast them in the noisy brook
neath,
And watch'd them till they vanis
from my sight
Beneath the bower of wreathed eg
tines.
And all the fragments of the liv
rock, —
Huge blocks, which some old tr
bling of the world
Had loosen'd from the mountain,
they fell
Half-digging their own graves
these in my agony
Did I make bare of all the gol
moss,
Wherewith the dashing runnel in
spring
Had liveried them all over. In
brain
The spirit seem'd to flag from thou
to thought,
As moonlight wandering thro' a m
my blood
Crept like marsh drains thro' all
languid limbs;
The motions of my heart seem'd
within me,
Unfrequent, low, as tho' it told
pulses;
And yet it shook me, that my fr
would shudder,
As if 't were drawn asunder by
rack.
But over the deep graves of Hope
Fear,
And all the broken palaces of the
Brooded one master-passion everm
Like to a low-hung and a fiery sk
Above some fair metropolis, e
shock'd, —
Hung round with ragged rims
burning folds, —

mbathing all with wild and woful hues,
reat hills of ruins, and collapsed masses
f thunder-shaken columns indistinct,
nd fused together in the tyrannous light —
uins, the ruin of all my life and me!
Sometimes I thought Camilla was no more;
ome one had told me she was dead, and ask'd
I would see her burial. Then I seem'd
o rise, and through the forest-shadow borne
Vith more than mortal swiftness, I ran down
he steepy sea-bank, till I came upon
he rear of a procession, curving round
he silver-sheeted bay, in front of which
ix stately virgins, all in white, upbare
broad earth-sweeping pall of whitest lawn,
Vreathed round the bier with garlands. In the distance,
rom out the yellow woods upon the hill
ook'd forth the summit and the pinnacles
f a gray steeple — thence at intervals
low bell tolling. All the pageantry,
ave those six virgins which upheld the bier,
Vere stoled from head to foot in flowing black;
ne walk'd abreast with me, and veil'd his brow,
nd he was loud in weeping and in praise
f her we follow'd. A strong sympathy
ook all my soul; I flung myself upon him
tears and cries. I told him all my love,
ow I had loved her from the first; whereat
e shrank and howl'd, and from his brow drew back
is hand to push me from him, and the face,
ne very face and form of Lionel
Flash'd thro' my eyes into my innermost brain,
And at his feet I seem'd to faint and fall,
To fall and die away. I could not rise,
Albeit I strove to follow. They past on,
The lordly phantasms! in their floating folds
They past and were no more; but I had fallen
Prone by the dashing runnel on the grass.

Alway the inaudible, invisible thought,
Artificer and subject, lord and slave,
Shaped by the audible and visible,
Moulded the audible and visible.
All crisped sounds of wave and leaf and wind
Flatter'd the fancy of my fading brain;
The cloud-pavilion'd element, the wood,
The mountain, the three cypresses, the cave,
Storm, sunset, glows and glories of the moon
Below black firs, when silent-creeping winds
Laid the long night in silver streaks and bars,
Were wrought into the tissue of my dream.
The moanings in the forest, the loud brook,
Cries of the partridge like a rusty key
Turn'd in a lock, owl-whoop and dor-hawk-whirr
Awoke me not, but were a part of sleep,
And voices in the distance calling to me
And in my vision bidding me dream on,
Like sounds without the twilight realm of dreams,
Which wander round the bases of the hills,
And murmur at the low-dropt eaves of sleep,
Half-entering the portals. Oftentimes
The vision had fair prelude, in the end
Opening on darkness, stately vestibules

To caves and shows of death — whether the mind,
With some revenge — even to itself unknown —
Made strange division of its suffering
With her, whom to have suffering view'd had been
Extremest pain; or that the clear-eyed Spirit,
Being blunted in the present, grew at length
Prophetical and prescient of whate'er
The future had in store; or that which most
Enchains belief, the sorrow of my spirit
Was of so wide a compass it took in
All I had loved, and my dull agony,
Ideally to her transferr'd, became
Anguish intolerable.

The day waned;
Alone I sat with her. About my brow
Her warm breath floated in the utterance
Of silver-chorded tones; her lips were sunder'd
With smiles of tranquil bliss, which broke in light
Like morning from her eyes — her eloquent eyes —
As I have seen them many a hundred times —
Fill'd all with pure clear fire, thro' mine down rain'd
Their spirit-searching splendors. As a vision
Unto a haggard prisoner, iron-stay'd
In damp and dismal dungeons underground,
Confined on points of faith, when strength is shock'd
With torment, and expectancy of worse
Upon the morrow, thro' the ragged walls,
All unawares before his half-shut eyes,
Comes in upon him in the dead of night,
And with the excess of sweetness and of awe,
Makes the heart tremble, and the sight run over
Upon his steely gyves; so those fair eyes
Shone on my darkness, forms wh
ever stood
Within the magic cirque of memor
Invisible but deathless, waiting stil
The edict of the will to reassume
The semblance of those rare realitie
Of which they were the mirrors. N
the light
Which was their life burst throu
the cloud of thought
Keen, irrepressible.

It was a room
Within the summer-house of which
spake,
Hung round with paintings of
sea, and one
A vessel in mid-ocean, her heav
prow
Clambering, the mast bent and
ravin wind
In her sail roaring. From the ou
day,
Betwixt the close-set ivies came
broad
And solid beam of isolated light,
Crowded with driving atomies,
fell
Slanting upon that picture, fr
prime youth
Well-known, well-loved. She dr
it long ago
Forthgazing on the waste and o
sea,
One morning when the upblown
low ran
Shoreward beneath red clouds, an
had pour'd
Into the shadowing pencil's nal
forms
Color and life. It was a bond
seal
Of friendship, spoken of with tear
smiles;
A monument of childhood and
love;
The poesy of childhood, my lost lo
Symboll'd in storm. We gazed o
together
In mute and glad remembrance,
each heart
Grew closer to the other, and the e
Was riveted and charm-bound, gaz
like
The Indian on a still-eyed snake, l
couch'd —

. beauty which is death; when all at once
'hat painted vessel, as with inner life,
egan to heave upon that painted sea.
n earthquake, my loud heart-beats, made the ground
eel under us, and all at once, soul, life
nd breath and motion, past and flow'd away
o those unreal billows. Round and round
whirlwind caught and bore us; mighty gyres
apid and vast, of hissing spray wind-driven
ar thro' the dizzy dark. Aloud she shriek'd;
'y heart was cloven with pain; I wound my arms
bout her; we whirl'd giddily; the wind
ing, but I clasp'd her without fear. Her weight
rank in my grasp, and over my dim eyes,
nd parted lips which drank her breath, down-hung
he jaws of Death. I, groaning, from me flung
er empty phantom; all the sway and whirl
f the storm dropt to windless calm, and I
own welter'd thro' the dark ever and ever.

III

came one day and sat among the stones
rewn in the entry of the moaning cave;
morning air, sweet after rain, ran over
ie rippling levels of the lake, and blew
olness and moisture and all smells of bud
id foliage from the dark and dripping woods
on my fever'd brows that shook and throbb'd
om temple unto temple. To what height
The day had grown I know not. Then came on me
The hollow tolling of the bell, and all
The vision of the bier. As heretofore
I walk'd behind with one who veil'd his brow.
Methought by slow degrees the sullen bell
Toll'd quicker, and the breakers on the shore
Sloped into louder surf. Those that went with me,
And those that held the bier before my face,
Moved with one spirit round about the bay,
Trod swifter steps; and while I walk'd with these
In marvel at that gradual change, I thought
Four bells instead of one began to ring,
Four merry bells, four merry marriage-bells,
In clanging cadence jangling peal on peal—
A long loud clash of rapid marriage bells.
Then those who led the van, and those in rear,
Rush'd into dance, and like wild Bacchanals
Fled onward to the steeple in the woods.
I, too, was borne along and felt the blast
Beat on my heated eyelids. All at once
The front rank made a sudden halt; the bells
Lapsed into frightful stillness; the surge fell
From thunder into whispers; those six maids
With shrieks and ringing laughter on the sand
Threw down the bier; the woods upon the hill
Waved with a sudden gust that sweeping down
Took the edges of the pall, and blew it far
Until it hung, a little silver cloud
Over the sounding seas. I turn'd my heart

Shrank in me, like a snowflake in the hand,
Waiting to see the settled countenance
Of her I loved, adorn'd with fading flowers.
But she from out her death-like chrysalis,
She from her bier, as into fresher life,
My sister, and my cousin, and my love,
Leapt lightly clad in bridal white — her hair
Studded with one rich Provence rose — a light
Of smiling welcome round her lips — her eyes
And cheeks as bright as when she climb'd the hill.
One hand she reach'd to those that came behind,
And while I mused nor yet endured to take
So rich a prize, the man who stood with me
Stept gaily forward, throwing down his robes,
And clasp her hand in his. Again the bells
Jangled and clang'd; again the stormy surf
Crash'd in the shingle; and the whirling rout
Led by those two rush'd into dance, and fled
Wind-footed to the steeple in the woods,
Till they were swallow'd in the leafy bowers,
And I stood sole beside the vacant bier.

There, there, my latest vision — then the event!

IV

THE GOLDEN SUPPER[1]

(Another speaks)

He flies the event; he leaves the event to me.
Poor Julian — how he rush'd away; the bells,
Those marriage-bells, echoing in and heart —
But cast a parting glance at me, y saw,
As who should say 'Continue.' W he had
One golden hour — of triumph sha say?
Solace at least — before he left home.

Would you had seen him in t hour of his!
He moved thro' all of it maje cally —
Restrain'd himself quite to the cl — but now —
Whether they *were* his lady's marria bells,
Or prophets of them in his fantasy,
I never ask'd; but Lionel and girl
Were wedded, and our Julian ca again
Back to his mother's house among pines.
But these, their gloom, the mounta and the Bay,
The whole land weigh'd him dow Ætna does
The Giant of Mythology; he wo go,
Would leave the land for ever, had gone
Surely, but for a whisper, 'Go yet,'
Some warning — sent divinely — a seem'd
By that which follow'd — but of I deem
As of the visions that he told — event
Glanced back upon them in his a life,
And partly made them — tho' he k it not.

And thus he stay'd and would look at her —
No, not for months; but, when eleventh moon
After their marriage lit the lover's H
Heard yet once more the tolling b and said,
'Would you could toll me out of li but found —

[1] This poem is founded upon a story in Boccaccio. See Introduction, p. 2.

ll softly as his mother broke it to him —
. crueller reason than a crazy ear
or that low knell tolling his lady dead —
ead — and had lain three days without a pulse;
ll that look'd on her had pronounced her dead.
nd so they bore her — for in Julian's land
hey never nail a dumb head up in elm —
ore her free-faced to the free airs of heaven,
nd laid her in the vault of her own kin.

What did he then? not die — he is here and hale —
ot plunge headforemost from the mountain there,
nd leave the name of Lover's Leap, not he.
e knew the meaning of the whisper now,
hought that he knew it. 'This, I stay'd for this;
Love, I have not seen you for so long!
ow, now, will I go down into the grave,
will be all alone with all I love,
nd kiss her on the lips. She is his no more;
he dead returns to me, and I go down
o kiss the dead.'

The fancy stirr'd him so
e rose and went, and, entering the dim vault
nd making there a sudden light, beheld
ll round about him that which all will be.
ne light was but a flash, and went again.
nen at the far end of the vault he saw
is lady with the moonlight on her face;
er breast as in a shadow-prison, bars
f black and bands of silver, which the moon
ruck from an open grating overhead
igh in the wall, and all the rest of her
rown'd in the gloom and horror of the vault.

'It was my wish,' he said, 'to pass, to sleep,
To rest, to be with her — till the great day
Peal'd on us with that music which rights all,
And raised us hand in hand.' And kneeling there
Down in the dreadful dust that once was man,
'Dust,' as he said, 'that once was loving hearts,
Hearts that had beat with such a love as mine —
Not such as mine, no, nor for such as her,' —
He softly put his arm about her neck
And kiss'd her more than once, till helpless death
And silence made him bold — nay, but I wrong him,
He reverenced his dear lady even in death;
But, placing his true hand upon her heart,
'O you warm heart,' he moan'd, 'not even death
Can chill you all at once' — then, starting, thought
His dreams had come again. 'Do I wake or sleep?
Or am I made immortal, or my love
Mortal once more?' It beat — the heart — it beat;
Faint — but it beat; at which his own began
To pulse with such a vehemence that it drown'd
The feebler motion underneath his hand.
But when at last his doubts were satisfied
He raised her softly from the sepulchre,
And, wrapping her all over with the cloak
He came in, and now striding fast, and now
Sitting awhile to rest, but evermore
Holding his golden burthen in his arms,
So bore her thro' the solitary land
Back to the mother's house where she was born.

There the good mother's kindly ministering,
With half a night's appliances, recall'd
Her fluttering life. She rais'd an eye that ask'd
'Where?' till the things familiar to her youth
Had made a silent answer; then she spoke
'Here! and how came I here?' and learning it—
They told her somewhat rashly, as I think—
At once began to wander and to wail,
'Ay, but you know that you must give me back.
Send! bid him come;' but Lionel was away—
Stung by his loss had vanish'd, none knew where.
'He casts me out,' she wept, 'and goes'—a wail
That, seeming something, yet was nothing, born
Not from believing mind but shatter'd nerve,
Yet haunting Julian, as her own reproof
At some precipitance in her burial.
Then, when her own true spirit had return'd,
'O, yes, and you,' she said, 'and none but you?
For you have given me life and love again,
And none but you yourself shall tell him of it,
And you shall give me back when he returns.'
'Stay then a little,' answer'd Julian, 'here,
And keep yourself, none knowing, to yourself;
And I will do your will. I may not stay,
No, not an hour; but send me notice of him
When he returns, and then will I return,
And I will make a solemn offering of you
To him you love.' And faintly she replied,
'And I will do *your* will, and none shall know.'

Not know? with such a secret to
known.
But all their house was old and lo
them both,
And all the house had known the lo
of both,
Had died almost to serve them
way,
And all the land was waste and s
tary.
And then he rode away; but a
this,
An hour or two, Camilla's travail ca
Upon her, and that day a boy was b
Heir of his face and land, to Lione

And thus our lonely lover rode aw
And pausing at a hostel in a marsh,
There fever seized upon him. My
was then
Travelling that land, and meant to
an hour;
And sitting down to such a base rep
It makes me angry yet to speak of i
I heard a groaning overhead, climb'd
The moulder'd stairs — for everyth
was vile —
And in a loft, with none to wait
him,
Found, as it seem'd, a skeleton al
Raving of dead men's dust and beat
hearts.

A dismal hostel in a dismal land
A flat malarian world of reed and ru
But there from fever and my car
him
Sprang up a friendship that may l
us yet.
For while we roam'd along the dre
coast,
And waited for her message, piece
piece
I learnt the drearier story of his li
And, tho' he loved and honor'd Lio
Found that the sudden wail his l
made
Dwelt in his fancy. Did he know
worth,
Her beauty even? should he no
taught,
Even by the price that others set u
it,
The value of that jewel he ha
guard?

Suddenly came her notice and we past,
vith our lover to his native Bay.

This love is of the brain, the mind, the soul;
at makes the sequel pure, tho' some of us
ginning at the sequel know no more.
ot such am I; and yet I say the bird
iat will not hear my call, however sweet,
it if my neighbor whistle answers him—
hat matter? there are others in the wood.
t when I saw her—and I thought him crazed,
o' not with such a craziness as needs
cell and keeper—those dark eyes of hers—
such dark eyes! and not her eyes alone,
t all from these to where she touch'd on earth,
r such a craziness as Julian's look'd
less than one divine apology.

So sweetly and so modestly she came
greet us, her young hero in her arms!
iss him,' she said. 'You gave me life again.
, but for you, had never seen it once.
s other father you! Kiss him, and then
rgive him, if his name be Julian too.'

Talk of lost hopes and broken heart! his own
it such a flame into his face, I knew
ne sudden vivid pleasure hit him there.

But he was all the more resolved to go,
d sent at once to Lionel, praying him,
that great love they both had borne the dead,
come and revel for one hour with him
fore he left the land for evermore;

And then to friends—they were not many—who lived
Scatteringly about that lonely land of his,
And bade them to a banquet of farewells.

And Julian made a solemn feast; I never
Sat at a costlier, for all round his hall
From column on to column, as in a wood,
Not such as here—an equatorial one,
Great garlands swung and blossom'd; and beneath,
Heirlooms, and ancient miracles of art,
Chalice and salver, wines that, heaven knows when,
Had suck'd the fire of some forgotten sun,
And kept it thro' a hundred years of gloom,
Yet glowing in a heart of ruby—cups
Where nymph and god ran ever round in gold—
Others of glass as costly—some with gems
Movable and resettable at will,
And trebling all the rest in value—Ah heavens!
Why need I tell you all?—suffice to say
That whatsoever such a house as his,
And his was old, has in it rare or fair
Was brought before the guest. And they, the guests,
Wonder'd at some strange light in Julian's eyes—
I told you that he had his golden hour—
And such a feast, ill-suited as it seem'd
To such a time, to Lionel's loss and his
And that resolved self-exile from a land
He never would revisit, such a feast
So rich, so strange, and stranger even than rich,
But rich as for the nuptials of a king.

And stranger yet, at one end of the hall
Two great funereal curtains, looping down,
Parted a little ere they met the floor,
About a picture of his lady, taken
Some years before, and falling hid the frame.

And just above the parting was a lamp;
So the sweet figure folded round with night
Seem'd stepping out of darkness with a smile.

Well, then — our solemn feast — we ate and drank,
And might — the wines being of such nobleness —
Have jested also, but for Julian's eyes,
And something weird and wild about it all.
What was it? for our lover seldom spoke,
Scarce touch'd the meats, but ever and anon
A priceless goblet with a priceless wine
Arising show'd he drank beyond his use;
And when the feast was near an end, he said:

'There is a custom in the Orient, friends —
I read of it in Persia — when a man
Will honor those who feast with him, he brings
And shows them whatsoever he accounts
Of all his treasures the most beautiful,
Gold, jewels, arms, whatever it may be.
This custom' —

Pausing here a moment, all
The guests broke in upon him with meeting hands
And cries about the banquet — 'Beautiful!
Who could desire more beauty at a feast?'

The lover answer'd: 'There is more than one
Here sitting who desires it. Laud me not
Before my time, but hear me to the close.
This custom steps yet further when the guest
Is loved and honor'd to the uttermost.
For after he hath shown him gems or gold,

He brings and sets before him in
guise
That which is thrice as beautiful
these,
The beauty that is dearest to
heart —
"O my heart's lord, would I co
show you," he says,
"Even my heart too." And I prop
to-night
To show you what is dearest to
heart,
And my heart too.

'But solve me first a dou
I knew a man, not many years ago
He had a faithful servant, one
loved
His master more than all on earth
side.
He falling sick, and seeming close
death,
His master would not wait until
died,
But bade his menials bear him f
the door,
And leave him in the public way
die.
I knew another, not so long ago,
Who found the dying servant, t
him home,
And fed, and cherish'd him, and sa
his life.
I ask you now, should this first
ter claim
His service, whom does it belong
him
Who thrust him out, or him
saved his life?'

This question, so flung down be
the guests,
And balanced either way by each
length
When some were doubtful how
law would hold,
Was handed over by consent of al
To one who had not spoken, Lione

Fair speech was his, and delicat
phrase.
And he, beginning languidly — his
Weigh'd on him yet — but warm
as he went,
Glanced at the point of law, to
it by,

ffirming that as long as either lived,
y all the laws of love and gratefulness,
he service of the one so saved was due
ll to the saver — adding, with a smile,
he first for many weeks — a semi-smile
s at a strong conclusion — 'body and soul
nd life and limbs, all his to work his will.'

Then Julian made a secret sign to me
o bring Camilla down before them all.
nd crossing her own picture as she came,
nd looking as much lovelier as herself
lovelier than all others — on her head
diamond circlet, and from under this veil, that seem'd no more than gilded air,
ying by each fine ear, an Eastern gauze
ith seeds of gold — so, with that grace of hers,
ow-moving as a wave against the wind,
nat flings a mist behind it in the sun —
nd bearing high in arms the mighty babe,
ne younger Julian, who himself was crown'd
ith roses, none so rosy as himself —
nd over all her babe and her the jewels
f many generations of his house
parkled and flash'd, for he had deck'd them out
s for a solemn sacrifice of love —
she came in — I am long in telling it,
never yet beheld a thing so strange,
d, sweet, and strange together — floated in —
hile all the guests in mute amazement rose —
nd slowly pacing to the middle hall,
fore the board, there paused and stood, her breast
ard-heaving, and her eyes upon her feet,
ot daring yet to glance at Lionel.
ut him she carried, him nor lights nor feast
Dazed or amazed, nor eyes of men; who cared
Only to use his own, and staring wide
And hungering for the gilt and jewell'd world
About him, look'd, as he is like to prove,
When Julian goes, the lord of all he saw.

'My guests,' said Julian, 'you are honor'd now
Even to the uttermost; in her behold
Of all my treasures the most beautiful,
Of all things upon earth the dearest to me;'
Then waving us a sign to seat ourselves,
Led his dear lady to a chair of state.
And I, by Lionel sitting, saw his face
Fire, and dead ashes and all fire again
Thrice in a second, felt him tremble too,
And heard him muttering, 'So like, so like;
She never had a sister. I knew none.
Some cousin of his and hers — O God, so like!'
And then he suddenly ask'd her if she were.
She shook, and cast her eyes down, and was dumb.
And then some other question'd if she came
From foreign lands, and still she did not speak.
Another, if the boy were hers; but she
To all their queries answer'd not a word,
Which made the amazement more, till one of them
Said, shuddering, 'Her spectre!' But his friend
Replied, in half a whisper, 'Not at least
The spectre that will speak if spoken to.
Terrible pity, if one so beautiful
Prove, as I almost dread to find her, dumb!'

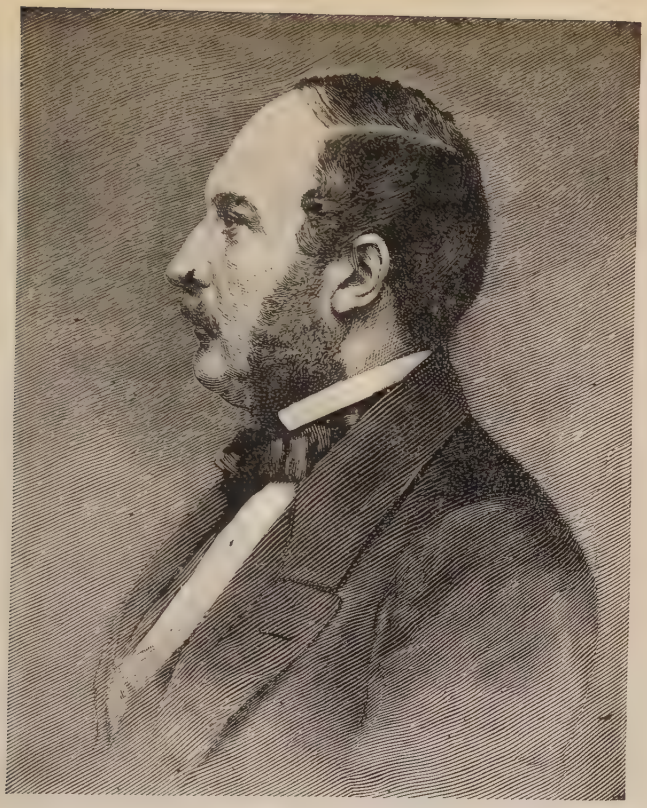
But Julian, sitting by her, answer'd all:
'She is but dumb, because in her you see

That faithful servant whom we spoke about,
Obedient to her second master now;
Which will not last. I have here to-night a guest
So bound to me by common love and loss —
What! shall I bind him more? in his behalf,
Shall I exceed the Persian, giving him
That which of all things is the dearest to me,
Not only showing? and he himself pronounced
That my rich gift is wholly mine to give.

'Now all be dumb, and promise all of you
Not to break in on what I say by word
Or whisper, while I show you all my heart.'
And then began the story of his love
As here to-day, but not so wordily —
The passionate moment would not suffer that —
Past thro' his visions to the burial; thence
Down to this last strange hour in his own hall;
And then rose up, and with him all his guests
Once more as by enchantment; all but he,
Lionel, who fain had risen, but fell again,
And sat as if in chains — to whom he said:

'Take my free gift, my cousin, for your wife;
And were it only for the giver's sake,
And tho' she seem so like the one y
lost,
Yet cast her not away so suddenly,
Lest there be none left here to br
her back.
I leave this land for ever.' Here
ceased.

Then taking his dear lady by
hand,
And bearing on one arm the noble ba
He slowly brought them both to I
nel.
And there the widower husband
dead wife
Rush'd each at each with a cry t
rather seem'd
For some new death than for a
renew'd;
Whereat the very babe began to w
At once they turn'd, and caught
brought him in
To their charm'd circle, and, half l
ing him
With kisses, round him closed
claspt again.
But Lionel, when at last he freed h
self
From wife and child, and lifted u
face
All over glowing with the sun of
And love, and boundless thanks —
sight of this
So frighted our good friend that, t
ing to me
And saying, 'It is over; let us go
There were our horses ready at
doors —
We bade them no farewell, but mo
ing these
He past for ever from his native la
And I with him, my Julian, back
mine.



PRINCE ALBERT

IDYLLS OF THE KING

IN TWELVE BOOKS

'Flos Regum Arthurus' — JOSEPH OF EXETER

DEDICATION

SE to His Memory — since he held
them dear,
hance as finding there uncon-
sciously
e image of himself — I dedicate,
licate, I consecrate with tears —
e Idylls.

And indeed he seems to me
Scarce other than my king's ideal
knight,
'Who reverenced his conscience as his
king;
Whose glory was, redressing human
wrong;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listen'd
to it;

Who loved one only and who clave to her' —
Her — over all whose realms to their last isle,
Commingled with the gloom of imminent war,
The shadow of his loss drew like eclipse,
Darkening the world. We have lost him; he is gone.
We know him now; all narrow jealousies
Are silent, and we see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all-accomplish'd, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself,
And in what limits, and how tenderly;
Not swaying to this faction or to that;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage-ground
For pleasure; but thro' all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne
And blackens every blot; for where is he
Who dares foreshadow for an only son
A lovelier life, a more unstain'd, than his?
Or how should England dreaming of *his* sons
Hope more for these than some inheritance
Of such a life, a heart, a mind as thine,
Thou noble Father of her Kings to be,
Laborious for her people and her poor —
Voice in the rich dawn of an ampler day —
Far-sighted summoner of War and Waste
To fruitful strifes and rivalries of peace —
Sweet nature gilded by the gracious gleam
Of letters, dear to Science, dear to Art,
Dear to thy land and ours, a Prince indeed,
Beyond all titles, and a household name,
Hereafter, thro' all times, Albert the Good.

Break not, O woman's-heart, but still endure;
Break not, for thou art royal, but endure,
Remembering all the beauty of that star
Which shone so close beside thee that ye made
One light together, but has past and leaves
The Crown a lonely splendor.

May all love,
His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow thee,
The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
The love of all thy people comfort thee,
Till God's love set thee at his side again!

THE COMING OF ARTHUR

Leodogran, the king of Cameliard,
Had one fair daughter, and none other child;
And she was fairest of all flesh on earth,
Guinevere, and in her his one delight.

For many a petty king ere Arthur came
Ruled in this isle and, ever waging war
Each upon other, wasted all the land;
And still from time to time the heathen host
Swarm'd over-seas, and harried what was left.
And so there grew great tracts of wilderness,
Wherein the beast was ever more and more,
But man was less and less, till Arthur came.
For first Aurelius lived and fought and died,

d after him King Uther fought and
died,
t either fail'd to make the kingdom
one.
d after these King Arthur for a
space,
d thro' the puissance of his Table
Round,
ew all their petty princedoms under
him,
eir king and head, and made a realm
and reign'd.

And thus the land of Cameliard was
waste,
ick with wet woods, and many a
beast therein,
d none or few to scare or chase the
beast;
that wild dog and wolf and boar
and bear
me night and day, and rooted in the
fields,
d wallow'd in the gardens of the
King.
d ever and anon the wolf would
steal
e children and devour, but now and
then,
r own brood lost or dead, lent her
fierce teat
human sucklings; and the children,
housed
her foul den, there at their meat
would growl,
d mock their foster-mother on four
feet,
l, straighten'd, they grew up to
wolf-like men,
orse than the wolves. And King
Leodogran
oan'd for the Roman legions here
again
d Cæsar's eagle. Then his brother
king,
ien, assail'd him; last a heathen
horde,
ddening the sun with smoke and
earth with blood,
d on the spike that split the mother's
heart
itting the child, brake on him, till,
amazed,
knew not whither he should turn
for aid.

But — for he heard of Arthur newly
crown'd,
Tho' not without an uproar made by
those
Who cried, 'He is not Uther's son' —
the King
Sent to him, saying, 'Arise, and help
us thou!
For here between the man and beast
we die.'

And Arthur yet had done no deed
of arms,
But heard the call and came; and
Guinevere
Stood by the castle walls to watch
him pass;
But since he neither wore on helm or
shield
The golden symbol of his kinglihood,
But rode a simple knight among his
knights,
And many of these in richer arms than
he,
She saw him not, or mark'd not, if she
saw,
One among many, tho' his face was
bare.
But Arthur, looking downward as he
past,
Felt the light of her eyes into his
life
Smite on the sudden, yet rode on, and
pitch'd
His tents beside the forest. Then he
drave
The heathen; after, slew the beast,
and fell'd
The forest, letting in the sun, and
made
Broad pathways for the hunter and
the knight,
And so return'd.

For while he linger'd there,
A doubt that ever smoulder'd in the
hearts
Of those great lords and barons of his
realm
Flash'd forth and into war; for most
of these,
Colleaguing with a score of petty
kings,
Made head against him, crying: 'Who
is he

That he should rule us? who hath proven him
King Uther's son? for lo! we look at him,
And find nor face nor bearing, limbs nor voice,
Are like to those of Uther whom we knew.
This is the son of Gorloïs, not the King;
This is the son of Anton, not the King.'

And Arthur, passing thence to battle, felt
Travail, and throes and agonies of the life,
Desiring to be join'd with Guinevere,
And thinking as he rode: 'Her father said
That there between the man and beast they die.
Shall I not lift her from this land of beasts
Up to my throne and side by side with me?
What happiness to reign a lonely king,
Vext — O ye stars that shudder over me,
O earth that soundest hollow under me,
Vext with waste dreams? for saving I be join'd
To her that is the fairest under heaven,
I seem as nothing in the mighty world,
And cannot will my will nor work my work
Wholly, nor make myself in mine own realm
Victor and lord. But were I join'd with her,
Then might we live together as one life,
And reigning with one will in everything
Have power on this dark land to lighten it,
And power on this dead world to make it live.'

Thereafter — as he speaks who tells the tale —
When Arthur reach'd a field of battle bright
With pitch'd pavilions of his foe, world
Was all so clear about him tha saw
The smallest rock far on the fair hill,
And even in high day the morn star.
So when the King had set his ba broad,
At once from either side, with tr pet-blast,
And shouts, and clarions shrilling blood,
The long-lanced battle let their ho run.
And now the barons and the k prevail'd,
And now the King, as here and t that war
Went swaying; but the Powers walk the world
Made lightnings and great thun over him,
And dazed all eyes, till Arthur main might,
And mightier of his hands with e blow,
And leading all his knighthood th the kings,
Carádos, Urien, Cradlemont of W
Claudius, and Clariance of North berland,
The King Brandagoras of Latang
With Anguisant of Erin, Morgan
And Lot of Orkney. Then, bef voice
As dreadful as the shout of one sees
To one who sins, and deems hi alone
And all the world asleep, they swe and brake
Flying, and Arthur call'd to stay brands
That hack'd among the flyers, ' they yield!'
So like a painted battle the stood
Silenced, the living quiet as the
And in the heart of Arthur joy lord.
He laugh'd upon his warrior who loved
And honor'd most. 'Thou dos doubt me King,

well thine arm hath wrought for me to-day.'
r and my liege,' he cried, 'the fire of God
cends upon thee in the battle-field.
ow thee for my King!' Whereat the two,
each had warded either in the fight,
are on the field of death a deathless love.
l Arthur said, 'Man's word is God in man;
chance what will, I trust thee to the death.'

hen quickly from the foughten field he sent
us, and Brastias, and Bedivere,
new made knights, to King Leodogran,
ing, 'If I in aught have served thee well,
e me thy daughter Guinevere to wife.'

Vhom when he heard, Leodogran in heart
ating — 'How should I that am a king,
vever much he holp me at my need,
e my one daughter saving to a king,
a king's son?' — lifted his voice, and call'd
oary man, his chamberlain, to whom
rusted all things, and of him required
counsel: 'Knowest thou aught of Arthur's birth?'

hen spake the hoary chamberlain and said:
King, there be but two old men that know;
each is twice as old as I; and one
Merlin, the wise man that ever served
g Uther thro' his magic art, and one
Merlin's master — so they call him — Bleys,
taught him magic; but the scholar ran
Before the master, and so far that Bleys
Laid magic by, and sat him down, and wrote
All things and whatsoever Merlin did
In one great annal-book, where after-years
Will learn the secret of our Arthur's birth.'

To whom the King Leodogran replied:
'O friend, had I been holpen half as well
By this King Arthur as by thee to-day,
Then beast and man had had their share of me;
But summon here before us yet once more
Ulfius, and Brastias, and Bedivere.'

Then, when they came before him, the king said:
'I have seen the cuckoo chased by lesser fowl,
And reason in the chase; but wherefore now
Do these your lords stir up the heat of war,
Some calling Arthur born of Gorloïs,
Others of Anton? Tell me, ye yourselves,
Hold ye this Arthur for King Uther's son?'

And Ulfius and Brastias answer'd, 'Ay.'
Then Bedivere, the first of all his knights
Knighted by Arthur at his crowning, spake —
For bold in heart and act and word was he,
Whenever slander breathed against the King —

'Sir, there be many rumors on this head;
For there be those who hate him in their hearts,
Call him baseborn, and since his ways are sweet,
And theirs are bestial, hold him less than man;

And there be those who deem him more than man,
And dream he dropt from heaven. But my belief
In all this matter — so ye care to learn —
Sir, for ye know that in King Uther's time
The prince and warrior Gorloïs, he that held
Tintagil castle by the Cornish sea,
Was wedded with a winsome wife, Ygerne;
And daughters had she borne him, — one whereof,
Lot's wife, the Queen of Orkney, Bellicent,
Hath ever like a loyal sister cleaved
To Arthur, — but a son she had not borne.
And Uther cast upon her eyes of love;
But she, a stainless wife to Gorloïs,
So loathed the bright dishonor of his love
That Gorloïs and King Uther went to war,
And overthrown was Gorloïs and slain.
Then Uther in his wrath and heat besieged
Ygerne within Tintagil, where her men,
Seeing the mighty swarm about their walls,
Left her and fled, and Uther enter'd in,
And there was none to call to but himself.
So, compass'd by the power of the king,
Enforced she was to wed him in her tears,
And with a shameful swiftness; afterward,
Not many moons, King Uther died himself,
Moaning and wailing for an heir to rule
After him, lest the realm should go to wrack.
And that same night, the night of the new year,
By reason of the bitterness and grief
That vext his mother, all before his time
Was Arthur born, and all as soon as born
Deliver'd at a secret postern-gate
To Merlin, to be holden far apart
Until his hour should come, because the lords
Of that fierce day were as the lord this,
Wild beasts, and surely would have torn the child
Piecemeal among them, had they known; for each
But sought to rule for his own hand and hand,
And many hated Uther for the sake
Of Gorloïs. Wherefore Merlin took the child,
And gave him to Sir Anton, an old knight
And ancient friend of Uther; and his wife
Nursed the young prince, and reared him with her own;
And no man knew. And ever since the lords
Have foughten like wild beasts among themselves,
So that the realm has gone to wrack but now,
This year, when Merlin — for his time had come —
Brought Arthur forth, and set him in the hall,
Proclaiming, "Here is Uther's heir, your king,"
A hundred voices cried: "Away with him!
No king of ours! a son of Gorloïs?
Or else the child of Anton, and no king,
Or else baseborn." Yet Merlin through his craft,
And while the people clamor'd for a king,
Had Arthur crown'd; but after, the great lords
Banded, and so brake out in open war.

Then while the king debated with himself
If Arthur were the child of shame, and born
Or born the son of Gorloïs after death,
Or Uther's son and born before time,
Or whether there were truth in anything

ld by these three, there came to Cameliard,
ith Gawain and young Modred, her two sons,
t's wife, the Queen of Orkney, Bellicent;
hom as he could, not as he would, the king
de feast for, saying, as they sat at meat:
doubtful throne is ice on summer seas.
come from Arthur's court. Victor his men
port him! Yea, but ye — think ye this king —
many those that hate him, and so strong,
few his knights, however brave they be —
th body enow to hold his foemen down?'

O King,' she cried, 'and I will tell thee: few,
v, but all brave, all of one mind with him;
I was near him when the savage yells
Uther's peerage died, and Arthur sat
wned on the daïs, and his warriors cried,
e thou the king, and we will work thy will
o love thee." Then the King in low deep tones,
l simple words of great authority,
nd them by so strait vows to his own self
t when they rose, knighted from kneeling, some
e pale as at the passing of a ghost,
e flush'd, and others dazed, as one who wakes
f-blinded at the coming of a light.

But when he spake, and cheer'd his Table Round
h large, divine, and comfortable words,
ond my tongue to tell thee — I beheld
n eye to eye thro' all their Order flash
omentary likeness of the King;

And ere it left their faces, thro' the cross
And those around it and the Crucified,
Down from the casement over Arthur, smote
Flame-color, vert, and azure, in three rays,
One falling upon each of three fair queens
Who stood in silence near his throne, the friends
Of Arthur, gazing on him, tall, with bright
Sweet faces, who will help him at his need.

'And there I saw mage Merlin, whose vast wit
And hundred winters are but as the hands
Of loyal vassals toiling for their liege.

'And near him stood the Lady of the Lake,
Who knows a subtler magic than his own —
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful.
She gave the King his huge cross-hilted sword,
Whereby to drive the heathen out. A mist
Of incense curl'd about her, and her face
Wellnigh was hidden in the minster gloom;
But there was heard among the holy hymns
A voice as of the waters, for she dwells
Down in a deep — calm, whatsoever storms
May shake the world — and when the surface rolls,
Hath power to walk the waters like our Lord.

'There likewise I beheld Excalibur
Before him at his crowning borne, the sword
That rose from out the bosom of the lake,
And Arthur row'd across and took it — rich
With jewels, elfin Urim, on the hilt,
Bewildering heart and eye — the blade so bright

That men are blinded by it — on one side,
Graven in the oldest tongue of all this world,
"Take me," but turn the blade and ye shall see,
And written in the speech ye speak yourself,
"Cast me away!" And sad was Arthur's face
Taking it, but old Merlin counsell'd him,
"Take thou and strike! the time to cast away
Is yet far-off." So this great brand the king
Took, and by this will beat his foemen down.'

Thereat Leodogran rejoiced, but thought
To sift his doubtings to the last, and ask'd,
Fixing full eyes of question on her face,
'The swallow and the swift are near akin,
But thou art closer to this noble prince,
Being his own dear sister;' and she said,
'Daughter of Gorloïs and Ygerne am I;'
'And therefore Arthur's sister?' ask'd the king.
She answer'd, 'These be secret things,' and sign'd
To those two sons to pass, and let them be.
And Gawain went, and breaking into song
Sprang out, and follow'd by his flying hair
Ran like a colt, and leapt at all he saw;
But Modred laid his ear beside the doors,
And there half-heard — the same that afterward
Struck for the throne, and striking found his doom.

And then the Queen made answer: 'What know I?
For dark my mother was in eyes and hair,
And dark in hair and eyes am I;
dark
Was Gorloïs; yea, and dark was U
too,
Wellnigh to blackness; but this k
is fair
Beyond the race of Britons and
men.
Moreover, always in my mind I h
A cry from out the dawning of my
A mother weeping, and I hear her
"O that ye had some brother, pr
one,
To guard thee on the rough way
the world."'

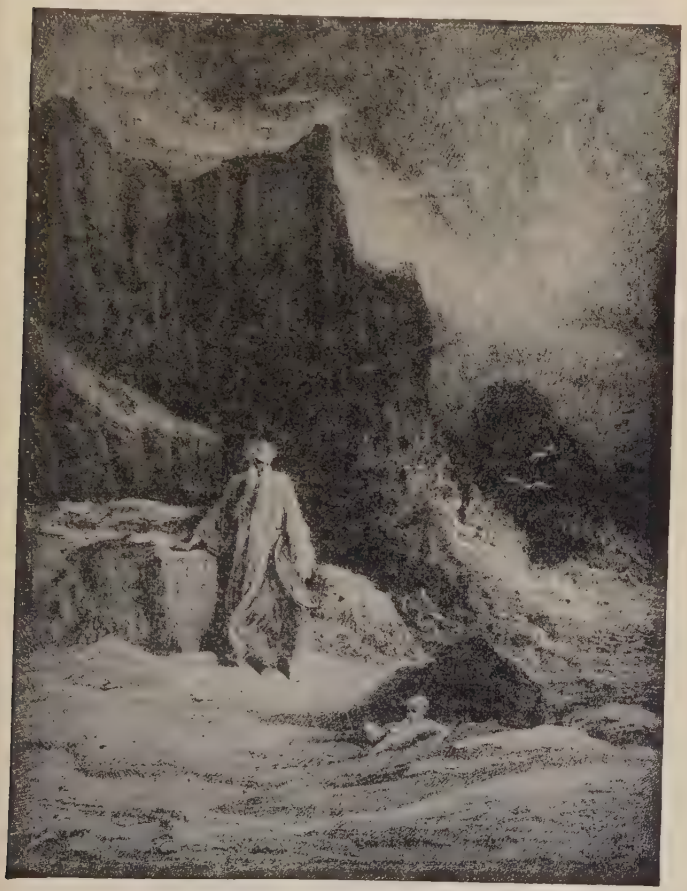
'Ay,' said the king, 'and hear
such a cry?
But when did Arthur chance upon
first?'

'O King!' she cried, 'and I will
thee true.
He found me first when yet a l
maid.
Beaten I had been for a little faul
Whereof I was not guilty; and o
ran
And flung myself down on a ban
heath,
And hated this fair world and
therein,
And wept, and wish'd that I
dead; and he —
I know not whether of himself
came,
Or brought by Merlin, who, they
can walk
Unseen at pleasure — he was at
side,
And spake sweet words, and c
forted my heart,
And dried my tears, being a c
with me.
And many a time he came, and e
more
As I grew greater grew with me;
sad
At times he seem'd, and sad with
was I,
Stern too at times, and then I l
him not,
But sweet again, and then I l
him well.
And now of late I see him less
less.

But those first days had golden hours for me,
For then I surely thought he would be king.

'But let me tell thee now another tale:
For Bleys, our Merlin's master, as they say,
Died but of late, and sent his cry to me,
To hear him speak before he left his life.

Shrunk like a fairy changeling lay the mage;
And when I enter'd told me that himself
And Merlin ever served about the king,
Uther, before he died; and on the night
When Uther in Tintagil past away
Moaning and wailing for an heir, the two
Left the still king, and passing forth to breathe,



'"A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet"'

Then from the castle gateway by the chasm
Descending thro' the dismal night—a night
In which the bounds of heaven and earth were lost—
Beheld, so high upon the dreary deeps
It seem'd in heaven, a ship, the shape thereof
A dragon wing'd, and all from stem to stern
Bright with a shining people on the decks,
And gone as soon as seen. And then the two
Dropt to the cove, and watch'd the great sea fall,
Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,
Till last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep
And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged
Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame;
And down the wave and in the flame was borne
A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet,
Who stoopt and caught the babe, and cried, "The King!
Here is an heir for Uther!" And the fringe
Of that great breaker, sweeping up the strand,
Lash'd at the wizard as he spake the word,
And all at once all round him rose in fire,
So that the child and he were clothed in fire.
And presently thereafter follow'd calm,
Free sky and stars. "And this same child," he said,
"Is he who reigns; nor could I part in peace
Till this were told." And saying this the seer
Went thro' the strait and dreadful pass of death,
Not ever to be question'd any more
Save on the further side; but when I met
Merlin, and ask'd him if these things were truth—

The shining dragon and the na
child
Descending in the glory of the sea
He laugh'd as is his wont, and
swer'd me
In riddling triplets of old time,
said:—

'"Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow in
sky!
A young man will be wiser by and by;
An old man's wit may wander ere he d

'"Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow on
lea!
And truth is this to me, and that to the
And truth or clothed or naked let it be.

'"Rain, sun, and rain! and the
blossom blows;
Sun, rain, and sun! and where is he
knows?
From the great deep to the great dee
goes."

'So Merlin riddling anger'd
but thou
Fear not to give this King thine
child,
Guinevere; so great bards of him
sing
Hereafter, and dark sayings from o
Ranging and ringing thro' the m
of men,
And echo'd by old folk beside t
fires
For comfort after their wage-wo
done,
Speak of the King; and Merlin in
time
Hath spoken also, not in jest,
sworn
Tho' men may wound him tha
will not die,
But pass, again to come, and th
now
Utterly smite the heathen underf
Till these and all men hail him
their king.'

She spake and King Leodogra
joiced,
But musing 'Shall I answer ye
nay?'
Doubted, and drowsed, nodded
slept, and saw,
Dreaming, a slope of land that
grew,

ield after field, up to a height, the peak
aze-hidden, and thereon a phantom king,
ow looming, and now lost; and on the slope
ne sword rose, the hind fell, the herd was driven,
re glimpsed; and all the land from roof and rick,
drifts of smoke before a rolling wind,
ream'd to the peak, and mingled with the haze
nd made it thicker; while the phantom king
nt out at times a voice; and here or there
ood one who pointed toward the voice, the rest
ew on and burnt, crying, 'No king of ours,
son of Uther, and no king of ours;'
ll with a wink his dream was changed, the haze
escended, and the solid earth became
s nothing, but the King stood out in heaven,
own'd. And Leodogran awoke, and sent
fius, and Brastias, and Bedivere,
ck to the court of Arthur answering yea.

Then Arthur charged his warrior whom he loved
nd honor'd most, Sir Lancelot, to ride forth
nd bring the Queen, and watch'd him from the gates;
nd Lancelot past away among the flowers—
r then was latter April—and return'd
nong the flowers, in May, with Guinevere.
whom arrived, by Dubric the high saint,
ief of the church in Britain, and before
e stateliest of her altar-shrines, the King
at morn was married, while in stainless white,
e fair beginners of a nobler time,

And glorying in their vows and him, his knights
Stood round him, and rejoicing in his joy.
Far shone the fields of May thro' open door,
The sacred altar blossom'd white with May,
The sun of May descended on their King,
They gazed on all earth's beauty in their Queen,
Roll'd incense, and there past along the hymns
A voice as of the waters, while the two
Sware at the shrine of Christ a deathless love.
And Arthur said, 'Behold, thy doom is mine.
Let chance what will, I love thee to the death!'
To whom the Queen replied with drooping eyes,
'King and my lord, I love thee to the death!'
And holy Dubric spread his hands and spake:
'Reign ye, and live and love, and make the world
Other, and may thy Queen be one with thee,
And all this Order of thy Table Round
Fulfil the boundless purpose of their King!'

So Dubric said; but when they left the shrine
Great lords from Rome before the portal stood,
In scornful stillness gazing as they past;
Then while they paced a city all on fire
With sun and cloth of gold, the trumpets blew,
And Arthur's knighthood sang before the King:—

'Blow trumpet, for the world is white with May!
Blow trumpet, the long night hath roll'd away!
Blow thro' the living world—"Let the King reign!"

'Shall Rome or Heathen rule in Arthur's realm?

Flash brand and lance, fall battle-axe upon helm,
Fall battle-axe, and flash brand! Let the King reign!

'Strike for the King and live! his knights have heard
That God hath told the King a secret word.
Fall battle-axe, and flash brand! Let the King reign!

Blow trumpet! he will lift us from the dust.
Blow trumpet! live the strength, and die the lust!
Clang battle-axe, and clash brand! Let the King reign!

'Strike for the King and die! and if thou diest,
The King is king, and ever wills the highest.
Clang battle-axe, and clash brand! Let the King reign!

'Blow, for our Sun is mighty in his May!
Blow, for our Sun is mightier day by day!
Clang battle-axe, and clash brand! Let the King reign!

'The King will follow Christ, and we the King,
In whom high God hath breathed a secret thing.
Fall battle-axe, and clash brand! Let the King reign!'

So sang the knighthood, moving their hall.
There at the banquet those great l from Rome,
The slowly-fading mistress of world,
Strode in and claim'd their tribut of yore.
But Arthur spake: 'Behold, for t have sworn
To wage my wars, and worship their King;
The old order changeth, yielding p to new,
And we that fight for our fair fa Christ,
Seeing that ye be grown too weak old
To drive the heathen from your Ro wall,
No tribute will we pay.' So t great lords
Drew back in wrath, and Arthur st with Rome.

And Arthur and his knighthood a space
Were all one will, and thro' strength the King
Drew in the petty princedoms u him,
Fought, and in twelve great ba overcame
The heathen hordes, and made a r and reign'd.

THE ROUND TABLE

GARETH AND LYNETTE
THE MARRIAGE OF GERAINT
GERAINT AND ENID
BALIN AND BALAN
MERLIN AND VIVIEN
LANCELOT AND ELAINE
THE HOLY GRAIL
PELLEAS AND ETTARRE
THE LAST TOURNAMENT
GUINEVERE

GARETH AND LYNETTE

THE last tall son of Lot and Bellicent,
And tallest, Gareth, in a showerful spring
Stared at the spate. A slender-shafted pine
Lost footing, fell, and so was whirl'd away.
'How he went down,' said Gareth, 'as a false knight

Or evil king before my lanc lance
Were mine to use — O senseless ract,
Bearing all down in thy precipitan
And yet thou art but swollen with snows
And mine is living blood. Thou His will,
The Maker's, and not knowest, that know,

ave strength and wit, in my good mother's hall
inger with vacillating obedience,
rison'd, and kept and coax'd and whistled to—
nce the good mother holds me still a child!
ood mother is bad mother unto me!
worse were better; yet no worse would I.
eaven yield her for it, but in me put force
o weary her ears with one continuous prayer,
ntil she let me fly discaged to sweep
ever-highering eagle-circles up
o the great Sun of Glory, and thence swoop
own upon all things base, and dash them dead,
knight of Arthur, working out his will,
o cleanse the world. Why, Gawain, when he came
ith Modred hither in the summer-time,
sk'd me to tilt with him, the proven knight.
odred for want of worthier was the judge.
ien I so shook him in the saddle, he said,
Thou hast half prevail'd against me," said so—he—
io' Modred biting his thin lips was mute,
or he is alway sullen—what care I?'

And Gareth went, and hovering round her chair
sk'd, 'Mother, tho' ye count me still the child,
veet mother, do ye love the child?' She laugh'd,
Thou art but a wild-goose to question it.'
Then, mother, an ye love the child,' he said,
Being a goose and rather tame than wild,
ear the child's story.' 'Yea, my well-beloved,
n 't were but of the goose and golden eggs.'

And Gareth answer'd her with kindling eyes:
'Nay, nay, good mother, but this egg of mine
Was finer gold than any goose can lay;
For this an eagle, a royal eagle, laid
Almost beyond eye-reach, on such a palm
As glitters gilded in thy Book of Hours.
And there was ever haunting round the palm
A lusty youth, but poor, who often saw
The splendor sparkling from aloft, and thought,
"An I could climb and lay my hand upon it,
Then were I wealthier than a leash of kings."
But ever when he reach'd a hand to climb,
One that had loved him from his childhood caught
And stay'd him, "Climb not lest thou break thy neck,
I charge thee by my love," and so the boy,
Sweet mother, neither clomb nor brake his neck,
But brake his very heart in pining for it,
And past away.'

To whom the mother said,
'True love, sweet son, had risk'd himself and climb'd,
And handed down the golden treasure to him.'

And Gareth answer'd her with kindling eyes:
'Gold? said I gold?—ay then, why he, or she,
Or whosoe'er it was, or half the world
Had ventured—*had* the thing I spake of been
Mere gold—but this was all of that true steel
Whereof they forged the brand Excalibur,
And lightnings play'd about it in the storm,
And all the little fowl were flurried at it,

And there were cries and clashings in the nest,
That sent him from his senses. Let me go.'

Then Bellicent bemoan'd herself and said:
'Hast thou no pity upon my loneliness?
Lo, where thy father Lot beside the hearth
Lies like a log, and all but smoulder'd out!
For ever since when traitor to the King
He fought against him in the barons' war,
And Arthur gave him back his territory,
His age hath slowly droopt, and now lies there
A yet-warm corpse, and yet unburiable,
No more; nor sees, nor hears, nor speaks, nor knows.
And both thy brethren are in Arthur's hall,
Albeit neither loved with that full love
I feel for thee, nor worthy such a love.
Stay therefore thou; red berries charm the bird,
And thee, mine innocent, the jousts, the wars,
Who never knewest finger-ache, nor pang
Of wrench'd or broken limb — an often chance
In those brain-stunning shocks, and tourney-falls,
Frights to my heart. But stay; follow the deer
By these tall firs and our fast-falling burns;
So make thy manhood mightier day by day.
Sweet is the chase; and I will seek thee out
Some comfortable bride and fair, to grace
Thy climbing life, and cherish my prone year,
Till falling into Lot's forgetfulness
I know not thee, myself, nor anything.
Stay, my best son! ye are yet more boy than man.'

Then Gareth: 'An ye hold me for child,
Hear yet once more the story of child.
For, mother, there was once a k like ours.
The prince his heir, when tall marriageable,
Ask'd for a bride; and thereupon king
Set two before him. One was strong, arm'd —
But to be won by force — and n men
Desired her; one, good lack, no desired.
And these were the conditions of king:
That save he won the first by fo he needs
Must wed that other, whom no desired,
A red-faced bride who knew herse vile
That evermore she long'd to hide self,
Nor fronted man or woman, ey eye —
Yea — some she cleaved to, but died of her.
And one — they call'd her Fame; one — O mother,
How can ye keep me tether'd to y — Shame.
Man am I grown, a man's work I do.
Follow the deer? follow the Cl the King,
Live pure, speak true, right wr follow the King —
Else, wherefore born?'

To whom the mother
'Sweet son, for there be many deem him not,
Or will not deem him, wholly pr king —
Albeit in mine own heart I knew King
When I was frequent with him i youth,
And heard him kingly speak, doubted him
No more than he, himself; but him mine,

f closest kin to me. Yet — wilt thou leave
ine easeful biding here, and risk thine all,
fe, limbs, for one that is not proven king?
ay, till the cloud that settles round his birth
ath lifted but a little. Stay, sweet son.'

And Gareth answer'd quickly: 'Not an hour,
that ye yield me — I will walk thro' fire,
ther, to gain it — your full leave to go.
t proven, who swept the dust of ruin'd Rome
om off the threshold of the realm, and crush'd
e idolaters, and made the people free?
ho should be king save him who makes us free?'

So when the Queen, who long had sought in vain
break him from the intent to which he grew,
und her son's will unwaveringly one,
e answer'd craftily: 'Will ye walk thro' fire?
ho walks thro' fire will hardly heed the smoke.
, go then, an ye must; only one proof,
fore thou ask the King to make thee knight,
thine obedience and thy love to me,
y mother, — I demand.'

And Gareth cried:
hard one, or a hundred, so I go.
y — quick! the proof to prove me to the quick!'

But slowly spake the mother looking at him:
rince, thou shalt go disguised to Arthur's hall,
d hire thyself to serve for meats and drinks
ong the scullions and the kitchen-knaves,
And those that hand the dish across the bar.
Nor shalt thou tell thy name to any one.
And thou shalt serve a twelvemonth and a day.'

For so the Queen believed that when her son
Beheld his only way to glory lead
Low down thro' villain kitchen-vassalage,
Her own true Gareth was too princely-proud
To pass thereby; so should he rest with her,
Closed in her castle from the sound of arms.

Silent awhile was Gareth, then replied:
'The thrall in person may be free in soul,
And I shall see the jousts. Thy son am I,
And, since thou art my mother, must obey.
I therefore yield me freely to thy will;
For hence will I, disguised, and hire myself
To serve with scullions and with kitchen-knaves;
Nor tell my name to any — no, not the King.'

Gareth awhile linger'd. The mother's eye
Full of the wistful fear that he would go,
And turning toward him wheresoe'er he turn'd,
Perplext his outward purpose, till an hour
When, waken'd by the wind which with full voice
Swept bellowing thro' the darkness on to dawn,
He rose, and out of slumber calling two
That still had tended on him from his birth,
Before the wakeful mother heard him, went.

The three were clad like tillers of the soil.

Southward they set their faces. The birds made
Melody on branch and melody in mid air.
The damp hill-slopes were quicken'd into green,
And the live green had kindled into flowers,
For it was past the time of Easter-day.

So, when their feet were planted on the plain
That broaden'd toward the base of Camelot,
Far off they saw the silver-misty morn
Rolling her smoke about the royal mount,
That rose between the forest and the field.
At times the summit of the high city flash'd;
At times the spires and turrets half-way down
Prick'd thro' the mist; at times the great gate shone
Only, that open'd on the field below;
Anon, the whole fair city had disappear'd.

Then those who went with Gareth were amazed,
One crying, 'Let us go no further, lord;
Here is a city of enchanters, built
By fairy kings.' The second echo'd him,
'Lord, we have heard from our wise man at home
To northward, that this king is not the King,
But only changeling out of Fairyland,
Who drave the heathen hence by sorcery
And Merlin's glamour.' Then the first again,
'Lord, there is no such city anywhere,
But all a vision.'

Gareth answer'd them
With laughter, swearing he had glamour enow
In his own blood, his princedom, youth, and hopes,
To plunge old Merlin in the Arabian sea;

So push'd them all unwilling tow
the gate.
And there was no gate like it u
heaven.
For barefoot on the keystone, w
was lined
And rippled like an ever-fleeting w
The Lady of the Lake stood; all
dress
Wept from her sides as water flow
away;
But like the cross her great and goo
arms
Stretch'd under all the cornice and
held.
And drops of water fell from ei
hand;
And down from one a sword
hung, from one
A censer, either worn with wind
storm;
And o'er her breast floated the sa
fish;
And in the space to left of her,
right,
Were Arthur's wars in weird dev
done,
New things and old co-twisted,
Time
Were nothing, so inveterately
men
Were giddy gazing there; and
all
High on the top were those t
queens, the friends
Of Arthur, who should help hi
his need.

Then those with Gareth for so
a space
Stared at the figures that at la
seem'd
The dragon-boughts and elvish
blemings
Began to move, seethe, twine,
curl. They call'd
To Gareth, 'Lord, the gatewa
alive.'

And Gareth likewise on them
his eyes
So long that even to him they se
to move.
Out of the city a blast of music pe
Back from the gate started the t
to whom

rom out thereunder came an ancient
man,
ong-bearded, saying, 'Who be ye,
my sons?'

Then Gareth: 'We be tillers of the
soil,
ho leaving share in furrow come to
see
ie glories of our King; but these,
my men, —
our city moved so weirdly in the
mist —
oubt if the King be king at all, or
come
rom Fairyland; and whether this be
built
r magic, and by fairy kings and
queens;
whether there be any city at all,
all a vision; and this music now
ith scared them both, but tell thou
these the truth.'

Then that old Seer made answer,
playing on him
id saying: 'Son, I have seen the
good ship sail
eel upward, and mast downward,
in the heavens,
id solid turrets topsy-turvy in air;
id here is truth, but an it please
thee not,
ke thou the truth as thou hast told
it me.
r truly, as thou sayest, a fairy king
d fairy queens have built the city,
son;
ey came from out a sacred moun-
tain-cleft
ward the sunrise, each with harp in
hand,
d built it to the music of their
harps.
d, as thou sayest, it is enchanted,
son,
r there is nothing in it as it seems
ving the King; tho' some there be
that hold
e King a shadow, and the city real.
t take thou heed of him, for, so
thou pass
neath this archway, then wilt thou
become
thrall to his enchantments, for the
King
Will bind thee by such vows as is a
shame
A man should not be bound by, yet
the which
No man can keep; but, so thou dread
to swear,
Pass not beneath this gateway, but
abide
Without, among the cattle of the
field.
For an ye heard a music, like enow
They are building still, seeing the city
is built
To music, therefore never built at
all,
And therefore built for ever.'

Gareth spake
Anger'd: 'Old master, reverence
thine own beard
That looks as white as utter truth,
and seems
Wellnigh as long as thou art statured
tall!
Why mockest thou the stranger that
hath been
To thee fair-spoken?'

But the Seer replied:
'Know ye not then the Riddling of
the Bards:
"Confusion, and illusion, and relation,
Elusion, and occasion, and evasion"?
I mock thee not but as thou mockest
me,
And all that see thee, for thou art not
who
Thou seemest, but I know thee who
thou art.
And now thou goest up to mock the
King.
Who cannot brook the shadow of any
lie.'

Unmockingly the mocker ending
here
Turn'd to the right, and past along
the plain;
Whom Gareth looking after said:
'My men,
Our one white lie sits like a little ghost
Here on the threshold of our enter-
prise.
Let love be blamed for it, not she,
nor I.
Well, we will make amends.'

With all good cheer
He spake and laugh'd, then enter'd with his twain
Camelot, a city of shadowy palaces
And stately, rich in emblem and the work
Of ancient kings who did their days in stone;
Which Merlin's hand, the Mage at Arthur's court,
Knowing all arts, had touch'd, and everywhere,
At Arthur's ordinance, tipt with lessening peak
And pinnacle, and had made it spire to heaven.
And ever and anon a knight would pass
Outward, or inward to the hall; his arms
Clash'd, and the sound was good to Gareth's ear.
And out of bower and casement shyly glanced
Eyes of pure women, wholesome stars of love;
And all about a healthful people stept
As in the presence of a gracious king.

Then into hall Gareth ascending heard
A voice, the voice of Arthur, and beheld
Far over heads in that long-vaulted hall
The splendor of the presence of the King
Throned, and delivering doom — and look'd no more —
But felt his young heart hammering in his ears,
And thought, 'For this half-shadow of a lie
The truthful King will doom me when I speak.'
Yet pressing on, tho' all in fear to find
Sir Gawain or Sir Modred, saw nor one
Nor other, but in all the listening eyes
Of those tall knights that ranged about the throne
Clear honor shining like the dewy star
Of dawn, and faith in their great King, with pure
Affection, and the light of victory,
And glory gain'd, and evermore gain.

Then came a widow crying to King:
'A boon, Sir King! Thy father, Uther, reft
From my dead lord a field with lence;
For howsoe'er at first he profi gold,
Yet, for the field was pleasant in eyes,
We yielded not; and then he ref of it
Perforce and left us neither gold field.'

Said Arthur, 'Whether would gold or field?'
To whom the woman weeping, 'I my lord,
The field was pleasant in my band's eye.'

And Arthur: 'Have thy ples field again,
And thrice the gold for Uther's thereof,
According to the years. No boo here,
But justice, so thy say be pr true.
Accursed, who from the wrongs father did
Would shape himself a right!'

And while she
Came yet another widow cryi him:
'A boon, Sir King! Thine en King, am I.
With thine own hand thou sle my dear lord,
A knight of Uther in the ba war,
When Lot and many another ros fought
Against thee, saying thou wert b born.
I held with these, and loathe t thee aught.
Yet lo! my husband's brother ha son
Thrall'd in his castle, and hath st him dead.

nd standeth seized of that inheritance
Which thou that slewest the sire hast left the son.
o, tho' I scarce can ask it thee for hate,
rant me some knight to do the battle for me,
ill the foul thief, and wreak me for my son.'

Then strode a good knight forward, crying to him,
A boon, Sir King! I am her kinsman, I.
ive me to right her wrong, and slay the man.'

Then came Sir Kay, the seneschal, and cried,
A boon, Sir King! even that thou grant her none,
his railer, that hath mock'd thee in full hall —
one; or the wholesome boon of gyve and gag.'

But Arthur: 'We sit King, to help the wrong'd
hro' all our realm. The woman loves her lord.
eace to thee, woman, with thy loves and hates!
he kings of old had doom'd thee to the flames;
urelius Emrys would have scourged thee dead,
nd Uther slit thy tongue; but get thee hence —
est that rough humor of the kings of old
eturn upon me! Thou that art her kin,
o likewise; lay him low and slay him not,
ut bring him here, that I may judge the right,
ccording to the justice of the King.
hen, be he guilty, by that deathless King
ho lived and died for men, the man shall die.'

Then came in hall the messenger of Mark,
name of evil savor in the land,
The Cornish king. In either hand he bore
What dazzled all, and shone far-off as shines
A field of charlock in the sudden sun
Between two showers, a cloth of palest gold,
Which down he laid before the throne, and knelt,
Delivering that his lord, the vassal king,
Was even upon his way to Camelot;
For having heard that Arthur of his grace
Had made his goodly cousin Tristram knight,
And, for himself was of the greater state,
Being a king, he trusted his liege-lord
Would yield him this large honor all the more;
So pray'd him well to accept this cloth of gold,
In token of true heart and fealty.

Then Arthur cried to rend the cloth, to rend
In pieces, and so cast it on the hearth.
An oak-tree smoulder'd there. 'The goodly knight!
What! shall the shield of Mark stand among these?'
For, midway down the side of that long hall,
A stately pile, — whereof along the front,
Some blazon'd, some but carven, and some blank,
There ran a treble range of stony shields, —
Rose, and high-arching overbrow'd the hearth.
And under every shield a knight was named.
For this was Arthur's custom in his hall:
When some good knight had done one noble deed,
His arms were carven only; but if twain,
His arms were blazon'd also; but if none,
The shield was blank and bare, without a sign

Saving the name beneath. And Gareth saw
The shield of Gawain blazon'd rich and bright,
And Modred's blank as death; and Arthur cried
To rend the cloth and cast it on the hearth.

'More like are we to reave him of his crown
Than make him knight because men call him king.
The kings we found, ye know we stay'd their hands
From war among themselves, but left them kings;
Of whom were any bounteous, merciful,
Truth-speaking, brave, good livers, them we enroll'd
Among us, and they sit within our hall.
But Mark hath tarnish'd the great name of king,
As Mark would sully the low state of churl;
And, seeing he hath sent us cloth of gold,
Return, and meet, and hold him from our eyes,
Lest we should lap him up in cloth of lead,
Silenced for ever — craven — a man of plots,
Craft, poisonous counsels, wayside ambushings —
No fault of thine; let Kay the seneschal
Look to thy wants, and send thee satisfied —
Accursed, who strikes nor lets the hand be seen!'

And many another suppliant crying came
With noise of ravage wrought by beast and man,
And evermore a knight would ride away.

Last, Gareth leaning both hands heavily
Down on the shoulders of the twain, his men,
Approach'd between them toward the King, and ask'd,

'A boon, Sir King,' — his voice v
all ashamed, —
'For see ye not how weak and hung
worn
I seem — leaning on these? grant
to serve
For meat and drink among thy kitch
knaves
A twelvemonth and a day, nor s
my name.
Hereafter I will fight.'

To him the Kin
'A goodly youth and worth a go
lier boon!
But so thou wilt no goodlier, then m
Kay,
The master of the meats and drinks
thine.'

He rose and past; then Kay, a r
of mien
Wan-sallow as the plant that f
itself
Root-bitten by white lichen:

'Lo ye nc
This fellow hath broken from sc
abbey, where,
God wot, he had not beef and bre
enow,
However that might chance! but
he work,
Like any pigeon will I cram
crop,
And sleeker shall he shine than
hog.'

Then Lancelot standing near: '
Seneschal,
Sleuth-hound thou knowest, and g
and all the hounds;
A horse thou knowest, a man t
dost not know.
Broad brows and fair, a fluent hair
fine,
High nose, a nostril large and fine,
hands
Large, fair, and fine! — Some yo
lad's mystery —
But, or from sheepcot or king's l
the boy
Is noble-natured. Treat him witl
grace,
Lest he should come to shame
judging of him.'

Then Kay: 'What murmurest thou of mystery?
hink ye this fellow will poison the King's dish?
ay, for he spake too fool-like — mystery!
ut, an the lad were noble, he had ask'd
or horse and armor. Fair and fine, forsooth!
r Fine-face, Sir Fair-hands? but see thou to it
hat thine own fineness, Lancelot, some fine day
ndo thee not — and leave my man to me.'

So Gareth all for glory underwent
ie sooty yoke of kitchen-vassalage,
te with young lads his portion by the door,
nd couch'd at night with grimy kitchen-knaves.
nd Lancelot ever spake him pleasantly,
ut Kay the seneschal, who loved him not,
ould hustle and harry him, and labor him
eyond his comrade of the hearth, and set
o turn the broach, draw water, or hew wood,
grosser tasks; and Gareth bow'd himself
ith all obedience to the King, and wrought
l kind of service with a noble ease
at graced the lowliest act in doing it.
d when the thralls had talk among themselves,
d one would praise the love that linkt the King
d Lancelot — how the King had saved his life
battle twice, and Lancelot once the King's —
r Lancelot was first in the tournament,
t Arthur mightiest on the battle-field —
reth was glad. Or if some other told
w once the wandering forester at dawn,
Far over the blue tarns and hazy seas,
On Caer-Eryri's highest found the King,
A naked babe, of whom the Prophet spake,
'He passes to the Isle Avilion,
He passes and is heal'd and cannot die' —
Gareth was glad. But if their talk were foul,
Then would he whistle rapid as any lark,
Or carol some old roundelay, and so loud
That first they mock'd, but, after, reverenced him.
Or Gareth, telling some prodigious tale
Of knights who sliced a red life-bubbling way
Thro' twenty folds of twisted dragon, held
All in a gap-mouth'd circle his good mates
Lying or sitting round him, idle hands,
Charm'd; till Sir Kay, the seneschal, would come
Blustering upon them, like a sudden wind
Among dead leaves, and drive them all apart.
Or when the thralls had sport among themselves,
So there were any trial of mastery,
He, by two yards in casting bar or stone,
Was counted best; and if there chanced a joust,
So that Sir Kay nodded him leave to go,
Would hurry thither, and when he saw the knights
Clash like the coming and retiring wave,
And the spear spring, and good horse reel, the boy
Was half beyond himself for ecstasy.

So for a month he wrought among the thralls;
But in the weeks that follow'd, the good Queen,
Repentant of the word she made him swear,
And saddening in her childless castle, sent,

Between the in-crescent and de-crescent moon,
Arms for her son, and loosed him from his vow.

This, Gareth hearing from a squire of Lot
With whom he used to play at tourney once,
When both were children, and in lonely haunts
Would scratch a ragged oval on the sand,
And each at either dash from either end—
Shame never made girl redder than Gareth joy.
He laugh'd, he sprang. 'Out of the smoke, at once
I leap from Satan's foot to Peter's knee—
These news be mine, none other's—nay, the King's—
Descend into the city;' whereon he sought
The King alone, and found, and told him all.

'I have stagger'd thy strong Gawain in a tilt
For pastime; yea, he said it; joust can I.
Make me thy knight—in secret! let my name
Be hidden, and give me the first quest, I spring
Like flame from ashes.'

Here the King's calm eye
Fell on, and check'd, and made him flush, and bow
Lowly, to kiss his hand, who answer'd him:
'Son, the good mother let me know thee here,
And sent her wish that I would yield thee thine.
Make thee my knight? my knights are sworn to vows
Of utter hardihood, utter gentleness,
And, loving, utter faithfulness in love,
And uttermost obedience to the King.'

Then Gareth, lightly springing from his knees:

'My King, for hardihood I can
mise thee.
For uttermost obedience make dem
Of whom ye gave me to, the Se
chal,
No mellow master of the meats
drinks!
And as for love, God wot, I love
yet,
But love I shall, God willing.'

And the Ki
'Make thee my knight in secret? y
but he,
Our noblest brother, and our tr
man,
And one with me in all, he needs n
know.'

'Let Lancelot know, my King,
Lancelot know,
Thy noblest and thy truest!'

And the K
'But wherefore would ye men sh
wonder at you?
Nay, rather for the sake of me, t
King,
And the deed's sake my knighth
do the deed,
Than to be noised of.'

Merrily Gareth as
'Have I not earn'd my cake in bal
of it?
Let be my name until I make
name!
My deeds will speak; it is but f
day.'
So with a kindly hand on Gareth's
Smiled the great King, and half
willingly
Loving his lusty youthhood yie
to him.
Then, after summoning Lancelot
vily:
'I have given him the first quest
is not proven.
Look therefore, when he calls for
in hall,
Thou get to horse and follow hin
away.
Cover the lions on thy shield,
see,
Far as thou mayest, he be nor
nor slain.'

Then that same day there past into the hall
damsel of high lineage, and a brow
ay-blossom, and a cheek of apple-blossom,
awk-eyes; and lightly was her slender nose
p-tilted like the petal of a flower.
e into hall past with her page and cried:

'O King, for thou hast driven the foe without,
e to the foe within! bridge, ford, beset
bandits, every one that owns a tower
ie lord for half a league. Why sit ye there?
st would I not, Sir King, an I were king,
ll even the lonest hold were all as free
om cursed bloodshed as thine altar-cloth
om that best blood it is a sin to spill.'

'Comfort thyself,' said Arthur, 'I nor mine
st; so my knighthood keep the vows they swore,
ie wastest moorland of our realm shall be
fe, damsel, as the centre of this hall.
hat is thy name? thy need?'

'My name?' she said —
ynette, my name; noble; my need, a knight
combat for my sister, Lyonors,
lady of high lineage, of great lands,
id comely, yea, and comelier than myself.
e lives in Castle Perilous. A river
ns in three loops about her living-place;
id o'er it are three passings, and three knights
fend the passings, brethren, and a fourth,
d of that four the mightiest, holds her stay'd
her own castle, and so besieges her
To break her will, and make her wed with him;
And but delays his purport till thou send
To do the battle with him thy chief man
Sir Lancelot, whom he trusts to overthrow,
Then wed, with glory; but she will not wed
Save whom she loveth, or a holy life.
Now therefore have I come for Lancelot.'

Then Arthur mindful of Sir Gareth ask'd:
'Damsel, ye know this Order lives to crush
All wrongers of the realm. But say, these four,
Who be they? What the fashion of the men?'

'They be of foolish fashion, O Sir King,
The fashion of that old knight-errantry
Who ride abroad, and do but what they will;
Courteous or bestial from the moment, such
As have nor law nor king; and three of these
Proud in their fantasy call themselves the Day,
Morning-Star, and Noon-Sun, and Evening-Star,
Being strong fools; and never a whit more wise
The fourth, who alway rideth arm'd in black,
A huge man-beast of boundless savagery.
He names himself the Night and oftener Death,
And wears a helmet mounted with a skull,
And bears a skeleton figured on his arms,
To show that who may slay or scape the three,
Slain by himself, shall enter endless night.
And all these four be fools, but mighty men,
And therefore am I come for Lancelot.'

Hereat Sir Gareth call'd from where he rose,
A head with kindling eyes above the throng,
'A boon, Sir King — this quest!' then — for he mark'd
Kay near him groaning like a wounded bull —
'Yea, King, thou knowest thy kitchen-knave am I,
And mighty thro' thy meats and drinks am I,
And I can topple over a hundred such.
Thy promise, King,' and Arthur glancing at him,
Brought down a momentary brow. 'Rough, sudden,
And pardonable, worthy to be knight —
Go therefore,' and all hearers were amazed.

But on the damsel's forehead shame, pride, wrath
Slew the may-white. She lifted either arm,
'Fie on thee, King! I ask'd for thy chief knight,
And thou hast given me but a kitchen-knave.'
Then ere a man in hall could stay her, turn'd,
Fled down the lane of access to the King,
Took horse, descended the slope street, and past
The weird white gate, and paused without, beside
The field of tourney, murmuring 'kitchen-knave!'

Now two great entries open'd from the hall,
At one end one that gave upon a range
Of level pavement where the King would pace
At sunrise, gazing over plain and wood;
And down from this a lordly stairway sloped
Till lost in blowing trees and tops of towers;
And out by this main doorway past the King.
But one was counter to the hearth, and rose
High that the highest-crested he could ride
Therethro' nor graze; and by t entry fled
The damsel in her wrath, and on this
Sir Gareth strode, and saw with the door
King Arthur's gift, the worth of l a town,
A war-horse of the best, and nea stood
The two that out of north had follo him.
This bare a maiden shield, a casq that held
The horse, the spear; whereat Gareth loosed
A cloak that dropt from collar-bon heel,
A cloth of roughest web, and ca down,
And from it, like a fuel-smoth fire
That lookt half-dead, brake bri and flash'd as those
Dull-coated things, that making s apart
Their dusk wing-cases, all ben there burns
A jewell'd harness, ere they pass fly.
So Gareth ere he parted flash'd arms.
Then as he donn'd the helm, and t the shield
And mounted horse and graspt a sp of grain
Storm-strengthen'd on a windy and tipt
With trenchant steel, around slowly prest
The people, while from out of kit came
The thralls in throng, and seeing had work'd
Lustier than any, and whom could but love,
Mounted in arms, threw up their and cried,
'God bless the King, and all fellowship!'
And on thro' lanes of shouting Ga rode
Down the slope street, and past v out the gate.

So Gareth past with joy; but as the cur
Pluckt from the cur he fights with, ere his cause
Be cool'd by fighting, follows, being named,
His owner, but remembers all, and growls
Remembering, so Sir Kay beside the door
Mutter'd in scorn of Gareth whom he used
To harry and hustle.

'Bound upon a quest
With horse and arms — the King hath past his time —
My scullion knave! Thralls, to your work again,
For an your fire be low ye kindle mine!
Will there be dawn in West and eve in East?
Begone! — my knave! — belike and like enow
Some old head-blow not heeded in his youth
So shook his wits they wander in his prime —
Crazed! How the villain lifted up his voice,
Nor shamed to bawl himself a kitchen-knave!
But, he was tame and meek enow with me,
Till peacock'd up with Lancelot's noticing.
Well — I will after my loud knave, and learn
Whether he know me for his master yet.
But of the smoke he came, and so my lance
Hold, by God's grace, he shall into the mire —
Hence, if the King awaken from his craze,
Into the smoke again.'

But Lancelot said:
'Kay, wherefore wilt thou go against the King,
For that did never he whereon ye rail,
But ever meekly served the King in thee?
Abide; take counsel, for this lad is great
And lusty, and knowing both of lance and sword.'
'Tut, tell not me,' said Kay, 'ye are overfine
To mar stout knaves with foolish courtesies;'
Then mounted, on thro' silent faces rode
Down the slope city, and out beyond the gate.

But by the field of tourney lingering yet
Mutter'd the damsel: 'Wherefore did the King
Scorn me? for, were Sir Lancelot lackt, at least
He might have yielded to me one of those
Who tilt for lady's love and glory here,
Rather than — O sweet heaven! O, fie upon him! —
His kitchen-knave.'

To whom Sir Gareth drew —
And there were none but few goodlier than he —
Shining in arms, 'Damsel, the quest is mine.
Lead, and I follow.' She thereat, as one
That smells a foul-flesh'd agaric in the holt,
And deems it carrion of some woodland thing,
Or shrew or weasel, nipt her slender nose
With petulant thumb and finger, shrilling, 'Hence!
Avoid, thou smellest all of kitchen-grease.
And look who comes behind;' for there was Kay.
'Knowest thou not me? thy master? I am Kay.
We lack thee by the hearth.'

And Gareth to him,
'Master no more! too well I know thee, ay —
The most ungentle knight in Arthur's hall.'
'Have at thee then,' said Kay; they shock'd, and Kay
Fell shoulder-slipt, and Gareth cried again,

'Lead, and I follow,' and fast away she fled.

But after sod and shingle ceased to fly
Behind her, and the heart of her good horse
Was nigh to burst with violence of the beat,
Perforce she stay'd, and overtaken spoke:

'What doest thou, scullion, in my fellowship?
Deem'st thou that I accept thee aught the more
Or love thee better, that by some device
Full cowardly, or by mere unhappiness,
Thou hast overthrown and slain thy master — thou! — 750
Dish-washer and broach-turner, loon! — to me
Thou smellest all of kitchen as before.'

'Damsel,' Sir Gareth answer'd gently, 'say
Whate'er ye will, but whatsoe'er ye say,
I leave not till I finish this fair quest,
Or die therefore.'

'Ay, wilt thou finish it?
Sweet lord, how like a noble knight he talks!
The listening rogue hath caught the manner of it.
But, knave, anon thou shalt be met with, knave,
And then by such a one that thou for all 760
The kitchen brewis that was ever supt
Shalt not once dare to look him in the face.'

'I shall assay,' said Gareth with a smile
That madden'd her, and away she flash'd again
Down the long avenues of a boundless wood;
And Gareth following was again beknaved:

'Sir Kitchen-knave, I have miss
the only way
Where Arthur's men are set along t
wood;
The wood is nigh as full of thieves
leaves.
If both be slain, I am rid of thee; b
yet,
Sir Scullion, canst thou use that sp
of thine?
Fight, an thou canst; I have miss
the only way.'

So till the dusk that follow'd eve
song
Rode on the two, reviler and reviled
Then after one long slope w
mounted, saw,
Bowl-shaped, thro' tops of many tho
sand pines
A gloomy-gladed hollow slowly sin
To westward — in the deeps where
a mere,
Round as the red eye of an eagle-ow
Under the half-dead sunset glared; a
shouts
Ascended, and there brake a servin
man
Flying from out of the black woo
and crying,
'They have bound my lord to cast hi
in the mere.'
Then Gareth, 'Bound am I to rig
the wrong'd,
But straitlier bound am I to bide wi
thee.'
And when the damsel spake contem
tuously,
'Lead, and I follow,' Gareth cri
again,
'Follow, I lead!' so down among t
pines
He plunged; and there, black-sha
ow'd nigh the mere,
And mid-thigh-deep in bulrushes a
reed,
Saw six tall men haling a seven
along,
A stone about his neck to drown h
in it.
Three with good blows he quiet
but three
Fled thro' the pines; and Gareth loos
the stone
From off his neck, then in the m
beside

'umbled it; oilily bubbled up the mere.
ast, Gareth loosed his bonds and on free feet
et him, a stalwart baron, Arthur's friend.

'Well that ye came, or else these caitiff rogues
Iad wreak'd themselves on me; good cause is theirs
'o hate me, for my wont hath ever been
'o catch my thief, and then like vermin here
)rown him, and with a stone about his neck;
nd under this wan water many of them
ie rotting, but at night let go the stone,
nd rise, and flickering in a grimly light
)ance on the mere. Good now, ye have saved a life
Vorth somewhat as the cleanser of this wood.
nd fain would I reward thee worshipfully.
Vhat guerdon will ye?'

Gareth sharply spake:
None! for the deed's sake have I done the deed,
n uttermost obedience to the King.
ut wilt thou yield this damsel harborage?'

Whereat the baron saying, 'I well believe
ou be of Arthur's Table,' a light laugh
roke from Lynette: 'Ay, truly of a truth,
nd in a sort, being Arthur's kitchen-knave!—
ut deem not I accept thee aught the more,
ullion, for running sharply with thy spit
own on a rout of craven foresters.
thresher with his flail had scatter'd them.
ay—for thou smellest of the kitchen still.

But an this lord will yield us harborage,
Well.'

So she spake. A league beyond the wood,
All in a full-fair manor and a rich,
His towers, where that day a feast had been
Held in high hall, and many a viand left,
And many a costly cate, received the three.
And there they placed a peacock in his pride
Before the damsel, and the baron set
Gareth beside her, but at once she rose.

'Meseems, that here is much discourtesy,
Setting this knave, Lord Baron, at my side.
Hear me—this morn I stood in Arthur's hall,
And pray'd the King would grant me Lancelot
To fight the brotherhood of Day and Night—
The last a monster unsubduable
Of any save of him for whom I call'd—
Suddenly bawls this frontless kitchen-knave,
"The quest is mine; thy kitchen-knave am I,
And mighty thro' thy meats and drinks am I."
Then Arthur all at once gone mad replies,
"Go therefore," and so gives the quest to him—
Him—here—a villain fitter to stick swine
Than ride abroad redressing women's wrong,
Or sit beside a noble gentlewoman.'

Then half-ashamed and part-amazed, the lord
Now look'd at one and now at other, left
The damsel by the peacock in his pride,
And, seating Gareth at another board,
Sat down beside him, ate and then began:

'Friend, whether thou be kitchen-knave, or not,
Or whether it be the maiden's fantasy,
And whether she be mad, or else the King,
Or both or neither, or thyself be mad,
I ask not; but thou strikest a strong stroke,
For strong thou art and goodly therewithal,
And saver of my life; and therefore now,
For here be mighty men to joust with, weigh
Whether thou wilt not with thy damsel back
To crave again Sir Lancelot of the King.
Thy pardon; I but speak for thine avail,
The saver of my life.'

And Gareth said,
'Full pardon, but I follow up the quest,
Despite of Day and Night and Death and Hell.'

So when, next morn, the lord whose life he saved
Had, some brief space, convey'd them on their way
And left them with God-speed, Sir Gareth spake,
'Lead, and I follow.' Haughtily she replied:

'I fly no more; I allow thee for an hour.
Lion and stoat have isled together, knave,
In time of flood. Nay, furthermore, methinks
Some ruth is mine for thee. Back wilt thou, fool?
For hard by here is one will overthrow
And slay thee; then will I to court again,
And shame the King for only yielding me
My champion from the ashes of his hearth.'

To whom Sir Gareth answer'd courteously:

'Say thou thy say, and I will do r
deed.
Allow me for mine hour, and th
wilt find
My fortunes all as fair as hers who l
Among the ashes and wedded t
King's son.'

Then to the shore of one of th
long loops
Wherethro' the serpent river coil
they came.
Rough-thicketed were the banks a
steep; the stream
Full, narrow; this a bridge of sin
arc
Took at a leap; and on the furth
side
Arose a silk pavilion, gay with gol
In streaks and rays, and all Lent-l
in hue,
Save that the dome was purple, s
above,
Crimson, a slender banneret flutteri
And therebefore the lawless warr
paced
Unarm'd, and calling, 'Damsel, is t
he,
The champion thou hast brought fr
Arthur's hall,
For whom we let thee pass?' 'N
nay,' she said,
'Sir Morning-Star. The King in ut
scorn
Of thee and thy much folly hath s
thee here
His kitchen-knave; and look thou
thyself.
See that he fall not on thee sudden
And slay thee unarm'd; he is
knight but knave.'

Then at his call, 'O daughters
the Dawn,
And servants of the Morning-S
aproach,
Arm me,' from out the silken curt
folds
Bare-footed and bare-headed three
girls
In gilt and rosy raiment came. T
feet
In dewy grasses glisten'd; and
hair
All over glanced with dewdrop
with gem

ike sparkles in the stone Avanturine.
hese arm'd him in blue arms, and gave a shield
lue also, and thereon the morning star.
nd Gareth silent gazed upon the knight,
Vho stood a moment, ere his horse was brought,
lorying; and in the stream beneath him shone,
nmingled with heaven's azure waveringly,
he gay pavilion and the naked feet,
is arms, the rosy raiment, and the star.

Then she that watch'd him: 'Wherefore stare ye so?
hou shakest in thy fear. There yet is time;
lee down the valley before he get to horse.
Vho will cry shame? Thou art not knight but knave.'

Said Gareth: 'Damsel, whether knave or knight,
ar liefer had I fight a score of times
han hear thee so missay me and revile.
air words were best for him who fights for thee;
ut truly foul are better, for they send
hat strength of anger thro' mine arms, I know
nat I shall overthrow him.'

And he that bore
ne star, when mounted, cried from o'er the bridge:
A kitchen-knave, and sent in scorn of me!
ach fight not I, but answer scorn with scorn.
or this were shame to do him further wrong
nan set him on his feet, and take his horse
nd arms, and so return him to the King.
ome, therefore, leave thy lady lightly, knave.
void; for it beseemeth not a knave
o ride with such a lady.'

'Dog, thou liest!
I spring from loftier lineage than thine own.'
He spake; and all at fiery speed the two
Shock'd on the central bridge, and either spear
Bent but not brake, and either knight at once,
Hurl'd as a stone from out of a catapult
Beyond his horse's crupper and the bridge,
Fell, as if dead; but quickly rose and drew,
And Gareth lash'd so fiercely with his brand
He drave his enemy backward down the bridge,
The damsel crying, 'Well-stricken, kitchen-knave!'
Till Gareth's shield was cloven; but one stroke
Laid him that clove it grovelling on the ground.

Then cried the fallen, 'Take not my life; I yield.'
And Gareth, 'So this damsel ask it of me
Good—I accord it easily as a grace.'
She reddening, 'Insolent scullion! I of thee?
I bound to thee for any favor ask'd!'
'Then shall he die.' And Gareth there unlaced
His helmet as to slay him, but she shriek'd,
'Be not so hardy, scullion, as to slay
One nobler than thyself.' 'Damsel, thy charge
Is an abounding pleasure to me. Knight,
Thy life is thine at her command. Arise
And quickly pass to Arthur's hall, and say
His kitchen-knave hath sent thee. See thou crave
His pardon for thy breaking of his laws.
Myself when I return will plead for thee.
Thy shield is mine—farewell; and, damsel, thou,
Lead, and I follow.'

And fast away she fled;
Then when he came upon her, spake:
'Methought,
Knave, when I watch'd thee striking on the bridge,
The savor of thy kitchen came upon me
A little faintlier; but the wind hath changed,
I scent it twenty-fold.' And then she sang,
"'O morning star"—not that tall felon there
Whom thou, by sorcery or unhappiness
Or some device, hast foully overthrown,—

"'O morning star that smilest in the blue,
O star, my morning dream hath proven true,
Smile sweetly, thou! my love hath smiled on me."

'But thou begone, take counsel, and away,
For hard by here is one that guards a ford—
The second brother in their fool's parable—
Will pay thee all thy wages, and to boot.
Care not for shame; thou art not knight but knave.'

To whom Sir Gareth answer'd, laughingly:
'Parables? Hear a parable of the knave.
When I was kitchen-knave among the rest,
Fierce was the hearth, and one of my co-mates
Own'd a rough dog, to whom he cast his coat,
"Guard it," and there was none to meddle with it.
And such a coat art thou, and thee the King
Gave me to guard, and such a dog am I,
To worry, and not to flee—and—knight or knave—
The knave that doth thee service as full knight
Is all as good, meseems, as any knight
Toward thy sister's freeing.'

'Ay, Sir Knave
Ay, knave, because thou strikest as knight,
Being but knave, I hate thee all the more.'

'Fair damsel, you should worship me the more,
That, being but knave, I throw thine enemies.'

'Ay, ay,' she said, 'but thou shalt meet thy match.'

So when they touch'd the second river-loop,
Huge on a huge red horse, and all in mail
Burnish'd to blinding, shone the Noonday Sun
Beyond a raging shallow. As if the flower
That blows a globe of after arrowlets
Ten-thousand-fold had grown, flashing the fierce shield,
All sun; and Gareth's eyes had flying blots
Before them when he turn'd from watching him.
He from beyond the roaring shallow roar'd,
'What doest thou, brother, in our marches here?'
And she athwart the shallow shrill'd again,
'Here is a kitchen-knave from Arthur's hall
Hath overthrown thy brother, and hath his arms.'
'Ugh!' cried the Sun, and, vizor up a red
And cipher face of rounded foolishness,
Push'd horse across the foamings of the ford,
Whom Gareth met mid-stream; no room was there
For lance or tourney-skill. Four strokes they struck
With sword, and these were mighty the new knight
Had fear he might be shamed; but the Sun
Heaved up a ponderous arm to strike the fifth,

'he hoof of his horse slipt in the stream, the stream
)escended, and the Sun was wash'd away.

Then Gareth laid his lance athwart the ford;
o drew him home; but he that fought no more,
s being all bone-batter'd on the rock,
ielded, and Gareth sent him to the King.
Myself when I return will plead for thee.
ead, and I follow.' Quietly she led.
Hath not the good wind, damsel, changed again?'
Nay, not a point; nor art thou victor here.
here lies a ridge of slate across the ford;
is horse thereon stumbled — ay, for I saw it.

'"O sun" — not this strong fool whom thou, Sir Knave,
ast overthrown thro' mere unhappiness —

'O sun, that wakenest all to bliss or pain,
moon, that layest all to sleep again,
ine sweetly; twice my love hath smiled on me."

'What knowest thou of love-song or of love?
ay, nay, God wot, so thou wert nobly born,
hou hast a pleasant presence. Yea, perchance, —

'"O dewy flowers that open to the sun,
dewy flowers that close when day is done,
ow sweetly; twice my love hath smiled on me."

'What knowest thou of flowers, except, belike,
o garnish meats with? hath not our good King
ho lent me thee, the flower of kitchendom,
foolish love for flowers? what stick ye round
he pasty? wherewithal deck the boar's head?
lowers? nay, the boar hath rosemaries and bay.

'"O birds that warble to the morning sky,
O birds that warble as the day goes by,
Sing sweetly; twice my love hath smiled on me."

'What knowest thou of birds, lark, mavis, merle,
Linnet? what dream ye when they utter forth
May-music growing with the growing light,
Their sweet sun-worship? these be for the snare —
So runs thy fancy — these be for the spit,
Larding and basting. See thou have not now
Larded thy last, except thou turn and fly.
There stands the third fool of their allegory.'

For there beyond a bridge of treble bow,
All in a rose-red from the west, and all
Naked it seem'd, and glowing in the broad
Deep-dimpled current underneath, the knight
That named himself the Star of Evening stood.

And Gareth, 'Wherefore waits the madman there
Naked in open dayshine?' 'Nay,' she cried,
'Not naked, only wrapt in harden'd skins
That fit him like his own; and so ye cleave
His armor off him, these will turn the blade.'

Then the third brother shouted o'er the bridge,
'O brother-star, why shine ye here so low?
Thy ward is higher up; but have ye slain
The damsel's champion?' and the damsel cried:

'No star of thine, but shot from Arthur's heaven
With all disaster unto thine and thee!

For both thy younger brethren have gone down
Before this youth; and so wilt thou, Sir Star.
Art thou not old?'

'Old, damsel, old and hard,
Old, with the might and breath of twenty boys.'
Said Gareth, 'Old, and over-bold in brag!
But that same strength which threw the Morning Star
Can throw the Evening.'

Then that other blew
A hard and deadly note upon the horn.
'Approach and arm me!' With slow steps from out
An old storm-beaten, russet, many-stain'd
Pavilion, forth a grizzled damsel came,
And arm'd him in old arms, and brought a helm
With but a drying evergreen for crest,
And gave a shield whereon the star of even
Half-tarnish'd and half-bright, his emblem, shone.
But when it glitter'd o'er the saddle-bow,
They madly hurl'd together on the bridge;
And Gareth overthrew him, lighted, drew,
There met him drawn, and overthrew him again,
But up like fire he started; and as oft
As Gareth brought him grovelling on his knees,
So many a time he vaulted up again;
Till Gareth panted hard, and his great heart,
Foredooming all his trouble was in vain,
Labor'd within him, for he seem'd as one
That all in later, sadder age begins
To war against ill uses of a life,
But these from all his life arise, and cry,
'Thou hast made us lords, and canst not put us down!'
He half despairs; so Gareth seem'd to strike

Vainly, the damsel clamoring all t
while,
'Well done, knave-knight, w
stricken, O good knig
knave—
O knave, as noble as any of all t
knights—
Shame me not, shame me not. I ha
prophesied—
Strike, thou art worthy of the Tal
Round—
His arms are old, he trusts the ha
en'd skin—
Strike—strike—the wind will ne
change again.'
And Gareth hearing ever strongl
smote,
And hew'd great pieces of his arm
off him,
But lash'd in vain against the ha
en'd skin,
And could not wholly bring h
under, more
Than loud Southwesterns, rolli
ridge on ridge,
The buoy that rides at sea, and d
and springs
For ever; till at length Sir Garet
brand
Clash'd his, and brake it utterly to
hilt.
'I have thee now;' but forth t
other sprang,
And, all unknightlike, writhed his w
arms
Around him, till he felt, despite
mail,
Strangled, but straining even his ut
most
Cast, and so hurl'd him headlong
the bridge
Down to the river, sink or swim,
cried,
'Lead, and I follow.'

But the damsel sa
'I lead no longer; ride thou at
side;
Thou art the kingliest of all kitch
knaves.

'"O trefoil, sparkling on the rainy pl
O rainbow with three colors after rain,
Shine sweetly; thrice my love hath sm
on me."

'Sir, — and, good faith, I fain had added — Knight,
ıt that I heard thee call thyself a knave, —
amed am I that I so rebuked, reviled,
ssaid thee. Noble I am, and thought the King
orn'd me and mine; and now thy pardon, friend,
r thou hast ever answer'd courteously,
ıd wholly bold thou art, and meek withal
any of Arthur's best, but, being knave,
ast maz'd my wit. I marvel what thou art.'

'Damsel,' he said, 'you be not all to blame,
ving that you mistrusted our good King
ould handle scorn, or yield you, asking, one
ot fit to cope your quest. You said your say;
ne answer was my deed. Good sooth! I hold
scarce is knight, yea but half-man, nor meet
fight for gentle damsel, he, who lets
s heart be stirr'd with any foolish heat
any gentle damsel's waywardness.
amed? care not! thy foul sayings fought for me;
ıd seeing now thy words are fair, methinks
ere rides no knight, not Lancelot, his great self,
th force to quell me.'

Nigh upon that hour
hen the lone hern forgets his melancholy,
ts down his other leg, and stretching dreams
goodly supper in the distant pool,
en turn'd the noble damsel smiling at him,
d told him of a cavern hard at hand,
here bread and baken meats and good red wine
Of Southland, which the Lady Lyonors
Had sent her coming champion, waited him.

Anon they past a narrow comb wherein
Were slabs of rock with figures, knights on horse
Sculptured, and deckt in slowly-waning hues.
'Sir Knave, my knight, a hermit once was here,
Whose holy hand hath fashion'd on the rock
The war of Time against the soul of man.
And yon four fools have suck'd their allegory
From these damp walls, and taken but the form.
Know ye not these?' and Gareth lookt and read —
In letters like to those the vexillary
Hath left crag-carven o'er the streaming Gelt —
'PHOSPHORUS,' then 'MERIDIES,' — 'HESPERUS' —
'NOX' — 'MORS,' beneath five figures, armed men,
Slab after slab, their faces forward all,
And running down the Soul, a shape that fled
With broken wings, torn raiment, and loose hair,
For help and shelter to the hermit's cave.
'Follow the faces, and we find it. Look,
Who comes behind?'

For one — delay'd at first
Thro' helping back the dislocated Kay
To Camelot, then by what thereafter chanced,
The damsel's headlong error thro' the wood —
Sir Lancelot, having swum the river-loops —
His blue shield-lions cover'd — softly drew
Behind the twain, and when he saw the star
Gleam, on Sir Gareth's turning to him, cried,

'Stay, felon knight, I avenge me for my friend.'
And Gareth crying prick'd against the cry;
But when they closed — in a moment — at one touch
Of that skill'd spear, the wonder of the world —
Went sliding down so easily, and fell,
That when he found the grass within his hands
He laugh'd. The laughter jarr'd upon Lynette.
Harshly she ask'd him, 'Shamed and overthrown,
And tumbled back into the kitchen-knave,
Why laugh ye? that ye blew your boast in vain?'
'Nay, noble damsel, but that I, the son
Of old King Lot and good Queen Bellicent,
And victor of the bridges and the ford,
And knight of Arthur, here lie thrown by whom
I know not, all thro' mere unhappiness —
Device and sorcery and unhappiness —
Out, sword; we are thrown!' And Lancelot answer'd: 'Prince,
O Gareth — thro' the mere unhappiness
Of one who came to help thee, not to harm,
Lancelot, and all as glad to find thee whole
As on the day when Arthur knighted him.'

Then Gareth: 'Thou — Lancelot! — thine the hand
That threw me? An some chance to mar the boast
Thy brethren of thee make — which could not chance —
Had sent thee down before a lesser spear,
Shamed had I been, and sad — O Lancelot — thou!'

Whereat the maiden, petulant: 'Lancelot,
Why came ye not, when call'd? and wherefore now
Come ye, not call'd? I gloried in my knave,
Who being still rebuked would answ still
Courteous as any knight — but no if knight,
The marvel dies, and leaves me fool and trick'd,
And only wondering wherefore play upon;
And doubtful whether I and mine scorn'd.
Where should be truth if not Arthur's hall,
In Arthur's presence? Knight, knav prince and fool,
I hate thee and forever.'

And Lancelot sai
'Blessed be thou, Sir Gareth! knig art thou
To the King's best wish. O dams be you wise,
To call him shamed who is but ov thrown?
Thrown have I been, nor once, b many a time.
Victor from vanquish'd issues at t last,
And overthrower from being ov thrown.
With sword we have not striven, a thy good horse
And thou are weary; yet not less I f
Thy manhood thro' that wearied lan of thine.
Well hast thou done; for all the stre is freed,
And thou hast wreak'd his justice his foes,
And when reviled hast answer'd g ciously,
And makest merry when overthrow Prince, knight,
Hail, knight and prince, and of Table Round!'

And then when turning to Lyne he told
The tale of Gareth, petulantly she sa
'Ay, well — ay, well — for worse th being fool'd
Of others, is to fool one's self. A ca
Sir Lancelot, is hard by, with me and drinks
And forage for the horse, and flint fire.
But all about it flies a honeysuckle

eek, till we find.' And when they
sought and found,
r Gareth drank and ate, and all his
life
ast into sleep; on whom the maiden
gazed:
Sound sleep be thine! sound cause to
sleep hast thou.
Take lusty! Seem I not as tender to
him
s any mother? Ay, but such a one
s all day long hath rated at her child,
nd vext his day, but blesses him
asleep—
ood lord, how sweetly smells the
honeysuckle
the hush'd night, as if the world
were one
f utter peace, and love, and gentle-
ness!
Lancelot, Lancelot,'—and she clapt
her hands—
Full merry am I to find my goodly
knave
knight and noble. See now, sworn
have I,
lse yon black felon had not let me
pass,
o bring thee back to do the battle
with him.
hus an thou goest, he will fight thee
first;
Who doubts thee victor? so will my
knight-knave
iss the full flower of this accomplish-
ment.'

Said Lancelot: 'Peradventure he
you name
ay know my shield. Let Gareth, an
he will,
hange his for mine, and take my
charger, fresh,
ot to be spurr'd, loving the battle
as well
s he that rides him.' 'Lancelot-like,'
she said,
Courteous in this, Lord Lancelot, as
in all.'

And Gareth, wakening, fiercely
clutch'd the shield:
Ramp, ye lance-splintering lions, on
whom all spears
re rotten sticks! ye seem agape to
roar!
Yea, ramp and roar at leaving of your
lord!—
Care not, good beasts, so well I care
for you.
O noble Lancelot, from my hold on
these
Streams virtue—fire—thro' one that
will not shame
Even the shadow of Lancelot under
shield.
Hence; let us go.'

Silent the silent field
They traversed. Arthur's Harp tho'
summer-wan,
In counter motion to the clouds, al-
lured
The glance of Gareth dreaming on his
liege.
A star shot: 'Lo,' said Gareth, 'the
foe falls!'
An owl whoopt: 'Hark the victor
pealing there!'
Suddenly she that rode upon his left
Clung to the shield that Lancelot lent
him, crying:
'Yield, yield him this again; 'tis he
must fight:
I curse the tongue that all thro' yes-
terday
Reviled thee, and hath wrought on
Lancelot now
To lend thee horse and shield. Won-
ders ye have done,
Miracles ye cannot. Here is glory
enow
In having flung the three. I see thee
maim'd,
Mangled; I swear thou canst not fling
the fourth.'

'And wherefore, damsel? tell me
all ye know.
You cannot scare me; nor rough face,
or voice,
Brute bulk of limb, or boundless sav-
agery
Appal me from the quest.'

'Nay, prince,' she cried,
'God wot, I never look'd upon the face,
Seeing he never rides abroad by day,
But watch'd him have I like a phan-
tom pass
Chilling the night; nor have I heard
the voice.

Always he made his mouthpiece of a page
Who came and went, and still reported him
As closing in himself the strength of ten,
And when his anger tare him, massacring
Man, woman, lad, and girl — yea, the soft babe!
Some hold that he hath swallow'd infant flesh,
Monster! O prince, I went for Lancelot first,
The quest is Lancelot's; give him back the shield.'

Said Gareth laughing, 'An he fight for this,
Belike he wins it as the better man;
Thus — and not else!'

But Lancelot on him urged
All the devisings of their chivalry
When one might meet a mightier than himself;
How best to manage horse, lance, sword, and shield,
And so fill up the gap where force might fail
With skill and fineness. Instant were his words.

Then Gareth: 'Here be rules. I know but one —
To dash against mine enemy and to win.
Yet have I watch'd thee victor in the joust,
And seen thy way.' 'Heaven help thee!' sigh'd Lynette.

Then for a space, and under cloud that grew
To thunder-gloom palling all stars, they rode
In converse till she made her palfrey halt,
Lifted an arm, and softly whisper'd, 'There.'
And all the three were silent seeing, pitch'd
Beside the Castle Perilous on flat field,
A huge pavilion like a mountain peak
Sunder the glooming crimson on the marge,

Black, with black banner, and a lo
black horn
Beside it hanging; which Sir Gar
grasp't,
And so, before the two could hin
him,
Sent all his heart and breath thro'
the horn.
Echo'd the walls; a light twinkle
anon
Came lights and lights, and o
again he blew;
Whereon were hollow tramplings
and down
And muffled voices heard, and sh
ows past;
Till high above him, circled with
maids,
The Lady Lyonors at a window sto
Beautiful among lights, and wav
to him
White hands and courtesy. But wh
the prince
Three times had blown — after l
hush — at last —
The huge pavilion slowly yielded
Thro' those black foldings, that wh
housed therein.
High on a night-black horse, in nig
black arms,
With white breast-bone, and bar
ribs of Death,
And crown'd with fleshless laugh
— some ten steps —
In the half-light — thro' the dim da
— advanced
The monster, and then paused,
spake no word.

But Gareth spake and all ind
nantly:
'Fool, for thou hast, men say,
strength of ten,
Canst thou not trust the limbs
God hath given,
But must, to make the terror of t
more,
Trick thyself out in ghastly image
Of that which Life hath done w
and the clod,
Less dull than thou, will hide w
mantling flowers
As if for pity?' But he spake
word;
Which set the horror higher.
maiden swoon'd;

ıe Lady Lyonors wrung her hands and wept,
s doom'd to be the bride of Night and Death;
r Gareth's head prickled beneath his helm;
ıd even Sir Lancelot thro' his warm blood felt
e strike, and all that mark'd him were aghast.

At once Sir Lancelot's charger fiercely neigh'd,
ıd Death's dark war-horse bounded forward with him.
ıen those that did not blink the terror saw
ıat Death was cast to ground, and slowly rose.
ıt with one stroke Sir Gareth split the skull.
ılf fell to right and half to left and lay.
ıen with a stronger buffet he clove the helm
throughly as the skull; and out from this
sued the bright face of a blooming boy
esh as a flower new-born, and crying, 'Knight,
ıy me not; my three brethren bade me do it,
make a horror all about the house,
ıd stay the world from Lady Lyonors.
ey never dream'd the passes would be past.'
ıswer'd Sir Gareth graciously to one
ot many a moon his younger, 'My fair child,
hat madness made thee challenge the chief knight
Arthur's hall?' 'Fair Sir, they bade me do it.
ey hate the King and Lancelot, the King's friend;
ey hoped to slay him somewhere on the stream,
ey never dream'd the passes could be past.'

Then sprang the happier day from underground;
ıd Lady Lyonors and her house, with dance
And revel and song, made merry over Death,
As being after all their foolish fears
And horrors only proven a blooming boy.
So large mirth lived, and Gareth won the quest.

And he that told the tale in older times
Says that Sir Gareth wedded Lyonors,
But he that told it later says Lynette.

THE MARRIAGE OF GERAINT

The brave Geraint, a knight of Arthur's court,
A tributary prince of Devon, one
Of that great Order of the Table Round,
Had married Enid, Yniol's only child,
And loved her as he loved the light of heaven.
And as the light of heaven varies, now
At sunrise, now at sunset, now by night
With moon and trembling stars, so loved Geraint
To make her beauty vary day by day,
In crimsons and in purples and in gems.
And Enid, but to please her husband's eye,
Who first had found and loved her in a state
Of broken fortunes, daily fronted him
In some fresh splendor; and the Queen herself,
Grateful to Prince Geraint for service done,
Loved her, and often with her own white hands
Array'd and deck'd her, as the loveliest,
Next after her own self, in all the court.
And Enid loved the Queen, and with true heart
Adored her, as the stateliest and the best
And loveliest of all women upon earth.
And seeing them so tender and so close,
Long in their common love rejoiced Geraint.

But when a rumor rose about the Queen,
Touching her guilty love for Lancelot,
Tho' yet there lived no proof, nor yet was heard
The world's loud whisper breaking into storm,
Not less Geraint believed it; and there fell
A horror on him lest his gentle wife,
Thro' that great tenderness for Guinevere,
Had suffer'd or should suffer any taint
In nature. Wherefore, going to the King,
He made this pretext, that his princedom lay
Close on the borders of a territory
Wherein were bandit earls, and caitiff knights,
Assassins, and all flyers from the hand
Of Justice, and whatever loathes a law;
And therefore, till the King himself should please
To cleanse this common sewer of all his realm,
He craved a fair permission to depart,
And there defend his marches. And the King
Mused for a little on his plea, but, last,
Allowing it, the prince and Enid rode,
And fifty knights rode with them, to the shores
Of Severn, and they past to their own land;
Where, thinking that, if ever yet was wife
True to her lord, mine shall be so to me,
He compass'd her with sweet observances
And worship, never leaving her, and grew
Forgetful of his promise to the King,
Forgetful of the falcon and the hunt,
Forgetful of the tilt and tournament,
Forgetful of his glory and his name,
Forgetful of his princedom and its cares.
And this forgetfulness was hateful to her.
And by and by the people, when they met
In twos and threes, or fuller comp nies,
Began to scoff and jeer and babble him
As of a prince whose manhood w all gone,
And molten down in mere uxoriou ness.
And this she gather'd from the pe ple's eyes;
This too the women who attired h head,
To please her, dwelling on his boun less love,
Told Enid, and they sadden'd her t more;
And day by day she thought to t Geraint,
But could not out of bashful delicac
While he, that watch'd her sadde was the more
Suspicious that her nature had taint.

At last, it chanced that on a summ morn —
They sleeping each by either — t new sun
Beat thro' the blindless casement the room,
And heated the strong warrior in h dreams;
Who, moving, cast the coverlet asid
And bared the knotted column of h throat,
The massive square of his herc breast,
And arms on which the standi muscle sloped,
As slopes a wild brook o'er a lit stone,
Running too vehemently to bre upon it.
And Enid woke and sat beside t couch,
Admiring him, and thought wit herself,
Was ever man so grandly made he?
Then, like a shadow, past the peopl talk
And accusation of uxoriousness
Across her mind, and, bowing o him,
Low to her own heart piteously said:

'O noble breast and all-puissant arms,
m I the cause, I the poor cause that men
eproach you, saying all your force is gone?
am the cause, because I dare not speak
nd tell him what I think and what they say.
nd yet I hate that he should linger here;
cannot love my lord and not his name.
ar liefer had I gird his harness on him,
nd ride with him to battle and stand by,
nd watch his mightful hand striking great blows
t caitiffs and at wrongers of the world.
ar better were I laid in the dark earth,
ot hearing any more his noble voice,
ot to be folded more in these dear arms,
nd darken'd from the high light in his eyes,
han that my lord thro' me should suffer shame.
m I so bold, and could I so stand by,
nd see my dear lord wounded in the strife,
r maybe pierced to death before mine eyes,
nd yet not dare to tell him what I think,
nd how men slur him, saying all his force
melted into mere effeminacy?
me, I fear that I am no true wife!'

Half inwardly, half audibly she spoke,
nd the strong passion in her made her weep
rue tears upon his broad and naked breast,
nd these awoke him, and by great mischance
e heard but fragments of her later words,
nd that she fear'd she was not a true wife.

And then he thought, 'In spite of all my care,
For all my pains, poor man, for all my pains,
She is not faithful to me, and I see her
Weeping for some gay knight in Arthur's hall.'
Then, tho' he loved and reverenced her too much
To dream she could be guilty of foul act,
Right thro' his manful breast darted the pang
That makes a man, in the sweet face of her
Whom he loves most, lonely and miserable.
At this he hurl'd his huge limbs out of bed,
And shook his drowsy squire awake and cried,
'My charger and her palfrey;' then to her,
'I will ride forth into the wilderness,
For, tho' it seems my spurs are yet to win,
I have not fallen so low as some would wish.
And thou, put on thy worst and meanest dress
And ride with me.' And Enid ask'd, amazed,
'If Enid errs, let Enid learn her fault.'
But he, 'I charge thee, ask not but obey.'
Then she bethought her of a faded silk,
A faded mantle and a faded veil,
And moving toward a cedarn cabinet,
Wherein she kept them folded reverently
With sprigs of summer laid between the folds,
She took them, and array'd herself therein,
Remembering when first he came on her
Drest in that dress, and how he loved her in it,
And all her foolish fears about the dress,
And all his journey to her, as himself
Had told her, and their coming to the court.

For Arthur on the Whitsuntide before
Held court at old Caerleon upon Usk.
There on a day, he sitting high in hall,
Before him came a forester of Dean,
Wet from the woods, with notice of a hart
Taller than all his fellows, milky-white,
First seen that day; these things he told the King.
Then the good King gave order to let blow
His horns for hunting on the morrow morn,
And when the Queen petition'd for his leave
To see the hunt, allow'd it easily.
So with the morning all the court were gone.
But Guinevere lay late into the morn,
Lost in sweet dreams, and dreaming of her love
For Lancelot, and forgetful of the hunt,
But rose at last, a single maiden with her,
Took horse, and forded Usk, and gain'd the wood;
There, on a little knoll beside it, stay'd
Waiting to hear the hounds, but heard instead
A sudden sound of hoofs, for Prince Geraint,
Late also, wearing neither hunting-dress
Nor weapon save a golden-hilted brand,
Came quickly flashing thro' the shallow ford
Behind them, and so gallop'd up the knoll.
A purple scarf, at either end whereof
There swung an apple of the purest gold,
Sway'd round about him, as he gallop'd up
To join them, glancing like a dragon-fly
In summer suit and silks of holiday.
Low bow'd the tributary prince, and she,
Sweetly and statelily, and with grace
Of womanhood and queenhood, answer'd him:
'Late, late, Sir Prince,' she said, 'later than we!'
'Yea, noble Queen,' he answered, 'and so late
That I but come like you to see the hunt,
Not join it.' 'Therefore wait with me,' she said;
'For on this little knoll, if anywhere
There is good chance that we shall hear the hounds:
Here often they break covert at our feet.'

And while they listen'd for the distant hunt,
And chiefly for the baying of Cavall,
King Arthur's hound of deepest mouth, there rode
Full slowly by a knight, lady, and dwarf;
Whereof the dwarf lagg'd latest, and the knight
Had vizor up, and show'd a youthful face,
Imperious, and of haughtiest lineaments.
And Guinevere, not mindful of her face
In the King's hall, desired his name and sent
Her maiden to demand it of the dwarf,
Who being vicious, old, and irritable
And doubling all his master's vice of pride,
Made answer sharply that she should not know.
'Then will I ask it of himself,' she said.
'Nay, by my faith, thou shalt not,' cried the dwarf;
'Thou art not worthy even to speak of him;'
And when she put her horse toward the knight,
Struck at her with his whip, and she return'd
Indignant to the Queen; whereat Geraint
Exclaiming, 'Surely I will learn the name,'

le sharply to the dwarf, and ask'd
it of him,
o answer'd as before; and when
the prince
l put his horse in motion toward
the knight,
ıck at him with his whip, and cut
his cheek.
e prince's blood spirted upon the
scarf,
ing it; and his quick, instinctive
hand
ıght at the hilt, as to abolish
him:
he, from his exceeding manfulness
l pure nobility of temperament,
oth to be wroth at such a worm,
refrain'd
m even a word, and so returning
said:

I will avenge this insult, noble
Queen,
ıe in your maiden's person to your-
self,
l I will track this vermin to their
earths;
tho' I ride unarm'd, I do not
doubt
find, at some place I shall come at,
arms
loan, or else for pledge; and, being
found,
n will I fight him, and will break
his pride,
l on the third day will again be
here,
hat I be not fallen in fight. Fare-
well.'

Farewell, fair prince,' answer'd
the stately Queen.
prosperous in this journey, as in
all;
l may you light on all things that
you love,
live to wed with her whom first
you love.
ere you wed with any, bring your
bride,
I, were she the daughter of a
king,
, tho' she were a beggar from the
hedge,
l clothe her for her bridals like
the sun.'

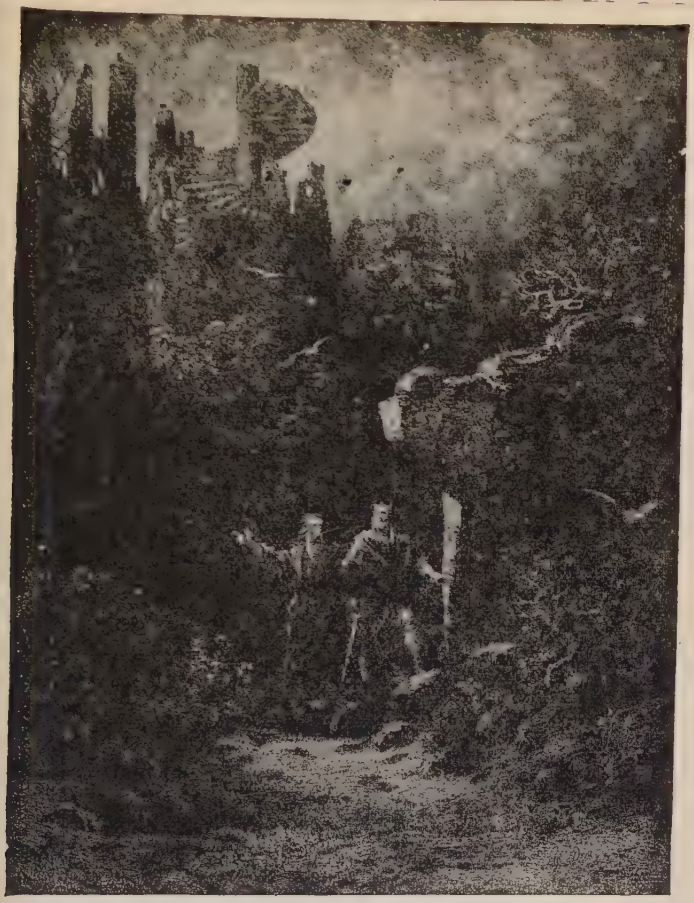
And Prince Geraint, now thinking
that he heard
The noble hart at bay, now the far
horn,
A little vext at losing of the hunt,
A little at the vile occasion, rode,
By ups and downs, thro' many a
grassy glade
And valley, with fixt eye following
the three.
At last they issued from the world of
wood,
And climb'd upon a fair and even
ridge,
And show'd themselves against the
sky, and sank.
And thither came Geraint, and under-
neath
Beheld the long street of a little town
In a long valley, on one side whereof,
White from the mason's hand, a for-
tress rose;
And on one side a castle in decay,
Beyond a bridge that spann'd a dry
ravine.
And out of town and valley came a
noise
As of a broad brook o'er a shingly bed
Brawling, or like a clamor of the rooks
At distance, ere they settle for the
night.

And onward to the fortress rode the
three,
And enter'd, and were lost behind the
walls.
'So,' thought Geraint, 'I have track'd
him to his earth.'
And down the long street riding wea-
rily,
Found every hostel full, and every-
where
Was hammer laid to hoof, and the hot
hiss
And bustling whistle of the youth
who scour'd
His master's armor; and of such a
one
He ask'd, 'What means the tumult in
the town?'
Who told him, scouring still, 'The
sparrow-hawk!'
Then riding close behind an ancient
churl,
Who, smitten by the dusty sloping
beam,

Went sweating underneath a sack of corn,
Ask'd yet once more what meant the hubbub here?
Who answer'd gruffly, 'Ugh! the sparrow-hawk!'
Then riding further past an armorer's,
Who, with back turn'd, and bow'd above his work,
Sat riveting a helmet on his knee,
He put the selfsame query, but the man
Not turning round, nor looking at him, said:
'Friend, he that labors for the sparrow-hawk
Has little time for idle questioners.'
Whereat Geraint flash'd into sudden spleen:
'A thousand pips eat up your sparrow-hawk!
Tits, wrens, and all wing'd nothings peck him dead!
Ye think the rustic cackle of your bourg
The murmur of the world! What is it to me?
O wretched set of sparrows, one and all,
Who pipe of nothing but of sparrow-hawks!
Speak, if ye be not like the rest, hawk-mad,
Where can I get me harborage for the night?
And arms, arms, arms to fight my enemy? Speak!'
Whereat the armorer turning all amazed
And seeing one so gay in purple silks,
Came forward with the helmet yet in hand
And answer'd: 'Pardon me, O stranger knight;
We hold a tourney here to-morrow morn,
And there is scantly time for half the work.
Arms? truth! I know not; all are wanted here.
Harborage? truth, good truth, I know not, save,
It may be, at Earl Yniol's, o'er the bridge
Yonder.' He spoke and fell to w
again.

Then rode Geraint, a little spleen
yet,
Across the bridge that spann'd
dry ravine.
There musing sat the hoary-hea
earl—
His dress a suit of fray'd magn
cence,
Once fit for feasts of ceremony—
said:
'Whither, fair son?' to whom Ger
replied,
'O friend, I seek a harborage for
night.'
Then Yniol, 'Enter therefore and
take
The slender entertainment of a ho
Once rich, now poor, but ever o
door'd.'
'Thanks, venerable friend,' rep
Geraint;
'So that ye do not serve me spar
hawks
For supper, I will enter, I will ea
With all the passion of a twelve ho
fast.'
Then sigh'd and smiled the ho
headed earl,
And answer'd, 'Graver cause
yours is mine
To curse this hedgerow thief, the s
row-hawk.
But in, go in; for save yourself d
it,
We will not touch upon him eve
jest.'

Then rode Geraint into the c
court,
His charger trampling many a pri
star
Of sprouted thistle on the br
stones.
He look'd and saw that all was
ous.
Here stood a shatter'd archway plu
with fern;
And here had fallen a great part
tower,
Whole, like a crag that tumbles
the cliff,
And like a crag was gay with wil
flowers;



'And high above a piece of turret stair,
Worn by the feet that now were silent, wound
Bare to the sun'

high above a piece of turret stair,
n by the feet that now were silent,
wound
to the sun, and monstrous ivy-stems
ot the gray walls with hairy-fibred arms,
suck'd the joining of the stones, and look'd
not, beneath, of snakes, aloft, a grove.

And while he waited in the castle court,
The voice of Enid, Yniol's daughter, rang
Clear thro' the open casement of the hall,
Singing; and as the sweet voice of a bird,
Heard by the lander in a lonely isle,
Moves him to think what kind of bird it is

That sings so delicately clear, and make
Conjecture of the plumage and the form,
So the sweet voice of Enid moved Geraint,
And made him like a man abroad at morn
When first the liquid note beloved of men
Comes flying over many a windy wave
To Britain, and in April suddenly
Breaks from a coppice gemm'd with green and red,
And he suspends his converse with a friend,
Or it may be the labor of his hands,
To think or say, 'There is the nightingale:'
So fared it with Geraint, who thought and said,
'Here, by God's grace, is the one voice for me.'

It chanced the song that Enid sang was one
Of Fortune and her wheel, and Enid sang:

'Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel, and lower the proud;
Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm, and cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

'Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

'Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;
For man is man and master of his fate.

'Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.'

'Hark, by the bird's song ye may learn the nest,'
Said Yniol; 'enter quickly.' Entering then,

Right o'er a mount of newly-fal
stones,
The dusky-rafter'd many-cobwe
hall,
He found an ancient dame in dim b
cade;
And near her, like a blossom verm
white
That lightly breaks a faded flow
sheath,
Moved the fair Enid, all in fad
silk,
Her daughter. In a moment thou
Geraint,
'Here, by God's rood, is the one m
for me.'
But none spake word except the ho
earl:
'Enid, the good knight's horse sta
in the court;
Take him to stall, and give him co
and then
Go to the town and buy us flesh
wine;
And we will make us merry as
may.
Our hoard is little, but our hearts
great.'

He spake; the prince, as Enid p
him, fain
To follow, strode a stride, but Y
caught
His purple scarf, and held, and s
'Forbear!
Rest! the good house, tho' ruin'd
my son,
Endures not that her guest sho
serve himself.'
And reverencing the custom of
house
Geraint, from utter courtesy, foreb

So Enid took his charger to the st
And after went her way across
bridge,
And reach'd the town, and while
prince and earl
Yet spoke together, came again w
one,
A youth that, following with a cost
bore
The means of goodly welcome, f
and wine.
And Enid brought sweet cakes to m
them cheer,

d, in her veil enfolded, manchet bread.
d then, because their hall must also serve
: kitchen, boil'd the flesh, and spread the board,
d stood behind, and waited on the three.
d, seeing her so sweet and serviceable,
raint had longing in him evermore stoop and kiss the tender little thumb
at crost the trencher as she laid it down.
t after all had eaten, then Geraint,
: now the wine made summer in his veins,
his eye rove in following, or rest
Enid at her lowly handmaid-work,
w here, now there, about the dusky hall;
en suddenly addrest the hoary earl:

Fair host and earl, I pray your courtesy;
is sparrow-hawk, what is he? tell me of him.
name? but no, good faith, I will not have it;
: if he be the knight whom late I saw
le into that new fortress by your town,
ite from the mason's hand, then have I sworn
m his own lips to have it — I am Geraint
Devon — for this morning when the Queen
t her own maiden to demand the name,
dwarf, a vicious under-shapen thing,
ick at her with his whip, and she return'd
ignant to the Queen; and then I swore
t I would track this caitiff to his hold,
l fight and break his pride, and have it of him.
l all unarm'd I rode, and thought to find
as in your town, where all the men are mad;
They take the rustic murmur of their bourg
For the great wave that echoes round the world.
They would not hear me speak; but if ye know
Where I can light on arms, or if yourself
Should have them, tell me, seeing I have sworn
That I will break his pride and learn his name,
Avenging this great insult done the Queen.'

Then cried Earl Yniol: 'Art thou he indeed,
Geraint, a name far-sounded among men
For noble deeds? and truly I, when first
I saw you moving by me on the bridge,
Felt ye were somewhat, yea, and by your state
And presence might have guess'd you one of those
That eat in Arthur's hall at Camelot.
Nor speak I now from foolish flattery;
For this dear child hath often heard me praise
Your feats of arms, and often when I paused
Hath ask'd again, and ever loved to hear;
So grateful is the noise of noble deeds
To noble hearts who see but acts of wrong.
O, never yet had woman such a pair
Of suitors as this maiden; first Limours,
A creature wholly given to brawls and wine,
Drunk even when he woo'd; and be he dead
I know not, but he past to the wild land.
The second was your foe, the sparrow-hawk,
My curse, my nephew — I will not let his name
Slip from my lips if I can help it — he,
When I that knew him fierce and turbulent
Refused her to him, then his pride awoke;

And since the proud man often is the mean,
He sow'd a slander in the common ear,
Affirming that his father left him gold,
And in my charge, which was not render'd to him;
Bribed with large promises the men who served
About my person, the more easily
Because my means were somewhat broken into
Thro' open doors and hospitality;
Raised my own town against me in the night
Before my Enid's birthday, sack'd my house;
From mine own earldom foully ousted me;
Built that new fort to overawe my friends,
For truly there are those who love me yet;
And keeps me in this ruinous castle here,
Where doubtless he would put me soon to death
But that his pride too much despises me.
And I myself sometimes despise myself;
For I have let men be and have their way,
Am much too gentle, have not used my power;
Nor know I whether I be very base
Or very manful, whether very wise
Or very foolish; only this I know,
That whatsoever evil happen to me,
I seem to suffer nothing heart or limb,
But can endure it all most patiently.'

'Well said, true heart,' replied Geraint, 'but arms,
That if the sparrow-hawk, this nephew, fight
In next day's tourney I may break his pride.'

And Yniol answer'd: 'Arms, indeed, but old
And rusty, old and rusty, Prince Geraint,
Are mine, and therefore, at thine asking, thine.

But in this tournament can no m
tilt,
Except the lady he loves best be the
Two forks are fixt into the mead
ground,
And over these is placed a silver wa
And over that a golden sparrow-hav
The prize of beauty for the fai
there.
And this, what knight soever be
field
Lays claim to for the lady at
side,
And tilts with my good nephew th
upon,
Who being apt at arms and big
bone
Has ever won it for the lady w
him,
And toppling over all antagonism
Has earn'd himself the name of sp
row-hawk.
But thou, that hast no lady, canst
fight.'

To whom Geraint with eyes
bright replied,
Leaning a little toward him: '
leave!
Let *me* lay lance in rest, O noble h
For this dear child, because I n
saw,
Tho' having seen all beauties of
time,
Nor can see elsewhere, anything
fair.
And if I fall her name will yet ren
Untarnish'd as before; but if I live
So aid me heaven when at mine u
most
As I will make her truly my
wife!'

Then, howsoever patient, Yn
heart
Danced in his bosom, seeing be
days.
And looking round he saw not
there —
Who hearing her own name had st
away —
But that old dame, to whom full
derly
And fondling all her hand in hi
said:
'Mother, a maiden is a tender thi

l best by her that bore her understood.
thou to rest, but ere thou go to rest
her, and prove her heart toward the prince.'

o spake the kindly-hearted earl, and she
h frequent smile and nod departing found,
f disarray'd as to her rest, the girl;
om first she kiss'd on either cheek, and then
either shining shoulder laid a hand,
kept her off and gazed upon her face,
told her all their converse in the hall,
ving her heart. But never light and shade
rsed one another more on open ground
eath a troubled heaven than red and pale
oss the face of Enid hearing her;
le slowly falling as a scale that falls,
en weight is added only grain by grain,
her sweet head upon her gentle breast;
did she lift an eye nor speak a word,
t in the fear and in the wonder of it.
oving without answer to her rest
found no rest, and ever fail'd to draw
quiet night into her blood, but lay
emplating her own unworthiness;
when the pale and bloodless east began
quicken to the sun, arose, and raised
mother too, and hand in hand they moved
n to the meadow where the jousts were held,
waited there for Yniol and Geraint.

d thither came the twain, and when Geraint
Beheld her first in field, awaiting him,
He felt, were she the prize of bodily force,
Himself beyond the rest pushing could move
The Chair of Idris. Yniol's rusted arms
Were on his princely person, but thro' these
Prince-like his bearing shone; and errant knights
And ladies came, and by and by the town
Flow'd in and settling circled all the lists.
And there they fixt the forks into the ground,
And over these they placed the silver wand,
And over that the golden sparrow-hawk.
Then Yniol's nephew, after trumpet blown,
Spake to the lady with him and proclaim'd,
'Advance and take, the fairest of the fair,
What I these two years past have won for thee,
The prize of beauty.' Loudly spake the prince,
'Forbear; there is a worthier,' and the knight
With some surprise and thrice as much disdain
Turn'd, and beheld the four, and all his face
Glow'd like the heart of a great fire at Yule,
So burnt he was with passion, crying out,
'Do battle for it then,' no more; and thrice
They clash'd together, and thrice they brake their spears.
Then each, dishorsed and drawing, lash'd at each
So often and with such blows that all the crowd
Wonder'd, and now and then from distant walls
There came a clapping as of phantom hands.
So twice they fought, and twice they breathed, and still

The dew of their great labor and the blood
Of their strong bodies, flowing, drain'd their force.
But either's force was match'd till Yniol's cry,
'Remember that great insult done the Queen,'
Increased Geraint's, who heaved his blade aloft,
And crack'd the helmet thro', and bit the bone,
And fell'd him, and set foot upon his breast,
And said, 'Thy name?' To whom the fallen man
Made answer, groaning: 'Edyrn, son of Nudd!
Ashamed am I that I should tell it thee.
My pride is broken; men have seen my fall.'
'Then, Edyrn, son of Nudd,' replied Geraint,
'These two things shalt thou do, or else thou diest.
First, thou thyself, with damsel and with dwarf,
Shalt ride to Arthur's court and, coming there,
Crave pardon for that insult done the Queen,
And shalt abide her judgment on it; next,
Thou shalt give back their earldom to thy kin.
These two things shalt thou do, or thou shalt die.'
And Edyrn answer'd, 'These things will I do,
For I have never yet been overthrown,
And thou hast overthrown me, and my pride
Is broken down, for Enid sees my fall!'
And rising up he rode to Arthur's court,
And there the Queen forgave him easily.
And, being young, he changed and came to loathe
His crime of traitor, slowly drew himself
Bright from his old dark life, and fell at last
In the great battle fighting for the King.

But when the third day from hunting-morn
Made a low splendor in the world, wings
Moved in her ivy, Enid, for she la
With her fair head in the dim-yel light,
Among the dancing shadows of birds,
Woke and bethought her of her mise given
No later than last eve to Prince raint—
So bent he seem'd on going the t day,
He would not leave her till her mise given—
To ride with him this morning to court,
And there be made known to stately Queen,
And there be wedded with all mony.
At this she cast her eyes upon her d
And thought it never yet had lo so mean.
For as a leaf in mid-November is
To what it was in mid-October, see
The dress that now she look'd o the dress
She look'd on ere the coming of raint.
And still she look'd, and still the ror grew
Of that strange bright and drea thing, a court,
All staring at her in her faded sil
And softly to her own sweet hear said:

'This noble prince who won earldom back,
So splendid in his acts and his att
Sweet heaven, how much I shall credit him!
Would he could tarry with us awhile,
But being so beholden to the pri
It were but little grace in any of
Bent as he seem'd on going this t day,
To seek a second favor at his han
Yet if he could but tarry a day or
Myself would work eye dim and f lame
Far liefer than so much discredit

And Enid fell in longing for a dress
l branch'd and flower'd with gold, a costly gift
her good mother, given her on the night
fore her birthday, three sad years ago,
at night of fire, when Edyrn sack'd their house
d scatter'd all they had to all the winds;

For while the mother show'd it, and the two
Were turning and admiring it, the work
To both appear'd so costly, rose a cry
That Edyrn's men were on them, and they fled
With little save the jewels they had on,
Which being sold and sold had bought them bread.
And Edyrn's men had caught them in their flight,

"'First, thou thyself, with damsel and with dwarf,
Shalt ride to Arthur's court'"

And placed them in this ruin; and she wish'd
The prince had found her in her ancient home;
Then let her fancy flit across the past,
And roam the goodly places that she knew;
And last bethought her how she used to watch,
Near that old home, a pool of golden carp;
And one was patch'd and blurr'd and lustreless
Among his burnish'd brethren of the pool;
And half asleep she made comparison
Of that and these to her own faded self
And the gay court, and fell asleep again,
And dreamt herself was such a faded form
Among her burnish'd sisters of the pool.
But this was in the garden of a king,
And tho' she lay dark in the pool she knew
That all was bright; that all about were birds
Of sunny plume in gilded trellis-work;
That all the turf was rich in plots that look'd
Each like a garnet or a turkis in it;
And lords and ladies of the high court went
In silver tissue talking things of state;
And children of the King in cloth of gold
Glanced at the doors or gambol'd down the walks.
And while she thought, 'They will not see me,' came
A stately queen whose name was Guinevere,
And all the children in their cloth of gold
Ran to her, crying, 'If we have fish at all
Let them be gold; and charge the gardeners now
To pick the faded creature from the pool,
And cast it on the mixen that it die.'
And therewithal one came and seized on her,
And Enid started waking, with her heart

All overshadowed by the foolish drea
And lo! it was her mother grasping
To get her well awake; and in her ha
A suit of bright apparel, which she l
Flat on the couch, and spoke ex
ingly:

'See here, my child, how fresh
colors look,
How fast they hold, like colors o
shell
That keeps the wear and polish of
wave.
Why not? It never yet was wor
trow:
Look on it, child, and tell me if
know it.'

And Enid look'd, but, all confu
at first,
Could scarce divide it from her foo
dream.
Then suddenly she knew it and
joiced,
And answer'd, 'Yea, I know it; y
good gift,
So sadly lost on that unhappy nig
Your own good gift!' 'Yea, sure
said the dame,
'And gladly given again this ha
morn.
For when the jousts were ended
terday,
Went Yniol thro' the town, and ev
where
He found the sack and plunder of
house
All scatter'd thro' the houses of
town,
And gave command that all w
once was ours
Should now be ours again; and ye
eve,
While ye were talking sweetly
your prince,
Came one with this and laid it in
hand,
For love or fear, or seeking favo
us,
Because we have our earldom
again.
And yester-eve I would not tell
of it,
But kept it for a sweet surpri
morn.
Yea, truly is it not a sweet surpri

r I myself unwillingly have worn
r faded suit, as you, my child, have yours,
d, howsoever patient, Yniol his.
, dear, he took me from a goodly house,
ith store of rich apparel, sumptuous fare,
d page, and maid, and squire, and seneschal,
d pastime both of hawk and hound, and all
at appertains to noble maintenance.
a, and he brought me to a goodly house;
t since our fortune swerved from sun to shade,
d all thro' that young traitor, cruel need
nstrain'd us, but a better time has come.
clothe yourself in this, that better fits
r mended fortunes and a prince's bride;
r tho' ye won the prize of fairest fair,
d tho' I heard him call you fairest fair,
never maiden think, however fair,
e is not fairer in new clothes than old.
d should some great court-lady say, the prince
th pick'd a ragged-robin from the hedge,
d like a madman brought her to the court,
en were ye shamed, and, worse, might shame the prince
whom we are beholden; but I know,
ien my dear child is set forth at her best,
at neither court nor country, tho' they sought
ro' all the provinces like those of old
at lighted on Queen Esther, has her match.'

Here ceased the kindly mother out of breath,
d Enid listen'd brightening as she lay;
en, as the white and glittering star of morn
Parts from a bank of snow, by and by
Slips into golden cloud, the maiden rose,
And left her maiden couch, and robed herself,
Help'd by the mother's careful hand and eye,
Without a mirror, in the gorgeous gown;
Who, after, turn'd her daughter round, and said
She never yet had seen her half so fair;
And call'd her like that maiden in the tale,
Whom Gwydion made by glamour out of flowers,
And sweeter than the bride of Cassivelaun,
Flur, for whose love the Roman Cæsar first
Invaded Britain: 'But we beat him back,
As this great prince invaded us, and we,
Not beat him back, but welcomed him with joy.
And I can scarcely ride with you to court,
For old am I, and rough the ways and wild;
But Yniol goes, and I full oft shall dream
I see my princess as I see her now,
Clothed with my gift and gay among the gay.'

But while the women thus rejoiced, Geraint
Woke where he slept in the high hall, and call'd
For Enid, and when Yniol made report
Of that good mother making Enid gay
In such apparel as might well beseem
His princess, or indeed the stately Queen,
He answer'd: 'Earl, entreat her by my love,
Albeit I give no reason but my wish,
That she ride with me in her faded silk.'
Yniol with that hard message went; it fell
Like flaws in summer laying lusty corn;
For Enid, all abash'd, she knew not why,

Dared not to glance at her good mother's face,
But silently, in all obedience,
Her mother silent too, nor helping her,
Laid from her limbs the costly-broider'd gift,
And robed them in her ancient suit again,
And so descended. Never man rejoiced
More than Geraint to greet her thus attired;
And glancing all at once as keenly at her
As careful robins eye the delver's toil,
Made her cheek burn and either eyelid fall,
But rested with her sweet face satisfied;
Then seeing cloud upon the mother's brow,
Her by both hands he caught, and sweetly said:

'O my new mother, be not wroth or grieved
At thy new son, for my petition to her.
When late I left Caerleon, our great Queen,
In words whose echo lasts, they were so sweet,
Made promise that, whatever bride I brought,
Herself would clothe her like the sun in heaven.
Thereafter, when I reach'd this ruin'd hall,
Beholding one so bright in dark estate,
I vow'd that, could I gain her, our fair Queen,
No hand but hers, should make your Enid burst
Sunlike from cloud — and likewise thought perhaps,
That service done so graciously would bind
The two together; fain I would the two
Should love each other. How can Enid find
A nobler friend? Another thought was mine:
I came among you here so suddenly
That tho' her gentle presence at the lists
Might well have served for proof th
I was loved,
I doubted whether daughter's tend
ness,
Or easy nature, might not let itself
Be moulded by your wishes for h
weal;
Or whether some false sense in h
own self
Of my contrasting brightness overbo
Her fancy dwelling in this dusky ha
And such a sense might make her lo
for court
And all its perilous glories; and
thought,
That could I someway prove such fo
in her
Link'd with such love for me that
a word,
No reason given her, she could c
aside
A splendor dear to women, new to h
And therefore dearer; or if not so ne
Yet therefore tenfold dearer by
power
Of intermitted usage; then I felt
That I could rest, a rock in ebbs a
flows,
Fixt on her faith. Now, therefore
do rest,
A prophet certain of my prophecy,
That never shadow of mistrust
cross
Between us. Grant me pardon for
thoughts;
And for my strange petition I
make
Amends hereafter by some gaudy-d
When your fair child shall wear y
costly gift
Beside your own warm hearth, wi
on her knees,
Who knows? another gift of the h
God,
Which, maybe, shall have learn'd
lisp you thanks.'

He spoke; the mother smiled,
half in tears,
Then brought a mantle down
wrapt her in it,
And clasp and kiss'd her, and t
rode away.

Now thrice that morning Guine
had climb'd

e giant tower, from whose high crest, they say,
n saw the goodly hills of Somerset,
d white sails flying on the yellow sea;
t not to goodly hill or yellow sea
ok'd the fair Queen, but up the vale of Usk,
the flat meadow, till she saw them come;
d then descending met them at the gates,
ibraced her with all welcome as a friend,
d did her honor as the prince's bride,
d clothed her for her bridals like the sun;
d all that week was old Caerleon gay,
by the hands of Dubric, the high saint,
ey twain were wedded with all ceremony.

nd this was on the last year's Whitsuntide.
Enid ever kept the faded silk,
nembering how first he came on her
st in that dress, and how he loved her in it,
l all her foolish fears about the dress,
l all his journey toward her, as himself
l told her, and their coming to the court.

nd now this morning when he said to her,
t on your worst and meanest dress,' she found
l took it, and array'd herself therein.

GERAINT AND ENID

URBLIND race of miserable men,
v many among us at this very hour
forge a lifelong trouble for ourselves,
taking true for false, or false for true;
e, thro' the feeble twilight of this world
Groping, how many, until we pass and reach
That other where we see as we are seen!

So fared it with Geraint, who issuing forth
That morning, when they both had got to horse,
Perhaps because he loved her passionately,
And felt that tempest brooding round his heart
Which, if he spoke at all, would break perforce
Upon a head so dear in thunder, said:
'Not at my side. I charge thee ride before,
Ever a good way on before; and this
I charge thee, on thy duty as a wife,
Whatever happens, not to speak to me,
No, not a word!' and Enid was aghast;
And forth they rode, but scarce three paces on,
When crying out, 'Effeminate as I am,
I will not fight my way with gilded arms,
All shall be iron;' he loosed a mighty purse,
Hung at his belt, and hurl'd it toward the squire.
So the last sight that Enid had of home
Was all the marble threshold flashing, strown
With gold and scatter'd coinage, and the squire
Chafing his shoulder. Then he cried again,
'To the wilds!' and Enid leading down the tracks
Thro' which he bade her lead him on, they past
The marches, and by bandit-haunted holds,
Gray swamps and pools, waste places of the hern,
And wildernesses, perilous paths, they rode.
Round was their pace at first, but slacken'd soon.
A stranger meeting them had surely thought,
They rode so slowly and they look'd so pale,
That each had suffer'd some exceeding wrong.

For he was ever saying to himself,
'O, I that wasted time to tend upon her,
To compass her with sweet observances,
To dress her beautifully and keep her true' —
And there he broke the sentence in his heart
Abruptly, as a man upon his tongue
May break it when his passion masters him.
And she was ever praying the sweet heavens
To save her dear lord whole from any wound.
And ever in her mind she cast about
For that unnoticed failing in herself
Which made him look so cloudy and so cold;
Till the great plover's human whistle amazed
Her heart, and glancing round the waste she fear'd
In every wavering brake an ambuscade;
Then thought again, 'If there be such in me,
I might amend it by the grace of Heaven,
If he would only speak and tell me of it.'

But when the fourth part of the day was gone,
Then Enid was aware of three tall knights
On horseback, wholly arm'd, behind a rock
In shadow, waiting for them, caitiffs all;
And heard one crying to his fellow, 'Look,
Here comes a laggard hanging down his head,
Who seems no bolder than a beaten hound;
Come, we will slay him and will have his horse
And armor, and his damsel shall be ours.'

Then Enid ponder'd in her heart, and said:
'I will go back a little to my lord,
And I will tell him all their cai talk;
For, be he wroth even to slay me,
Far liefer by his dear hand had I d
Than that my lord should suffer or shame.'

Then she went back some paces return,
Met his full frown timidly firm, said:
'My lord, I saw three bandits by rock
Waiting to fall on you, and he them boast
That they would slay you, and sess your horse
And armor, and your damsel sho be theirs.'

He made a wrathful answer: 'I I wish
Your warning or your silence? command
I laid upon you, not to speak to m
And thus ye keep it! Well th look — for now,
Whether ye wish me victory or feat,
Long for my life or hunger for death,
Yourself shall see my vigor is lost.'

Then Enid waited pale and sorr ful,
And down upon him bare the ba three.
And at the midmost charging, Pr Geraint
Drave the long spear a cubit thro breast
And out beyond; and then aga his brace
Of comrades, each of whom broken on him
A lance that splinter'd like an icic
Swung from his brand a windy b out
Once, twice, to right, to left, stunn'd the twain
Or slew them, and dismounting, li man
That skins the wild beast after ing him,

ipt from the three dead wolves of
woman born
e three gay suits of armor which
they wore,
d let the bodies lie, but bound the
suits
armor on their horses, each on each,
d tied the bridle-reins of all the
three
gether, and said to her, 'Drive
them on
fore you;' and she drove them
thro' the waste.

He follow'd nearer; ruth began to
work
ainst his anger in him, while he
watch'd
e being he loved best in all the
world,
th difficulty in mild obedience
ving them on. He fain had spoken
to her,
d loosed in words of sudden fire
the wrath
d smoulder'd wrong that burnt him
all within;
t evermore it seem'd an easier
thing
once without remorse to strike her
dead
an to cry 'Halt,' and to her own
bright face
cuse her of the least immodesty:
d thus tongue-tied, it made him
wroth the more
at she *could* speak whom his own
ear had heard
l herself false, and suffering thus
he made
nutes an age; but in scarce longer
time
an at Caerleon the full-tided Usk,
fore he turn to fall seaward again,
uses, did Enid, keeping watch, be-
hold
the first shallow shade of a deep
wood,
fore a gloom of stubborn-shafted
oaks,
ree other horsemen waiting, wholly
arm'd,
ereof one seem'd far larger than
her lord,
d shook her pulses, crying, 'Look,
a prize!

Three horses and three goodly suits of
arms,
And all in charge of whom? a girl! set on.'
'Nay,' said the second, 'yonder comes
a knight.'
The third, 'A craven; how he hangs
his head!'
The giant answer'd merrily, 'Yea,
but one?
Wait here, and when he passes fall
upon him!'

And Enid ponder'd in her heart and
said:
'I will abide the coming of my lord,
And I will tell him all their villainy.
My lord is weary with the fight before,
And they will fall upon him unawares.
I needs must disobey him for his
good;
How should I dare obey him to his
harm?
Needs must I speak, and tho' he kill
me for it,
I save a life dearer to me than mine.'

And she abode his coming, and said
to him
With timid firmness, 'Have I leave to
speak?'
He said, 'Ye take it, speaking,' and
she spoke:

'There lurk three villains yonder in
the wood,
And each of them is wholly arm'd,
and one
Is larger-limb'd than you are, and
they say
That they will fall upon you while ye
pass.'

To which he flung a wrathful an-
swer back:
'And if there were an hundred in the
wood,
And every man were larger-limb'd
than I,
And all at once should sally out upon
me,
I swear it would not ruffle me so
much
As you that not obey me. Stand
aside,
And if I fall, cleave to the better man.'

And Enid stood aside to wait the event,
Not dare to watch the combat, only breathe.
Short fits of prayer, at every stroke a breath,
And he she dreaded most bare down upon him.
Aim'd at the helm, his lance err'd; but Geraint's,
A little in the late encounter strain'd,
Struck thro' the bulky bandit's corselet home,
And then brake short, and down his enemy roll'd,
And there lay still; as he that tells the tale
Saw once a great piece of a promontory,
That had a sapling growing on it, slide
From the long shore-cliff's windy walls to the beach,
And there lie still, and yet the sapling grew;
So lay the man transfixt. His craven pair
Of comrades making slowlier at the prince,
When now they saw their bulwark fallen, stood;
On whom the victor, to confound them more,
Spurr'd with his terrible war-cry; for as one,
That listens near a torrent mountain-brook,
All thro' the crash of the near cataract hears
The drumming thunder of the huger fall
At distance, were the soldiers wont to hear
His voice in battle, and be kindled by it,
And foemen scared, like that false pair who turn'd
Flying, but, overtaken, died the death
Themselves had wrought on many an innocent.

Thereon Geraint, dismounting, pick'd the lance
That pleased him best, and drew from those dead wolves
Their three gay suits of armor, each from each,
And bound them on their horses, ea
on each,
And tied the bridle-reins of all t
three
Together, and said to her, 'Dri
them on
Before you,' and she drove them th
the wood.

He follow'd nearer still. The p
she had
To keep them in the wild ways of
wood,
Two sets of three laden with jingli
arms,
Together, served a little to disedge
The sharpness of that pain about
heart;
And they themselves, like creatu
gently born
But into bad hands fallen, and now
long
By bandits groom'd, prick'd their li
ears, and felt
Her low firm voice and tender gove
ment.

So thro' the green gloom of
wood they past,
And issuing under open heavens
held
A little town with towers, upo
rock,
And close beneath, a meadow gem
chased
In the brown wild, and mowers m
ing in it;
And down a rocky pathway from
place
There came a fair-hair'd youth, tha
his hand
Bare victual for the mowers;
Geraint
Had ruth again on Enid looking p
Then, moving downward to the n
dow ground,
He, when the fair-hair'd youth ca
by him, said,
'Friend, let her eat; the damsel i
faint.'
'Yea, willingly,' replied the you
'and thou,
My lord, eat also, tho' the far
coarse,
And only meet for mowers;' then
down

"'Friend, let her eat; the damsel is so faint'"

s basket, and dismounting on the sward
ey let the horses graze, and ate themselves.
d Enid took a little delicately,
s having stomach for it than desire
close with her lord's pleasure, but Geraint
e all the mowers' victual unawares,
d when he found all empty was amazed;

And 'Boy,' said he, 'I have eaten all but take
A horse and arms for guerdon; choose the best.'
He, reddening in extremity of delight,
'My lord, you overpay me fifty-fold.'
'Ye will be all the wealthier,' cried the prince.
'I take it as free gift, then,' said the boy,
'Not guerdon; for myself can easily

While your good damsel rests, return and fetch
Fresh victual for these mowers of our earl;
For these are his, and all the field is his,
And I myself am his; and I will tell him
How great a man thou art. He loves to know
When men of mark are in his territory;
And he will have thee to his palace here,
And serve thee costlier than with mowers' fare.'

Then said Geraint: 'I wish no better fare;
I never ate with angrier appetite
Than when I left your mowers dinnerless.
And into no earl's palace will I go.
I know, God knows, too much of palaces!
And if he want me, let him come to me.
But hire us some fair chamber for the night,
And stalling for the horses, and return
With victual for these men, and let us know.'

'Yea, my kind lord,' said the glad youth, and went,
Held his head high, and thought himself a knight,
And up the rocky pathway disappear'd,
Leading the horse, and they were left alone.

But when the prince had brought his errant eyes
Home from the rock, sideways he let them glance
At Enid, where she droopt. His own false doom,
That shadow of mistrust should never cross
Betwixt them, came upon him, and he sigh'd;
Then with another humorous ruth remark'd
The lusty mowers laboring dinnerless,
And watch'd the sun blaze on the turning scythe,
And after nodded sleepily in the heat.

But she, remembering her old ruin hall,
And all the windy clamor of the dav
About her hollow turret, pluck'd th grass
There growing longest by the me dow's edge,
And into many a listless annulet,
Now over, now beneath her marria ring,
Wove and unwove it, till the boy r turn'd
And told them of a chamber, and th went;
Where, after saying to her, 'If ye wi
Call for the woman of the house,' which
She answer'd, 'Thanks, my lord;' t two remain'd
Apart by all the chamber's width, a mute
As creatures voiceless thro' the fa of birth,
Or two wild men supporters of shield,
Painted, who stare at open space, r glance
The one at other, parted by the shie

On a sudden, many a voice alo the street,
And heel against the pavement ecl ing, burst
Their drowse; and either started wh the door,
Push'd from without, drave backw to the wall,
And midmost of a rout of roisterer
Femininely fair and dissolutely pal
Her suitor in old years before Gera
Enter'd, the wild lord of the pla Limours.
He moving up with pliant courtlin
Greeted Geraint full face, but steal ily,
In the mid-warmth of welcome graspt hand,
Found Enid with the corner of his e
And knew her sitting sad and solita
Then cried Geraint for wine goodly cheer
To feed the sudden guest, and su tuously,
According to his fashion, bade the l
Call in what men soever were friends,

ıd feast with these in honor of their
earl;
ınd care not for the cost; the cost is
mine.'

And wine and food were brought,
and Earl Limours
ank till he jested with all ease, and
told
ee tales, and took the word and
play'd upon it,
ıd made it of two colors; for his
talk,
hen wine and free companions kin-
dled him,
as wont to glance and sparkle like
a gem
fifty facets; thus he moved the
prince
laughter and his comrades to ap-
plause.
ıen when the prince was merry, ask'd
Limours,
our leave, my lord, to cross the
room, and speak
your good damsel there who sits
apart,
ıd seems so lonely?' 'My free
leave,' he said;
et her to speak; she doth not speak
to me.'
ıen rose Limours, and looking at his
feet,
ke him who tries the bridge he fears
may fail,
ost and came near, lifted adoring
eyes,
w'd at her side and utter'd whisper-
ingly:

Enid, the pilot star of my lone life,
id, my early and my only love,
id, the loss of whom hath turn'd me
wild —
hat chance is this? how is it I see
you here?
are in my power at last, are in my
power.
t fear me not; I call mine own self
wild,
t keep a touch of sweet civility
re in the heart of waste and wilder-
ness.
hought, but that your father came
between,
former days you saw me favorably.
And if it were so do not keep it back.
Make me a little happier; let me
know it.
Owe you me nothing for a life half-
lost?
Yea, yea, the whole dear debt of all
you are.
And, Enid, you and he, I see with
joy,
Ye sit apart, you do not speak to him,
You come with no attendance, page
or maid,
To serve you — doth he love you as of
old?
For, call it lovers' quarrels, yet I
know
Tho' men may bicker with the things
they love,
They would not make them laughable
in all eyes,
Not while they loved them; and your
wretched dress,
A wretched insult on you, dumbly
speaks
Your story, that this man loves you
no more.
Your beauty is no beauty to him now.
A common chance — right well I know
it — pall'd —
For I know men; nor will ye win him
back,
For the man's love once gone never
returns.
But here is one who loves you as of
old;
With more exceeding passion than of
old.
Good, speak the word; my followers
ring him round.
He sits unarm'd; I hold a finger up;
They understand. Nay, I do not mean
blood;
Nor need ye look so scared at what I
say.
My malice is no deeper than a moat,
No stronger than a wall. There is
the keep;
He shall not cross us more; speak but
the word.
Or speak it not; but then by Him that
made me
The one true lover whom you ever
own'd,
I will make use of all the power I have.
O, pardon me! the madness of that
hour

When first I parted from thee moves me yet.'

At this the tender sound of his own voice
And sweet self-pity, or the fancy of it,
Made his eye moist; but Enid fear'd his eyes,
Moist as they were, wine-heated from the feast,
And answer'd with such craft as women use,
Guilty or guiltless, to stave off a chance
That breaks upon them perilously, and said:

'Earl, if you love me as in former years,
And do not practise on me, come with morn,
And snatch me from him as by violence.
Leave me to-night; I am weary to the death.'

Low at leave-taking, with his brandish'd plume
Brushing his instep, bow'd the all-amorous earl,
And the stout prince bade him a loud good-night.
He moving homeward babbled to his men,
How Enid never loved a man but him,
Nor cared a broken egg-shell for her lord.

But Enid left alone with Prince Geraint,
Debating his command of silence given,
And that she now perforce must violate it,
Held commune with herself, and while she held
He fell asleep, and Enid had no heart
To wake him, but hung o'er him, wholly pleased
To find him yet unwounded after fight,
And hear him breathing low and equally.
Anon she rose and, stepping lightly, heap'd
The pieces of his armor in one place,
All to be there against a sudden need;

Then dozed awhile herself, but, ove
toil'd
By that day's grief and travel, eve
more
Seem'd catching at a rootless thor
and then
Went slipping down horrible pre
pices,
And strongly striking out her lim
awoke;
Then thought she heard the wild e
at the door,
With all his rout of random followe
Sound on a dreadful trumpet, su
moning her;
Which was the red cock shouting
the light,
As the gray dawn stole o'er the de
world
And glimmer'd on his armor in t
room.
And once again she rose to look at
But touch'd it unawares; jangling,
casque
Fell, and he started up and stared
her.
Then breaking his command of sile
given,
She told him all that Earl Limours h
said,
Except the passage that he loved
not;
Nor left untold the craft herself
used,
But ended with apology so sweet,
Low-spoken, and of so few words, a
seem'd
So justified by that necessity,
That tho' he thought, 'Was it for h
she wept
In Devon?' he but gave a wrath
groan,
Saying, 'Your sweet faces make g
fellows fools
And traitors. Call the host and
him bring
Charger and palfrey.' So she gli
out
Among the heavy breathings of
house,
And like a household spirit at the w
Beat, till she woke the sleepers,
return'd;
Then tending her rough lord, tho'
unask'd,
In silence, did him service as a squ

l issuing arm'd he found the host
and cried,
hy reckoning, friend?' and ere he
learnt it, 'Take
re horses and their armors;' and the
host,
ddenly honest, answer'd in amaze,
y lord, I scarce have spent the worth
of one!'
e will be all the wealthier,' said the
prince,
d then to Enid, 'Forward! and to-
day
harge you, Enid, more especially,
iat thing soever ye may hear, or
see,
fancy — tho' I count it of small use
charge you — that ye speak not but
obey.'

And Enid answer'd: 'Yea, my lord,
I know
ur wish and would obey; but, rid-
ing first,
ear the violent threats you do not
hear,
ee the danger which you cannot see.
en not to give you warning, that
seems hard,
nost beyond me; yet I would obey.'

Yea so,' said he, 'do it; be not too
wise,
ing that ye are wedded to a man,
t all mismated with a yawning
clown,
one with arms to guard his head
and yours,
h eyes to find you out however far,
l ears to hear you even in his
dreams.'

With that he turn'd and look'd as
keenly at her
careful robins eye the delver's toil;
l that within her which a wanton
fool
hasty judger would have call'd her
guilt
le her cheek burn and either eyelid
fall.
l Geraint look'd and was not satis-
fied.

hen forward by a way which,
beaten broad,
Led from the territory of false Limours
To the waste earldom of another earl,
Doorm, whom his shaking vassals
call'd the Bull,
Went Enid with her sullen follower
on.
Once she look'd back, and when she
saw him ride
More near by many a rood than yester-
morn,
It wellnigh made her cheerful; till
Geraint,
Waving an angry hand as who should
say,
'Ye watch me,' sadden'd all her heart
again.
But while the sun yet beat a dewy
blade,
The sound of many a heavily-galloping
hoof
Smote on her ear, and turning round
she saw
Dust, and the points of lances bicker
in it.
Then, not to disobey her lord's behest,
And yet to give him warning, for he
rode
As if he heard not, moving back she
held
Her finger up, and pointed to the dust.
At which the warrior in his obstinacy,
Because she kept the letter of his word,
Was in a manner pleased, and turning
stood.
And in the moment after, wild Li-
mours,
Borne on a black horse, like a thunder-
cloud
Whose skirts are loosen'd by the break-
ing storm,
Half ridden off with by the thing he
rode,
And all in passion uttering a dry shriek,
Dash'd on Geraint, who closed with
him, and bore
Down by the length of lance and arm
beyond
The crupper, and so left him stunn'd
or dead,
And overthrew the next that follow'd
him,
And blindly rush'd on all the rout be-
hind.
But at the flash and motion of the man
They vanish'd panic-stricken, like a
shoal

Of darting fish, that on a summer morn
Adown the crystal dykes at Camelot
Come slipping o'er their shadows on the sand,
But if a man who stands upon the brink
But lift a shining hand against the sun,
There is not left the twinkle of a fin
Betwixt the cressy islets white in flower;
So, scared but at the motion of the man,
Fled all the boon companions of the earl,
And left him lying in the public way;
So vanish friendships only made in wine.

Then like a stormy sunlight smiled Geraint,
Who saw the chargers of the two that fell
Start from their fallen lords and wildly fly,
Mixt with the flyers. 'Horse and man,' he said,
'All of one mind and all right-honest friends!
Not a hoof left! and I methinks till now
Was honest — paid with horses and with arms;
I cannot steal or plunder, no, nor beg.
And so what say ye, shall we strip him there,
Your lover? has your palfrey heart enough
To bear his armor? shall we fast or dine?
No? — then do thou, being right honest, pray
That we may meet the horsemen of Earl Doorm;
I too would still be honest.' Thus he said;
And sadly gazing on her bridle-reins,
And answering not one word, she led the way.

But as a man to whom a dreadful loss
Falls in a far land and he knows it not,
But coming back he learns it, and the loss
So pains him that he sickens nigh to death;

So fared it with Geraint, who, bei
prick'd
In combat with the follower of
mours,
Bled underneath his armor secretly,
And so rode on, nor told his gen
wife
What ail'd him, hardly knowing
himself,
Till his eye darken'd and his helm
wagg'd;
And at a sudden swerving of the roa
Tho' happily down on a bank
grass,
The prince, without a word, from
horse fell.

And Enid heard the clashing of
fall,
Suddenly came, and at his side
pale
Dismounting loosed the fastenings
his arms,
Nor let her true hand falter, nor b
eye
Moisten, till she had lighted on
wound,
And tearing off her veil of faded si
Had bared her forehead to the blis
ing sun,
And swathed the hurt that drain'd
dear lord's life.
Then, after all was done that h
could do,
She rested, and her desolation cam
Upon her, and she wept beside
way.

And many past, but none regar
her,
For in that realm of lawless tur
lence
A woman weeping for her murd
mate
Was cared as much for as a sum
shower.
One took him for a victim of
Doorm,
Nor dared to waste a perilous pity
him.
Another hurrying past, a man-at-ar
Rode on a mission to the bandit ea
Half whistling and half singin
coarse song,
He drove the dust against her ve
eyes.

nother, flying from the wrath of Doorm
fore an ever-fancied arrow, made
e long way smoke beneath him in his fear;
which her palfrey whinnying lifted heel,
d scour'd into the coppices and was lost,
hile the great charger stood, grieved like a man.

But at the point of noon the huge Earl Doorm,
oad-faced with under-fringe of russet beard,
und on a foray, rolling eyes of prey,
me riding with a hundred lances up;
t ere he came, like one that hails a ship,
ed out with a big voice, 'What, is he dead?'
o, no, not dead!' she answer'd in all haste.
Vould some of your kind people take him up,
d bear him hence out of this cruel sun?
st sure am I, quite sure, he is not dead.'

Then said Earl Doorm: 'Well, if he be not dead,
ıy wail ye for him thus? ye seem a child.
d be he dead, I count you for a fool;
ur wailing will not quicken him; dead or not,
mar a comely face with idiot tears.
t, since the face *is* comely — some of you,
re, take him up, and bear him to our hall.
if he live, we will have him of our band;
d if he die, why earth has earth enough
hide him. See ye take the charger too,
ıoble one.'
He spake and past away,
left two brawny spearmen, who advanced,
Each growling like a dog, when his good bone
Seems to be pluck'd at by the village boys
Who love to vex him eating, and he fears
To lose his bone, and lays his foot upon it,
Gnawing and growling; so the ruffians growl'd,
Fearing to lose, and all for a dead man,
Their chance of booty from the morning's raid,
Yet raised and laid him on a litter-bier,
Such as they brought upon their forays out
For those that might be wounded; laid him on it
All in the hollow of his shield, and took
And bore him to the naked hall of Doorm —
His gentle charger following him unled —
And cast him and the bier in which he lay
Down on an oaken settle in the hall,
And then departed, hot in haste to join
Their luckier mates, but growling as before,
And cursing their lost time, and the dead man,
And their own earl, and their own souls, and her.
They might as well have blest her; she was deaf
To blessing or to cursing save from one.

So for long hours sat Enid by her lord
There in the naked hall, propping his head,
And chafing his pale hands, and calling to him,
Till at the last he waken'd from his swoon,
And found his own dear bride propping his head,
And chafing his faint hands, and calling to him;
And felt the warm tears falling on his face,

And said to his own heart, 'She weeps for me;'
And yet lay still, and feign'd himself as dead,
That he might prove her to the uttermost,
And say to his own heart, 'She weeps for me.'

But in the falling afternoon return'd
The huge Earl Doorm with plunder to the hall.
His lusty spearmen follow'd him with noise:
Each hurling down a heap of things that rang
Against the pavement, cast his lance aside,
And doff'd his helm; and then there flutter'd in,
Half-bold, half-frighted, with dilated eyes,
A tribe of women, dress'd in many hues,
And mingled with the spearmen; and Earl Doorm
Struck with a knife's haft hard against the board,
And call'd for flesh and wine to feed his spears.
And men brought in whole hogs and quarter beeves,
And all the hall was dim with steam of flesh.
And none spake word, but all sat down at once,
And ate with tumult in the naked hall,
Feeding like horses when you hear them feed;
Till Enid shrank far back into herself,
To shun the wild ways of the lawless tribe.
But when Earl Doorm had eaten all he would,
He roll'd his eyes about the hall, and found
A damsel drooping in a corner of it.
Then he remember'd her and how she wept,
And out of her there came a power upon him;
And rising on the sudden he said:
'Eat!
I never yet beheld a thing so pale.
God's curse, it makes me mad to s
you weep.
Eat! Look yourself. Good luck h
your good man,
For were I dead who is it would we
for me?
Sweet lady, never since I first dr
breath
Have I beheld a lily like yourself.
And so there lived some color in yo
cheek,
There is not one among my gent
women
Were fit to wear your slipper for
glove.
But listen to me, and by me
ruled,
And I will do the thing I have r
done,
For ye shall share my earldom wi
me, girl,
And we will live like two birds in o
nest,
And I will fetch you forage from
fields,
For I compel all creatures to my wi

He spoke; the brawny spearman
his cheek
Bulge with the unswallow'd pie
and turning stared;
While some, whose souls the old s
pent long had drawn
Down, as the worm draws in t
wither'd leaf
And makes it earth, hiss'd each
other's ear
What shall not be recorded—wom
they,
Women, or what had been those g
cious things,
But now desired the humbling
their best,
Yea, would have help'd him to
and all at once
They hated her, who took no thou
of them,
But answer'd in low voice, her m
head yet
Drooping, 'I pray you of your co
tesy,
He being as he is, to let me be.'

She spake so low he hardly he
her speak,
But like a mighty patron, satisfied

th what himself had done so graciously,
sumed that she had thank'd him, adding, 'Yea,
: and be glad, for I account you mine.'

She answer'd meekly, 'How should I be glad
nceforth in all the world at anything,
til my lord arise and look upon me?'

Here the huge earl cried out upon her talk,
all but empty heart and weariness
d sickly nothing; suddenly seized on her,
d bare her by main violence to the board,
d thrust the dish before her, crying, 'Eat.'

No, no,' said Enid, vext, 'I will not eat
yonder man upon the bier arise,
l eat with me.' 'Drink, then,' he answer'd. 'Here!'—
d fill'd a horn with wine and held it to her,—
! I, myself, when flush'd with fight or hot,
l's curse, with anger—often I myself,
ore I well have drunken, scarce can eat;
nk therefore, and the wine will change your will.'

Not so,' she cried, 'by Heaven, I will not drink
my dear lord arise and bid me do it,
l drink with me; and if he rise no more,
ill not look at wine until I die.'

t this he turn'd all red and paced his hall,
v gnaw'd his under, now his upper lip,
l coming up close to her, said at last:
rl, for I see ye scorn my courtesies,
Take warning; yonder man is surely dead,
And I compel all creatures to my will.
Not eat nor drink? And wherefore wail for one
Who put your beauty to this flout and scorn
By dressing it in rags? Amazed am I,
Beholding how ye butt against my wish,
That I forbear you thus; cross me no more.
At least put off to please me this poor gown,
This silken rag, this beggar-woman's weed.
I love that beauty should go beautifully;
For see ye not my gentlewomen here,
How gay, how suited to the house of one
Who loves that beauty should go beautifully?
Rise therefore; robe yourself in this; obey.'

He spoke, and one among his gentlewomen
Display'd a splendid silk of foreign loom,
Where like a shoaling sea the lovely blue
Play'd into green, and thicker down the front
With jewels than the sward with drops of dew,
When all night long a cloud clings to the hill,
And with the dawn ascending lets the day
Strike where it clung; so thickly shone the gems.

But Enid answer'd, harder to be moved
Than hardest tyrants in their day of power,
With lifelong injuries burning unavenged,
And now their hour has come; and Enid said:

'In this poor gown my dear lord found me first,
And loved me serving in my father's hall;

In this poor gown I rode with him to court,
And there the Queen array'd me like the sun;
In this poor gown he bade me clothe myself,
When now we rode upon this fatal quest
Of honor, where no honor can be gain'd;
And this poor gown I will not cast aside
Until himself arise a living man,
And bid me cast it. I have griefs enough;
Pray you be gentle, pray you let me be.
I never loved, can never love but him.
Yea, God, I pray you of your gentleness,
He being as he is, to let me be.'

Then strode the brute earl up and down his hall,
And took his russet beard between his teeth;
Last, coming up quite close, and in his mood
Crying, 'I count it of no more avail,
Dame, to be gentle than ungentle with you;
Take my salute,' unknightly with flat hand,
However lightly, smote her on the cheek.

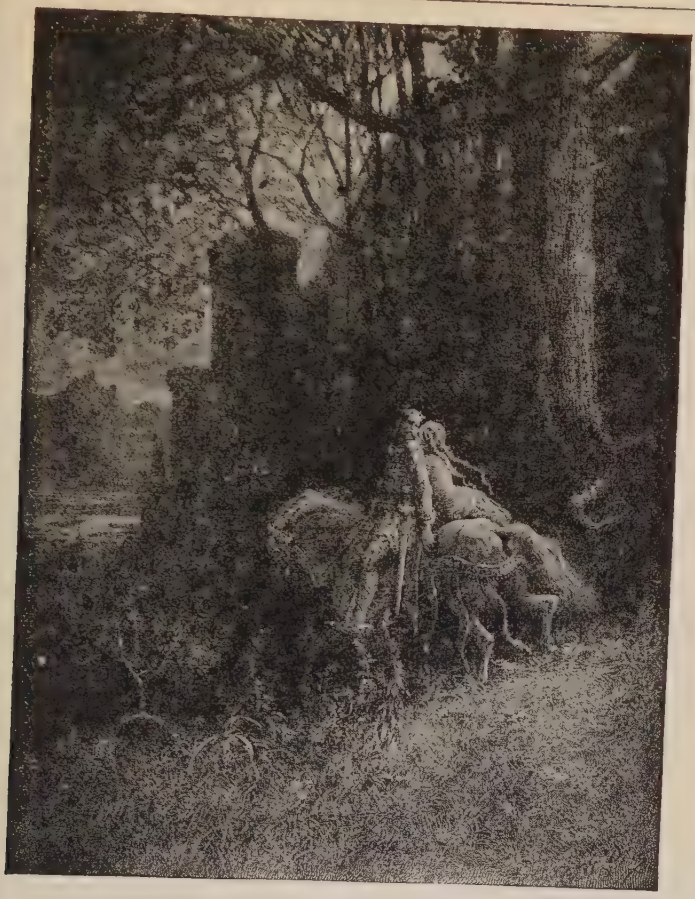
Then Enid, in her utter helplessness,
And since she thought, 'He had not dared to do it,
Except he surely knew my lord was dead,'
Sent forth a sudden sharp and bitter cry,
As of a wild thing taken in the trap,
Which sees the trapper coming thro' the wood.

This heard Geraint, and grasping at his sword, —
It lay beside him in the hollow shield, —
Made but a single bound, and with a sweep of it
Shore thro' the swarthy neck, and like a ball
The russet-bearded head roll'd on the floor.

So died Earl Doorm by him he counte
dead.
And all the men and women in the ha
Rose when they saw the dead ma
rise, and fled
Yelling as from a spectre, and the tw
Were left alone together, and he sai

'Enid, I have used you worse tha
that dead man,
Done you more wrong; we both hav
undergone
That trouble which has left me thri
your own.
Henceforward I will rather die tha
doubt.
And here I lay this penance on mysel
Not, tho' mine own ears heard yo
yestermorn —
You thought me sleeping, but I hea
you say,
I heard you say, that you were
true wife,
I swear I will not ask your meanin
in it.
I do believe yourself against yoursel
And will henceforward rather d
than doubt.'

And Enid could not say one tend
word,
She felt so blunt and stupid at t
heart.
She only pray'd him, 'Fly, they w
return
And slay you; fly, your charger
without,
My palfrey lost.' 'Then, Enid, sh
you ride
Behind me.' 'Yea,' said Enid, '
us go.'
And moving out they found the state
horse,
Who now no more a vassal to t
thief,
But free to stretch his limbs in law
fight,
Neigh'd with all gladness as th
came, and stoop'd
With a low whinny toward the pa
and she
Kiss'd the white star upon his no
front,
Glad also; then Geraint upon the ho
Mounted, and reach'd a hand, and
his foot



'He turn'd his face
And kiss'd her climbing'

set her own and climb'd; he turn'd his face
kiss'd her climbing, and she cast her arms
ut him, and at once they rode away.

d never yet, since high in Paradise
the four rivers the first roses blew,
e purer pleasure unto mortal kind
Than lived thro' her who in that perilous hour
Put hand to hand beneath her husband's heart,
And felt him hers again. She did not weep,
But o'er her meek eyes came a happy mist
Like that which kept the heart of Eden green
Before the useful trouble of the rain.

Yet not so misty were her meek blue eyes
As not to see before them on the path,
Right in the gateway of the bandit hold,
A knight of Arthur's court, who laid his lance
In rest and made as if to fall upon him.
Then, fearing for his hurt and loss of blood,
She, with her mind all full of what had chanced,
Shriek'd to the stranger, 'Slay not a dead man!'
'The voice of Enid,' said the knight; but she,
Beholding it was Edyrn, son of Nudd,
Was moved so much the more, and shriek'd again,
'O cousin, slay not him who gave you life.'
And Edyrn moving frankly forward spake:
'My lord Geraint, I greet you with all love;
I took you for a bandit knight of Doorm;
And fear not, Enid, I should fall upon him,
Who love you, prince, with something of the love
Wherewith we love the Heaven that chastens us.
For once, when I was up so high in pride
That I was halfway down the slope to hell,
By overthrowing me you threw me higher.
Now, made a knight of Arthur's Table Round,
And since I knew this earl when I myself
Was half a bandit in my lawless hour,
I come the mouthpiece of our King to Doorm —
The King is close behind me — bidding him
Disband himself, and scatter all his powers,
Submit, and hear the judgment of the King.'

'He hears the judgment of the King of kings,'
Cried the wan prince; 'and lo, powers of Doorm
Are scatter'd!' and he pointed to field,
Where, huddled here and there mound and knoll,
Were men and women staring aghast,
While some yet fled; and then plainlier told
How the huge earl lay slain within hall.
But when the knight besought h 'Follow me,
Prince, to the camp, and in the Kir own ear
Speak what has chanced; ye sur have endured
Strange chances here alone;' t other flush'd,
And hung his head, and halted reply,
Fearing the mild face of the blame King,
And after madness acted quest ask'd;
Till Edyrn crying, 'If ye will not
To Arthur, then will Arthur come you,'
'Enough,' he said, 'I follow,' they went.
But Enid in their going had two fe
One from the bandit scatter'd in field,
And one from Edyrn. Every and then,
When Edyrn rein'd his charger at side,
She shrank a little. In a hollow la
From which old fires have brok men may fear
Fresh fire and ruin. He, perceivi said:

'Fair and dear cousin, you most had cause
To fear me, fear no longer, I changed.
Yourself were first the blameless ca to make
My nature's prideful sparkle in blood
Break into furious flame; being pulsed
By Yniol and yourself, I schemed wrought

til I overturn'd him; then set up—
th one main purpose ever at my heart—
haughty jousts, and took a paramour;
l her mock-honor as the fairest fair,
d, toppling over all antagonism,
wax'd in pride that I believed myself
conquerable, for I was wellnigh mad;
d, but for my main purpose in these jousts,
ould have slain your father, seized yourself.
ived in hope that sometime you would come
these my lists with him whom best you loved,
l there, poor cousin, with your meek blue eyes,
truest eyes that ever answer'd heaven,
old me overturn and trample on him.
n, had you cried, or knelt, or pray'd to me,
ould not less have kill'd him. And you came,—
once you came,—and with your own true eyes
eld the man you loved—I speak as one
aks of a service done him—overthrow
proud self, and my purpose three years old,
l set his foot upon me, and give me life.
re was I broken down, there was I saved;
' thence I rode all-shamed, hating the life
gave me, meaning to be rid of it.
l all the penance the Queen laid upon me
s but to rest awhile within her court;
ere first as sullen as a beast new-caged,
l waiting to be treated like a wolf,
ause I knew my deeds were known, I found,
ead of scornful pity or pure scorn,
h fine reserve and noble reticence,
Manners so kind, yet stately, such a grace
Of tenderest courtesy, that I began
To glance behind me at my former life,
And find that it had been the wolf's indeed.
And oft I talk'd with Dubric, the high saint,
Who, with mild heat of holy oratory,
Subdued me somewhat to that gentleness
Which, when it weds with manhood, makes a man.
And you were often there about the Queen,
But saw me not, or mark'd not if you saw;
Nor did I care or dare to speak with you,
But kept myself aloof till I was changed;
And fear not, cousin, I am changed indeed.'

He spoke, and Enid easily believed,
Like simple noble natures, credulous
Of what they long for, good in friend or foe,
There most in those who most have done them ill.
And when they reach'd the camp the King himself
Advanced to greet them, and beholding her
Tho' pale, yet happy, ask'd her not a word,
But went apart with Edyrn, whom he held
In converse for a little, and return'd,
And, gravely smiling, lifted her from horse,
And kiss'd her with all pureness, brother-like,
And show'd an empty tent allotted her,
And glancing for a minute, till he saw her
Pass into it, turn'd to the prince, and said:

'Prince, when of late ye pray'd me for my leave
To move to your own land and there defend
Your marches, I was prick'd with some reproof,

As one that let foul wrong stagnate and be,
By having look'd too much thro' alien eyes,
And wrought too long with delegated hands,
Not used mine own; but now behold me come
To cleanse this common sewer of all my realm,
With Edyrn and with others. Have ye look'd
At Edyrn? have ye seen how nobly changed?
This work of his is great and wonderful.
His very face with change of heart is changed.
The world will not believe a man repents;
And this wise world of ours is mainly right.
Full seldom doth a man repent, or use
Both grace and will to pick the vicious quitch
Of blood and custom wholly out of him,
And make all clean, and plant himself afresh,
Edyrn has done it, weeding all his heart
As I will weed this land before I go.
I, therefore, made him of our Table Round,
Not rashly, but have proved him every way
One of our noblest, our most valorous,
Sanest and most obedient; and indeed
This work of Edyrn, wrought upon himself
After a life of violence, seems to me
A thousand-fold more great and wonderful
Than if some knight of mine, risking his life,
My subject with my subjects under him,
Should make an onslaught single on a realm
Of robbers, tho' he slew them one by one,
And were himself nigh wounded to the death.'

So spake the King; low bow'd the prince, and felt

His work was neither great nor w
derful,
And past to Enid's tent; and thit
came
The King's own leech to look into
hurt;
And Enid tended on him there;
there
Her constant motion round him,
the breath
Of her sweet tendance hovering o
him,
Fill'd all the genial courses of
blood
With deeper and with ever dee
love,
As the Southwest that blowing I
lake
Fills all the sacred Dee. So past
days.

But while Geraint lay healing
his hurt,
The blameless King went forth
cast his eyes
On each of all whom Uther left
charge
Long since, to guard the justice of
King.
He look'd and found them wanti
and as now
Men weed the White Horse on
Berkshire hills,
To keep him bright and clean as h
tofore,
He rooted out the slothful officer
Or guilty, which for bribe had wi
at wrong,
And in their chairs set up a stro
race
With hearts and hands, and se
thousand men
To till the wastes, and moving ev
where
Clear'd the dark places and let in
law,
And broke the bandit holds
cleansed the land.

Then, when Geraint was w
again, they past
With Arthur to Caerleon upon Us
There the great Queen once more
braced her friend,
And clothed her in apparel like
day.

d tho' Geraint could never take again
at comfort from their converse which he took
fore the Queen's fair name was breathed upon,
rested well content that all was well.
ence after tarrying for a space they rode,
d fifty knights rode with them to the shores
Severn, and they past to their own land.
d there he kept the justice of the King
vigorously yet mildly that all hearts
plauded, and the spiteful whisper died;
d being ever foremost in the chase,
d victor at the tilt and tournament,
ey call'd him the great prince and man of men.
Enid, whom her ladies loved to call
d the Fair, a grateful people named
d the Good; and in their halls arose
e cry of children, Enids and Geraints
times to be; nor did he doubt her more,
rested in her fealty till he crown'd
appy life with a fair death, and fell
ainst the heathen of the Northern Sea
battle, fighting for the blameless King.

BALIN AND BALAN

LAM the king, who held and lost with Lot
that first war, and had his realm restored
render'd tributary, fail'd of late
end his tribute; wherefore Arthur call'd
treasurer, one of many years, and spake:
thou with him and him and bring it to us,
Lest we should set one truer on his throne.
Man's word is God in man.'

His baron said:
'We go, but harken: there be two strange knights
Who sit near Camelot at a fountain side
A mile beneath the forest, challenging
And overthrowing every knight who comes.
Wilt thou I undertake them as we pass,
And send them to thee?'

Arthur laugh'd upon him:
'Old friend, too old to be so young, depart,
Delay not thou for aught, but let them sit,
Until they find a lustier than themselves.'

So these departed. Early, one fair dawn,
The light-wing'd spirit of his youth return'd
On Arthur's heart; he arm'd himself and went,
So coming to the fountain-side beheld
Balin and Balan sitting statue-like,
Brethren, to right and left the spring, that down,
From underneath a plume of lady-fern,
Sang, and the sand danced at the bottom of it.
And on the right of Balin Balin's horse
Was fast beside an alder, on the left
Of Balan Balan's near a poplar-tree.
'Fair sirs,' said Arthur, 'wherefore sit ye here?'
Balin and Balan answer'd: 'For the sake
Of glory; we be mightier men than all
In Arthur's court; that also have we proved,
For whatsoever knight against us came
Or I or he have easily overthrown.'

'I too,' said Arthur, 'am of Arthur's hall,
But rather proven in his Paynim wars
Than famous jousts; but see, or proven or not,
Whether me likewise ye can overthrow.'
And Arthur lightly smote the brethren down,
And lightly so return'd, and no man knew.

Then Balin rose, and Balan, and beside
The carolling water set themselves again,
And spake no word until the shadow turn'd;
When from the fringe of coppice round them burst
A spangled pursuivant, and crying, 'Sirs,
Rise, follow! ye be sent for by the King,'
They follow'd; whom when Arthur seeing ask'd,
'Tell me your names; why sat ye by the well?'
Balin the stillness of a minute broke
Saying, 'An unmelodious name to thee,
Balin, "the Savage"—that addition thine—
My brother and my better, this man here,
Balan. I smote upon the naked skull
A thrall of thine in open hall; my hand
Was gauntleted, half slew him, for I heard
He had spoken evil of me; thy just wrath
Sent me a three-years' exile from thine eyes.
I have not lived my life delightsomely;
For I that did that violence to thy thrall,
Had often wrought some fury on myself,
Saving for Balan. Those three kingless years
Have past — were wormwood-bitter to me. King,
Methought that if we sat beside the well,
And hurl'd to ground what knight ever spurr'd
Against us, thou would'st take gladlier back,
And make, as ten times worthier to thine
Than twenty Balins, Balan knight have said.
Not so—not all. A man of thine day
Abash'd us both, and brake my bo Thy will?'
Said Arthur: 'Thou hast ever spo truth;
Thy too fierce manhood would not thee lie.
Rise, my true knight. As child learn, be thou
Wiser for falling! walk with me, move
To music with thine Order and King.
Thy chair, a grief to all the breth stands
Vacant, but thou retake it, n again!'

Thereafter, when Sir Balin ent hall,
The lost one found was greeted a heaven
With joy that blazed itself in w land wealth
Of leaf, and gayest garlandage flowers,
Along the walls and down the bo they sat,
And cup clash'd cup; they dr and some one sang,
Sweet-voiced, a song of welc whereupon
Their common shout in chorus, mo ing, made
Those banners of twelve battles o head
Stir as they stirr'd of old, when thur's host
Proclaim'd him victor and the was won.

Then Balan added to their O lived
A wealthier life than heretofore these
And Balin, till their embassage turn'd.

ir King,' they brought report,
'we hardly found,
ush'd about it is with gloom, the
hall
im to whom ye sent us, Pellam,
once
ristless foe of thine as ever dash'd
e against horse; but seeing that
thy realm
prosper'd in the name of Christ,
the King
, as in rival heat, to holy things,
finds himself descended from the
Saint
athæan Joseph, him who first
ght the great faith to Britain over
seas.
oasts his life as purer than thine
own;
scarce enow to keep his pulse
a-beat;
push'd aside his faithful wife,
nor lets
ame or damsel enter at his gates
he should be polluted. This gray
king
'd us a shrine wherein were won-
ders — yea,
arks with priceless bones of mar-
tyrdom,
ns of the crown and shivers of
the cross,
therewithal, — for thus he told
us, — brought
oly Joseph hither, that same spear
rewith the Roman pierced the side
of Christ.
uch amazed us; after, when we
sought
ribute, answer'd, "I have quite
foregone
matters of this world. Garlon,
mine heir,
m demand it," which this Garlon
gave
much ado, railing at thine and
thee.

ut when we left, in those deep
woods we found
ight of thine spear-stricken from
behind,
whom we buried; more than
one of us
out on Garlon, but a woodman
there

Reported of some demon in the woods
Was once a man, who, driven by evil
tongues
From all his fellows, lived alone, and
came
To learn black magic, and to hate his
kind
With such a hate that when he died
his soul
Became a fiend, which, as the man in
life
Was wounded by blind tongues he saw
not whence,
Strikes from behind. This woodman
show'd the cave
From which he sallies and wherein he
dwelt.
We saw the hoof-print of a horse, no
more.'

Then Arthur, 'Let who goes before
me see
He do not fall behind me. Foully slain
And villainously! who will hunt for
me
This demon of the woods?' Said
Balan, 'I!'
So claim'd the quest and rode away,
but first,
Embracing Balin: 'Good my brother,
hear!
Let not thy moods prevail when I am
gone
Who used to lay them! hold them
outer fiends,
Who leap at thee to tear thee; shake
them aside,
Dreams ruling when wit sleeps! yea,
but to dream
That any of these would wrong thee
wrongs thyself.
Witness their flowery welcome. Bound
are they
To speak no evil. Truly, save for
fears,
My fears for thee, so rich a fellowship
Would make me wholly blest; thou
one of them,
Be one indeed. Consider them, and all
Their bearing in their common bond
of love,
No more of hatred than in heaven itself,
No more of jealousy than in Paradise.'

So Balan warn'd, and went; Balin
remain'd,

Who — for but three brief moons had glanced away
From being knighted till he smote the thrall,
And faded from the presence into years
Of exile — now would strictlier set himself
To learn what Arthur meant by courtesy,
Manhood, and knighthood; wherefore hover'd round
Lancelot, but when he mark'd his high sweet smile
In passing, and a transitory word
Make knight or churl or child or damsel seem
From being smiled at happier in themselves —
Sigh'd, as a boy, lame-born beneath a height
That glooms his valley, sighs to see the peak
Sun-flush'd or touch at night the northern star;
For one from out his village lately climb'd
And brought report of azure lands and fair,
Far seen to left and right; and he himself
Hath hardly scaled with help a hundred feet
Up from the base. So Balin, marvelling oft
How far beyond him Lancelot seem'd to move,
Groan'd, and at times would mutter: 'These be gifts,
Born with the blood, not learnable, divine,
Beyond *my* reach. Well had I foughten — well —
In those fierce wars, struck hard — and had I crown'd
With my slain self the heaps of whom I slew —
So — better! — But this worship of the Queen,
That honor too wherein she holds him — this,
This was the sunshine that hath given the man
A growth, a name that branches o'er the rest,
And strength against all odds, and what the King

So prizes — overprizes — gentlen
Her likewise would I worship might.
I never can be close with her, as
That brought her hither. Shall I the King
To let me bear some token of his Q
Whereon to gaze, remembering forget
My heats and violences? live af
What if the Queen disdain'd to it! nay,
Being so stately-gentle, would make
My darkness blackness? and with sweet grace
She greeted my return! Bold be —
Some goodly cognizance of Guine
In lieu of this rough beast upo shield,
Langued gules, and tooth'd with ning savagery.'

And Arthur, when Sir Balin s him, said,
'What wilt thou bear?' Bali bold, and ask'd
To bear her own crown-royal shield,
Whereat she smiled and turn'd the King,
Who answer'd: 'Thou shalt p crown to use.
The crown is but the shadow king,
And this a shadow's shadow, l have it,
So this will help him of his viole
'No shadow,' said Sir Balin, ' Queen,
But light to me! no shadow, King,
But golden earnest of a gentler

So Balin bare the crown, and knights
Approved him, and the Queen; a the world
Made music, and he felt his move
In music with his Order and the

The nightingale, full-toned i dle May,
Hath ever and anon a note so th

eems another voice in other groves;
us, after some quick burst of sudden wrath,
e music in him seem'd to change and grow
nt and far-off.
And once he saw the thrall
passion half had gauntleted to death,
at causer of his banishment and shame,
ile at him, as he deem'd, presumptuously.
arm half rose to strike again, but fell;
e memory of that cognizance on shield
ighted it down, but in himself he moan'd:

'Too high this mount of Camelot for me;
ese high-set courtesies are not for me.
ll I not rather prove the worse for these?
rier and stormier from restraining, break
o some madness even before the Queen?'

Thus, as a hearth lit in a mountain home,
l glancing on the window, when the gloom
twilight deepens round it, seems a flame
t rages in the woodland far below,
when his moods were darken'd, court and king
l all the kindly warmth of Arthur's hall
dow'd an angry distance; yet he strove
learn the graces of their Table, fought
d with himself, and seem'd at length in peace.

hen chanced, one morning, that Sir Balin sat
e-bower'd in that garden nigh the hall.
walk of roses ran from door to door,
alk of lilies crost it to the bower;
And down that range of roses the great Queen
Came with slow steps, the morning on her face;
And all in shadow from the counter door
Sir Lancelot as to meet her, then at once,
As if he saw not, glanced aside, and paced
The long white walk of lilies toward the bower.
Follow'd the Queen; Sir Balin heard her 'Prince,
Art thou so little loyal to thy Queen
As pass without good morrow to thy Queen?'
To whom Sir Lancelot with his eyes on earth,
'Fain would I still be loyal to the Queen.'
'Yea, so,' she said; 'but so to pass me by—
So loyal scarce is loyal to thyself,
Whom all men rate the king of courtesy.
Let be; ye stand, fair lord, as in a dream.'

Then Lancelot with his hand among the flowers:
'Yea—for a dream. Last night methought I saw
That maiden Saint who stands with lily in hand
In yonder shrine. All round her prest the dark,
And all the light upon her silver face
Flow'd from the spiritual lily that she held.
Lo! these her emblems drew mine eyes—away;
For see, how perfect-pure! As light a flush
As hardly tints the blossom of the quince
Would mar their charm of stainless maidenhood.'

'Sweeter to me,' she said, 'this garden rose
Deep-hued and many-folded! sweeter still
The wild-wood hyacinth and the bloom of May!

Prince, we have ridden before among the flowers
In those fair days — not all as cool as these,
Tho' season-earlier. Art thou sad? or sick?
Our noble King will send thee his own leech —
Sick? or for any matter anger'd at me?'

Then Lancelot lifted his large eyes; they dwelt
Deep-tranced on hers, and could not fall. Her hue
Changed at his gaze; so turning side by side
They past, and Balin started from his bower.

'Queen? subject? but I see not what I see.
Damsel and lover? hear not what I hear.
My father hath begotten me in his wrath.
I suffer from the things before me, know,
Learn nothing; am not worthy to be knight —
A churl, a clown!' and in him gloom on gloom
Deepen'd; he sharply caught his lance and shield,
Nor stay'd to crave permission of the King,
But mad for strange adventure, dash'd away.

He took the selfsame track as Balan, saw
The fountain where they sat together, sigh'd,
'Was I not better there with him?' and rode
The skyless woods, but under open blue
Came on the hoar-head woodman at a bough
Wearily hewing. 'Churl, thine axe!' he cried,
Descended, and disjointed it at a blow;
To whom the woodman utter'd wonderingly,
'Lord, thou couldst lay the devil of these woods
If arm of flesh could lay him!' E cried,
'Him, or the viler devil who play part;
To lay that devil would lay the d in me.'
'Nay,' said the churl, 'our devil truth,
I saw the flash of him but yester-e
And some *do* say that our Sir Ga too
Hath learn'd black magic, and to unseen.
Look to the cave.' But Balin answ him,
'Old fabler, these be fancies of churl;
Look to thy woodcraft,' and so lea him,
Now with slack rein and careles himself,
Now with dug spur and raving at self,
Now with droopt brow down the glades he rode;
So mark'd not on his right a ca chasm
Yawn over darkness, where, no within,
The whole day died, but, d gleam'd on rocks
Roof-pendent, sharp; and others the floor,
Tusklike, arising, made that mou night
Whereout the demon issued up hell.
He mark'd not this, but, blind deaf to all
Save that chain'd rage which yelpt within,
Past eastward from the falling At once
He felt the hollow-beaten mosses
And tremble, and then the shad a spear,
Shot from behind him, ran alon ground.
Sideways he started from the and saw,
With pointed lance as if to pie shape,
A light of armor by him flash pass
And vanish in the woods; and fol this,

t all so blind in rage that unawares
burst his lance against a forest bough,
horsed himself, and rose again, and fled
r, till the castle of a king, the hall
Pellam, lichen-bearded, grayly draped
ith streaming grass, appear'd, low-built but strong;
e ruinous donjon as a knoll of moss,
e battlement overtopt with ivy-tods,
ome of bats, in every tower an owl.

Then spake the men of Pellam crying, 'Lord,
ay wear ye this crown-royal upon shield?'
d Balin, 'For the fairest and the best
ladies living gave me this to bear.'
stall'd his horse, and strode across the court,
t found the greetings both of knight and king
int in the low dark hall of banquet. Leaves
d their green faces flat against the panes,
ays grated, and the canker'd boughs without
ined in the wood; for all was hush'd within,
l when at feast Sir Garlon likewise ask'd,
hy wear ye that crown-royal?' Balin said,
he Queen we worship, Lancelot, I, and all,
fairest, best, and purest, granted me
bear it!' Such a sound — for Arthur's knights
re hated strangers in the hall — as makes
e white swan-mother, sitting, when she hears
trange knee rustle thro' her secret reeds,
de Garlon, hissing; then he sourly smiled:
irest I grant her — I have seen; but best,
t, purest? *thou* from Arthur's hall, and yet
So simple! hast thou eyes, or if, are these
So far besotted that they fail to see
This fair wife-worship cloaks a secret shame?
Truly, ye men of Arthur be but babes.'

A goblet on the board by Balin, boss'd
With holy Joseph's legend, on his right
Stood, all of massiest bronze. One side had sea
And ship and sail and angels blowing on it;
And one was rough with wattling, and the walls
Of that low church he built at Glastonbury.
This Balin grasp't, but while in act to hurl,
Thro' memory of that token on the shield
Relax'd his hold. 'I will be gentle,' he thought,
'And passing gentle;' caught his hand away,
Then fiercely to Sir Garlon: 'Eyes have I
That saw to-day the shadow of a spear,
Shot from behind me, run along the ground;
Eyes too that long have watch'd how Lancelot draws
From homage to the best and purest, might,
Name, manhood, and a grace, but scantly thine
Who, sitting in thine own hall, canst endure
To mouth so huge a foulness — to thy guest,
Me, me of Arthur's Table. Felon talk!
Let be! no more!'

But not the less by night
The scorn of Garlon, poisoning all his rest,
Stung him in dreams. At length, and dim thro' leaves
Blinkt the white morn, sprays grated, and old boughs
Whined in the wood. He rose, descended, met
The scorner in the castle court, and fain,

For hate and loathing, would have past him by ;
But when Sir Garlon utter'd mocking-wise,
'What, wear ye still that same crown-scandalous ?'
His countenance blacken'd, and his forehead veins
Bloated and branch'd ; and tearing out of sheath
The brand, Sir Balin with a fiery, 'Ha !
So thou be shadow, here I make thee ghost,'
Hard upon helm smote him, and the blade flew
Splintering in six, and clinkt upon the stones.
Then Garlon, reeling slowly back-ward, fell,
And Balin by the banneret of his helm
Dragg'd him, and struck, but from the castle a cry
Sounded across the court, and — men-at-arms,
A score with pointed lances, making at him —
He dash'd the pummel at the foremost face,
Beneath a low door dipt, and made his feet
Wings thro' a glimmering gallery, till he mark'd
The portal of King Pellam's chapel wide
And inward to the wall ; he stept be-hind ;
Thence in a moment heard them pass like wolves
Howling ; but while he stared about the shrine,
In which he scarce could spy the Christ for Saints,
Beheld before a golden altar lie
The longest lance his eyes had ever seen,
Point-painted red ; and seizing there-upon
Push'd thro' an open casement down, lean'd on it,
Leapt in a semicircle, and lit on earth ;
Then hand at ear, and harkening from what side
The blindfold rummage buried in the walls
Might echo, ran the counter path, and found

His charger, mounted on him away.
An arrow whizz'd to the right, or the left,
One overhead ; and Pellam's feeble
'Stay, stay him ! he defileth heav things
With earthly uses !' made him qui dive
Beneath the boughs, and race t many a mile
Of dense and open, till his go horse,
Arising wearily at a fallen oak,
Stumbled headlong, and cast him to ground.

Half-wroth he had not ended, all glad,
Knightlike, to find his charger yet lamed,
Sir Balin drew the shield from off neck,
Stared at the priceless cognizance, thought,
'I have shamed thee so that now shamest me,
Thee will I bear no more,' high branch
Hung it, and turn'd aside into woods,
And there in gloom cast himsel along,
Moaning, 'My violences, my lences !'

But now the wholesome mus the wood
Was dumb'd by one from out the of Mark,
A damsel-errant, warbling, as rode
The woodland alleys, Vivien, with squire.

'The fire of heaven has kill'd the b cold,
And kindled all the plain and all the
The new leaf ever pushes off the old.
The fire of heaven is not the flame of

'Old priest, who mumble worshi your quire —
Old monk and nun, ye scorn the w desire,
Yet in your frosty cells ye feel the fir
The fire of heaven is not the flame of

The fire of heaven is on the dusty ways.
wayside blossoms open to the blaze.
whole wood-world is one full peal of praise.
fire of heaven is not the flame of hell.

The fire of heaven is lord of all things good,
l starve not thou this fire within thy blood,
follow Vivien thro' the fiery flood!
fire of heaven is not the flame of hell!'

hen turning to her squire, 'This fire of heaven,
s old sun-worship, boy, will rise again,
d beat the Cross to earth, and break the King
d all his Table.'

Then they reach'd a glade,
ere under one long lane of cloudless air
ore another wood, the royal crown
rkled, and swaying upon a restless elm
w the vague glance of Vivien and her squire.
azed were these; 'Lo there,' she cried — 'a crown —
ne by some high lord-prince of Arthur's hall,
d there a horse! the rider? where is he?
yonder lies one dead within the wood.
dead; he stirs! — but sleeping. I will speak.
l, royal knight, we break on thy sweet rest,
, doubtless, all unearn'd by noble deeds.
bounden art thou, if from Arthur's hall,
elp the weak. Behold, I fly from shame,
stful king, who sought to win my love
o' evil ways. The knight with whom I rode
h suffer'd misadventure, and my squire
h in him small defence; but thou, Sir Prince,
t surely guide me to the warrior King,
Arthur the blameless, pure as any maid,
To get me shelter for my maidenhood.
I charge thee by that crown upon thy shield,
And by the great Queen's name, arise and hence.'

And Balin rose: 'Thither no more nor prince
Nor knight am I, but one that hath defamed
The cognizance she gave me. Here I dwell
Savage among the savage woods, here die —
Die — let the wolves' black maws ensepulchre
Their brother beast, whose anger was his lord!
O me, that such a name as Guinevere's,
Which our high Lancelot hath so lifted up,
And been thereby uplifted, should thro' me,
My violence, and my villainy, come to shame!'

Thereat she suddenly laugh'd and shrill, anon
Sigh'd all as suddenly. Said Balin to her:
'Is this thy courtesy — to mock me, ha?
Hence, for I will not with thee.' Again she sigh'd:
'Pardon, sweet lord! we maidens often laugh
When sick at heart, when rather we should weep.
I knew thee wrong'd. I brake upon thy rest,
And now full loth am I to break thy dream,
But thou art man, and canst abide a truth,
Tho' bitter. Hither, boy — and mark me well.
Dost thou remember at Caerleon once —
A year ago — nay, then I love thee not —
Ay, thou rememberest well — one summer dawn —
By the great tower — Caerleon upon Usk —

Nay, truly we were hidden — this fair lord,
The flower of all their vestal knighthood, knelt
In amorous homage — knelt — what else? — O, ay,
Knelt, and drew down from out his nightblack hair
And mumbled that white hand whose ring'd caress
Had wander'd from her own King's golden head,
And lost itself in darkness, till she cried —
I thought the great tower would crash down on both —
"Rise, my sweet King, and kiss me on the lips,
Thou art my King." This lad, whose lightest word
Is mere white truth in simple nakedness,
Saw them embrace; he reddens, cannot speak,
So bashful, he! but all the maiden Saints,
The deathless mother-maidenhood of heaven,
Cry out upon her. Up then, ride with me!
Talk not of shame! thou canst not, an thou wouldst,
Do these more shame than these have done themselves.'

She lied with ease; but horror-stricken he,
Remembering that dark bower at Camelot,
Breathed in a dismal whisper, 'It is truth.'

Sunnily she smiled: 'And even in this lone wood,
Sweet lord, ye do right well to whisper this.
Fools prate, and perish traitors. Woods have tongues,
As walls have ears; but thou shalt go with me,
And we will speak at first exceeding low.
Meet is it the good King be not deceived.
See now, I set thee high on vantage ground,
From whence to watch the time, eagle-like
Stoop at thy will on Lancelot and Queen.'

She ceased; his evil spirit him leapt,
He ground his teeth together, sp with a yell,
Tore from the branch and cas earth the shield,
Drove his mail'd heel athwart royal crown,
Stampt all into defacement, hurl from him
Among the forest weeds, and cu the tale,
The told-of, and the teller.

That weird
Unearthlier than all shriek of bir beast,
Thrill'd thro' the woods; and lurking there —
His quest was unaccomplish'd — and thought
'The scream of that wood-dev came to quell!'
Then nearing: 'Lo! he hath some brother-knight,
And tramples on the goodly shie show
His loathing of our Order and Queen.
My quest, meseems, is here. Or or man,
Guard thou thine head.' Sir spake not a word,
But snatch'd a sudden buckler the squire,
And vaulted on his horse, and so crash'd
In onset, and King Pellam's holy s
Reputed to be red with sinless bl
Redden'd at once with sinful, fo point
Across the maiden shield of prick'd
The hauberk to the flesh; and B horse
Was wearied to the death, and, they clash'd,
Rolling back upon Balin, crush' man
Inward, and either fell and sw away.

Then to her squire mutter'd the damsel: 'Fools!
is fellow hath wrought some foulness with his Queen;
se never had he borne her crown, nor raved
id thus foam'd over at a rival name.
it thou, Sir Chick, that scarce hast broken shell,
t yet half-yolk, not even come to down—
ho never sawest Caerleon upon Usk—
id yet hast often pleaded for my love—
e what I see, be thou where I have been,
else, Sir Chick—dismount and loose their casques;
fain would know what manner of men they be.'
id when the squire had loosed them, 'Goodly!—look!
ey might have cropt the myriad flower of May,
id butt each other here, like brainless bulls,
ad for one heifer!'

Then the gentle squire:
hold them happy, so they died for love;
id, Vivien, tho' ye beat me like your dog,
too could die, as now I live, for thee.'

'Live on, Sir Boy,' she cried; 'I better prize
e living dog than the dead lion. Away!
annot brook to gaze upon the dead.'
en leapt her palfrey o'er the fallen oak,
d bounding forward, 'Leave them to the wolves.'

But when their foreheads felt the cooling air,
lin first woke, and seeing that true face,
miliar up from cradle-time, so wan,
awl'd slowly with low moans to where he lay,
d on his dying brother cast himself

Dying; and *he* lifted faint eyes; he felt
One near him; all at once they found the world,
Staring wild-wide; then with a child-like wail,
And drawing down the dim disastrous brow
That o'er him hung, he kiss'd it, moan'd, and spake:

'O Balin, Balin, I that fain had died
To save thy life, have brought thee to thy death.
Why had ye not the shield I knew? and why
Trampled ye thus on that which bare the crown?'

Then Balin told him brokenly and in gasps
All that had chanced, and Balan moan'd again:

'Brother, I dwelt a day in Pellam's hall;
This Garlon mock'd me, but I heeded not.
And one said, "Eat in peace! a liar is he,
And hates thee for the tribute!" This good knight
Told me that twice a wanton damsel came,
And sought for Garlon at the castle-gates,
Whom Pellam drove away with holy heat.
I well believe this damsel, and the one
Who stood beside thee even now, the same.
"She dwells among the woods," he said, "and meets
And dallies with him in the Mouth of Hell."
Foul are their lives, foul are their lips; they lied.
Pure as our own true mother is our Queen.'

'O brother,' answer'd Balin, 'woe is me!
My madness all thy life has been thy doom,

Thy curse, and darken'd all thy day; and now
The night has come. I scarce can see thee now.
Good night! for we shall never bid again
Good morrow — Dark my doom was here, and dark
It will be there. I see thee now no more.
I would not mine again should darken thine;
Good night, true brother.'

Balan answer'd low,
'Good night, true brother, here! good morrow there!
We two were born together, and we die
Together by one doom:' and while he spoke
Closed his death-drowsing eyes, and slept the sleep
With Balin, either lock'd in either's arm.

MERLIN AND VIVIEN

A STORM was coming, but the winds were still,
And in the wild woods of Broceliande,
Before an oak, so hollow, huge, and old
It look'd a tower of ivied masonwork,
At Merlin's feet the wily Vivien lay.

For he that always bare in bitter grudge
The slights of Arthur and his Table, Mark
The Cornish King, had heard a wandering voice,
A minstrel of Caerleon by strong storm
Blown into shelter at Tintagil, say
That out of naked knight-like purity
Sir Lancelot worshipt no unmarried girl,
But the great Queen herself, fought in her name,
Sware by her — vows like theirs that high in heaven
Love most, but neither marry nor are given
In marriage, angels of our Lord's report.

He ceased, and then — for Vi
sweetly said —
She sat beside the banquet ne
Mark, —
'And is the fair example follow'd
In Arthur's household?' — answ
innocently: —

'Ay, by some few — ay, tru
youths that hold
It more beseems the perfect v
knight
To worship woman as true wife
yond
All hopes of gaining, than as ma
girl.
They place their pride in Lan
and the Queen.
So passionate for an utter purity
Beyond the limit of their bond
these,
For Arthur bound them not to si
ness.
Brave hearts and clean! and y
God guide them! — young

Then Mark was half in hea
hurl his cup
Straight at the speaker, but for
He rose
To leave the hall, and, Vivien fo
ing him,
Turn'd to her: 'Here are snakes w
the grass;
And you methinks, O Vivien, sa
fear
The monkish manhood, and the
of pure
Worn by this court, can stir the
they sting.'

And Vivien answer'd, smiling
fully:
'Why fear? because that foste
thy court
I savor of thy — virtues? fear
no,
As love, if love be perfect, cas
fear,
So hate, if hate be perfect, cas
fear.
My father died in battle again
King,
My mother on his corpse in open
She bore me there, for born
death was I

mong the dead and sown upon the wind —
nd then on thee! and shown the truth betimes,
hat old true filth, and bottom of the well,
here Truth is hidden. Gracious lessons thine,
nd maxims of the mud! "This Arthur pure!
reat Nature thro' the flesh herself hath made

Gives him the lie! There is no being pure,
My cherub; saith not Holy Writ the same?" —
If I were Arthur, I would have thy blood.
Thy blessing, stainless King! I bring thee back,
When I have ferreted out their burrowings,
The hearts of all this Order in mine hand —

'At Merlin's feet the wily Vivien lay'

Ay — so that fate and craft and folly close,
Perchance, one curl of Arthur's golden beard.
To me this narrow grizzled fork of thine
Is cleaner-fashion'd — Well, I loved thee first;
That warps the wit.'

Loud laugh'd the graceless Mark.
But Vivien, into Camelot stealing, lodged
Low in the city, and on a festal day
When Guinevere was crossing the great hall
Cast herself down, knelt to the Queen, and wail'd.

'Why kneel ye there? What evil have ye wrought?
Rise!' and the damsel bidden rise arose
And stood with folded hands and downward eyes
Of glancing corner and all meekly said:
'None wrought, but suffer'd much, an orphan maid!
My father died in battle for thy King,
My mother on his corpse — in open field,
The sad sea-sounding wastes of Lyonnesse —
Poor wretch — no friend! — and now by Mark the king,
For that small charm of feature mine, pursued —
If any such be mine — I fly to thee.
Save, save me thou! Woman of women — thine
The wreath of beauty, thine the crown of power,
Be thine the balm of pity, O heaven's own white
Earth-angel, stainless bride of stainless King —
Help, for he follows! take me to thyself!
O yield me shelter for mine innocency
Among thy maidens!'

Here her slow sweet eyes
Fear-tremulous, but humbly hopeful, rose

Fixt on her hearer's, while the Que
who stood
All glittering like May sunshine
May leaves
In green and gold, and plumed w
green, replied:
'Peace, child! of over-praise and ov
blame
We choose the last. Our noble Arth
him
Ye scarce can overpraise, will h
and know.
Nay — we believe all evil of t
Mark —
Well, we shall test thee farther; l
this hour
We ride a-hawking with Sir Lancel
He hath given us a fair falcon wh
he train'd;
We go to prove it. Bide ye here
while.'

She past; and Vivien murmu
after, 'Go!
I bide the while.' Then thro'
portal-arch
Peering askance, and muttering b
ken-wise,
As one that labors with an evil dre
Beheld the Queen and Lancelot ge
horse.

'Is that the Lancelot? goodly —
but gaunt;
Courteous — amends for gauntnes
takes her hand —
That glance of theirs, but for
street, had been
A clinging kiss — how hand linger
hand!
Let go at last! — they ride away —
hawk
For waterfowl. Royaller game
mine.
For such a supersensual sensual b
As that gray cricket chirpt of at
hearth —
Touch flax with flame — a glance
serve — the liars!
Ah little rat that borest in the dyk
Thy hole by night to let the bound
deep
Down upon far-off cities while t
dance —
Or dream — of thee they dream'd
— nor of me

hese — ay, but each of either; ride,
and dream
he mortal dream that never yet was
mine —
ide, ride and dream until ye wake —
to me!
hen, narrow court and lubber King,
farewell!
or Lancelot will be gracious to the
rat,
nd our wise Queen, if knowing that
I know,
'ill hate, loathe, fear — but honor
me the more.'

Yet while they rode together down
the plain,
heir talk was all of training, terms
of art,
iet and seeling, jesses, leash and lure.
She is too noble,' he said, 'to check
at pies,
or will she rake: there is no baseness
in her.'
ere when the Queen demanded as
by chance,
Know ye the stranger woman?' 'Let
her be,'
id Lancelot, and unhooded casting
off
ie goodly falcon free; she tower'd;
her bells,
one under tone, shrill'd; and they
lifted up
ieir eager faces, wondering at the
strength,
oldness, and royal knighthood of
the bird,
ho pounced her quarry and slew it.
Many a time
s once — of old — among the flowers
— they rode.

But Vivien half-forgotten of the
Queen
nong her damsels broidering sat,
heard, watch'd,
id whisper'd. Thro' the peaceful
court she crept
id whisper'd; then, as Arthur in
the highest
aven'd the world, so Vivien in the
lowest,
riving at a time of golden rest,
id sowing one ill hint from ear to
ear,

While all the heathen lay at Arthur's
feet,
And no quest came, but all was joust
and play,
Leaven'd his hall. They heard and
let her be.

Thereafter, as an enemy that has
left
Death in the living waters and with-
drawn,
The wily Vivien stole from Arthur's
court.

She hated all the knights, and heard
in thought
Their lavish comment when her name
was named.
For once, when Arthur walking all
alone,
Vext at a rumor issued from herself
Of some corruption crept among his
knights,
Had met her, Vivien, being greeted
fair,
Would fain have wrought upon his
cloudy mood
With reverent eyes mock-loyal, shaken
voice,
And flutter'd adoration, and at last
With dark sweet hints of some who
prized him more
Than who should prize him most; at
which the King
Had gazed upon her blankly and gone
by.
But one had watch'd, and had not
held his peace;
It made the laughter of an afternoon
That Vivien should attempt the
blameless King.
And after that, she set herself to gain
Him, the most famous man of all
those times,
Merlin, who knew the range of all
their arts,
Had built the King his havens, ships,
and halls,
Was also bard, and knew the starry
heavens;
The people call'd him wizard; whom
at first
She play'd about with slight and
sprightly talk,
And vivid smiles, and faintly-venom'd
points

Of slander, glancing here and grazing there;
And yielding to his kindlier moods, the seer
Would watch her at her petulance and play,
Even when they seem'd unlovable, and laugh
As those that watch a kitten. Thus he grew
Tolerant of what he half disdain'd, and she,
Perceiving that she was but half disdain'd,
Began to break her sports with graver fits,
Turn red or pale, would often when they met
Sigh fully, or all-silent gaze upon him
With such a fixt devotion that the old man,
Tho' doubtful, felt the flattery, and at times
Would flatter his own wish in age for love,
And half believe her true; for thus at times
He waver'd, but that other clung to him,
Fixt in her will, and so the seasons went.

Then fell on Merlin a great melancholy;
He walk'd with dreams and darkness, and he found
A doom that ever poised itself to fall,
An ever-moaning battle in the mist,
World-war of dying flesh against the life,
Death in all life and lying in all love,
The meanest having power upon the highest,
And the high purpose broken by the worm.

So leaving Arthur's court he gain'd the beach,
There found a little boat and stept into it;
And Vivien follow'd, but he mark'd her not.
She took the helm and he the sail; the boat
Drave with a sudden wind across the deeps,
And, touching Breton sands, they embark'd.
And then she follow'd Merlin all way,
Even to the wild woods of Brocelian
For Merlin once had told her o charm,
The which if any wrought on any With woven paces and with wav arms,
The man so wrought on ever see to lie
Closed in the four walls of a hol tower,
From which was no escape for e more;
And none could find that man evermore,
Nor could he see but him who wrou the charm
Coming and going, and he lay as d
And lost to life and use and name fame.
And Vivien ever sought to work charm
Upon the great enchanter of the ti
As fancying that her glory would great
According to his greatness whom quench'd.

There lay she all her length kiss'd his feet,
As if in deepest reverence and in l
A twist of gold was round her hai robe
Of samite without price, that n exprest
Than hid her, clung about her liss limbs,
In color like the satin-shining pal
On sallows in the windy gleam March.
And while she kiss'd them, cry 'Trample me,
Dear feet, that I have follow'd t the world,
And I will pay you worship; t me down
And I will kiss you for it;' he mute.
So dark a forethought roll'd abou brain,
As on a dull day in an ocean cave
The blind wave feeling round his sea-hall

n silence; wherefore, when she lifted up
face of sad appeal, and spake and said,
O Merlin, do ye love me?' and again,
O Merlin, do ye love me?' and once more,
Great Master, do ye love me?' he was mute.
nd lissome Vivien, holding by his heel,
Vrithed toward him, slided up his knee and sat,
ehind his ankle twined her hollow feet
ogether, curved an arm about his neck,
lung like a snake; and letting her left hand
roop from his mighty shoulder, as a leaf,
ade with her right a comb of pearl to part
he lists of such a beard as youth gone out
ad left in ashes. Then he spoke and said,
ot looking at her, 'Who are wise in love
ove most, say least,' and Vivien answer'd quick:
saw the little elf-god eyeless once
Arthur's arras hall at Camelot;
ut neither eyes nor tongue — O stupid child!
et you are wise who say it; let me think
lence is wisdom. I am silent then,
nd ask no kiss;' then adding all at once,
And lo, I clothe myself with wisdom,' drew
ie vast and shaggy mantle of his beard
ross her neck and bosom to her knee,
nd call'd herself a gilded summer fly
aught in a great old tyrant spider's web,
ho meant to eat her up in that wild wood
ithout one word. So Vivien call'd herself,
ut rather seem'd a lovely baleful star
eil'd in gray vapor; till he sadly smiled.

'To what request for what strange boon,' he said,
'Are these your pretty tricks and fooleries,
O Vivien, the preamble? yet my thanks,
For these have broken up my melancholy.'

And Vivien answer'd smiling saucily:
'What, O my Master, have ye found your voice?
I bid the stranger welcome. Thanks at last!
But yesterday you never open'd lip,
Except indeed to drink. No cup had we;
In mine own lady palms I cull'd the spring
That gather'd trickling dropwise from the cleft,
And made a pretty cup of both my hands
And offer'd you it kneeling. Then you drank
And knew no more, nor gave me one poor word;
O, no more thanks than might a goat have given
With no more sign of reverence than a beard.
And when we halted at that other well,
And I was faint to swooning, and you lay
Foot-gilt with all the blossom-dust of those
Deep meadows we had traversed, did you know
That Vivien bathed your feet before her own?
And yet no thanks; and all thro' this wild wood
And all this morning when I fondled you.
Boon, ay, there was a boon, one not so strange —
How had I wrong'd you? surely ye are wise,
But such a silence is more wise than kind.'

And Merlin lock'd his hand in hers and said:
'O, did ye never lie upon the shore,

And watch the curl'd white of the coming wave
Glass'd in the slippery sand before it breaks?
Even such a wave, but not so pleasurable,
Dark in the glass of some presageful mood,
Had I for three days seen, ready to fall.
And then I rose and fled from Arthur's court
To break the mood. You follow'd me unask'd;
And when I look'd, and saw you following still,
My mind involved yourself the nearest thing
In that mind-mist—for shall I tell you truth?
You seem'd that wave about to break upon me
And sweep me from my hold upon the world,
My use and name and fame. Your pardon, child.
Your pretty sports have brighten'd all again.
And ask your boon, for boon I owe you thrice,
Once for wrong done you by confusion, next
For thanks it seems till now neglected, last
For these your dainty gambols; wherefore ask,
And take this boon so strange and not so strange.'

And Vivien answer'd smiling mournfully:
'O, not so strange as my long asking it,
Not yet so strange as you yourself are strange,
Nor half so strange as that dark mood of yours.
I ever fear'd ye were not wholly mine;
And see, yourself have own'd ye did me wrong.
The people call you prophet; let it be;
But not of those that can expound themselves.
Take Vivien for expounder; she will call

That three-days-long presageful gloom of yours
No presage, but the same mistrustful mood
That makes you seem less noble than yourself,
Whenever I have ask'd this very boon
Now ask'd again; for see you not dear love,
That such a mood as that which latel gloom'd
Your fancy when ye saw me following you
Must make me fear still more you are not mine,
Must make me yearn still more to prove you mine,
And make me wish still more to lear this charm
Of woven paces and of waving hands
As proof of trust. O Merlin, teach me!
The charm so taught will charm u both to rest.
For, grant me some slight power upo your fate,
I, feeling that you felt me worth trust,
Should rest and let you rest, knowin you mine.
And therefore be as great as ye a named,
Not muffled round with selfish re cence.
How hard you look and how den ingly!
O, if you think this wickedness in m
That I should prove it on you u awares,
That makes me passing wrathfu then our bond
Had best be loosed for ever; b think or not,
By Heaven that hears, I tell you t clean truth,
As clean as blood of babes, as wh as milk!
O Merlin, may this earth, if ever I,
If these unwitty wandering wits mine,
Even in the jumbled rubbish of dream,
Have tript on such conjectural trea ery—
May this hard earth cleave to nadir hell

vn, down, and close again and nip
me flat,
I be such a traitress! Yield my
boon,
which I scarce can yield you all
I am;
l grant my re-reiterated wish,
great proof of your love; because
I think,
vever wise, ye hardly know me
yet.'

nd Merlin loosed his hand from
hers and said:
ever was less wise, however wise,
curious Vivien, tho' you talk of
trust,
n when I told you first of such a
charm.
, if ye talk of trust I tell you this,
much I trusted when I told you
that,
l stirr'd this vice in you which
ruin'd man
o' woman the first hour; for how-
soe'er
children a great curiousness be
well,
o have to learn themselves and all
the world,
ou, that are no child, for still I
find
r face is practised when I spell
the lines,
ll it, — well, I will not call it
vice;
since you name yourself the sum-
mer fly,
ell could wish a cobweb for the
gnat
t settles beaten back, and beaten
back
les, till one could yield for weari-
ness.
since I will not yield to give you
power
n my life and use and name and
fame,
will ye never ask some other
boon?
by God's rood, I trusted you too
much!'

id Vivien, like the tenderest-
hearted maid
ever bided tryst at village stile,
Made answer, either eyelid wet with
tears:
'Nay, Master, be not wrathful with
your maid;
Caress her, let her feel herself for-
given
Who feels no heart to ask another
boon.
I think ye hardly know the tender
rhyme
Of "trust me not at all or all in
all."
I heard the great Sir Lancelot sing it
once,
And it shall answer for me. Listen
to it.

'"In love, if love be love, if love be
ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal pow-
ers:
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

'"It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

'"The little rift within the lover's lute,
Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit,
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

'"It is not worth the keeping; let it go:
But shall it? answer, darling, answer, no.
And trust me not at all or all in all."

'O master, do ye love my tender
rhyme?'

And Merlin look'd and half believed
her true,
So tender was her voice, so fair her
face,
So sweetly gleam'd her eyes behind
her tears
Like sunlight on the plain behind a
shower;
And yet he answer'd half indignantly:

'Far other was the song that once
I heard
By this huge oak, sung nearly where
we sit;
For here we met, some ten or twelve
of us,
To chase a creature that was current
then
In these wild woods, the hart with
golden horns.

It was the time when first the question rose
About the founding of a Table Round,
That was to be, for love of God and men
And noble deeds, the flower of all the world;
And each incited each to noble deeds.
And while we waited, one, the youngest of us,
We could not keep him silent, out he flash'd,
And into such a song, such fire for fame,
Such trumpet-blowings in it, coming down
To such a stern and iron-clashing close,
That when he stopt we long'd to hurl together,
And should have done it, but the beauteous beast
Scared by the noise upstarted at our feet,
And like a silver shadow slipt away
Thro' the dim land. And all day long we rode
Thro' the dim land against a rushing wind,
That glorious roundel echoing in our ears,
And chased the flashes of his golden horns
Until they vanish'd by the fairy well
That laughs at iron — as our warriors did —
Where children cast their pins and nails, and cry
"Laugh, little well!" but touch it with a sword,
It buzzes fiercely round the point; and there
We lost him — such a noble song was that.
But, Vivien, when you sang me that sweet rhyme,
I felt as tho' you knew this cursed charm,
Were proving it on me, and that I lay
And felt them slowly ebbing, name and fame.'

And Vivien answer'd smiling mournfully:
'O, mine have ebb'd away for evermore,
And all thro' following you to th wild wood,
Because I saw you sad, to comfo you.
Lo now, what hearts have men! the never mount
As high as woman in her selfless moo
And touching fame, howe'er ye sco my song,
Take one verse more — the la speaks it — this:

'"My name, once mine, now thine, closelier mine,
For fame, could fame be mine, that fa were thine,
And, shame, could shame be thine, t shame were mine.
So trust me not at all or all in all."

'Says she not well? and there more — this rhyme
Is like the fair pearl-necklace of t Queen,
That burst in dancing and the pea were spilt;
Some lost, some stolen, some as rel kept;
But nevermore the same two sis pearls
Ran down the silken thread to k each other
On her white neck — so is it with t rhyme.
It lives dispersedly in many hands,
And every minstrel sings it differentl
Yet is there one true line, the pearl pearls:
"Man dreams of fame while wom wakes to love."
Yea! love, tho' love were of the gro est, carves
A portion from the solid prese eats
And uses, careless of the rest; fame,
The fame that follows death is nothi to us;
And what is fame in life but half- fame
And counterchanged with darkne ye yourself
Know well that envy calls you dev son,
And since ye seem the master of all
They fain would make you master all vice.'

"'I took his brush and blotted out the bird"'

And Merlin lock'd his hand in hers and said :
Once was looking for a magic weed,
I found a fair young squire who sat alone,
I carved himself a knightly shield of wood,
I then was painting on it fancied arms,
ure, an eagle rising or, the sun
lexter chief; the scroll, "I follow fame."

And speaking not, but leaning over him,
I took his brush and blotted out the bird,
And made a gardener putting in a graff,
With this for motto, "Rather use than fame."
You should have seen him blush; but afterwards
He made a stalwart knight. O Vivien,

For you, methinks you think you love me well;
For me, I love you somewhat. Rest; and Love
Should have some rest and pleasure in himself,
Not ever be too curious for a boon,
Too prurient for a proof against the grain
Of him ye say ye love. But Fame with men,
Being but ampler means to serve mankind,
Should have small rest or pleasure in herself,
But work as vassal to the larger love
That dwarfs the petty love of one to one.
Use gave me fame at first, and fame again
Increasing gave me use. Lo, there my boon!
What other? for men sought to prove me vile,
Because I fain had given them greater wits;
And then did envy call me devil's son.
The sick weak beast, seeking to help herself
By striking at her better, miss'd, and brought
Her own claw back, and wounded her own heart.
Sweet were the days when I was all unknown,
But when my name was lifted up the storm
Brake on the mountain and I cared not for it.
Right well know I that fame is half-disfame,
Yet needs must work my work. That other fame,
To one at least who hath not children vague,
The cackle of the unborn about the grave,
I cared not for it. A single misty star,
Which is the second in a line of stars
That seem a sword beneath a belt of three,
I never gazed upon it but I dreamt
Of some vast charm concluded in that star

To make fame nothing. Wherefor
if I fear,
Giving you power upon me thro' th
charm,
That you might play me falsely, ha
ing power,
However well ye think ye love n
now—
As sons of kings loving in pupilage
Have turn'd to tyrants when the
came to power—
I rather dread the loss of use tha
fame;
If you—and not so much from wicke
ness,
As some wild turn of anger, or
mood
Of overstrain'd affection, it may be,
To keep me all to your own self,—
else
A sudden spurt of woman's jealousy,
Should try this charm on whom ye s
ye love.'

And Vivien answer'd smiling as
wrath:
'Have I not sworn? I am not truste
Good!
Well, hide it, hide it; I shall find
out,
And being found take heed of Vivie
A woman and not trusted, doubtless
Might feel some sudden turn of ang
born
Of your misfaith; and your fine e
thet
Is accurate too, for this full love
mine
Without the full heart back may me
well
Your term of overstrain'd. So us
as I,
My daily wonder is, I love at all.
And as to woman's jealousy, O, w
not?
O, to what end, except a jealous on
And one to make me jealous if
love,
Was this fair charm invented by yo
self?
I well believe that all about this wo
Ye cage a buxom captive here
there,
Closed in the four walls of a holl
tower
From which is no escape for evermo

Then the great master merrily answer'd her :
'ull many a love in loving youth was mine ;
eeded then no charm to keep them mine
ıt youth and love ; and that full heart of yours
hereof ye prattle, may now assure you mine ;
live uncharm'd. For those who wrought it first,
ıe wrist is parted from the hand that waved,
ıe feet unmortised from their ankle-bones
ho paced it, ages back — but will ye hear
ıe legend as in guerdon for your rhyme ?

'There lived a king in the most eastern East,
ss old than I, yet older, for my blood
ıth earnest in it of far springs to be.
tawny pirate anchor'd in his port,
hose bark had plunder'd twenty nameless isles ;
ıd passing one, at the high peep of dawn,
saw two cities in a thousand boats
l fighting for a woman on the sea.
ıd pushing his black craft among them all
lightly scatter'd theirs and brought her off,
ith loss of half his people arrow-slain ;
maid so smooth, so white, so wonderful,
ıey said a light came from her when she moved.
ıd since the pirate would not yield her up,
ıe king impaled him for his piracy,
ıen made her queen. But those isle-nurtured eyes
aged such unwilling tho' successful war
all the youth, they sicken'd ; councils thinn'd,
ıd armies waned, for magnet-like she drew
ıe rustiest iron of old fighters' hearts ;
And beasts themselves would worship ; camels knelt
Unbidden, and the brutes of mountain back
That carry kings in castles bow'd black knees
Of homage, ringing with their serpent hands,
To make her smile, her golden anklebells.
What wonder, being jealous, that he sent
His horns of proclamation out thro' all
The hundred under-kingdoms that he sway'd
To find a wizard who might teach the king
Some charm which, being wrought upon the queen,
Might keep her all his own. To such a one
He promised more than ever king has given,
A league of mountain full of golden mines,
A province with a hundred miles of coast,
A palace and a princess, all for him ;
But on all those who tried and fail'd the king
Pronounced a dismal sentence, meaning by it
To keep the list low and pretenders back,
Or, like a king, not to be trifled with —
Their heads should moulder on the city gates.
And many tried and fail'd, because the charm
Of nature in her overbore their own ;
And many a wizard brow bleach'd on the walls,
And many weeks a troop of carrion crows
Hung like a cloud above the gateway towers.'

And Vivien breaking in upon him, said :
'I sit and gather honey ; yet, methinks,
Thy tongue has tript a little ; ask thyself.
The lady never made *unwilling* war
With those fine eyes ; she had her pleasure in it,

And made her good man jealous with good cause.
And lived there neither dame nor damsel then
Wroth at a lover's loss? were all as tame,
I mean, as noble, as their queen was fair?
Not one to flirt a venom at her eyes,
Or pinch a murderous dust into her drink,
Or make her paler with a poison'd rose?
Well, those were not our days — but did they find
A wizard? Tell me, was he like to thee?'

She ceased, and made her lithe arm round his neck
Tighten, and then drew back, and let her eyes
Speak for her, glowing on him, like a bride's
On her new lord, her own, the first of men.

He answer'd laughing: 'Nay, not like to me.
At last they found — his foragers for charms —
A little glassy-headed hairless man,
Who lived alone in a great wild on grass,
Read but one book, and ever reading grew
So grated down and filed away with thought,
So lean his eyes were monstrous; while the skin
Clung but to crate and basket, ribs and spine.
And since he kept his mind on one sole aim,
Nor ever touch'd fierce wine, nor tasted flesh,
Nor own'd a sensual wish, to him the wall
That sunders ghosts and shadow-casting men
Became a crystal, and he saw them thro' it,
And heard their voices talk behind the wall,
And learnt their elemental secrets, powers
And forces; often o'er the sun's brigh eye
Drew the vast eyelid of an inky cloud
And lash'd it at the base with slantin storm;
Or in the noon of mist and drivin rain,
When the lake whiten'd and the pin wood roar'd,
And the cairn'd mountain was a shad ow, sunn'd
The world to peace again. Here wa the man;
And so by force they dragg'd him t the king.
And then he taught the king to char the queen
In such-wise that no man could s her more,
Nor saw she save the king, wh wrought the charm,
Coming and going, and she lay dead,
And lost all use of life. But when th king
Made proffer of the league of golde mines,
The province with a hundred miles coast,
The palace and the princess, that o man
Went back to his old wild, and live on grass,
And vanish'd, and his book can down to me.'

And Vivien answer'd smiling sa cily:
'Ye have the book; the charm is wri ten in it.
Good! take my counsel, let me kno it at once;
For keep it like a puzzle chest in ches
With each chest lock'd and padlock thirty-fold,
And whelm all this beneath as vast mound
As after furious battle turfs the slai
On some wild down above the win deep,
I yet should strike upon a sudd means
To dig, pick, open, find and read t charm;
Then, if I tried it, who should blan me then?'

And smiling as a master smiles at one
hat is not of his school, nor any school
ut that where blind and naked Ignorance
elivers brawling judgments, unashamed,
n all things all day long, he answer'd her:

'Thou read the book, my pretty Vivien!
, ay, it is but twenty pages long,
ut every page having an ample marge,
nd every marge enclosing in the midst
square of text that looks a little blot,
he text no larger than the limbs of fleas;
nd every square of text an awful charm,
rit in a language that has long gone by,
long that mountains have arisen since
ith cities on their flanks — thou read the book!
nd every margin scribbled, crost, and cramm'd
ith comment, densest condensation, hard
mind and eye; but the long sleepless nights
my long life have made it easy to me.
nd none can read the text, not even I;
nd none can read the comment but myself;
nd in the comment did I find the charm.
the results are simple; a mere child
ght use it to the harm of any one,
nd never could undo it. Ask no more;
r tho' you should not prove it upon me,
t keep that oath ye sware, ye might, perchance,
say it on some one of the Table Round,
nd all because ye dream they babble of you.'

And Vivien, frowning in true anger, said:
What dare the full-fed liars say of me?
They ride abroad redressing human wrongs!
They sit with knife in meat and wine in horn.
They bound to holy vows of chastity!
Were I not woman, I could tell a tale.
But you are man, you well can understand
The shame that cannot be explain'd for shame.
Not one of all the drove should touch me — swine!'

Then answer'd Merlin careless of her words:
'You breathe but accusation vast and vague,
Spleen-born, I think, and proofless. If ye know,
Set up the charge ye know, to stand or fall!'

And Vivien answer'd frowning wrathfully:
'O, ay, what say ye to Sir Valence, him
Whose kinsman left him watcher o'er his wife
And two fair babes, and went to distant lands,
Was one year gone, and on returning found
Not two but three? there lay the reckling, one
But one hour old! What said the happy sire?
A seven-months' babe had been a truer gift.
Those twelve sweet moons confused his fatherhood.'

Then answer'd Merlin: 'Nay, I know the tale.
Sir Valence wedded with an outland dame;
Some cause had kept him sunder'd from his wife.
One child they had; it lived with her; she died.
His kinsman travelling on his own affair
Was charged by Valence to bring home the child.
He brought, not found it therefore; take the truth.'

'O, ay,' said Vivien, 'over-true a tale!
What say ye then to sweet Sir Sagramore,
That ardent man? "To pluck the flower in season,"
So says the song, "I trow it is no treason."
O Master, shall we call him over-quick
To crop his own sweet rose before the hour?'

And Merlin answer'd: 'Over-quick art thou
To catch a loathly plume fallen from the wing
Of that foul bird of rapine whose whole prey
Is man's good name. He never wrong'd his bride.
I know the tale. An angry gust of wind
Puff'd out his torch among the myriad-room'd
And many-corridor'd complexities
Of Arthur's palace. Then he found a door,
And darkling felt the sculptured ornament
That wreathen round it made it seem his own,
And wearied out made for the couch and slept,
A stainless man beside a stainless maid;
And either slept, nor knew of other there,
Till the high dawn piercing the royal rose
In Arthur's casement glimmer'd chastely down,
Blushing upon them blushing, and at once
He rose without a word and parted from her.
But when the thing was blazed about the court,
The brute world howling forced them into bonds,
And as it chanced they are happy, being pure.'

'O, ay,' said Vivien, 'that were likely too!
What say ye then to fair Sir Percivale
And of the horrid foulness that
wrought,
The saintly youth, the spotless lan
of Christ,
Or some black wether of Saint Satan
fold?
What, in the precincts of the chap
yard,
Among the knightly brasses of t
graves,
And by the cold Hic Jacets of t
dead!'

And Merlin answer'd careless of h
charge:
'A sober man is Percivale and pure
But once in life was fluster'd with ne
wine,
Then paced for coolness in the chap
yard,
Where one of Satan's shepherdess
caught
And meant to stamp him with h
master's mark.
And that he sinn'd is not believable
For, look upon his face! — but if
sinn'd,
The sin that practice burns into t
blood,
And not the one dark hour whi
brings remorse,
Will brand us, after, of whose fold
be;
Or else were he, the holy king wh
hymns
Are chanted in the minster, wo
than all.
But is your spleen froth'd out, or ha
ye more?'

And Vivien answer'd frowning
in wrath:
'O, ay; what say ye to Sir Lancel
friend,
Traitor or true? that commerce w
the Queen,
I ask you, is it clamor'd by the chil
Or whisper'd in the corner? do
know it?'

To which he answer'd sadly: 'Y
I know it.
Sir Lancelot went ambassador,
first,
To fetch her, and she watch'd h
from her walls.

rumor runs, she took him for the King,
fixt her fancy on him; let them be.
it have ye no one word of loyal praise
r Arthur, blameless king and stainless man?'

She answer'd with a low and chuckling laugh:
Ian! is he man at all, who knows and winks?
ès what his fair bride is and does, and winks?
which the good King means to blind himself,
id blinds himself and all the Table Round
all the foulness that they work. Myself
uld call him — were it not for womanhood —
e pretty, popular name such manhood earns,
uld call him the main cause of all their crime,
a, were he not crown'd king, coward and fool.'

Then Merlin to his own heart, loathing, said:
true and tender! O my liege and King!
selfless man and stainless gentleman,
ho wouldst against thine own eyewitness fain
ve all men true and leal, all women pure!
w, in the mouths of base interpreters,
om over-fineness not intelligible
things with every sense as false and foul
the poach'd filth that floods the middle street,
thy white blamelessness accounted blame!'

But Vivien, deeming Merlin overborne
instance, recommenced, and let her tongue
ge like a fire among the noblest names,
Polluting, and imputing her whole self,
Defaming and defacing, till she left
Not even Lancelot brave nor Galahad clean.

Her words had issue other than she will'd.
He dragg'd his eyebrow bushes down, and made
A snowy pent-house for his hollow eyes,
And mutter'd in himself: 'Tell *her* the charm!
So, if she had it, would she rail on me
To snare the next, and if she have it not
So will she rail. What did the wanton say?
"Not mount as high!" we scarce can sink as low;
For men at most differ as heaven and earth,
But women, worst and best, as heaven and hell.
I know the Table Round, my friends of old;
All brave, and many generous, and some chaste.
She cloaks the scar of some repulse with lies.
I well believe she tempted them and fail'd,
Being so bitter; for fine plots may fail,
Tho' harlots paint their talk as well as face
With colors of the heart that are not theirs.
I will not let her know; nine tithes of times
Face-flatterer and backbiter are the same.
And they, sweet soul, that most impute a crime
Are pronest to it, and impute themselves,
Wanting the mental range, or low desire
Not to feel lowest makes them level all;
Yea, they would pare the mountain to the plain,
To leave an equal baseness; and in this

Are harlots like the crowd that if they find
Some stain or blemish in a name of note,
Not grieving that their greatest are so small,
Inflate themselves with some insane delight,
And judge all nature from her feet of clay,
Without the will to lift their eyes, and see
Her godlike head crown'd with spiritual fire,
And touching other worlds. I am weary of her.'

He spoke in words part heard, in whispers part,
Half-suffocated in the hoary fell
And many-winter'd fleece of throat and chin.
But Vivien, gathering somewhat of his mood,
And hearing 'harlot' mutter'd twice or thrice,
Leapt from her session on his lap, and stood
Stiff as a viper frozen; loathsome sight,
How from the rosy lips of life and love
Flash'd the bare-grinning skeleton of death!
White was her cheek; sharp breaths of anger puff'd
Her fairy nostril out; her hand half-clench'd
Went faltering sideways downward to her belt,
And feeling. Had she found a dagger there—
For in a wink the false love turns to hate—
She would have stabb'd him; but she found it not.
His eye was calm, and suddenly she took
To bitter weeping like a beaten child,
A long, long weeping, not consolable.
Then her false voice made way, broken with sobs:

'O crueller than was ever told in tale
Or sung in song! O vainly lavish'd love!
O cruel, there was nothing wild strange,
Or seeming shameful—for what shar in love,
So love be true, and not as yours i —nothing
Poor Vivien had not done to win h trust
Who call'd her what he call'd her all her crime,
All—all—the wish to prove hi wholly hers.'

She mused a little, and then cla her hands
Together with a wailing shriek, a said:
'Stabb'd through the heart's affectio to the heart!
Seethed like the kid in its own m ther's milk!
Kill'd with a word worse than a l of blows!
I thought that he was gentle, bei great;
O God, that I had loved a smaller ma
I should have found in him a great
O, I, that flattering my true passio saw
The knights, the court, the Kin dark in your light,
Who loved to make men darker th they are,
Because of that high pleasure whi I had
To seat you sole upon my pedestal
Of worship—I am answer'd, a henceforth
The course of life that seem'd so flo ery to me
With you for guide and master, o you,
Becomes the sea-cliff pathway brok short,
And ending in a ruin—nothing lef
But into some low cave to crawl, a there,
If the wolf spare me, weep my l away,
Kill'd with inutterable unkindlines

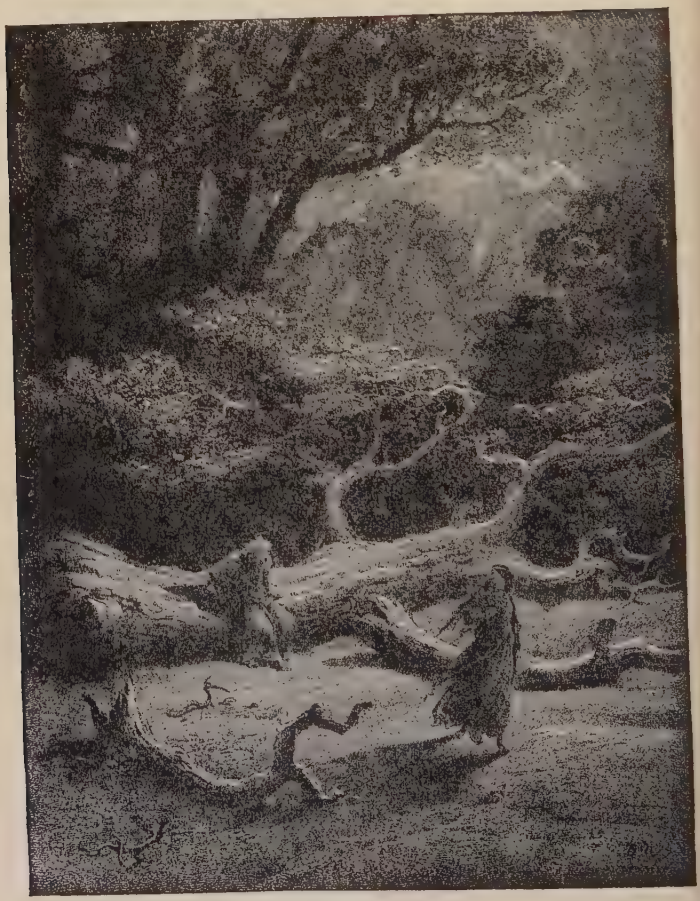
She paused, she turn'd away, hung her head,
The snake of gold slid from her h the braid

ipt and uncoil'd itself, she wept
afresh,
nd the dark wood grew darker to-
ward the storm
silence, while his anger slowly died
ithin him, till he let his wisdom go
or ease of heart, and half believed
her true;
ll'd her to shelter in the hollow oak,'
ome from the storm,' and having
no reply,
zed at the heaving shoulder and
the face
and-hidden, as for utmost grief or
shame;
ien thrice essay'd, by tenderest-
touching terms,
sleek her ruffled peace of mind, in
vain.
last she let herself be conquer'd by
him,
nd as the cageling newly flown re-
turns,
ie seeming-injured simple-hearted
thing
me to her old perch back, and set-
tled there.
iere while she sat, half-falling from
his knees,
lf-nestled at his heart, and since he
saw
ie slow tear creep from her closed
eyelid yet,
out her, more in kindness than in
love,
ie gentle wizard cast a shielding arm.
t she dislink'd herself at once and
rose,
r arms upon her breast across, and
stood,
virtuous gentlewoman deeply
wrong'd,
right and flush'd before him; then
she said:

'There must be now no passages of
love
twixt us twain henceforward ever-
more;
ice, if I be what I am grossly call'd,
hat should be granted which your
own gross heart
ould reckon worth the taking? I
will go.
truth, but one thing now — better
have died
Thrice than have ask'd it once — could
make me stay —
That proof of trust — so often ask'd
in vain!
How justly, after that vile term of
yours,
I find with grief! I might believe
you then,
Who knows? once more. Lo! what
was once to me
Mere matter of the fancy, now hath
grown
The vast necessity of heart and life.
Farewell; think gently of me, for I
fear
My fate or folly, passing gayer youth
For one so old, must be to love thee
still.
But ere I leave thee let me swear once
more
That if I schemed against thy peace
in this,
May yon just heaven, that darkens
o'er me, send
One flash that, missing all things else,
may make
My scheming brain a cinder, if I lie.'

Scarce had she ceased, when out of
heaven a bolt —
For now the storm was close above
them — struck,
Furrowing a giant oak, and javelin-
ing
With darted spikes and splinters of
the wood
The dark earth round. He raised his
eyes and saw
The tree that shone white-listed thro'
the gloom.
But Vivien, fearing heaven had heard
her oath,
And dazzled by the livid-flickering
fork,
And deafen'd with the stammering
cracks and claps
That follow'd, flying back and crying
out,
'O Merlin, tho' you do not love me,
save,
Yet save me!' clung to him and
hugg'd him close;
And call'd him dear protector in her
fright,
Nor yet forgot her practice in her
fright,

But wrought upon his mood and hugg'd him close.
The pale blood of the wizard at her touch
Took gayer colors, like an opal warm'd.
She blamed herself for telling hearsay tales;
She shook from fear, and for her fault she wept
Of petulancy; she call'd him lord and liege,
Her seer, her bard, her silver star of eve,
Her God, her Merlin, the one passionate love
Of her whole life; and ever overhead
Bellow'd the tempest, and the rotten branch
Snapt in the rushing of the river-rain
Above them; and in change of gladness and gloom
Her eyes and neck glittering were and came;
Till now the storm, its burst of passion spent,



"'I have made his glory mine'"

aning and calling out of other lands,
d left the ravaged woodland yet once more
peace; and what should not have been had been,
r Merlin, overtalk'd and overworn,
d yielded, told her all the charm, and slept.

Then, in one moment, she put forth the charm
woven paces and of waving hands,
d in the hollow oak he lay as dead,
d lost to life and use and name and fame.

Then crying, 'I have made his glory mine,'
d shrieking out, 'O fool!' the harlot leapt
own the forest, and the thicket closed
ind her, and the forest echo'd 'fool.'

LANCELOT AND ELAINE

AINE the fair, Elaine the lovable,
ine, the lily maid of Astolat,
gh in her chamber up a tower to the east
arded the sacred shield of Lancelot;
ich first she placed where morning's earliest ray
ght strike it, and awake her with the gleam;
en fearing rust or soilure fashion'd for it
ase of silk, and braided thereupon
the devices blazon'd on the shield
heir own tinct, and added, of her wit,
order fantasy of branch and flower,
l yellow-throated nestling in the nest.
rested thus content, but day by day,
ving her household and good father, climb'd
t eastern tower, and entering barr'd her door,
pt off the case, and read the naked shield,
Now guess'd a hidden meaning in his arms,
Now made a pretty history to herself
Of every dint a sword had beaten in it,
And every scratch a lance had made upon it,
Conjecturing when and where: this cut is fresh,
That ten years back; this dealt him at Caerlyle,
That at Caerleon — this at Camelot —
And ah, God's mercy, what a stroke was there!
And here a thrust that might have kill'd, but God
Broke the strong lance, and roll'd his enemy down,
And saved him: so she lived in fantasy.

How came the lily maid by that good shield
Of Lancelot, she that knew not even his name?
He left it with her, when he rode to tilt
For the great diamond in the diamond jousts,
Which Arthur had ordain'd, and by that name
Had named them, since a diamond was the prize.

For Arthur, long before they crown'd him king,
Roving the trackless realms of Lyonnesse,
Had found a glen, gray boulder and black tarn.
A horror lived about the tarn, and clave
Like its own mists to all the mountain side;
For here two brothers, one a king, had met
And fought together, but their names were lost;
And each had slain his brother at a blow;
And down they fell and made the glen abhorr'd.
And there they lay till all their bones were bleach'd,
And lichen'd into color with the crags.
And he that once was king had on a crown

Of diamonds, one in front and four aside.
And Arthur came, and laboring up the pass,
All in a misty moonshine, unawares
Had trodden that crown'd skeleton, and the skull
Brake from the nape, and from the skull the crown
Roll'd into light, and turning on its rims
Fled like a glittering rivulet to the tarn.
And down the shingly scaur he plunged, and caught,
And set it on his head, and in his heart
Heard murmurs, 'Lo, thou likewise shalt be king.'

Thereafter, when a king, he had the gems
Pluck'd from the crown, and show'd them to his knights
Saying: 'These jewels, whereupon I chanced
Divinely, are the kingdom's, not the King's—
For public use. Henceforward let there be,
Once every year, a joust for one of these;
For so by nine years' proof we needs must learn
Which is our mightiest, and ourselves shall grow
In use of arms and manhood, till we drive
The heathen, who, some say, shall rule the land
Hereafter, which God hinder!' Thus he spoke.
And eight years past, eight jousts had been, and still
Had Lancelot won the diamond of the year,
With purpose to present them to the Queen
When all were won; but, meaning all at once
To snare her royal fancy with a boon
Worth half her realm, had never spoken word.

Now for the central diamond and the last
And largest, Arthur, holding then h court
Hard on the river nigh the pla which now
Is this world's hugest, let proclaim joust
At Camelot, and when the time dre nigh
Spake—for she had been sick—t Guinevere:
'Are you so sick, my Queen, you ca not move
To these fair jousts?' 'Yea, lord she said, 'ye know it.'
'Then will ye miss,' he answer' 'the great deeds
Of Lancelot, and his prowess in th lists,
A sight ye love to look on.' And th Queen
Lifted her eyes, and they dwelt la guidly
On Lancelot, where he stood besid the King.
He, thinking that he read her mea ing there,
'Stay with me, I am sick; my lo is more
Than many diamonds,' yielded; a a heart
Love-loyal to the least wish of t Queen—
However much he yearn'd to ma complete
The tale of diamonds for his destin boon—
Urged him to speak against the trut and say,
'Sir King, mine ancient wound hardly whole,
And lets me from the saddle;' a the King
Glanced first at him, then her, a went his way.
No sooner gone than suddenly s began:

'To blame, my lord Sir Lancel much to blame!
Why go ye not to these fair joust the knights
Are half of them our enemies, and t crowd
Will murmur, "Lo the shame ones, who take

heir pastime now the trustful King
is gone!"'
hen Lancelot, vext at having lied in
vain:
Are ye so wise? ye were not once so
wise,
y Queen, that summer when ye
loved me first.
hen of the crowd ye took no more
account
nan of the myriad cricket of the
mead,
Then its own voice clings to each
blade of grass,
nd every voice is nothing. As to
knights,
hem surely can I silence with all
ease.
it now my loyal worship is allow'd
f all men; many a bard, without
offence,
as link'd our names together in his
lay,
ancelot, the flower of bravery, Guine-
vere,
he pearl of beauty; and our knights
at feast
ave pledged us in this union, while
the King
ould listen smiling. How then? is
there more?
as Arthur spoken aught? or would
yourself,
ow weary of my service and devoir,
enceforth be truer to your faultless
lord?'

She broke into a little scornful
laugh:
rthur, my lord, Arthur, the fault-
less King,
at passionate perfection, my good
lord—
t who can gaze upon the sun in
heaven?
never spake word of reproach to
me,
never had a glimpse of mine un-
truth,
cares not for me. Only here to-
day
ere gleamed a vague suspicion in
his eyes;
ne meddling rogue has tamper'd
with him — else
pt in this fancy of his Table Round,
And swearing men to vows impossi
ble,
To make them like himself; but,
friend, to me
He is all fault who hath no fault at
all.
For who loves me must have a touch
of earth;
The low sun makes the color. I am
yours,
Not Arthur's, as ye know, save by the
bond.
And therefore hear my words: go to
the jousts:
The tiny-trumpeting gnat can break
our dream
When sweetest; and the vermin
voices here
May buzz so loud — we scorn them,
but they sting.'

Then answer'd Lancelot, the chief
of knights:
'And with what face, after my pre-
text made,
Shall I appear, O Queen, at Camelot, I
Before a king who honors his own
word
As if it were his God's?'

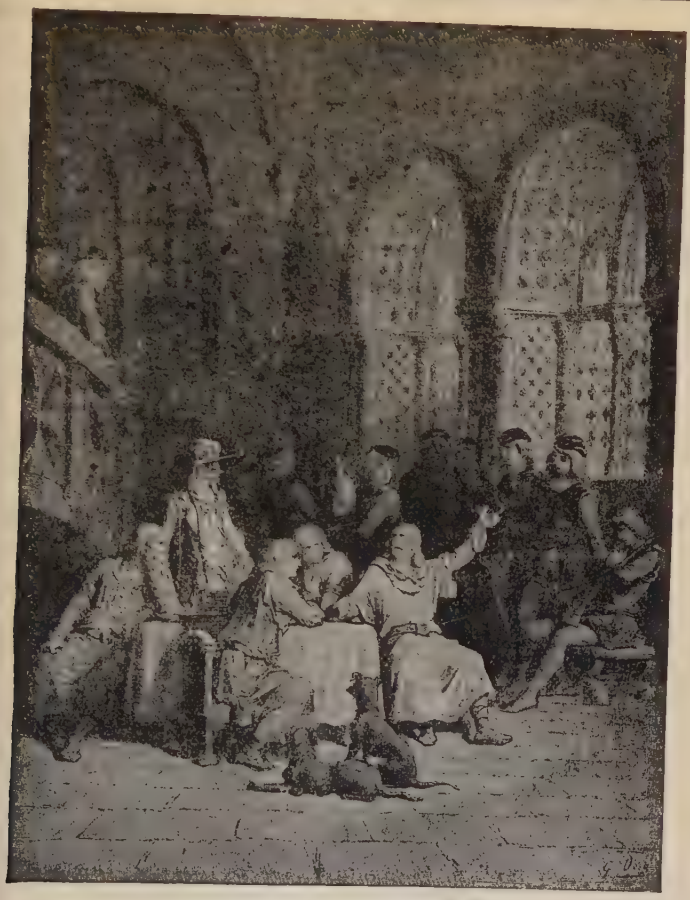
'Yea,' said the Queen,
'A moral child without the craft to
rule,
Else had he not lost me; but listen to
me,
If I must find you wit. We hear it
said
That men go down before your spear
at a touch,
But knowing you are Lancelot; your
great name,
This conquers. Hide it therefore;
go unknown.
Win! by this kiss you will; and our
true King
Will then allow your pretext, O my
knight,
As all for glory; for to speak him
true,
Ye know right well, how meek soe'er
he seem,
No keener hunter after glory breathes.
He loves it in his knights more than
himself;
They prove to him his work. Win
and return.'

Then got Sir Lancelot suddenly to horse,
Wroth at himself. Not willing to be known,
He left the barren-beaten thoroughfare,
Chose the green path that show'd the rarer foot,
And there among the solitary downs,
Full often lost in fancy, lost his way;
Till as he traced a faintly-shadow'd track,
That all in loops and links among the dales
Ran to the Castle of Astolat, he saw
Fired from the west, far on a hill, the towers.
Thither he made, and blew the gateway horn.
Then came an old, dumb, myriad-wrinkled man,
Who let him into lodging and disarm'd.
And Lancelot marvell'd at the wordless man;
And issuing found the Lord of Astolat
With two strong sons, Sir Torre and Sir Lavaine,
Moving to meet him in the castle court;
And close behind them stept the lily maid
Elaine, his daughter; mother of the house
There was not. Some light jest among them rose
With laughter dying down as the great knight
Approach'd them; then the Lord of Astolat:
'Whence comest thou, my guest, and by what name
Livest between the lips? for by thy state
And presence I might guess thee chief of those,
After the King, who eat in Arthur's halls.
Him have I seen; the rest, his Table Round,
Known as they are, to me they are unknown.'

Then answer'd Lancelot, the chief of knights:
Known am I, and of Arthur's hall, and known,
What I by mere mischance ha
brought, my shield.
But since I go to joust as one unknov
At Camelot for the diamond, ask
not;
Hereafter ye shall know me — and t
shield —
I pray you lend me one, if such y
have,
Blank, or at least with some devi
not mine.'

Then said the Lord of Astol
'Here is Torre's:
Hurt in his first tilt was my son,
Torre,
And so, God wot, his shield is bla
enough.
His ye can have.' Then added pl
Sir Torre,
'Yea, since I cannot use it, ye m
have it.'
Here laugh'd the father saying: 'F
Sir Churl,
Is that an answer for a noble knigh
Allow him! but Lavaine, my young
here,
He is so full of lustihood, he will ri
Joust for it, and win, and bring it
an hour,
And set it in this damsel's gold
hair,
To make her thrice as wilful as befo

'Nay, father, nay, good fath
shame me not
Before this noble knight,' said you
Lavaine,
'For nothing. Surely I but play'd
Torre,
He seem'd so sullen, vext he co
not go;
A jest, no more! for, knight,
maiden dreamt
That some one put this diamond
her hand,
And that it was too slippery to be h
And slipt and fell into some poo
stream,
The castle-well, belike; and then I
That *if* I went and *if* I fought
won it —
But all was jest and joke among
selves —
Then must she keep it safelier.
was jest.



'The lily maid Elaine . . .
Lifted her eyes and read his lineaments'

father, give me leave, an if he will,
ide to Camelot with this noble knight.
shall I not, but do my best to win;
g as I am, yet would I do my best.' 221

ye will grace me,' answer'd Lancelot.

Smiling a moment, 'with your fellowship
O'er these waste downs whereon I lost myself,
Then were I glad of you as guide and friend:
And you shall win this diamond, — as I hear,
It is a fair large diamond, — if ye may,
And yield it to this maiden, if ye will.

'A fair large diamond,' added plain Sir Torre,
'Such be for queens, and not for simple maids.'
Then she, who held her eyes upon the ground,
Elaine, and heard her name so tost about,
Flush'd slightly at the slight disparagement
Before the stranger knight, who, looking at her,
Full courtly, yet not falsely, thus return'd:
'If what is fair be but for what is fair,
And only queens are to be counted so,
Rash were my judgment then, who deem this maid
Might wear as fair a jewel as is on earth,
Not violating the bond of like to like.'

He spoke and ceased; the lily maid Elaine,
Won by the mellow voice before she look'd,
Lifted her eyes and read his lineaments.
The great and guilty love he bare the Queen,
In battle with the love he bare his lord,
Had marr'd his face, and mark'd it ere his time.
Another sinning on such heights with one,
The flower of all the west and all the world,
Had been the sleeker for it; but in him
His mood was often like a fiend, and rose
And drove him into wastes and solitudes
For agony, who was yet a living soul.
Marr'd as he was, he seem'd the goodliest man
That ever among ladies ate in hall,
And noblest, when she lifted up her eyes.
However marr'd, of more than twice her years,
Seam'd with an ancient sword-cut on the cheek,
And bruised and bronzed, she lifted up her eyes
And loved him, with that love which was her doom.

Then the great knight, the darli
of the court,
Loved of the loveliest, into that ru
hall
Stept with all grace, and not with h
disdain
Hid under grace, as in a smaller tin
But kindly man moving among
kind;
Whom they with meats and vinta
of their best
And talk and minstrel melody ent
tain'd.
And much they ask'd of court a
Table Round,
And ever well and readily answe
he;
But Lancelot, when they glanced
Guinevere,
Suddenly speaking of the wordl
man,
Heard from the baron that, ten ye
before,
The heathen caught and reft him
his tongue.
'He learnt and warn'd me of th
fierce design
Against my house, and him th
caught and maim'd;
But I, my sons, and little daughter f
From bonds or death, and dw
among the woods
By the great river in a boatman's h
Dull days were those, till our g
Arthur broke
The Pagan yet once more on Bad
hill.'

'O, there, great lord, doubtless,'
vaine said, rapt
By all the sweet and sudden pass
of youth
Toward greatness in its elder, '
have fought.
O, tell us — for we live apart —
know
Of Arthur's glorious wars.' A
Lancelot spoke
And answer'd him at full, as hav
been
With Arthur in the fight which
day long
Rang by the white mouth of the
lent Glem;
And in the four loud battles by
shore

f Duglas; that on Bassa; then the war
nat thunder'd in and out the gloomy skirts
f Celidon the forest; and again
y Castle Gurnion, where the glorious King
nd on his cuirass worn our Lady's Head,
rved of one emerald centred in a sun
f silver rays, that lighten'd as he breathed;
nd at Caerleon had he help'd his lord,
hen the strong neighings of the wild White Horse
t every gilded parapet shuddering;
nd up in Agned-Cathregonion too,
nd down the waste sand-shores of Trath Treroit,
here many a heathen fell, 'and on the mount
Badon I myself beheld the King
arge at the head of all his Table Round,
nd all his legions crying Christ and him,
nd break them; and I saw him, after, stand
gh on a heap of slain, from spur to plume
d as the rising sun with heathen blood,
nd seeing me, with a great voice he cried,
They are broken, they are broken!" for the King,
owever mild he seems at home, nor cares
r triumph in our mimic wars, the jousts —
r if his own knight casts him down, he laughs,
ying his knights are better men than he —
t in this heathen war the fire of God
lls him. I never saw his like; there lives
greater leader.'

While he utter'd this,
w to her own heart said the lily maid,
ave your great self, fair lord;' and when he fell
From talk of war to traits of pleasantry —
Being mirthful he, but in a stately kind —
She still took note that when the living smile
Died from his lips, across him came a cloud
Of melancholy severe, from which again,
Whenever in her hovering to and fro
The lily maid had striven to make him cheer,
There brake a sudden-beaming tenderness
Of manners and of nature; and she thought
That all was nature, all, perchance, for her.
And all night long his face before her lived,
As when a painter, poring on a face,
Divinely thro' all hindrance finds the man
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
The shape and color of a mind and life,
Lives for his children, ever at its best
And fullest; so the face before her lived,
Dark-splendid, speaking in the silence, full
Of noble things, and held her from her sleep,
Till rathe she rose, half-cheated in the thought
She needs must bid farewell to sweet Lavaine.
First as in fear, step after step, she stole
Down the long tower-stairs, hesitating.
Anon, she heard Sir Lancelot cry in the court,
'This shield, my friend, where is it?' and Lavaine
Past inward, as she came from out the tower.
There to his proud horse Lancelot turn'd, and smooth'd
The glossy shoulder, humming to himself.
Half-envious of the flattering hand, she drew
Nearer and stood. He look'd, and, more amazed

Than if seven men had set upon him, saw
The maiden standing in the dewy light.
He had not dream'd she was so beautiful.
Then came on him a sort of sacred fear,
For silent, tho' he greeted her, she stood
Rapt on his face as if it were a god's.
Suddenly flash'd on her a wild desire
That he should wear her favor at the tilt.
She braved a riotous heart in asking for it.
'Fair lord, whose name I know not—noble it is,
I well believe, the noblest—will you wear
My favor at this tourney?' 'Nay,' said he,
'Fair lady, since I never yet have worn
Favor of any lady in the lists.
Such is my wont, as those who know me know.'
'Yea, so,' she answer'd; 'then in wearing mine
Needs must be lesser likelihood, noble lord,
That those who know should know you.' And he turn'd
Her counsel up and down within his mind,
And found it true, and answer'd: 'True, my child.
Well, I will wear it; fetch it out to me.
What is it?' and she told him, 'A red sleeve
Broider'd with pearls,' and brought it. Then he bound
Her token on his helmet, with a smile
Saying, 'I never yet have done so much
For any maiden living,' and the blood
Sprang to her face and fill'd her with delight;
But left her all the paler when Lavaine
Returning brought the yet-unblazon'd shield,
His brother's, which he gave to Lancelot,
Who parted with his own to fair Elaine;

'Do me this grace, my child, to hav
my shield
In keeping till I come.' 'A grace t
me,'
She answer'd, 'twice to-day. I a
your squire!'
Whereat Lavaine said laughing: 'Lil
maid,
For fear our people call you lily mai
In earnest, let me bring your colo
back;
Once, twice, and thrice. Now g
you hence to bed;'
So kiss'd her, and Sir Lancelot h
own hand,
And thus they moved away. Sh
staid a minute,
Then made a sudden step to the gat
and there—
Her bright hair blown about th
serious face
Yet rosy-kindled with her brother
kiss—
Paused by the gateway, standing ne
the shield
In silence, while she watch'd the
arms far-off
Sparkle, until they dipt below th
downs.
Then to her tower she climb'd, a
took the shield,
There kept it, and so lived in fantas

Meanwhile the new companio
past away
Far o'er the long backs of the bushle
downs,
To where Sir Lancelot knew the
lived a knight
Not far from Camelot, now for for
years
A hermit, who had pray'd, labor'd a
pray'd,
And ever laboring had scoop'd hims
In the white rock a chapel and
hall
On massive columns, like a shore-cl
cave,
And cells and chambers. All w
fair and dry;
The green light from the meado
underneath
Struck up and lived along the mil
roofs;
And in the meadows tremulous asp
trees

ıd poplars made a noise of falling showers.
ıd thither wending there that night they bode.

But when the next day broke from underground,
ıd shot red fire and shadows thro' the cave,
ıey rose, heard mass, broke fast, and rode away.
ıen Lancelot saying, 'Hear, but hold my name
ıdden, you ride with Lancelot of the Lake,'
ɔash'd Lavaine, whose instant reverence,
:arer to true young hearts than their own praise,
ıt left him leave to stammer, 'Is it indeed?'
ıd after muttering, 'The great Lancelot,'
last he got his breath and answer'd: 'One,
ıe have I seen — that other, our liege lord,
ıe dread Pendragon, Britain's King of kings,
whom the people talk mysteriously,
: will be there — then were I stricken blind
ıat minute, I might say that I had seen.'

So spake Lavaine, and when they reach'd the lists
Camelot in the meadow, let his eyes
ın thro' the peopled gallery which half round
y like a rainbow fallen upon the grass,
til they found the clear-faced King, who sat
bed in red samite, easily to be known,
ıce to his crown the golden dragon clung,
d down his robe the dragon writhed in gold,
d from the carven-work behind him crept
ro dragons gilded, sloping down to make
Arms for his chair, while all the rest of them
Thro' knots and loops and folds innumerable
Fled ever thro' the woodwork, till they found
The new design wherein they lost themselves,
Yet with all ease, so tender was the work;
And, in the costly canopy o'er him set,
Blazed the last diamond of the nameless king.

Then Lancelot answer'd young Lavaine and said:
'Me you call great; mine is the firmer seat,
The truer lance; but there is many a youth
Now crescent, who will come to all I am
And overcome it; and in me there dwells
No greatness, save it be some far-off touch
Of greatness to know well I am not great.
There is the man.' And Lavaine gaped upon him
As on a thing miraculous, and anon
The trumpets blew; and then did either side,
They that assail'd, and they that held the lists,
Set lance in rest, strike spur, suddenly move,
Meet in the midst, and there so furiously
Shock that a man far-off might well perceive,
If any man that day were left afield,
The hard earth shake, and a low thunder of arms.
And Lancelot bode a little, till he saw
Which were the weaker, then he hurl'd into it
Against the stronger. Little need to speak
Of Lancelot in his glory! King, duke, earl,
Count, baron — whom he smote, he overthrew.

But in the field were Lancelot's kith and kin,

Ranged with the Table Round that held the lists,
Strong men, and wrathful that a stranger knight
Should do and almost overdo the deeds
Of Lancelot; and one said to the other, 'Lo!
What is he? I do not mean the force alone—
The grace and versatility of the man!
Is it not Lancelot?' 'When has Lancelot worn
Favor of any lady in the lists?
Not such his wont, as we that know him know.'
'How then? who then?' a fury seized them all,
A fiery family passion for the name
Of Lancelot, and a glory one with theirs.
They couch'd their spears and prick'd their steeds, and thus,
Their plumes driven backward by the wind they made
In moving, all together down upon him
Bare, as a wild wave in the wide North Sea,
Green-glimmering toward the summit, bears, with all
Its stormy crests that smoke against the skies,
Down on a bark, and overbears the bark
And him that helms it; so they overbore
Sir Lancelot and his charger, and a spear
Down-glancing lamed the charger, and a spear
Prick'd sharply his own cuirass, and the head
Pierced thro' his side, and there snapt and remain'd.

Then Sir Lavaine did well and worshipfully.
He bore a knight of old repute to the earth,
And brought his horse to Lancelot where he lay.
He up the side, sweating with agony, got,
But thought to do while he might yet endure,
And being lustily holpen by the rest,
His party,—tho' it seem'd half-miracl
To those he fought with,—drave h
kith and kin,
And all the Table Round that hel
the lists,
Back to the barrier; then the trumpet
blew
Proclaiming his the prize who wor
the sleeve
Of scarlet and the pearls; and all th
knights,
His party, cried, 'Advance and tak
thy prize
The diamond;' but he answer'd
'Diamond me
No diamonds! for God's love, a litt
air!
Prize me no prizes, for my prize
death!
Hence will I, and I charge you, fo
low me not.'

He spoke, and vanish'd sudden
from the field
With young Lavaine into the popl
grove.
There from his charger down he sli
and sat,
Gasping to Sir Lavaine, 'Draw t
lance-head.'
'Ah, my sweet lord Sir Lancelo
said Lavaine,
'I dread me, if I draw it, you will di
But he, 'I die already with it; draw
Draw,'—and Lavaine drew, and S
Lancelot gave
A marvellous great shriek and ghast
groan,
And half his blood burst forth, a
down he sank
For the pure pain, and wholly swoon
away.
Then came the hermit out and ba
him in,
There stanch'd his wound; and the
in daily doubt
Whether to live or die, for many
week
Hid from the wild world's rumor
the grove
Of poplars with their noise of falli
showers,
And ever-tremulous aspen-trees, he l

But on that day when Lancelot f
the lists,

is party, knights of utmost North and West,
ords of waste marshes, kings of desolate isles,
ame round their great Pendragon, saying to him,
Lo, Sire, our knight, thro' whom we won the day,
ath gone sore wounded, and hath left his prize
ntaken, crying that his prize is death.'
Heaven hinder,' said the King, 'that such an one,
o great a knight as we have seen today —
e seem'd to me another Lancelot —
ea, twenty times I thought him Lancelot —
e must not pass uncared for. Wherefore rise,
Gawain, and ride forth and find the knight.
ounded and wearied, needs must he be near.
charge you that you get at once to horse.
nd, knights and kings, there breathes not one of you
ill deem this prize of ours is rashly given;
is prowess was too wondrous. We will do him
o customary honor; since the knight ame not to us, of us to claim the prize,
irselves will send it after. Rise and take
is diamond, and deliver it, and return,
nd bring us where he is, and how he fares,
nd cease not from your quest until ye find'

So saying, from the carven flower above,
o which it made a restless heart, he took
nd gave the diamond. Then from where he sat
Arthur's right, with smiling face arose,
ith smiling face and frowning heart, a prince
In the mid might and flourish of his May,
Gawain, surnamed the Courteous, fair and strong,
And after Lancelot, Tristram, and Geraint,
And Gareth, a good knight, but therewithal
Sir Modred's brother, and the child of Lot,
Nor often loyal to his word, and now
Wroth that the King's command to sally forth
In quest of whom he knew not, made him leave
The banquet and concourse of knights and kings.

So all in wrath he got to horse and went;
While Arthur to the banquet, dark in mood,
Past, thinking, 'Is it Lancelot who hath come
Despite the wound he spake of, all for gain
Of glory, and hath added wound to wound,
And ridden away to die?' So fear'd the King,
And, after two days' tarriance there, return'd.
Then when he saw the Queen, embracing ask'd,
'Love, are you yet so sick?' 'Nay, lord,' she said.
'And where is Lancelot?' Then the Queen amazed,
'Was he not with you? won he not your prize?'
'Nay, but one like him.' 'Why, that like was he.'
And when the King demanded how she knew,
Said: 'Lord, no sooner had ye parted from us
Than Lancelot told me of a common talk
That men went down before his spear at a touch,
But knowing he was Lancelot; his great name
Conquer'd; and therefore would he hide his name

From all men, even the King, and to this end
Had made the pretext of a hindering wound,
That he might joust unknown of all, and learn
If his old prowess were in aught decay'd;
And added, "Our true Arthur, when he learns,
Will well allow my pretext, as for gain
Of purer glory."'

Then replied the King:
'Far lovelier in our Lancelot had it been,
In lieu of idly dallying with the truth,
To have trusted me as he hath trusted thee.
Surely his King and most familiar friend
Might well have kept his secret. True, indeed,
Albeit I know my knights fantastical,
So fine a fear in our large Lancelot
Must needs have moved my laughter; now remains
But little cause for laughter. His own kin —
Ill news, my Queen, for all who love him, this! —
His kith and kin, not knowing, set upon him;
So that he went sore wounded from the field.
Yet good news too; for goodly hopes are mine
That Lancelot is no more a lonely heart.
He wore, against his wont, upon his helm
A sleeve of scarlet, broider'd with great pearls,
Some gentle maiden's gift.'

'Yea, lord,' she said,
'Thy hopes are mine,' and saying that, she choked,
And sharply turn'd about to hide her face,
Past to her chamber, and there flung herself
Down on the great King's couch, and writhed upon it,
And clench'd her fingers till they b
the palm,
And shriek'd out 'Traitor!' to th
unhearing wall,
Then flash'd into wild tears, and ro
again,
And moved about her palace, prou
and pale.

Gawain the while thro' all the regio
round
Rode with his diamond, wearied of th
quest,
Touch'd at all points except the po
lar grove,
And came at last, tho' late, to Astola
Whom glittering in enamell'd arn
the maid
Glanced at, and cried, 'What new
from Camelot, lord?
What of the knight with the r
sleeve?' 'He won.'
'I knew it,' she said. 'But part
from the jousts
Hurt in the side;' whereat she caug
her breath.
Thro' her own side she felt the sha
lance go.
Thereon she smote her hand; we
nigh she swoon'd.
And, while he gazed wonderingly
her, came
The Lord of Astolat out, to whom th
prince
Reported who he was, and on wh
quest
Sent, that he bore the prize and cou
not find
The victor, but had ridden a rando
round
To seek him, and had wearied of t
search.
To whom the Lord of Astolat: 'Bi
with us,
And ride no more at random, no
prince!
Here was the knight, and here he l
a shield;
This will he send or come for. F
thermore
Our son is with him; we shall h
anon,
Needs must we hear.' To this t
courteous prince
Accorded with his wonted courtesy
Courtesy with a touch of traitor in

ıd staid; and cast his eyes on fair
Elaine;
here could be found face daintier? then her shape
om forehead down to foot, perfect — again
om foot to forehead exquisitely turn'd:
Vell — if I bide, lo! this wild flower for me!'
ıd oft they met among the garden yews,
ıd there he set himself to play upon her
ith sallying wit, free flashes from a height
ove her, graces of the court, and songs,
ghs, and low smiles, and golden eloquence
ıd amorous adulation, till the maid
ebell'd against it, saying to him: 'Prince,
loyal nephew of our noble King,
hy ask you not to see the shield he left,
hence you might learn his name? Why slight your King,
ıd lose the quest he sent you on, and prove
surer than our falcon yesterday,
ho lost the hern we slipt her at, and went
all the winds?' 'Nay, by mine head,' said he,
lose it, as we lose the lark in heaven,
damsel, in the light of your blue eyes;
t an ye will it let me see the shield.'
ıd when the shield was brought, and Gawain saw
Lancelot's azure lions, crown'd with gold,
mp in the field, he smote his thigh, and mock'd:
ight was the King! our Lancelot! that true man!'
nd right was I,' she answer'd merrily, 'I,
ho dream'd my knight the greatest knight of all.'
nd if *I* dream'd,' said Gawain, 'that you love
is greatest knight, your pardon! lo, ye know it!
Speak therefore; shall I waste myself in vain?'
Full simple was her answer: 'What know I?
My brethren have been all my fellowship;
And I, when often they have talk'd of love,
Wish'd it had been my mother, for they talk'd,
Meseem'd, of what they knew not; so myself —
I know not if I know what true love is,
But if I know, then, if I love not him,
I know there is none other I can love.'
'Yea, by God's death,' said he, 'ye love him well,
But would not, knew ye what all others know,
And whom he loves.' 'So be it,' cried Elaine,
And lifted her fair face and moved away;
But he pursued her, calling, 'Stay a little!
One golden minute's grace! he wore your sleeve.
Would he break faith with one I may not name?
Must our true man change like a leaf at last?
Nay — like enow. Why then, far be it from me
To cross our mighty Lancelot in his loves!
And, damsel, for I deem you know full well
Where your great knight is hidden, let me leave
My quest with you; the diamond also — here!
For if you love, it will be sweet to give it;
And if he love, it will be sweet to have it
From your own hand; and whether he love or not,
A diamond is a diamond. Fare you well
A thousand times! — a thousand times farewell!
Yet, if he love, and his love hold, we two

May meet at court hereafter! there, I think,
So ye will learn the courtesies of the court,
We two shall know each other.'

Then he gave,
And slightly kiss'd the hand to which he gave,
The diamond, and all wearied of the quest
Leapt on his horse, and carolling as he went
A true-love ballad, lightly rode away.

Thence to the court he past; there told the King
What the King knew, 'Sir Lancelot is the knight.'
And added, 'Sire, my liege, so much I learnt,
But fail'd to find him, tho' I rode all round
The region; but I lighted on the maid
Whose sleeve he wore. She loves him; and to her,
Deeming our courtesy is the truest law,
I gave the diamond. She will render it;
For by mine head she knows his hiding-place.'

The seldom-frowning King frown'd, and replied,
'Too courteous truly! ye shall go no more
On quest of mine, seeing that ye forget
Obedience is the courtesy due to kings.'

He spake and parted. Wroth, but all in awe,
For twenty strokes of the blood, without a word,
Linger'd that other, staring after him;
Then shook his hair, strode off, and buzz'd abroad
About the maid of Astolat, and her love.
All ears were prick'd at once, all tongues were loosed:
'The maid of Astolat loves Sir Lancelot,
Sir Lancelot loves the maid of Astolat.'
Some read the King's face, some the Queen's, and all
Had marvel what the maid might b
but most
Predoom'd her as unworthy. One o
dame
Came suddenly on the Queen with t
sharp news.
She, that had heard the noise of
before,
But sorrowing Lancelot should ha
stoop'd so low,
Marr'd her friend's aim with pale tra
quillity.
So ran the tale like fire about the cou
Fire in dry stubble a nine-days' wo
der flared;
Till even the knights at banquet twi
or thrice
Forgot to drink to Lancelot and t
Queen,
And pledging Lancelot and the li
maid
Smiled at each other, while the Quee
who sat
With lips severely placid, felt the kn
Climb in her throat, and with her fe
unseen
Crush'd the wild passion out again
the floor
Beneath the banquet, where the mea
became
As wormwood and she hated all w
pledged.

But far away the maid in Astolat
Her guiltless rival, she that ev
kept
The one-day-seen Sir Lancelot in h
heart,
Crept to her father, while he mus
alone,
Sat on his knee, stroked his gray fa
and said:
'Father, you call me wilful, and t
fault
Is yours who let me have my will, a
now,
Sweet father, will you let me lose
wits?'
'Nay,' said he, 'surely.' 'Wherefo
let me hence,'
She answer'd, 'and find out our d
Lavaine.'
'Ye will not lose your wits for d
Lavaine.
Bide,' answer'd he: 'we needs m
hear anon

f him, and of that other.' 'Ay,' she said,
And of that other, for I needs must hence
nd find that other, wheresoe'er he be,
nd with mine own hand give his diamond to him,
est I be found as faithless in the quest
s yon proud prince who left the quest to me.
weet father, I behold him in my dreams
aunt as it were the skeleton of himself,
eath-pale, for the lack of gentle maiden's aid.
he gentler-born the maiden, the more bound,
y father, to be sweet and serviceable
o noble knights in sickness, as ye know,
hen these have worn their tokens. Let me hence,
ray you.' Then her father nodding said:
Ay, ay, the diamond. Wit ye well, my child,
ght fain were I to learn this knight were whole,
ing our greatest. Yea, and you must give it—
nd sure I think this fruit is hung too high
r any mouth to gape for save a queen's—
ay, I mean nothing; so then, get you gone,
ing so very wilful you must go.'

Lightly, her suit allow'd, she slipt away,
nd while she made her ready for her ride
r father's latest word humm'd in her ear,
eing so very wilful you must go,'
nd changed itself and echo'd in her heart,
eing so very wilful you must die.'
t she was happy enough and shook it off,
we shake off the bee that buzzes at us;
d in her heart she answer'd it and said,

'What matter, so I help him back to life?'
Then far away with good Sir Torre for guide
Rode o'er the long backs of the bushless downs
To Camelot, and before the city-gates
Came on her brother with a happy face
Making a roan horse caper and curvet
For pleasure all about a field of flowers;
Whom when she saw, 'Lavaine,' she cried, 'Lavaine,
How fares my lord Sir Lancelot?' He amazed,
'Torre and Elaine! why here? Sir Lancelot!
How know ye my lord's name is Lancelot?'
But when the maid had told him all her tale,
Then turn'd Sir Torre, and being in his moods
Left them, and under the strange-statued gate,
Where Arthur's wars were render'd mystically,
Past up the still rich city to his kin,
His own far blood, which dwelt at Camelot;
And her, Lavaine across the poplar grove
Led to the caves. There first she saw the casque
Of Lancelot on the wall; her scarlet sleeve,
Tho' carved and cut, and half the pearls away,
Stream'd from it still; and in her heart she laugh'd,
Because he had not loosed it from his helm,
But meant once more perchance to tourney in it.
And when they gain'd the cell wherein he slept,
His battle-writhen arms and mighty hands
Lay naked on the wolf-skin, and a dream
Of dragging down his enemy made them move.
Then she that saw him lying unsleek, unshorn,
Gaunt as it were the skeleton of himself,

Utter'd a little tender dolorous cry.
The sound not wonted in a place so still
Woke the sick knight, and while he roll'd his eyes
Yet blank from sleep, she started to him, saying,
'Your prize the diamond sent you by the King.'
His eyes glisten'd; she fancied, 'Is it for me?'
And when the maid had told him all the tale
Of king and prince, the diamond sent, the quest
Assign'd to her not worthy of it, she knelt
Full lowly by the corners of his bed,
And laid the diamond in his open hand.
Her face was near, and as we kiss the child
That does the task assign'd, he kiss'd her face.
At once she slipt like water to the floor.
'Alas,' he said, 'your ride hath wearied you.
Rest must you have.' 'No rest for me,' she said;
'Nay, for near you, fair lord, I am at rest.'
What might she mean by that? his large black eyes,
Yet larger thro' his leanness, dwelt upon her,
Till all her heart's sad secret blazed itself
In the heart's colors on her simple face;
And Lancelot look'd and was perplext in mind,
And being weak in body said no more,
But did not love the color; woman's love,
Save one, he not regarded, and so turn'd
Sighing, and feign'd a sleep until he slept.

Then rose Elaine and glided thro' the fields,
And past beneath the weirdly-sculptured gates
Far up the dim rich city to her kin;
There bode the night, but woke with dawn, and past
Down thro' the dim rich city to the fields,
Thence to the cave. So day by d
she past
In either twilight ghost-like to and f
Gliding, and every day she tended hi
And likewise many a night; and La
celot
Would, tho' he call'd his wound a litt
hurt
Whereof he should be quickly whol
at times
Brain-feverous in his heat and agon
seem
Uncourteous, even he. But the me
maid
Sweetly forbore him ever, being
him
Meeker than any child to a rou
nurse,
Milder than any mother to a si
child,
And never woman yet, since ma
first fall,
Did kindlier unto man, but her de
love
Upbore her; till the hermit, skill'd
all
The simples and the science of t
time,
Told him that her fine care had sav
his life.
And the sick man forgot her sim
blush,
Would call her friend and sister, sw
Elaine,
Would listen for her coming and
gret
Her parting step, and held her t
derly,
And loved her with all love exc
the love
Of man and woman when they l
their best,
Closest and sweetest, and had d
the death
In any knightly fashion for her sak
And peradventure had he seen
first
She might have made this and t
other world
Another world for the sick man;
now
The shackles of an old love straite
him,
His honor rooted in dishonor stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him fals
true.

Yet the great knight in his mid-
sickness made
ıll many a holy vow and pure re-
solve.
ıese, as but born of sickness, could
not live;
r when the blood ran lustier in him
again,
ıll often the bright image of one
face,
ıking a treacherous quiet in his
heart,
spersed his resolution like a cloud.

Then if the maiden, while that ghostly
grace
Beam'd on his fancy, spoke, he an-
swer'd not,
Or short and coldly, and she knew
right well
What the rough sickness meant, but
what this meant
She knew not, and the sorrow dimm'd
her sight,
And drave her ere her time across the
fields
Far into the rich city, where alone

'Day by day she past
In either twilight ghost-like to and fro'

She murmur'd, 'Vain, in vain! it cannot be.
He will not love me. How then? must I die?'
Then as a little helpless innocent bird,
That has but one plain passage of few notes,
Will sing the simple passage o'er and o'er
For all an April morning, till the ear
Wearies to hear it, so the simple maid
Went half the night repeating, 'Must I die?'
And now to right she turn'd, and now to left,
And found no ease in turning or in rest;
And 'Him or death,' she mutter'd, 'death or him,'
Again and like a burthen, 'Him or death.'

But when Sir Lancelot's deadly hurt was whole,
To Astolat returning rode the three.
There morn by morn, arraying her sweet self
In that wherein she deem'd she look'd her best,
She came before Sir Lancelot, for she thought,
'If I be loved, these are my festal robes,
If not, the victim's flowers before he fall.'
And Lancelot ever prest upon the maid
That she should ask some goodly gift of him
For her own self or hers: 'and do not shun
To speak the wish most near to your true heart;
Such service have ye done me that I make
My will of yours, and prince and lord am I
In mine own land, and what I will I can.'
Then like a ghost she lifted up her face,
But like a ghost without the power to speak.
And Lancelot saw that she withheld her wish,
And bode among them yet a little space
Till he should learn it; and one mor it chanced
He found her in among the garde yews,
And said, 'Delay no longer, spea your wish,
Seeing I go to-day.' Then out sl brake:
'Going? and we shall never see yo more.
And I must die for want of one bo word.'
'Speak; that I live to hear,' he sai 'is yours.'
Then suddenly and passionately sl spoke:
'I have gone mad. I love you; l me die.'
'Ah, sister,' answer'd Lancelot, 'wh is this?'
And innocently extending her whi arms,
'Your love,' she said, 'your love to be your wife.'
And Lancelot answer'd, 'Had I chos to wed,
I had been wedded earlier, swe Elaine;
But now there never will be wife mine.'
'No, no,' she cried, 'I care not to wife,
But to be with you still, to see yo face,
To serve you, and to follow you th the world.'
And Lancelot answer'd: 'Nay, t world, the world,
All ear and eye, with such a stup heart
To interpret ear and eye, and such tongue
To blare its own interpretation nay,
Full ill then should I quit your b ther's love,
And your good father's kindnes And she said,
'Not to be with you, not to see yo face—
Alas for me then, my good days a done!'
'Nay, noble maid,' he answer'd, 't times nay!
This is not love, but love's first fl in youth

lost common; yea, I know it of mine own self,
nd you yourself will smile at your own self
lereafter, when you yield your flower of life
'o one more fitly yours, not thrice your age.
nd then will I, for true you are and sweet
eyond mine old belief in womanhood,
lore specially should your good knight be poor,
ndow you with broad land and territory
ven to the half my realm beyond the seas,
o that would make you happy; furthermore,
ven to the death, as tho' ye were my blood,
n all your quarrels will I be your knight.
his will I do, dear damsel, for your sake,
nd more than this I cannot.'

While he spoke
he neither blush'd nor shook, but deathly-pale
tood grasping what was nearest, then replied,
Of all this will I nothing;' and so fell,
nd thus they bore her swooning to her tower.

Then spake, to whom thro' those black walls of yew
heir talk had pierced, her father: 'Ay, a flash,
fear me, that will strike my blossom dead.
oo courteous are ye, fair Lord Lancelot.
pray you, use some rough discourtesy
o blunt or break her passion.'

Lancelot said,
'hat were against me; what I can I will;'
nd there that day remain'd, and toward even
nt for his shield. Full meekly rose the maid,
Stript off the case, and gave the naked shield;
Then, when she heard his horse upon the stones,
Unclasping flung the casement back, and look'd
Down on his helm, from which her sleeve had gone.
And Lancelot knew the little clinking sound;
And she by tact of love was well aware
That Lancelot knew that she was looking at him.
And yet he glanced not up, nor waved his hand,
Nor bade farewell, but sadly rode away.
This was the one discourtesy that he used.

So in her tower alone the maiden sat.
His very shield was gone; only the case,
Her own poor work, her empty labor, left.
But still she heard him, still his picture form'd
And grew between her and the pictured wall.
Then came her father, saying in low tones,
'Have comfort,' whom she greeted quietly.
Then came her brethren saying, 'Peace to thee,
Sweet sister,' whom she answer'd with all calm.
But when they left her to herself again,
Death, like a friend's voice from a distant field
Approaching thro' the darkness, call'd; the owls
Wailing had power upon her, and she mixt
Her fancies with the sallow-rifted glooms
Of evening and the moanings of the wind.

And in those days she made a little song,
And call'd her song 'The Song of Love and Death,'

And sang it; sweetly could she make and sing.

'Sweet is true love tho' given in vain, in vain;
And sweet is death who puts an end to pain.
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

'Love, art thou sweet? then bitter death must be.
Love, thou art bitter; sweet is death to me.
O Love, if death be sweeter, let me die.

'Sweet love, that seems not made to fade away;
Sweet death, that seems to make us loveless clay;
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

'I fain would follow love, if that could be;
I needs must follow death, who calls for me;
Call and I follow, I follow! let me die.'

High with the last line scaled her voice, and this,
All in a fiery dawning wild with wind
That shook her tower, the brothers heard, and thought
With shuddering, 'Hark the Phantom of the house
That ever shrieks before a death,' and call'd
The father, and all three in hurry and fear
Ran to her, and lo! the blood-red light of dawn
Flared on her face, she shrilling, 'Let me die!'

As when we dwell upon a word we know,
Repeating, till the word we know so well
Becomes a wonder, and we know not why,
So dwelt the father on her face, and thought,
'Is this Elaine?' till back the maiden fell,
Then gave a languid hand to each, and lay,
Speaking a still good-morrow with her eyes.
At last she said: 'Sweet brothers, yester-night
I seem'd a curious little maid again,
As happy as when we dwelt among the woods,
And when ye used to take me with the flood
Up the great river in the boatman's boat.
Only ye would not pass beyond the cape
That has the poplar on it; there ye fix
Your limit, oft returning with the tide
And yet I cried because ye would not pass
Beyond it, and far up the shining flood
Until we found the palace of the King
And yet ye would not; but this night I dream'd
That I was all alone upon the flood,
And then I said, "Now shall I have my will;"
And there I woke, but still the wish remain'd.
So let me hence that I may pass at last
Beyond the poplar and far up the flood
Until I find the palace of the King.
There will I enter in among them all
And no man there will dare to mock at me;
But there the fine Gawain will wonder at me,
And there the great Sir Lancelot must at me;
Gawain, who bade a thousand farewells to me,
Lancelot, who coldly went, nor bade me one.
And there the King will know me and my love,
And there the Queen herself will pity me,
And all the gentle court will welcome me,
And after my long voyage I shall rest.'

'Peace,' said her father, 'O my child, ye seem
Light-headed, for what force is yours to go
So far, being sick? and wherefore would ye look
On this proud fellow again, who scorns us all?'

Then the rough Torre began to heave and move,
And bluster into stormy sobs and say:

I never loved him; an I meet with him,
care not howsoever great he be,
hen will I strike at him and strike him down.
ive me good fortune, I will strike him dead,
or this discomfort he hath done the house.'

To whom the gentle sister made reply:
Fret not yourself, dear brother, nor be wroth,
eeing it is no more Sir Lancelot's fault
ot to love me than it is mine to love
im of all men who seems to me the highest.'

'Highest?' the father answer'd, echoing 'highest?'—
e meant to break the passion in her —'nay,
aughter, I know not what you call the highest;
ut this I know, for all the people know it,
e loves the Queen, and in an open shame,
nd she returns his love in open shame; this be high, what is it to be low?'

Then spake the lily maid of Astolat:
Sweet father, all too faint and sick am I
or anger. These are slanders; never yet
'as noble man but made ignoble talk.
e makes no friend who never made a foe.
ıt now it is my glory to have loved
ıe peerless, without stain; so let me pass,
y father, howsoe'er I seem to you,
ot all unhappy, having loved God's best
ıd greatest, tho' my love had no return.
et, seeing you desire your child to live,
ıanks, but you work against your own desire,
or if I could believe the things you say
hould but die the sooner; wherefore cease,
Sweet father, and bid call the ghostly man
Hither, and let me shrive me clean and die.'

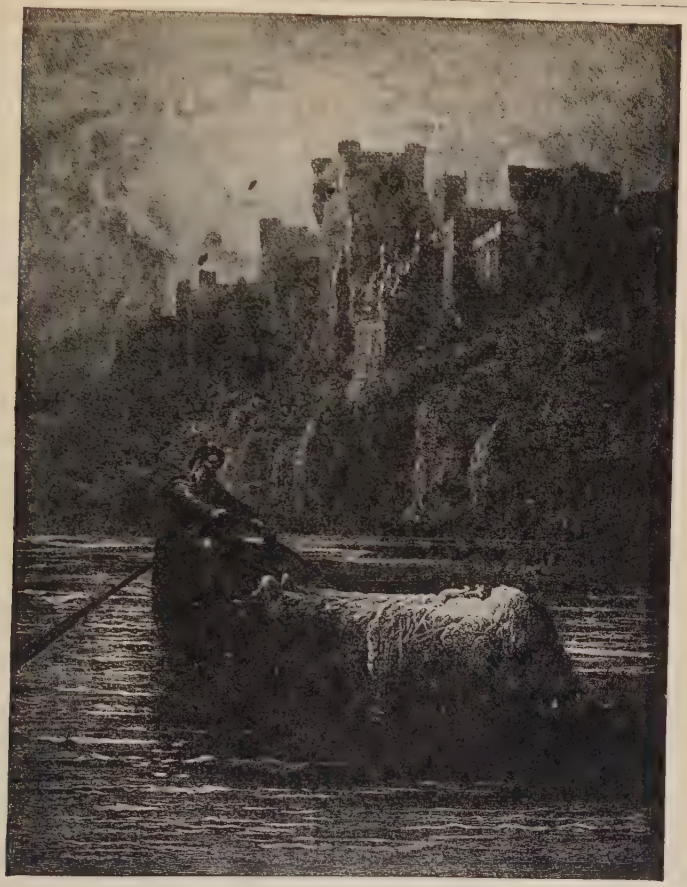
So when the ghostly man had come and gone,
She, with a face bright as for sin forgiven,
Besought Lavaine to write as she devised
A letter, word for word; and when he ask'd,
'Is it for Lancelot, is it for my dear lord?
Then will I bear it gladly;' she replied,
'For Lancelot and the Queen and all the world,
But I myself must bear it.' Then he wrote
The letter she devised; which being writ
And folded, 'O sweet father, tender and true,
Deny me not,' she said — 'ye never yet
Denied my fancies — this, however strange,
My latest. Lay the letter in my hand
A little ere I die, and close the hand
Upon it; I shall guard it even in death.
And when the heat has gone from out my heart,
Then take the little bed on which I died
For Lancelot's love, and deck it like the Queen's
For richness, and me also like the Queen
In all I have of rich, and lay me on it.
And let there be prepared a chariot-bier
To take me to the river, and a barge
Be ready on the river, clothed in black.
I go in state to court, to meet the Queen.
There surely I shall speak for mine own self,
And none of you can speak for me so well.
And therefore let our dumb old man alone
Go with me; he can steer and row, and he
Will guide me to that palace, to the doors.'

She ceased. Her father promised; whereupon
She grew so cheerful that they deem'd her death
Was rather in the fantasy than the blood.
But ten slow mornings past, and on the eleventh
Her father laid the letter in her hand,
And closed the hand upon it, and she died.
So that day there was dole in Astolat.

But when the next sun brake from underground,
Then, those two brethren slowly with bent brows
Accompanying, the sad chariot-bier
Past like a shadow thro' the field, that shone
Full-summer, to that stream whereon the barge,
Pall'd all its length in blackest samite, lay.
There sat the lifelong creature of the house,
Loyal, the dumb old servitor, on deck,
Winking his eyes, and twisted all his face.
So those two brethren from the chariot took
And on the black decks laid her in her bed,
Set in her hand a lily, o'er her hung
The silken case with braided blazonings,
And kiss'd her quiet brows, and saying to her,
'Sister, farewell forever,' and again,
'Farewell, sweet sister,' parted all in tears.
Then rose the dumb old servitor, and the dead,
Oar'd by the dumb, went upward with the flood —
In her right hand the lily, in her left
The letter — all her bright hair streaming down —
And all the coverlid was cloth of gold
Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white
All but her face, and that clear-featured face
Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead,
But fast asleep, and lay as tho' she smiled.

That day Sir Lancelot at the palace craved
Audience of Guinevere, to give at last
The price of half a realm, his costly gift,
Hard-won and hardly won with bruise and blow,
With deaths of others, and almost his own,
The nine-years-fought-for diamonds for he saw
One of her house, and sent him to the Queen
Bearing his wish, whereto the Queen agreed
With such and so unmoved a majesty
She might have seem'd her statue, but that he,
Low-drooping till he wellnigh kiss'd her feet
For loyal awe, saw with a sidelong eye
The shadow of some piece of pointed lace,
In the Queen's shadow, vibrate on the walls,
And parted, laughing in his courtly heart.

All in an oriel on the summer side,
Vine-clad, of Arthur's palace toward the stream,
They met, and Lancelot kneeling utter'd: 'Queen,
Lady, my liege, in whom I have my joy
Take, what I had not won except for you,
These jewels, and make me happy making them
An armlet for the roundest arm on earth,
Or necklace for a neck to which the swan's
Is tawnier than her cygnet's. These are words;
Your beauty is your beauty, and I see
In speaking, yet O, grant my worship of it
Words, as we grant grief tears. Such sin in words
Perchance, we both can pardon; but my Queen,
I hear of rumors flying thro' your court.



'She did not seem as dead,
But fast asleep'

ır bond, as not the bond of man and wife,
ould have in it an absoluter trust
make up that defect: let rumors be.
hen did not rumors fly? these, as I trust
at you trust me in your own nobleness,
ıay not well believe that you believe.'

While thus he spoke, half turn'd away, the Queen

Brake from the vast oriel-embowering vine
Leaf after leaf, and tore, and cast them off,
Till all the place whereon she stood was green;
Then, when he ceased, in one cold passive hand
Received at once and laid aside the gems
There on a table near her, and replied:

'It may be I am quicker of belief
Than you believe me, Lancelot of the Lake.
Our bond is not the bond of man and wife.
This good is in it, whatsoe'er of ill,
It can be broken easier. I for you
This many a year have done despite and wrong
To one whom ever in my heart of hearts
I did acknowledge nobler. What are these?
Diamonds for me! they had been thrice their worth
Being your gift, had you not lost your own.
To loyal hearts the value of all gifts
Must vary as the giver's. Not for me!
For her! for your new fancy. Only this
Grant me, I pray you; have your joys apart.
I doubt not that, however changed, you keep
So much of what is graceful; and myself
Would shun to break those bounds of courtesy
In which as Arthur's Queen I move and rule,
So cannot speak my mind. An end to this!
A strange one! yet I take it with Amen.
So pray you, add my diamonds to her pearls;
Deck her with these; tell her, she shines me down:
An armlet for an arm to which the Queen's
Is haggard, or a necklace for a neck
O, as much fairer — as a faith once fair
Was richer than these diamonds — hers not mine —
Nay, by the mother of our Lord himself,
Or hers or mine, mine now to work my will —
She shall not have them.'

Saying which she seized,
And, thro' the casement standing wide for heat,
Flung them, and down they flash'd, and smote the stream.

Then from the smitten surface flash'd as it were,
Diamonds to meet them, and they pas away.
Then while Sir Lancelot leant, in hal disdain
At love, life, all things, on the windo ledge,
Close underneath his eyes, and righ across
Where these had fallen, slowly pas the barge
Whereon the lily maid of Astolat
Lay smiling, like a star in blacke night.

But the wild Queen, who saw no burst away
To weep and wail in secret; and th barge,
On to the palace-doorway sliding paused.
There two stood arm'd, and kept th door; to whom,
All up the marble stair, tier ov tier,
Were added mouths that gaped, an eyes that ask'd,
'What is it?' but that oarsman's ha gard face,
As hard and still as is the face th men
Shape to their fancy's eye from broke rocks
On some cliff-side, appall'd them, an they said:
'He is enchanted, cannot speak — an she,
Look how she sleeps — the Fai Queen, so fair!
Yea, but how pale! what are the flesh and blood?
Or come to take the King to Fairylan
For some do hold our Arthur cann die,
But that he passes into Fairyland.'

While thus they babbled of the Kin the King
Came girt with knights. Then turn the tongueless man
From the half-face to the full eye, a rose
And pointed to the damsel and t doors.
So Arthur bade the meek Sir Perciva

nd pure Sir Galahad to uplift the maid;
nd reverently they bore her into hall.
hen came the fine Gawain and wonder'd at her,
nd Lancelot later came and mused at her,
nd last the Queen herself, and pitied her;
ut Arthur spied the letter in her hand,
oopt, took, brake seal, and read it; this was all:

'Most noble lord, Sir Lancelot of the Lake,
sometimes call'd the maid of Astolat,
ome, for you left me taking no farewell,
ither, to take my last farewell of you.
loved you, and my love had no return,
nd therefore my true love has been my death.
nd therefore to our Lady Guinevere,
nd to all other ladies, I make moan:
ray for my soul, and yield me burial.
ray for my soul thou too, Sir Lancelot,
s thou art a knight peerless.'

Thus he read;
nd ever in the reading lords and dames
ept, looking often from his face who read
hers which lay so silent, and at times,
touch'd were they, half-thinking that her lips
ho had devised the letter moved again.

Then freely spoke Sir Lancelot to them all:
ly lord liege Arthur, and all ye that hear,
ow that for this most gentle maiden's death
ght heavy am I; for good she was and true,
t loved me with a love beyond all love
women, whomsoever I have known.
Yet to be loved makes not to love again;
Not at my years, however it hold in youth.
I swear by truth and knighthood that I gave
No cause, not willingly, for such a love.
To this I call my friends in testimony,
Her brethren, and her father, who himself
Besought me to be plain and blunt, and use,
To break her passion, some discourtesy
Against my nature; what I could, I did.
I left her and I bade her no farewell;
Tho', had I dreamt the damsel would have died,
I might have put my wits to some rough use,
And help'd her from herself.'

Then said the Queen —
Sea was her wrath, yet working after storm:
'Ye might at least have done her so much grace,
Fair lord, as would have help'd her from her death.'
He raised his head, their eyes met and hers fell,
He adding: 'Queen, she would not be content
Save that I wedded her, which could not be.
Then might she follow me thro' the world, she ask'd;
It could not be. I told her that her love
Was but the flash of youth, would darken down,
To rise hereafter in a stiller flame
Toward one more worthy of her — then would I,
More specially were he she wedded poor,
Estate them with large land and territory
In mine own realm beyond the narrow seas,
To keep them in all joyance. More than this
I could not; this she would not, and she died.'

He pausing, Arthur answer'd: 'O my knight,
It will be to thy worship, as my knight,
And mine, as head of all our Table Round,
To see that she be buried worshipfully.

So toward that shrine which then in all the realm
Was richest, Arthur leading, slowly went
The marshall'd Order of their Table Round,
And Lancelot sad beyond his wont, to see
The maiden buried, not as one unknown,
Nor meanly, but with gorgeous obsequies,
And mass, and rolling music, like a queen.
And when the knights had laid her comely head
Low in the dust of half-forgotten kings,
Then Arthur spake among them: 'Let her tomb
Be costly, and her image thereupon,
And let the shield of Lancelot at her feet
Be carven, and her lily in her hand.
And let the story of her dolorous voyage
For all true hearts be blazon'd on her tomb
In letters gold and azure!' which was wrought
Thereafter; but when now the lords and dames
And people, from the high door streaming, brake
Disorderly, as homeward each, the Queen,
Who mark'd Sir Lancelot where he moved apart,
Drew near, and sigh'd in passing, 'Lancelot,
Forgive me; mine was jealousy in love.'
He answer'd with his eyes upon the ground,
'That is love's curse; pass on, my Queen, forgiven.'
But Arthur, who beheld his cloudy brows,
Approach'd him, and with full affection said:

'Lancelot, my Lancelot, thou in whom I have
Most joy and most affiance, for know
What thou hast been in battle by my side,
And many a time have watch'd thee at the tilt
Strike down the lusty and long practised knight
And let the younger and unskill'd go by
To win his honor and to make his name,
And loved thy courtesies and thee, man
Made to be loved; but now I would to God,
Seeing the homeless trouble in thine eyes,
Thou couldst have loved this maiden shaped, it seems,
By God for thee alone, and from her face,
If one may judge the living by the dead,
Delicately pure and marvellously fair
Who might have brought thee, now a lonely man
Wifeless and heirless, noble issueless
Born to the glory of thy name and fame,
My knight, the great Sir Lancelot of the Lake.'

Then answer'd Lancelot: 'Fair she was, my King,
Pure, as you ever wish your knight to be.
To doubt her fairness were to want an eye,
To doubt her pureness were to want a heart —
Yea, to be loved, if what is worth love
Could bind him, but free love will not be bound.'

'Free love, so bound, were freest,' said the King.
'Let love be free; free love is for the best.

nd, after heaven, on our dull side of death,
'hat should be best, if not so pure a love
lothed in so pure a loveliness? yet thee
ıe fail'd to bind, tho' being, as I think,
nbound as yet, and gentle, as I know.'

And Lancelot answer'd nothing, but he went,
nd at the inrunning of a little brook
ıt by the river in a cove, and watch'd
ıe high reed wave, and lifted up his eyes
nd saw the barge that brought her moving down,
ır-off, a blot upon the stream, and said
ow in himself: 'Ah, simple heart and sweet,
e loved me, damsel, surely with a love
ır tenderer than my Queen's. Pray for thy soul?
y, that will I. Farewell too — now at last —
ırewell, fair lily. "Jealousy in love?"
ot rather dead love's harsh heir, jealous pride?
ıeen, if I grant the jealousy as of love,
ay not your crescent fear for name and fame
eak, as it waxes, of a love that wanes?
hy did the King dwell on my name to me?
ine own name shames me, seeming a reproach,
ıncelot, whom the Lady of the Lake
ught from his mother's arms — the wondrous one
ho passes thro' the vision of the night —
ıe chanted snatches of mysterious hymns
eard on the winding waters, eve and morn
e kiss'd me, saying, "Thou art fair, my child,
a king's son," and often in her arms
ıe bare me, pacing on the dusky mere.

Would she had drown'd me in it, where'er it be!
For what am I? what profits me my name
Of greatest knight? I fought for it, and have it.
Pleasure to have it, none; to lose it, pain;
Now grown a part of me; but what use in it?
To make men worse by making my sin known?
Or sin seem less, the sinner seeming great?
Alas for Arthur's greatest knight, a man
Not after Arthur's heart! I needs must break
These bonds that so defame me. Not without
She wills it — would I, if she will'd it? nay,
Who knows? but if I would not, then may God,
I pray him, send a sudden angel down
To seize me by the hair and bear me far,
And fling me deep in that forgotten mere,
Among the tumbled fragments of the hills.'

So groan'd Sir Lancelot in remorseful pain,
Not knowing he should die a holy man.

THE HOLY GRAIL

From noiseful arms, and acts of prowess done
In tournament or tilt, Sir Percivale
Whom Arthur and his knighthood call'd the Pure,
Had past into the silent life of prayer,
Praise, fast, and alms; and leaving for the cowl
The helmet in an abbey far away
From Camelot, there, and not long after, died.

And one, a fellow-monk among the rest,
Ambrosius, loved him much beyond the rest,

And honor'd him, and wrought into his heart
A way by love that waken'd love within,
To answer that which came; and as they sat
Beneath a world-old yew-tree, darkening half
The cloisters, on a gustful April morn
That puff'd the swaying branches into smoke
Above them, ere the summer when he died,
The monk Ambrosius question'd Percivale:

'O brother, I have seen this yew-tree smoke,
Spring after spring, for half a hundred years;
For never have I known the world without,
Nor ever stray'd beyond the pale. But thee,
When first thou camest — such a courtesy
Spake thro' the limbs and in the voice — I knew
For one of those who eat in Arthur's hall;
For good ye are and bad, and like to coins,
Some true, some light, but every one of you
Stamp'd with the image of the King; and now
Tell me, what drove thee from the Table Round,
My brother? was it earthly passion crost?'

'Nay,' said the knight; 'for no such passion mine.
But the sweet vision of the Holy Grail
Drove me from all vainglories, rivalries,
And earthly heats that spring and sparkle out
Among us in the jousts, while women watch
Who wins, who falls, and waste the spiritual strength
Within us, better offer'd up to heaven.'

To whom the monk: 'The Holy Grail! — I trust
We are green in Heaven's eyes; bu
here too much
We moulder — as to things without
mean —
Yet one of your own knights, a gue
of ours,
Told us of this in our refectory,
But spake with such a sadness and
low
We heard not half of what he sai
What is it?
The phantom of a cup that comes ar
goes?'

'Nay, monk! what phantom?' a
swer'd Percivale.
'The cup, the cup itself, from whi
our Lord
Drank at the last sad supper with h
own.
This, from the blessed land of Ar
mat —
After the day of darkness, when t
dead
Went wandering o'er Moriah — t
good saint
Arimathæan Joseph, journeyi
brought
To Glastonbury, where the wint
thorn
Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of o
Lord.
And there awhile it bode; and if a m
Could touch or see it, he was heal'd
once,
By faith, of all his ills. But then t
times
Grew to such evil that the holy cup
Was caught away to heaven, and d
appear'd.'

To whom the monk: 'From our
books I know
That Joseph came of old to Glast
bury,
And there the heathen Prince, Arvi
gus,
Gave him an isle of marsh whereon
build;
And there he built with wattles fr
the marsh
A little lonely church in days of yo
For so they say, these books of ou
but seem
Mute of this miracle, far as I h
read.

t who first saw the holy thing to-
day?'

'A woman,' answer'd Percivale, 'a
nun,
d one no further off in blood from
me
an sister; and if ever holy maid
ith knees of adoration wore the
stone,
holy maid; tho' never maiden
glow'd,
t that was in her earlier maiden-
hood,
ith such a fervent flame of human
love,
hich, being rudely blunted, glanced
and shot
ly to holy things; to prayer and
praise
e gave herself, to fast and alms.
And yet,
n as she was, the scandal of the
Court,
against Arthur and the Table
Round,
d the strange sound of an adulter-
ous race,
ross the iron grating of her cell
at, and she pray'd and fasted all
the more.

And he to whom she told her sins,
or what
r all but utter whiteness held for sin,
nan wellnigh a hundred winters old,
ke often with her of the Holy Grail,
egend handed down thro' five or six,
d each of these a hundred winters
old,
m our Lord's time. And when
King Arthur made
Table Round, and all men's hearts
became
an for a season, surely he had
thought
t now the Holy Grail would come
again;
sin broke out. Ah, Christ, that it
would come,
l heal the world of all their wick-
edness!
Father!" ask'd the maiden,
"might it come
me by prayer and fasting?"
"Nay," said he,
"I know not, for thy heart is pure as
snow."
And so she pray'd and fasted, till the
sun
Shone, and the wind blew, thro' her,
and I thought
She might have risen and floated when
I saw her.

'For on a day she sent to speak with
me.
And when she came to speak, behold
her eyes
Beyond my knowing of them, beauti-
ful,
Beyond all knowing of them, wonder-
ful,
Beautiful in the light of holiness!
And "O my brother Percivale," she
said,
"Sweet brother, I have seen the Holy
Grail;
For, waked at dead of night, I heard
a sound
As of a silver horn from o'er the hills
Blown, and I thought, 'It is not Ar-
thur's use
To hunt by moonlight.' And the slen-
der sound
As from a distance beyond distance
grew
Coming upon me—O never harp nor
horn,
Nor aught we blow with breath, or
touch with hand,
Was like that music as it came; and
then
Stream'd thro' my cell a cold and sil-
ver beam,
And down the long beam stole the
Holy Grail,
Rose-red with beatings in it, as if alive,
Till all the white walls of my cell were
dyed
With rosy colors leaping on the wall;
And then the music faded, and the
Grail
Past, and the beam decay'd, and from
the walls
The rosy quiverings died into the
night.
So now the Holy Thing is here again
Among us, brother, fast thou too and
pray,
And tell thy brother knights to fast
and pray,

That so perchance the vision may be seen
By thee and those, and all the world be heal'd."

'Then leaving the pale nun, I spake of this
To all men; and myself fasted and pray'd
Always, and many among us many a week
Fasted and pray'd even to the uttermost,
Expectant of the wonder that would be.

'And one there was among us, ever moved
Among us in white armor, Galahad.
"God make thee good as thou art beautiful!"
Said Arthur, when he dubb'd him knight, and none
In so young youth was ever made a knight
Till Galahad; and this Galahad, when he heard
My sister's vision, fill'd me with amaze;
His eyes became so like her own, they seem'd
Hers, and himself her brother more than I.

Sister or brother none had he; but some
Call'd him a son of Lancelot, and some said
Begotten by enchantment — chatterers they,
Like birds of passage piping up and down,
That gape for flies — we know not whence they come;
For when was Lancelot wanderingly lewd?

'But she, the wan sweet maiden, shore away
Clean from her forehead all that wealth of hair
Which made a silken mat-work for her feet;
And out of this she plaited broad and long
A strong sword-belt, and wove with silver thread
And crimson in the belt a strange d
vice,
A crimson grail within a silver bean
And saw the bright boy-knight, ar
bound it on him,
Saying: "My knight, my love, m
knight of heaven,
O thou, my love, whose love is or
with mine,
I, maiden, round thee, maiden, bir
my belt.
Go forth, for thou shalt see what
have seen,
And break thro' all, till one will crow
thee king
Far in the spiritual city;" and as sh
spake
She sent the deathless passion in h
eyes
Thro' him, and made him hers, ar
laid her mind
On him, and he believed in her belie

'Then came a year of miracle.
brother,
In our great hall there stood a vacan
chair,
Fashion'd by Merlin ere he past awa
And carven with strange figures; ar
in and out
The figures, like a serpent, ran a scr
Of letters in a tongue no man cou
read.
And Merlin call'd it "the Siege Per
ous,"
Perilous for good and ill; "for there
he said,
"No man could sit but he should lo
himself."
And once by misadvertence Merlin s
In his own chair, and so was lost; b
he,
Galahad, when he heard of Merlin
doom,
Cried, "If I lose myself, I save m
self!"

'Then on a summer night it ca
to pass,
While the great banquet lay alo
the hall,
That Galahad would sit down in M
lin's chair.

'And all at once, as there we s
we heard

cracking and a riving of the roofs,
nd rending, and a blast, and overhead
hunder, and in the thunder was a cry.
nd in the blast there smote along the hall
beam of light seven times more clear than day;
nd down the long beam stole the Holy Grail
ll over cover'd with a luminous cloud,
nd none might see who bare it, and it past.
ıt every knight beheld his fellow's face
s in a glory, and all the knights arose,
nd staring each at other like dumb men
ood, till I found a voice and sware a vow.

'I sware a vow before them all, that I,
ecause I had not seen the Grail, would ride
twelvemonth and a day in quest of it,
ntil I found and saw it, as the nun
y sister saw it; and Galahad sware the vow,
ıd good Sir Bors, our Lancelot's cousin, sware,
ıd Lancelot sware, and many among the knights,
ıd Gawain sware, and louder than the rest.'

Then spake the monk Ambrosius, asking him,
Vhat said the King? Did Arthur take the vow?'

'Nay, for my lord,' said Percivale, 'the King,
as not in hall; for early that same day,
aped thro' a cavern from a bandit bold,
outraged maiden sprang into the hall
ying on help; for all her shining hair
as smear'd with earth, and either milky arm
d-rent with hooks of bramble, and all she wore
Torn as a sail that leaves the rope is torn
In tempest. So the King arose and went
To smoke the scandalous hive of those wild bees
That made such honey in his realm. Howbeit
Some little of this marvel he too saw,
Returning o'er the plain that then began
To darken under Camelot; whence the King
Look'd up, calling aloud, "Lo, there! the roofs
Of our great hall are roll'd in thunder-smoke!
Pray heaven, they be not smitten by the bolt!"
For dear to Arthur was that hall of ours,
As having there so oft with all his knights
Feasted, and as the stateliest under heaven.

'O brother, had you known our mighty hall,
Which Merlin built for Arthur long ago!
For all the sacred mount of Camelot,
And all the dim rich city, roof by roof,
Tower after tower, spire beyond spire,
By grove, and garden-lawn, and rushing brook,
Climbs to the mighty hall that Merlin built.
And four great zones of sculpture, set betwixt
With many a mystic symbol, gird the hall;
And in the lowest beasts are slaying men,
And in the second men are slaying beasts,
And on the third are warriors, perfect men,
And on the fourth are men with growing wings,
And over all one statue in the mould
Of Arthur, made by Merlin, with a crown,
And peak'd wings pointed to the Northern Star.
And eastward fronts the statue, and the crown

And both the wings are made of gold, and flame
At sunrise till the people in far fields,
Wasted so often by the heathen hordes,
Behold it, crying, "We have still a king."

'And, brother, had you known our hall within,
Broader and higher than any in all the lands!
Where twelve great windows blazon Arthur's wars,
And all the light that falls upon the board
Streams thro' the twelve great battles of our King.
Nay, one there is, and at the eastern end,
Wealthy with wandering lines of mount and mere,
Where Arthur finds the brand Excalibur.
And also one to the west, and counter to it,
And blank; and who shall blazon it? when and how?—
O, there, perchance, when all our wars are done,
The brand Excalibur will be cast away!

'So to this hall full quickly rode the King,
In horror lest the work by Merlin wrought,
Dreamlike, should on the sudden vanish, wrapt
In unremorseful folds of rolling fire.
And in he rode, and up I glanced, and saw
The golden dragon sparkling over all;
And many of those who burnt the hold, their arms
Hack'd, and their foreheads grimed with smoke and sear'd,
Follow'd, and in among bright faces, ours,
Full of the vision, prest; and then the King
Spake to me, being nearest, "Percivale,"—
Because the hall was all in tumult—some
Vowing, and some protesting,—"What is this?"

'O brother, when I told him wh
had chanced,
My sister's vision and the rest, his fa
Darken'd, as I have seen it more th
once,
When some brave deed seem'd to
done in vain,
Darken; and "Woe is me, my knights
he cried,
"Had I been here, ye had not swo
the vow."
Bold was mine answer, "Had thyse
been here,
My King, thou wouldst have sworn
"Yea, yea," said he,
"Art thou so bold and hast not se
the Grail?"

'"Nay, lord, I heard the sound,
saw the light,
But since I did not see the holy thin
I sware a vow to follow it till I saw

'Then when he ask'd us, knight
knight, if any
Had seen it, all their answers were
one:
"Nay, lord, and therefore have
sworn our vows."

'"Lo, now," said Arthur, "ha
ye seen a cloud?
What go ye into the wilderness
see?"

'Then Galahad on the sudden, a
in a voice
Shrilling along the hall to Arth
call'd,
"But I, Sir Arthur, saw the Ho
Grail,
I saw the Holy Grail and heard a cry
'O Galahad, and O Galahad, foll
me!'"'

'"Ah, Galahad, Galahad," said
King, "for such
As thou art is the vision, not for the
Thy holy nun and thou have see
sign—
Holier is none, my Percivale, th
she—
A sign to maim this Order which
made.
But ye that follow but the leade
bell,"—

:her, the King was hard upon his knights, —
ıliessin is our fullest throat of song,
one hath sung and all the dumb will sing.
celot is Lancelot, and hath overborne
knights at once, and every younger knight,
roven, holds himself as Lancelot, overborne by one, he learns — and ye,
ıt are ye? Galahads? — no, nor Percivales" —
thus it pleased the King to range me close
r Sir Galahad; — "nay," said he, "but men
h strength and will to right the wrong'd, of power
ay the sudden heads of violence flat,
ghts that in twelve great battles splash'd and dyed
strong White Horse in his own heathen blood —
one hath seen, and all the blind will see.
since your vows are sacred, being made.
— for ye know the cries of all my realm
thro' this hall — how often, O my knights,
r places being vacant at my side, chance of noble deeds will come and go
ıallenged, while ye follow wandering fires
in the quagmire! Many of you, yea most,
rn no more. Ye think I show myself
dark a prophet. Come now, let us meet
morrow morn once more in one full field
racious pastime, that once more the King,
re ye leave him for this quest, may count
yet-unbroken strength of all his knights,
icing in that Order which he made."

'So when the sun broke next from underground,
All the great Table of our Arthur closed
And clash'd in such a tourney and so full,
So many lances broken — never yet
Had Camelot seen the like since Arthur came;
And I myself and Galahad, for a strength
Was in us from the vision, overthrew
So many knights that all the people cried,
And almost burst the barriers in their heat,
Shouting, "Sir Galahad and Sir Percivale!"

'But when the next day brake from underground —
O brother, had you known our Camelot,
Built by old kings, age after age, so old
The King himself had fears that it would fall,
So strange, and rich, and dim; for where the roofs
Totter'd toward each other in the sky,
Met foreheads all along the street of those
Who watch'd us pass; and lower, and where the long
Rich galleries, lady-laden, weigh'd the necks
Of dragons clinging to the crazy walls,
Thicker than drops from thunder, showers of flowers
Fell as we past; and men and boys astride
On wyvern, lion, dragon, griffin, swan,
At all the corners, named us each by name,
Calling "God speed!" but in the ways below
The knights and ladies wept, and rich and poor
Wept, and the King himself could hardly speak
For grief, and all in middle street the Queen,
Who rode by Lancelot, wail'd and shriek'd aloud.

"This madness has come on us for our sins."
So to the Gate of the Three Queens we came,
Where Arthur's wars are render'd mystically,
And thence departed every one his way.

'And I was lifted up in heart, and thought
Of all my late-shown prowess in the lists,
How my strong lance had beaten down the knights,
So many and famous names; and never yet
Had heaven appear'd so blue, nor earth so green,
For all my blood danced in me, and I knew
That I should light upon the Holy Grail.

'Thereafter, the dark warning of our King,
That most of us would follow wandering fires,
Came like a driving gloom across my mind.
Then every evil word I had spoken once,
And every evil thought I had thought of old,
And every evil deed I ever did,
Awoke and cried, "This quest is not for thee."
And lifting up mine eyes, I found myself
Alone, and in a land of sand and thorns,
And I was thirsty even unto death;
And I, too, cried, "This quest is not for thee."

'And on I rode, and when I thought my thirst
Would slay me, saw deep lawns, and then a brook,
With one sharp rapid, where the crisping white
Play'd ever back upon the sloping wave
And took both ear and eye; and o'er the brook
Were apple-trees, and apples by t brook
Fallen, and on the lawns. "I v rest here,"
I said, "I am not worthy of quest;"
But even while I drank the brook, a ate
The goodly apples, all these things once
Fell into dust, and I was left alone
And thirsting in a land of sand a thorns.

'And then behold a woman a door
Spinning; and fair the house wher she sat,
And kind the woman's eyes and in cent,
And all her bearing gracious; and rose
Opening her arms to meet me, as v should say,
"Rest here;" but when I touch'd h lo! she, too,
Fell into dust and nothing, and house
Became no better than a bro shed,
And in it a dead babe; and this
Fell into dust, and I was left alon

'And on I rode, and greater my thirst.
Then flash'd a yellow gleam across world,
And where it smote the plowshar the field
The plowman left his plowing fell down
Before it; where it glitter'd on pail
The milkmaid left her milking fell down
Before it, and I knew not why, thought
"The sun is rising," tho' the sun risen.
Then was I ware of one that on moved
In golden armor with a crow gold
About a casque all jewels, and horse

olden armor jewelled everywhere;
on the splendor came, flashing
me blind,
seem'd to me the lord of all the
world,
g so huge. But when I thought
he meant
rush me, moving on me, lo! he,
too,
n'd his arms to embrace me as he
came,
up I went and touch'd him, and
he, too,
into dust, and I was left alone
wearying in a land of sand and
thorns.

nd I rode on and found a mighty
hill,
on the top a city wall'd; the
spires
k'd with incredible pinnacles into
heaven.
by the gateway stirr'd a crowd;
and these
l to me climbing, "Welcome,
Percivale!
u mightiest and thou purest among
men!"
glad was I and clomb, but found
at top
nan, nor any voice. And thence
I past
hro' a ruinous city, and I saw
man had once dwelt there; but
there I found
one man of an exceeding age.
here is that goodly company,"
said I,
at so cried out upon me?" and
he had
e any voice to answer, and yet
gasp'd,
hence and what art thou?" and
even as he spoke
nto dust and disappear'd, and I
left alone once more and cried in
grief,
if I find the Holy Grail itself
touch it, it will crumble into
dust!"

nd thence I dropt into a lowly
vale,
as the hill was high, and where
the vale
Was lowest found a chapel, and there-
by
A holy hermit in a hermitage,
To whom I told my phantoms, and he
said:

"O son, thou hast not true humil-
ity,
The highest virtue, mother of them
all;
For when the Lord of all things made
Himself
Naked of glory for His mortal change,
'Take thou my robe,' she said, 'for all
is thine,'
And all her form shone forth with
sudden light
So that the angels were amazed, and
she
Follow'd Him down, and like a flying
star
Led on the gray-hair'd wisdom of the
east.
But her thou hast not known; for
what is this
Thou thoughtest of thy prowess and
thy sins?
Thou hast not lost thyself to save thy-
self
As Galahad." When the hermit made
an end,
In silver armor suddenly Galahad
shone
Before us, and against the chapel door
Laid lance and enter'd, and we knelt in
prayer.
And there the hermit slaked my burn-
ing thirst,
And at the sacring of the mass I saw
The holy elements alone; but he,
"Saw ye no more? I, Galahad, saw
the Grail,
The Holy Grail, descend upon the
shrine.
I saw the fiery face as of a child
That smote itself into the bread and
went;
And hither am I come; and never
yet
Hath what thy sister taught me first
to see,
This holy thing, fail'd from my side,
nor come
Cover'd, but moving with me night
and day,
Fainter by day, but always in the night

Blood-red, and sliding down the blacken'd marsh
Blood-red, and on the naked mountain top
Blood-red, and in the sleeping mere below
Blood-red. And in the strength of this I rode,
Shattering all evil customs everywhere,
And past thro' Pagan realms, and made them mine,
And clash'd with Pagan hordes, and bore them down,
And broke thro' all, and in the strength of this
Come victor. But my time is hard at hand,
And hence I go, and one will crown me king
Far in the spiritual city; and come thou, too,
For thou shalt see the vision when I go."

'While thus he spake, his eye, dwelling on mine,
Drew me, with power upon me, till I grew
One with him, to believe as he believed.
Then, when the day began to wane, we went.

'There rose a hill that none but man could climb,
Scarr'd with a hundred wintry watercourses—
Storm at the top, and when we gain'd it, storm
Round us and death; for every moment glanced
His silver arms and gloom'd, so quick and thick
The lightnings here and there to left and right
Struck, till the dry old trunks about us, dead,
Yea, rotten with a hundred years of death,
Sprang into fire. And at the base we found
On either hand, as far as eye could see,
A great black swamp and of an evil smell,
Part black, part whiten'd with bones of men,
Not to be crost, save that some ancient king
Had built a way, where, link'd w many a bridge,
A thousand piers ran into the gr Sea.
And Galahad fled along them bri by bridge,
And every bridge as quickly as crost
Sprang into fire and vanish'd, th yearn'd
To follow; and thrice above him the heavens
Open'd and blazed with thunder s as seem'd
Shoutings of all the sons of God. first
At once I saw him far on the g Sea,
In silver-shining armor starry-clea
And o'er his head the Holy Ve hung
Clothed in white samite or a lumi cloud.
And with exceeding swiftness ran boat,
If boat it were—I saw not when came.
And when the heavens open'd blazed again
Roaring, I saw him like a silver st
And had he set the sail, or had boat
Become a living creature clad wings?
And o'er his head the Holy V hung
Redder than any rose, a joy to me
For now I knew the veil had withdrawn.
Then in a moment when they bl again
Opening, I saw the least of little
Down on the waste, and straight yond the star
I saw the spiritual city and all spires
And gateways in a glory like pearl—
No larger, tho' the goal of all saints—
Strike from the sea; and from the there shot

ose-red sparkle to the city, and there
elt, and I knew it was the Holy Grail,
ich never eyes on earth again shall see.
en fell the floods of heaven drowning the deep,
l how my feet recrost the deathful ridge
memory in me lives; but that I touch'd
e chapel-doors at dawn I know, and thence
king my war-horse from the holy man,
d that no phantom vext me more, return'd
whence I came, the gate of Arthur's wars.'

O brother,' ask'd Ambrosius, — 'for in sooth
ese ancient books — and they would win thee — teem,
y I find not there this Holy Grail,
h miracles and marvels like to these,
all unlike; which oftentime I read,
o read but on my breviary with ease,
my head swims, and then go forth and pass
vn to the little thorpe that lies so close,
l almost plaster'd like a martin's nest
these old walls — and mingle with our folk;
l knowing every honest face of theirs
well as ever shepherd knew his sheep,
l every homely secret in their hearts,
ight myself with gossip and old wives,
l ills and aches, and teethings, lyings-in,
l mirthful sayings, children of the place,
t have no meaning half a league away;
lulling random squabbles when they rise,
Chafferings and chatterings at the market-cross,
Rejoice, small man, in this small world of mine,
Yea, even in their hens and in their eggs —
O brother, saving this Sir Galahad,
Came ye on none but phantoms in your quest,
No man, no woman?'

Then Sir Percivale:
'All men, to one so bound by such a vow,
And women were as phantoms. O, my brother,
Why wilt thou shame me to confess to thee
How far I falter'd from my quest and vow?
For after I had lain so many nights,
A bed-mate of the snail and eft and snake,
In grass and burdock, I was changed to wan
And meagre, and the vision had not come;
And then I chanced upon a goodly town
With one great dwelling in the middle of it.
Thither I made, and there was I disarm'd
By maidens each as fair as any flower;
But when they led me into hall, behold,
The princess of that castle was the one,
Brother, and that one only, who had ever
Made my heart leap; for when I moved of old
A slender page about her father's hall,
And she a slender maiden, all my heart
Went after her with longing, yet we twain
Had never kiss'd a kiss or vow'd a vow.
And now I came upon her once again,
And one had wedded her, and he was dead,
And all his land and wealth and state were hers.
And while I tarried, every day she set
A banquet richer than the day before
By me, for all her longing and her will
Was toward me as of old; till one fair morn,
I walking to and fro beside a stream

That flash'd across her orchard underneath
Her castle-walls, she stole upon my walk,
And calling me the greatest of all knights,
Embraced me, and so kiss'd me the first time,
And gave herself and all her wealth to me.
Then I remember'd Arthur's warning word,
That most of us would follow wandering fires,
And the quest faded in my heart. Anon,
The heads of all her people drew to me,
With supplication both of knees and tongue:
"We have heard of thee; thou art our greatest knight,
Our Lady says it, and we well believe.
Wed thou our Lady, and rule over us,
And thou shalt be as Arthur in our land."
O me, my brother! but one night my vow
Burnt me within, so that I rose and fled,
But wail'd and wept, and hated mine own self,
And even the holy quest, and all but her;
Then after I was join'd with Galahad
Cared not for her nor anything upon earth.'

Then said the monk: 'Poor men, when yule is cold,
Must be content to sit by little fires.
And this am I, so that ye care for me
Ever so little; yea, and blest be heaven
That brought thee here to this poor house of ours
Where all the brethren are so hard, to warm
My cold heart with a friend; but O the pity
To find thine own first love once more — to hold,
Hold her a wealthy bride within thine arms,
Or all but hold, and then — cast her aside,
Foregoing all her sweetness, like a weed!

For we that want the warmth double life,
We that are plagued with dreams something sweet
Beyond all sweetness in a life so rich,
Ah, blessed Lord, I speak too earthwise,
Seeing I never stray'd beyond tcell,
But live like an old badger in his eart
With earth about him everywhedespite
All fast and penance. Saw ye none lside,
None of your knights?

'Yea, so,' said Percival
'One night my pathway swervieast, I saw
The pelican on the casque of our Bors
All in the middle of the rising moo
And toward him spurr'd, and hahim, and he me,
And each made joy of either. Thhe ask'd:
"Where is he? hast thou seen him Lancelot? — Once,"
Said good Sir Bors, "he dash'd acrme — mad,
And maddening what he rode; awhen I cried,
'Ridest thou then so hotly on a qu
So holy?' Lancelot shouted, 'Stay not!
I have been the sluggard, and I rapace,
For now there is a lion in the way!
So vanish'd."

'Then Sir Bors had ridden
Softly, and sorrowing for our Lanlot,
Because his former madness, once talk
And scandal of our table, had return
For Lancelot's kith and kin so worshim
That ill to him is ill to them, to Bo
Beyond the rest. He well had bcontent
Not to have seen, so Lancelot mihave seen,
The Holy Cup of healing; and, inde
Being so clouded with his grief alove,

nall heart was his after the holy quest.
God would send the vision, well; if not,
he quest and he were in the hands of Heaven.

'And then, with small adventure met, Sir Bors
ode to the lonest tract of all the realm,
nd found a people there among their crags,
ur race and blood, a remnant that were left
aynim amid their circles, and the stones
ney pitch up straight to heaven; and their wise men
ere strong in that old magic which can trace
ne wandering of the stars, and scoff'd at him
nd this high quest as at a simple thing,
old him he follow'd — almost Arthur's words —
mocking fire: "what other fire than he
hereby the blood beats, and the blossom blows,
nd the sea rolls, and all the world is warm'd?"
nd when his answer chafed them, the rough crowd,
earing he had a difference with their priests,
ized him, and bound and plunged him into a cell
great piled stones; and lying bounden there
darkness thro' innumerable hours
e heard the hollow-ringing heavens sweep
ver him till by miracle — what else? —
eavy as it was, a great stone slipt and fell,
ch as no wind could move; and thro' the gap
immer'd the streaming scud. Then came a night
ill as the day was loud, and thro' the gap
ne seven clear stars of Arthur's Table Round —
For, brother, so one night, because they roll
Thro' such a round in heaven, we named the stars,
Rejoicing in ourselves and in our King —
And these, like bright eyes of familiar friends,
Id on him shone: "And then to me, to me,"
Said good Sir Bors, "beyond all hopes of mine,
Who scarce had pray'd or ask'd it for myself —
Across the seven clear stars — O grace to me! —
In color like the fingers of a hand
Before a burning taper, the sweet Grail
Glided and past, and close upon it peal'd
A sharp quick thunder." Afterwards, a maid,
Who kept our holy faith among her kin
In secret, entering, loosed and let him go.'

To whom the monk: 'And I remember now
That pelican on the casque. Sir Bors it was
Who spake so low and sadly at our board,
And mighty reverent at our grace was he;
A square-set man and honest, and his eyes,
An outdoor sign of all the warmth within,
Smiled with his lips — a smile beneath a cloud,
But heaven had meant it for a sunny one.
Ay, ay, Sir Bors, who else? But when ye reach'd
The city, found ye all your knights return'd,
Or was there sooth in Arthur's prophecy,
Tell me, and what said each, and what the King?'

Then answer'd Percivale: 'And that can I,
Brother, and truly; since the living words

Of so great men as Lancelot and our King
Pass not from door to door and out again,
But sit within the house. O, when we reach'd
The city, our horses stumbling as they trode
On heaps of ruin, hornless unicorns,
Crack'd basilisks, and splinter'd cockatrices,
And shatter'd talbots, which had left the stones
Raw that they fell from, brought us to the hall.

'And there sat Arthur on the dais-throne,
And those that had gone out upon the quest,
Wasted and worn, and but a tithe of them,
And those that had not, stood before the King,
Who, when he saw me, rose and bade me hail,
Saying: "A welfare in thine eyes reproves
Our fear of some disastrous chance for thee
On hill or plain, at sea or flooding ford.
So fierce a gale made havoc here of late
Among the strange devices of our kings,
Yea, shook this newer, stronger hall of ours,
And from the statue Merlin moulded for us
Half-wrench'd a golden wing; but now — the quest,
This vision — hast thou seen the Holy Cup
That Joseph brought of old to Glastonbury?"

'So when I told him all thyself hast heard,
Ambrosius, and my fresh but fixt resolve
To pass away into the quiet life,
He answer'd not, but, sharply turning, ask'd
Of Gawain, "Gawain, was this quest for thee?"

'"Nay, lord," said Gawain, "n
for such as I.
Therefore I communed with a saintl
man,
Who made me sure the quest was n
for me;
For I was much a-wearied of tl
quest,
But found a silk pavilion in a field,
And merry maidens in it; and the
this gale
Tore my pavilion from the tentin
pin,
And blew my merry maidens all abo
With all discomfort; yea, and but f
this,
My twelvemonth and a day were ple
sant to me."

'He ceased; and Arthur turn'd
whom at first
He saw not, for Sir Bors, on enterin
push'd
Athwart the throng to Lancelo
caught his hand,
Held it, and there, half-hidden
him, stood,
Until the King espied him, saying
him,
"Hail, Bors! if ever loyal man a
true
Could see it, thou hast seen t
Grail;" and Bors,
"Ask me not, for I may not speak
it;
I saw it;" and the tears were in
eyes.

'Then there remain'd but Lan
lot, for the rest
Spake but of sundry perils in t
storm.
Perhaps, like him of Cana in H
Writ,
Our Arthur kept his best until t
last;
"Thou, too, my Lancelot," ask'd t
King, "my friend,
Our mightiest, hath this quest avai
for thee?"

'"Our mightiest!" answer'd Lan
lot, with a groan;
"O King!" — and when he paus
methought I spied
A dying fire of madness in his eyes

O King, my friend, if friend of thine
I be,
appier are those that welter in their
sin,
wine in the mud, that cannot see for
slime,
lime of the ditch; but in me lived a
sin
o strange, of such a kind, that all of
pure,
oble, and knightly in me twined
and clung
ound that one sin, until the whole-
some flower
nd poisonous grew together, each as
each,
ot to be pluck'd asunder; and when
thy knights
ware, I sware with them only in the
hope
hat could I touch or see the Holy
Grail
hey might be pluck'd asunder.
Then I spake
o one most holy saint, who wept and
said
hat, save they could be pluck'd
asunder, all
y quest were but in vain; to whom
I vow'd
hat I would work according as he
will'd.
nd forth I went, and while I yearn'd
and strove
o tear the twain asunder in my
heart,
y madness came upon me as of old,
nd whipt me into waste fields far
away.
here was I beaten down by little
men,
ean knights, to whom the moving of
my sword
nd shadow of my spear had been
enow
o scare them from me once; and
then I came
ll in my folly to the naked shore,
ide flats, where nothing but coarse
grasses grew;
t such a blast, my King, began to
blow,
loud a blast along the shore and
sea,
e could not hear the waters for the
blast,
Tho' heapt in mounds and ridges all
the sea
Drove like a cataract, and all the sand
Swept like a river, and the clouded
heavens
Were shaken with the motion and the
sound.
And blackening in the sea-foam
sway'd a boat,
Half-swallow'd in it, anchor'd with a
chain;
And in my madness to myself I said,
'I will embark and I will lose myself,
And in the great sea wash away my
sin.'
I burst the chain, I sprang into the
boat.
Seven days I drove along the dreary
deep,
And with me drove the moon and all
the stars;
And the wind fell, and on the seventh
night
I heard the shingle grinding in the
surge,
And felt the boat shock earth, and
looking up,
Behold, the enchanted towers of Car-
bonek,
A castle like a rock upon a rock,
With chasm-like portals open to the
sea,
And steps that met the breaker! There was none
Stood near it but a lion on each side
That kept the entry, and the moon
was full.
Then from the boat I leapt, and up
the stairs,
There drew my sword. With sudden-
flaring manes
Those two great beasts rose upright
like a man,
Each gript a shoulder, and I stood be-
tween,
And, when I would have smitten
them, heard a voice,
'Doubt not, go forward; if thou
doubt, the beasts
Will tear thee piecemeal.' Then with
violence
The sword was dash'd from out my
hand, and fell.
And up into the sounding hall I past;
But nothing in the sounding hall I
saw,

No bench nor table, painting on the wall
Or shield of knight, only the rounded moon
Thro' the tall oriel on the rolling sea.
But always in the quiet house I heard,
Clear as a lark, high o'er me as a lark,
A sweet voice singing in the topmost tower
To the eastward. Up I climb'd a thousand steps
With pain ; as in a dream I seem'd to climb
For ever ; at the last I reach'd a door,
A light was in the crannies, and I heard,
'Glory and joy and honor to our Lord
And to the Holy Vessel of the Grail!'
Then in my madness I essay'd the door;
It gave, and thro' a stormy glare, a heat
As from a seven-times-heated furnace, I,
Blasted and burnt, and blinded as I was,
With such a fierceness that I swoon'd away —
O, yet methought I saw the Holy Grail,
All pall'd in crimson samite, and around
Great angels, awful shapes, and wings and eyes!
And but for all my madness and my sin,
And then my swooning, I had sworn I saw
That which I saw; but what I saw was veil'd
And cover'd, and this quest was not for me."

'So speaking, and here ceasing, Lancelot left
The hall long silent, till Sir Gawain — nay,
Brother, I need not tell thee foolish words, —
A reckless and irreverent knight was he,
Now bolden'd by the silence of his King, —
Well, I will tell thee: "O King, my liege," he said,
"Hath Gawain fail'd in any quest thine?
When have I stinted stroke in fought field?
But as for thine, my good friend P civale,
Thy holy nun and thou have driv men mad,
Yea, made our mightiest madder th our least.
But by mine eyes and by mine ear swear,
I will be deafer than the blue-eyed c
And thrice as blind as any noond owl,
To holy virgins in their ecstasies,
Henceforward."

"'Deafer,' said the blameless Kin
"Gawain, and blinder unto h things,
Hope not to make thyself by i vows,
Being too blind to have desire to se
But if indeed there came a sign fr heaven,
Blessed are Bors, Lancelot, and P civale,
For these have seen according to th sight.
For every fiery prophet in old time
And all the sacred madness of the ba
When God made music thro' the could but speak
His music by the framework and chord;
And as ye saw it ye have spoken tru

"'Nay — but thou errest, Lancel never yet
Could all of true and noble in kni and man
Twine round one sin, whatever might be,
With such a closeness but apart th grew,
Save that he were the swine t spakest of,
Some root of knighthood and p nobleness;
Whereto see thou, that it may bear flower.

"'And spake I not too truly, O knights?
Was I too dark a prophet when I s

those who went upon the Holy Quest,
at most of them would follow wandering fires,
st in the quagmire?—lost to me and gone,
d left me gazing at a barren board,
d a lean Order—scarce return'd a tithe—
d out of those to whom the vision came
greatest hardly will believe he saw.
other hath beheld it afar off,
d, leaving human wrongs to right themselves,
res but to pass into the silent life.
d one hath had the vision face to face,
d now his chair desires him here in vain,
wever they may crown him otherwhere.

"And some among you held that if the King
d seen the sight he would have sworn the vow.
t easily, seeing that the King must guard
at which he rules, and is but as the hind
whom a space of land is given to plow,
o may not wander from the allotted field
ore his work be done, but, being done,
visions of the night or of the day
ne as they will; and many a time they come,
il this earth he walks on seems not earth,
s light that strikes his eyeball is not light,
s air that smites his forehead is not air
vision—yea, his very hand and foot—
moments when he feels he cannot die,
l knows himself no vision to himself,
the high God a vision, nor that One
Who rose again. Ye have seen what ye have seen."

'So spake the King; I knew not all he meant.'

PELLEAS AND ETTARRE

King Arthur made new knights to fill the gap
Left by the Holy Quest; and as he sat
In hall at old Caerleon, the high doors
Were softly sunder'd, and thro' these a youth,
Pelleas, and the sweet smell of the fields
Past, and the sunshine came along with him.

'Make me thy knight, because I know, Sir King,
All that belongs to knighthood, and I love.'
Such was his cry; for having heard the King
Had let proclaim a tournament—the prize
A golden circlet and a knightly sword,
Full fain had Pelleas for his lady won
The golden circlet, for himself the sword.
And there were those who knew him near the King,
And promised for him; and Arthur made him knight.

And this new knight, Sir Pelleas of the Isles—
But lately come to his inheritance,
And lord of many a barren isle was he—
Riding at noon, a day or twain before,
Across the forest call'd of Dean, to find
Caerleon and the King, had felt the sun
Beat like a strong knight on his helm and reel'd
Almost to falling from his horse, but saw
Near him a mound of even-sloping side
Whereon a hundred stately beeches grew,

And here and there great hollies under them;
But for a mile all round was open space
And fern and heath. And slowly Pelleas drew
To that dim day, then, binding his good horse
To a tree, cast himself down; and as he lay
At random looking over the brown earth
Thro' that green-glooming twilight of the grove,
It seem'd to Pelleas that the fern without
Burnt as a living fire of emeralds,
So that his eyes were dazzled looking at it.
Then o'er it crost the dimness of a cloud
Floating, and once the shadow of a bird
Flying, and then a fawn; and his eyes closed.
And since he loved all maidens, but no maid
In special, half-awake he whisper'd: 'Where?
O, where? I love thee, tho' I know thee not.
For fair thou art and pure as Guinevere,
And I will make thee with my spear and sword
As famous—O my Queen, my Guinevere,
For I will be thine Arthur when we meet.'

Suddenly waken'd with a sound of talk
And laughter at the limit of the wood,
And glancing thro' the hoary boles, he saw,
Strange as to some old prophet might have seem'd
A vision hovering on a sea of fire,
Damsels in divers colors like the cloud
Of sunset and sunrise, and all of them
On horses, and the horses richly trapt
Breast-high in that bright line of bracken stood;
And all the damsels talk'd confusedly,
And one was pointing this way and one that,
Because the way was lost.

And Pelleas ros
And loosed his horse, and led him
the light.
There she that seem'd the chief amor
them said:
'In happy time behold our pilot-sta
Youth, we are damsels-errant, and
ride,
Arm'd as ye see, to tilt against t
knights
There at Caerleon, but have lost o
way.
To right? to left? straight forward
back again?
Which? tell us quickly.'

Pelleas gazing though
'Is Guinevere herself so beautiful?'
For large her violet eyes look'd, a
her bloom
A rosy dawn kindled in stainless he
vens,
And round her limbs, mature in w
manhood;
And slender was her hand and sm
her shape;
And but for those large eyes, t
haunts of scorn,
She might have seem'd a toy to tri
with,
And pass and care no more. B
while he gazed
The beauty of her flesh abash'd t
boy,
As tho' it were the beauty of h
soul;
For as the base man, judging of t
good,
Puts his own baseness in him by
fault
Of will and nature, so did Pelleas le
All the young beauty of his own s
to hers,
Believing her, and when she spake
him
Stammer'd, and could not make he
reply.
For out of the waste islands had
come,
Where saving his own sisters he h
known
Scarce any but the women of his isl
Rough wives, that laugh'd
scream'd against the gulls,
Makers of nets, and living from
sea.

Then with a slow smile turn'd the lady round
nd look'd upon her people; and, as when
stone is flung into some sleeping tarn
ne circle widens till it lip the marge,
›read the slow smile thro' all her company.
ıree knights were thereamong, and they too smiled,
orning him; for the lady was Ettarre,
nd she was a great lady in her land.

Again she said: 'O wild and of the woods,
nowest thou not the fashion of our speech?
· have the Heavens but given thee a fair face,
ıcking a tongue?'

'O damsel,' answer'd he, 'I woke from dreams, and coming out of gloom
as dazzled by the sudden light, and crave
ırdon; but will ye to Caerleon? I
› likewise; shall I lead you to the King?'

'Lead then,' she said; and thro' the woods they went.
ıd while they rode, the meaning in his eyes,
s tenderness of manner, and chaste awe,
s broken utterances and bashfulness,
ere all a burthen to her, and in her heart
e mutter'd, 'I have lighted on a fool,
w, yet so stale!' But since her mind was bent
ı hearing, after trumpet blown, her name
ıd title, 'Queen of Beauty,' in the lists
ied — and beholding him so strong she thought
ıat peradventure he will fight for me,
ıd win the circlet — therefore flatter'd him,
Being so gracious that he wellnigh deem'd
His wish by hers was echo'd; and her knights
And all her damsels too were gracious to him,
For she was a great lady.

And when they reach'd
Caerleon, ere they past to lodging, she,
Taking his hand, 'O the strong hand,' she said,
'See! look at mine! but wilt thou fight for me,
And win me this fine circlet, Pelleas,
That I may love thee?'

Then his helpless heart
Leapt, and he cried, 'Ay! wilt thou if I win?'
'Ay, that will I,' she answer'd, and she laugh'd,
And straitly nipt the hand, and flung it from her;
Then glanced askew at those three knights of hers,
Till all her ladies laugh'd along with her.

'O happy world,' thought Pelleas, 'all, meseems,
Are happy; I the happiest of them all!'
Nor slept that night for pleasure in his blood,
And green wood-ways, and eyes among the leaves;
Then being on the morrow knighted, sware
To love one only. And as he came away,
The men who met him rounded on their heels
And wonder'd after him, because his face
Shone like the countenance of a priest of old
Against the flame about a sacrifice
Kindled by fire from heaven; so glad was he.

Then Arthur made vast banquets, and strange knights
From the four winds came in; and each one sat.

Tho' served with choice from air, land, stream, and sea,
Oft in mid-banquet measuring with his eyes
His neighbor's make and might; and Pelleas look'd
Noble among the noble, for he dream'd
His lady loved him, and he knew himself
Loved of the King; and him his new-made knight
Worshipt, whose lightest whisper moved him more
Than all the ranged reasons of the world.

Then blush'd and brake the morning of the jousts,
And this was call'd 'The Tournament of Youth;'
For Arthur, loving his young knight, withheld
His older and his mightier from the lists,
That Pelleas might obtain his lady's love,
According to her promise, and remain
Lord of the tourney. And Arthur had the jousts
Down in the flat field by the shore of Usk
Holden; the gilded parapets were crown'd
With faces, and the great tower fill'd with eyes
Up to the summit, and the trumpets blew.
There all day long Sir Pelleas kept the field
With honor; so by that strong hand of his
The sword and golden circlet were achieved.

Then rang the shout his lady loved; the heat
Of pride and glory fired her face, her eye
Sparkled; she caught the circlet from his lance,
And there before the people crown'd herself.
So for the last time she was gracious to him.

Then at Caerleon for a space — l
look
Bright for all others, cloudier on l
knight —
Linger'd Ettarre; and, seeing Pell
droop
Said Guinevere, 'We marvel at th
much,
O damsel, wearing this unsun
face
To him who won thee glory!' A
she said,
'Had ye not held your Lancelot
your bower,
My Queen, he had not won.' Wher
the Queen,
As one whose foot is bitten by
ant,
Glanced down upon her, turn'd a
went her way.

But after, when her damsels, a
herself,
And those three knights all set th
faces home,
Sir Pelleas follow'd. She that s
him cried:
'Damsels — and yet I should be shan
to say it —
I cannot bide Sir Baby. Keep l
back
Among yourselves. Would rat
that we had
Some rough old knight who knew
worldly way,
Albeit grizzlier than a bear, to rid
And jest with! Take him to y
keep him off,
And pamper him with papmeat, if
will,
Old milky fables of the wolf
sheep,
Such as the wholesome mothers
their boys.
Nay, should ye try him with a me
one
To find his mettle, good; and if
fly us,
Small matter! let him.' This
damsels heard,
And, mindful of her small and c
hand,
They, closing round him thro'
journey home,
Acted her hest, and always from
side

estrain'd him with all manner of device,
o that he could not come to speech with her.
nd when she gain'd her castle, up-sprang the bridge,
own rang the grate of iron thro' the groove,
nd he was left alone in open field.

'These be the ways of ladies,' Pelleas thought,
To those who love them, trials of our faith.
ea, let her prove me to the uttermost,
or loyal to the uttermost am I.'
o made his moan, and, darkness falling, sought
priory not far off, there lodged, but rose
Vith morning every day, and, moist or dry,
ull-arm'd upon his charger all day long
at by the walls, and no one open'd to him.

And this persistence turn'd her scorn to wrath.
hen, calling her three knights, she charged them, 'Out!
nd drive him from the walls.' And out they came,
ut Pelleas overthrew them as they dash'd
gainst him one by one; and these return'd,
ut still he kept his watch beneath the wall.

Thereon her wrath became a hate; and once,
week beyond, while walking on the walls
ith her three knights, she pointed downward, 'Look,
e haunts me — I cannot breathe — besieges me!
own! strike him! put my hate into your strokes,
id drive him from my walls.' And down they went,
id Pelleas overthrew them one by one;
And from the tower above him cried Ettarre,
'Bind him, and bring him in.'
He heard her voice;
Then let the strong hand, which had overthrown
Her minion-knights, by those he overthrew
Be bounden straight, and so they brought him in.

Then when he came before Ettarre, the sight
Of her rich beauty made him at one glance
More bondsman in his heart than in his bonds.
Yet with good cheer he spake: 'Behold me, lady,
A prisoner, and the vassal of thy will;
And if thou keep me in thy donjon here,
Content am I so that I see thy face
But once a day; for I have sworn my vows,
And thou hast given thy promise, and I know
That all these pains are trials of my faith,
And that thyself, when thou hast seen me strain'd
And sifted to the utmost, wilt at length
Yield me thy love and know me for thy knight.'

Then she began to rail so bitterly,
With all her damsels, he was stricken mute,
But, when she mock'd his vows and the great King,
Lighted on words: 'For pity of thine own self,
Peace, lady, peace; is he not thine and mine?'
'Thou fool,' she said, 'I never heard his voice
But long'd to break away. Unbind him now,
And thrust him out of doors; for save he be
Fool to the midmost marrow of his bones,
He will return no more.' And those, her three,
Laugh'd, and unbound, and thrust him from the gate.

And after this, a week beyond, again
She call'd them, saying: 'There he watches yet,
There like a dog before his master's door!
Kick'd, he returns; do ye not hate him, ye?
Ye know yourselves; how can ye bide at peace,
Affronted with his fulsome innocence?
Are ye but creatures of the board and bed,
No men to strike? Fall on him all at once,
And if ye slay him I reck not; if ye fail,
Give ye the slave mine order to be bound,
Bind him as heretofore, and bring him in.
It may be ye shall slay him in his bonds.'

She spake, and at her will they couch'd their spears,
Three against one; and Gawain passing by,
Bound upon solitary adventure, saw
Low down beneath the shadow of those towers
A villainy, three to one; and thro' his heart
The fire of honor and all noble deeds
Flash'd, and he call'd, 'I strike upon thy side—
The caitiffs!' 'Nay,' said Pelleas, 'but forbear;
He needs no aid who doth his lady's will.'

So Gawain, looking at the villainy done,
Forbore, but in his heat and eagerness
Trembled and quiver'd, as the dog, withheld
A moment from the vermin that he sees
Before him, shivers ere he springs and kills.

And Pelleas overthrew them, one to three;
And they rose up, and bound, and brought him in.
Then first her anger, leaving Pelleas, burn'd
Full on her knights in many an ev name
Of craven, weakling, and thrice-beat hound:
'Yet, take him, ye that scarce are to touch,
Far less to bind, your victor, a thrust him out,
And let who will release him from h bonds.
And if he comes again'—there s brake short;
And Pelleas answer'd: 'Lady, for i deed
I loved you and I deem'd you bea tiful,
I cannot brook to see your beau marr'd
Thro' evil spite; and if ye love n not,
I cannot bear to dream you so f sworn.
I had liefer ye were worthy of n love
Than to be loved again of you—fa well.
And tho' ye kill my hope, not yet n love,
Vex not yourself; ye will not see r more.'

While thus he spake, she gaz upon the man
Of princely bearing, tho' in bonds, a thought:
'Why have I push'd him from m this man loves,
If love there be; yet him I loved n Why?
I deem'd him fool? yea, so? or th in him
A something—was it nobler than m self?—
Seem'd my reproach? He is not my kind.
He could not love me, did he kn me well.
Nay, let him go—and quickly.' A her knights
Laugh'd not, but thrust him bound out of door.

Forth sprang Gawain, and loos him from his bonds,
And flung them o'er the walls; a afterward.

naking his hands, as from a lazar's rag,
'Faith of my body,' he said, 'and art thou not—
ea thou art he, whom late our Arthur made
night of his table; yea, and he that won
ne circlet? wherefore hast thou so defamed
ny brotherhood in me and all the rest
s let these caitiffs on thee work their will?'

And Pelleas answer'd: 'O, their wills are hers
or whom I won the circlet; and mine, hers,
ius to be bounden, so to see her face,
arr'd tho' it be with spite and mockery now,
her than when I found her in the woods;
nd tho' she hath me bounden but in spite,
nd all to flout me, when they bring me in,
t me be bounden, I shall see her face:
se must I die thro' mine unhappiness.'

And Gawain answer'd kindly tho' in scorn:
Vhy, let my lady bind me if she will,
nd let my lady beat me if she will;
ut an she send her delegate to thrall
ese fighting hands of mine — Christ kill me then
ut I will slice him handless by the wrist,
nd let my lady sear the stump for him,
owl as he may! But hold me for your friend.
me, ye know nothing; here I pledge my troth,
ea, by the honor of the Table Round,
will be leal to thee and work thy work,
nd tame thy jailing princess to thine hand.
nd me thine horse and arms, and I will say
at I have slain thee. She will let me in
To hear the manner of thy fight and fall;
Then, when I come within her counsels, then
From prime to vespers will I chant thy praise
As prowest knight and truest lover, more
Than any have sung thee living, till she long
To have thee back in lusty life again,
Not to be bound, save by white bonds and warm,
Dearer than freedom. Wherefore now thy horse
And armor; let me go; be comforted.
Give me three days to melt her fancy, and hope
The third night hence will bring thee news of gold.'

Then Pelleas lent his horse and all his arms,
Saving the goodly sword, his prize, and took
Gawain's, and said, 'Betray me not, but help—
Art thou not he whom men call light-of-love?'

'Ay,' said Gawain, 'for women be so light;'
Then bounded forward to the castle walls,
And raised a bugle hanging from his neck,
And winded it, and that so musically
That all the old echoes hidden in the wall
Rang out like hollow woods at hunting-tide.

Up ran a score of damsels to the tower;
'Avaunt,' they cried, 'our lady loves thee not!'
But Gawain lifting up his visor said:
'Gawain am I, Gawain of Arthur's court,
And I have slain this Pelleas whom ye hate.
Behold his horse and armor. Open gates,
And I will make you merry.'

And down they ran,
Her damsels, crying to their lady, 'Lo!
Pelleas is dead — he told us — he that hath
His horse and armor; will ye let him in?
He slew him! Gawain, Gawain of the court,
Sir Gawain — there he waits below the wall,
Blowing his bugle as who should say him nay.'

And so, leave given, straight on thro' open door
Rode Gawain, whom she greeted courteously.
'Dead, is it so?' she ask'd. 'Ay, ay,' said he,
'And oft in dying cried upon your name.'
'Pity on him,' she answer'd, 'a good knight,
But never let me bide one hour at peace.'
'Ay,' thought Gawain, 'and you be fair enow;
But I to your dead man have given my troth,
That whom ye loathe, him will I make you love.'

So those three days, aimless about the land,
Lost in a doubt, Pelleas wandering
Waited, until the third night brought a moon
With promise of large light on woods and ways.

Hot was the night and silent; but a sound
Of Gawain ever coming, and this lay —
Which Pelleas had heard sung before the Queen,
And seen her sadden listening — vext his heart,
And marr'd his rest — 'A worm within the rose.'

'A rose, but one, none other rose had I,
A rose, one rose, and this was wondrous fair,
One rose, a rose that gladden'd earth and sky,
One rose, my rose, that sweeten'd all m
air —.
I cared not for the thorns; the thorns w
there.

'One rose, a rose to gather by and by
One rose, a rose, to gather and to wear,
No rose but one — what other rose had I
One rose, my rose; a rose that will not di
He dies who loves it, — if the worm
there.'

This tender rhyme, and everm
the doubt,
'Why lingers Gawain with his gol
news?'
So shook him that he could not r
but rode
Ere midnight to her walls, and bo
his horse
Hard by the gates. Wide open w
the gates,
And no watch kept; and in thro' th
he past,
And heard but his own steps, and
own heart
Beating, for nothing moved but
own self
And his own shadow. Then he c
the court,
And spied not any light in hal
bower,
But saw the postern portal also wi
Yawning; and up a slope of gar
all
Of roses white and red, and bram
mixt
And overgrowing them, went on,
found,
Here too, all hush'd below the mel
moon,
Save that one rivulet from a tiny
Came lightening downward, and
spilt itself
Among the roses and was lost aga

Then was he ware of three pavil
rear'd
Above the bushes, gilden-peakt.
one,
Red after revel, droned her lur
knights
Slumbering, and their three sq
across their feet;
In one, their malice on the placid
Frozen by sweet sleep, four of
damsels lay;

nd in the third, the circlet of the
jousts
ound on her brow, were Gawain and
Ettarre.

Back, as a hand that pushes thro' the leaf
o find a nest and feels a snake, he drew;
ack, as a coward slinks from what he fears
o cope with, or a traitor proven, or hound
eaten, did Pelleas in an utter shame
eep with his shadow thro' the court again,
ngering at his sword-handle until he stood
ere on the castle-bridge once more, and thought,
'I will go back, and slay them where they lie.'

And so went back, and seeing them yet in sleep
id, 'Ye, that so dishallow the holy sleep,
our sleep is death,' and drew the sword, and thought,
What! slay a sleeping knight? the King hath bound
d sworn me to this brotherhood;' again,
las that ever a knight should be so false!'
en turn'd, and so return'd, and groaning laid
e naked sword athwart their naked throats,
ere left it, and them sleeping; and she lay,
e circlet of the tourney round her brows,
d the sword of the tourney across her throat.

And forth he past, and mounting on his horse
ared at her towers that, larger than themselves
their own darkness, throng'd into the moon;
en crush'd the saddle with his thighs, and clench'd
s hands, and madden'd with himself and moan'd:

'Would they have risen against me in their blood
At the last day? I might have answer'd them
Even before high God. O towers so strong,
Huge, solid, would that even while I gaze
The crack of earthquake shivering to your base
Split you, and hell burst up your harlot roofs
Bellowing, and charr'd you thro' and thro' within,
Black as the harlot's heart—hollow as a skull!
Let the fierce east scream thro' your eyelet-holes,
And whirl the dust of harlots round and round
In dung and nettles! hiss, snake—I saw him there—
Let the fox bark, let the wolf yell! Who yells
Here in the still sweet summer night but I—
I, the poor Pelleas whom she call'd her fool?
Fool, beast—he, she, or I? myself most fool;
Beast too, as lacking human wit—disgraced,
Dishonor'd all for trial of true love—
Love?—we be all alike; only the King
Hath made us fools and liars. O noble vows!
O great and sane and simple race of brutes
That own no lust because they have no law!
For why should I have loved her to my shame?
I loathe her, as I loved her to my shame.
I never loved her, I but lusted for her—
Away!'—

He dash'd the rowel into his horse,
And bounded forth and vanish'd thro' the night.

Then she, that felt the cold touch on her throat,
Awaking knew the sword, and turn'd herself

To Gawain: 'Liar, for thou hast not slain
This Pelleas! here he stood, and might have slain
Me and thyself.' And he that tells the tale
Says that her ever-veering fancy turn'd
To Pelleas, as the one true knight on earth
And only lover; and thro' her love her life
Wasted and pined, desiring him in vain.

But he by wild and way, for half the night,
And over hard and soft, striking the sod
From out the soft, the spark from off the hard,
Rode till the star above the wakening sun,
Beside that tower where Percivale was cowl'd,
Glanced from the rosy forehead of the dawn.
For so the words were flash'd into his heart
He knew not whence or wherefore: 'O sweet star,
Pure on the virgin forehead of the dawn!'
And there he would have wept, but felt his eyes
Harder and drier than a fountain bed
In summer. Thither came the village girls
And linger'd talking, and they came no more
Till the sweet heavens have fill'd it from the heights
Again with living waters in the change
Of seasons. Hard his eyes, harder his heart
Seem'd; but so weary were his limbs that he,
Gasping, 'Of Arthur's hall am I, but here,
Here let me rest and die,' cast himself down,
And gulf'd his griefs in inmost sleep; so lay,
Till shaken by a dream, that Gawain fired
The hall of Merlin, and the morning star
Reel'd in the smoke, brake into flame, and fell.

He woke, and being ware of some one nigh,
Sent hands upon him, as to tear him, crying,
'False! and I held thee pure as Guinevere.'

But Percivale stood near him and replied,
'Am I but false as Guinevere is pure?
Or art thou mazed with dreams? or being one
Of our free-spoken Table hast not heard
That Lancelot' — there he check'd himself and paused.

Then fared it with Sir Pelleas as with one
Who gets a wound in battle, and the sword
That made it plunges thro' the wound again,
And pricks it deeper; and he shrank and wail'd,
'Is the Queen false?' and Percivale was mute.
'Have any of our Round Table held their vows?'
And Percivale made answer not a word.
'Is the King true?' 'The King!' said Percivale.
'Why, then let men couple at once with wolves.
What! art thou mad?'

But Pelleas, leaping up
Ran thro' the doors and vaulted on his horse
And fled. Small pity upon his horse had he,
Or on himself, or any, and when he met
A cripple, one that held a hand for alms —
Hunch'd as he was, and like an old dwarf-elm
That turns its back on the salt blast the boy

'aused not, but overrode him, shouting, 'False,
nd false with Gawain!' and so left him bruised
nd batter'd, and fled on, and hill and wood
Vent ever streaming by him till the gloom
'hat follows on the turning of the world
'arken'd the common path. He twitch'd the reins,
nd made his beast, that better knew it, swerve
low off it and now on; but when he saw
ligh up in heaven the hall that Merlin built,
lackening against the dead-green stripes of even,
Black nest of rats,' he groan'd, 'ye build too high.'

Not long thereafter from the city gates
ssued Sir Lancelot riding airily,
Varm with a gracious parting from the Queen,
eace at his heart, and gazing at a star
nd marvelling what it was; on whom the boy,
cross the silent seeded meadow-grass
orne, clash'd; and Lancelot, saying, 'What name hast thou
hat ridest here so blindly and so hard?'
No name, no name,' he shouted, 'a scourge am I
o lash the treasons of the Table Round.'
Yea, but thy name?' 'I have many names,' he cried:
I am wrath and shame and hate and evil fame,
nd like a poisonous wind I pass to blast
nd blaze the crime of Lancelot and the Queen.'
First over me,' said Lancelot, 'shalt thou pass.'
Fight therefore,' yell'd the youth, and either knight
rew back a space, and when they closed, at once
The weary steed of Pelleas flounder ing flung
His rider, who call'd out from the dark field,
'Thou art false as hell; slay me, I have no sword.'
Then Lancelot, 'Yea, between thy lips — and sharp;
But here will I disedge it by thy death.'
'Slay then,' he shriek'd, 'my will is to be slain,'
And Lancelot, with his heel upon the fallen,
Rolling his eyes, a moment stood, then spake:
'Rise, weakling; I am Lancelot; say thy say.'

And Lancelot slowly rode his war-horse back
To Camelot, and Sir Pelleas in brief while
Caught his unbroken limbs from the dark field,
And follow'd to the city. It chanced that both
Brake into hall together, worn and pale.
There with her knights and dames was Guinevere.
Full wonderingly she gazed on Lancelot
So soon return'd, and then on Pelleas, him
Who had not greeted her, but cast himself
Down on a bench, hard-breathing. 'Have ye fought?'
She ask'd of Lancelot. 'Ay, my Queen,' he said.
'And thou hast overthrown him?' 'Ay, my Queen.'
Then she, turning to Pelleas, 'O young knight,
Hath the great heart of knighthood in thee fail'd
So far thou canst not bide, unfrowardly,
A fall from *him*?' Then, for he answer'd not,
'Or hast thou other griefs? If I, the Queen,
May help them, loose thy tongue, and let me know.'
But Pelleas lifted up an eye so fierce

She quail'd ; and he, hissing 'I have no sword,'
Sprang from the door into the dark. The Queen
Look'd hard upon her lover, he on her,
And each foresaw the dolorous day to be;
And all talk died, as in a grove all song
Beneath the shadow of some bird of prey.
Then a long silence came upon the hall,
And Modred thought, 'The time is hard at hand.'

THE LAST TOURNAMENT

Dagonet, the fool, whom Gawain in his mood
Had made mock-knight of Arthur's Table Round,
At Camelot, high above the yellowing woods,
Danced like a wither'd leaf before the hall.
And toward him from the hall, with harp in hand,
And from the crown thereof a carcanet
Of ruby swaying to and fro, the prize
Of Tristram in the jousts of yesterday,
Came Tristram, saying, 'Why skip ye so, Sir Fool?'

For Arthur and Sir Lancelot riding once
Far down beneath a winding wall of rock
Heard a child wail. A stump of oak half-dead,
From roots like some black coil of carven snakes,
Clutch'd at the crag, and started thro' mid air
Bearing an eagle's nest ; and thro' the tree
Rush'd ever a rainy wind, and thro' the wind
Pierced ever a child's cry; and crag and tree
Scaling, Sir Lancelot from the perilous nest,
This ruby necklace thrice around her neck,
And all unscarr'd from beak or talon, brought
A maiden babe, which Arthur pitying took,
Then gave it to his Queen to rear. The Queen,
But coldly acquiescing, in her white arms
Received, and after loved it tenderly,
And named it Nestling ; so forgot herself
A moment, and her cares ; till that young life
Being smitten in mid heaven with mortal cold
Past from her, and in time the carcanet
Vext her with plaintive memories of the child.
So she, delivering it to Arthur, said,
'Take thou the jewels of this dead innocence,
And make them, an thou wilt, a tourney-prize.'

To whom the King: 'Peace to thine eagle-borne
Dead nestling, and this honor after death,
Following thy will! but, O my Queen, I muse
Why ye not wear on arm, or neck, or zone
Those diamonds that I rescued from the tarn,
And Lancelot won, methought, for thee to wear.'

'Would rather you had let them fall,' she cried,
'Plunge and be lost — ill-fated as they were,
A bitterness to me! — ye look amazed
Not knowing they were lost as soon as given —
Slid from my hands when I was leaning out
Above the river — that unhappy child
Past in her barge ; but rosier luck will go
With these rich jewels, seeing that they came
Not from the skeleton of a brother slayer,

ut the sweet body of a maiden babe.
erchance — who knows? — the purest
of thy knights
lay win them for the purest of my
maids.'

She ended, and the cry of a great
jousts
Vith trumpet-blowings ran on all the
ways
rom Camelot in among the faded
fields
o furthest towers; and everywhere
the knights
rm'd for a day of glory before the
King.

But on the hither side of that loud
morn
nto the hall stagger'd, his visage
ribb'd
rom ear to ear with dogwhip-weals,
his nose
ridge-broken, one eye out, and one
hand off,
nd one with shatter'd fingers dan-
gling lame,
churl, to whom indignantly the
King:

'My churl, for whom Christ died,
what evil beast
lath drawn his claws athwart thy
face? or fiend?
lan was it who marr'd heaven's image
in thee thus?'

Then, sputtering thro' the hedge of
splinter'd teeth,
et strangers to the tongue, and with
blunt stump
itch-blacken'd sawing the air, said
the maim'd churl:

'He took them and he drove them
to his tower —
ome hold he was a table-knight of
thine —
hundred goodly ones — the Red
Knight, he —
ord, I was tending swine, and the
Red Knight
rake in upon me and drave them to
his tower;
nd when I call'd upon thy name as
one
That doest right by gentle and by
churl,
Maim'd me and maul'd, and would out-
right have slain,
Save that he sware me to a message,
saying:
"Tell thou the King and all his liars
that I
Have founded my Round Table in the
North,
And whatsoever his own knights have
sworn
My knights have sworn the counter to
it — and say
My tower is full of harlots, like his
court,
But mine are worthier, seeing they
profess
To be none other than themselves —
and say
My knights are all adulterers like his
own,
But mine are truer, seeing they pro-
fess
To be none other: and say his hour is
come,
The heathen are upon him, his long
lance
Broken, and his Excalibur a straw."'

Then Arthur turn'd to Kay the sen-
eschal:
'Take thou my churl, and tend him
curiously
Like a king's heir, till all his hurts be
whole.
The heathen — but that ever-climbing
wave,
Hurl'd back again so often in empty
foam,
Hath lain for years at rest — and rene-
gades,
Thieves, bandits, leavings of confu-
sion, whom
The wholesome realm is purged of
otherwhere,
Friends, thro' your manhood and your
fealty, — now
Make their last head like Satan in the
North.
My younger knights, new-made, in
whom your flower
Waits to be solid fruit of golden
deeds,
Move with me toward their quelling,
which achieved,

The loneliest ways are safe from shore to shore.
But thou, Sir Lancelot, sitting in my place
Enchair'd to-morrow, arbitrate the field;
For wherefore shouldst thou care to mingle with it,
Only to yield my Queen her own again?
Speak, Lancelot, thou art silent; is it well?'

Thereto Sir Lancelot answer'd: 'It is well;
Yet better if the King abide, and leave
The leading of his younger knights to me.
Else, for the King has will'd it, it is well.'

Then Arthur rose and Lancelot follow'd him,
And while they stood without the doors, the King
Turn'd to him, saying: 'Is it then so well?
Or mine the blame that oft I seem as he
Of whom was written, "A sound is in his ears"?
The foot that loiters, bidden go,—the glance
That only seems half-loyal to command,—
A manner somewhat fallen from reverence—
Or have I dream'd the bearing of our knights
Tells of a manhood ever less and lower?
Or whence the fear lest this my realm, uprear'd,
By noble deeds at one with noble vows,
From flat confusion and brute violences,
Reel back into the beast, and be no more?'

He spoke, and taking all his younger knights,
Down the slope city rode, and sharply turn'd
North by the gate. In her high bowe
the Queen,
Working a tapestry, lifted up he
head,
Watch'd her lord pass, and knew nc
that she sigh'd.
Then ran across her memory th
strange rhyme
Of bygone Merlin, 'Where is he wh
knows?
From the great deep to the great dee
he goes.'

But when the morning of a tourna
ment,
By these in earnest those in mocker
call'd
The Tournament of the Dead Inn
cence,
Brake with a wet wind blowing, La
celot,
Round whose sick head all night, lik
birds of prey,
The words of Arthur flying shriek'
arose,
And down a streetway hung with fol
of pure
White samite, and by fountains ru
ning wine,
Where children sat in white with cu
of gold,
Moved to the lists, and there, wi
slow sad steps
Ascending, fill'd his double-dragon
chair.

He glanced and saw the stately ga
leries,
Dame, damsel, each thro' worship
their Queen
White-robed in honor of the stainle
child,
And some with scatter'd jewels, like
bank
Of maiden snow mingled with spar
of fire.
He look'd but once, and vail'd his ey
again.

The sudden trumpet sounded as i
dream
To ears but half-awaked, then one l
roll
Of autumn thunder, and the jou
began;

ıd ever the wind blew, and yellow-
ing leaf,
ıd gloom and gleam, and shower and
shorn plume
ent down it. Sighing wearied ly, as
one
ho sits and gazes on a faded fire,
hen all the goodlier guests are past
away,
t their great umpire looking o'er the
lists.
saw the laws that ruled the tourna-
ment
oken, but spake not; once, a knight
cast down
fore his throne of arbitration cursed
e dead babe and the follies of the
King;
d once the laces of a helmet crack'd,
d show'd him, like a vermin in its
hole,
dred, a narrow face. Anon he
heard
e voice that billow'd round the bar-
riers roar
ocean-sounding welcome to one
knight,
t newly-enter'd, taller than the rest,
d armor'd all in forest green,
whereon
ere tript a hundred tiny silver deer,
d wearing but a holly-spray for
crest,
th ever-scattering berries, and on
shield
spear, a harp, a bugle — Tristram
— late
om over-seas in Brittany return'd,
d marriage with a princess of that
realm,
lt the White — Sir Tristram of the
Woods —
ıom Lancelot knew, had held some-
time with pain
own against him, and now yearn'd
to shake
e burthen off his heart in one full
shock
th Tristram even to death. His
strong hands gript
d dinted the gilt dragons right and
left,
il he groan'd for wrath — so many
of those
ıt ware their ladies' colors on the
casque
Drew from before Sir Tristram to the
bounds,
And there with gibes and flickering
mockeries
Stood, while he mutter'd, 'Craven
crests! O shame!
What faith have these in whom they
sware to love?
The glory of our Round Table is no
more.'

So Tristram won, and Lancelot
gave, the gems,
Not speaking other word than, 'Hast
thou won?
Art thou the purest, brother? See,
the hand
Wherewith thou takest this is red!'
to whom
Tristram, half plagued by Lancelot's
languorous mood,
Made answer: 'Ay, but wherefore
toss me this
Like a dry bone cast to some hungry
hound?
Let be thy fair Queen's fantasy.
Strength of heart
And might of limb, but mainly use
and skill,
Are winners in this pastime of our
King.
My hand — belike the lance hath dript
upon it —
No blood of mine, I trow; but O chief
knight,
Right arm of Arthur in the battle-
field,
Great brother, thou nor I have made
the world;
Be happy in thy fair Queen as I in
mine.'

And Tristram round the gallery
made his horse
Caracole; then bow'd his homage,
bluntly saying,
'Fair damsels, each to him who wor-
ships each
Sole Queen of Beauty and of love, be-
hold
This day my Queen of Beauty is not
here.'
And most of these were mute, some
anger'd, one
Murmuring, 'All courtesy is dead,'
and one.

'The glory of our Round Table is no more.'

Then fell thick rain, plume droopt and mantle clung,
And pettish cries awoke, and the wan day
Went glooming down in wet and weariness;
But under her black brows a swarthy one
Laugh'd shrilly, crying: 'Praise the patient saints,
Our one white day of Innocence hath past,
Tho' somewhat draggled at the skirt. So be it.
The snowdrop only, flowering thro' the year,
Would make the world as blank as wintertide.
Come — let us gladden their sad eyes, our Queen's
And Lancelot's, at this night's solemnity
With all the kindlier colors of the field.'

So dame and damsel glitter'd at the feast
Variously gay; for he that tells the tale
Liken'd them, saying, as when an hour of cold
Falls on the mountain in midsummer snows,
And all the purple slopes of mountain flowers
Pass under white, till the warm hour returns
With veer of wind and all are flowers again,
So dame and damsel cast the simple white,
And glowing in all colors, the live grass,
Rose-campion, bluebell, kingcup, poppy, glanced
About the revels, and with mirth so loud
Beyond all use, that, half-amazed, the Queen,
And wroth at Tristram and the lawless jousts,
Brake up their sports, then slowly to her bower
Parted, and in her bosom pain wa
lord.

And little Dagonet on the morrov
morn,
High over all the yellowing autumn
tide,
Danced like a wither'd leaf before th
hall.
Then Tristram saying, 'Why skip y
so, Sir Fool?'
Wheel'd round on either heel, Da
gonet replied,
'Belike for lack of wiser company;
Or being fool, and seeing too much wi
Makes the world rotten, why, belik
I skip
To know myself the wisest knight o
all.'
'Ay, fool,' said Tristram, 'but 't i
eating dry
To dance without a catch, a roundela
To dance to.' Then he twangled o
his harp,
And while he twangled little Dagone
stood
Quiet as any water-sodden log
Stay'd in the wandering warble of
brook,
But when the twangling ended, skip
again;
And being ask'd, 'Why skipt ye not
Sir Fool?'
Made answer, 'I had liefer twent
years
Skip to the broken music of my brain
Than any broken music thou cans
make.'
Then Tristram, waiting for the qui
to come,
'Good now, what music have I broke
fool?'
And little Dagonet, skipping, 'Arthu
the King's;
For when thou playest that air wit
Queen Isolt,
Thou makest broken music with th
bride,
Her daintier namesake down in Bri
tany —
And so thou breakest Arthur's mus
too.'
'Save for that broken music in th
brains,
Sir Fool,' said Tristram, 'I woul
break thy head.

ool, I came late, the heathen wars were o'er,
he life had flown, we sware but by the shell —
am but a fool to reason with a fool —
ome, thou art crabb'd and sour; but lean me down,
ir Dagonet, one of thy long asses' ears,
nd harken if my music be not true.

"Free love — free field — we love but while we may.
he woods are hush'd, their music is no more;
ne leaf is dead, the yearning past away.
ew leaf, new life — the days of frost are o'er;
ew life, new love, to suit the newer day;
ew loves are sweet as those that went before.
ee love — free field — we love but while we may."

'Ye might have moved slow-measure to my tune,
ot stood stock-still. I made it in the woods,
nd heard it ring as true as tested gold.'

But Dagonet with one foot poised in his hand:
Friend, did ye mark that fountain yesterday,
ade to run wine? — but this had run itself
ll out like a long life to a sour end —
nd them that round it sat with golden cups
o hand the wine to whosoever came —
he twelve small damosels white as Innocence,
honor of poor Innocence the babe,
Who left the gems which Innocence the Queen
ent to the King, and Innocence the King
ave for a prize — and one of those white slips
anded her cup and piped, the pretty one,
Drink, drink, Sir Fool," and thereupon I drank,
at — pish — the cup was gold, the draught was mud.'

And Tristram: 'Was it muddier than thy gibes?
Is all the laughter gone dead out of thee? —
Not marking how the knighthood mock thee, fool —
"Fear God: honor the King — his one true knight —
Sole follower of the vows" — for here be they
Who knew thee swine enow before I came,
Smuttier than blasted grain. But when the King
Had made thee fool, thy vanity so shot up
It frighted all free fool from out thy heart;
Which left thee less than fool, and less than swine,
A naked aught — yet swine I hold thee still,
For I have flung thee pearls and find thee swine.'

And little Dagonet mincing with his feet:
'Knight, an ye fling those rubies round my neck
In lieu of hers, I'll hold thou hast some touch
Of music, since I care not for thy pearls.
Swine? I have wallow'd, I have wash'd — the world
Is flesh and shadow — I have had my day.
The dirty nurse, Experience, in her kind
Hath foul'd me — an I wallow'd, then I wash'd —
I have had my day and my philosophies —
And thank the Lord I am King Arthur's fool.
Swine, say ye? swine, goats, asses, rams, and geese
Troop'd round a Paynim harper once, who thrumm'd
On such a wire as musically as thou
Some such fine song — but never a king's fool.'

And Tristram, 'Then were swine, goats, asses, geese

The wiser fools, seeing thy Paynim bard
Had such a mastery of his mystery
That he could harp his wife up out of hell.'

Then Dagonet, turning on the ball of his foot,
'And whither harp'st thou thine? down! and thyself
Down! and two more; a helpful harper thou,
That harpest downward! Dost thou know the star
We call the Harp of Arthur up in heaven?'

And Tristram, 'Ay, Sir Fool, for when our King
Was victor wellnigh day by day, the knights,
Glorying in each new glory, set his name
High on all hills and in the signs of heaven.'

And Dagonet answer'd: 'Ay, and when the land
Was freed, and the Queen false, ye set yourself
To babble about him, all to show your wit—
And whether he were king by courtesy,
Or king by right—and so went harping down
The black king's highway, got so far and grew
So witty that ye play'd at ducks and drakes
With Arthur's vows on the great lake of fire.
Tuwhoo! do ye see it? do ye see the star?'

'Nay, fool,' said Tristram, 'not in open day.'
And Dagonet: 'Nay, nor will; I see it and hear.
It makes a silent music up in heaven,
And I and Arthur and the angels hear,
And then we skip.' 'Lo, fool,' he said, 'ye talk
Fool's treason; is the King thy brother fool?'

Then little Dagonet clapt his han
and shrill'd:
'Ay, ay, my brother fool, the king
fools!
Conceits himself as God that he c
make
Figs out of thistles, silk from bristl
milk
From burning spurge, honey fr
hornet-combs,
And men from beasts—Long live t
king of fools!'

And down the city Dagonet danc
away;
But thro' the slowly-mellowing a
nues
And solitary passes of the wood
Rode Tristram toward Lyonnesse a
the west.
Before him fled the face of Que
Isolt
With ruby-circled neck, but everm
Past, as a rustle or twitter in t
wood
Made dull his inner, keen his ou
eye
For all that walk'd, or crept,
perch'd, or flew.
Anon the face, as, when a gust h
blown,
Unruffling waters re-collect the sha
Of one that in them sees himself,
turn'd;
But at the slot or fewmets of a dee
Or even a fallen feather, vanis
again.

So on for all that day from lawn
lawn
Thro' many a league-long bower
rode. At length
A lodge of intertwisted beech
boughs,
Furze-cramm'd and bracken-rooft,
which himself
Built for a summer day with Qu
Isolt
Against a shower, dark in the gol
grove
Appearing, sent his fancy back
where
She lived a moon in that low lo
with him;
Till Mark her lord had past, the C
nish King,

th six or seven, when Tristram was away,
d snatch'd her thence, yet, dreading worse than shame
r warrior Tristram, spake not any word,
t bode his hour, devising wretchedness.

And now that desert lodge to Tristram lookt
sweet that, halting, in he past and sank
wn on a drift of foliage random-blown;
t could not rest for musing how to smooth
d sleek his marriage over to the queen.
rchance in lone Tintagil far from all
e tonguesters of the court she had not heard.
t then what folly had sent him overseas
ter she left him lonely here? a name?
s it the name of one in Brittany,
lt, the daughter of the king? 'Isolt
the White Hands' they call'd her: the sweet name
ured him first, and then the maid herself,
o served him well with those white hands of hers,
d loved him well, until himself had thought
loved her also, wedded easily,
t left her all as easily, and return'd.
e black-blue Irish hair and Irish eyes
d drawn him home — what marvel? then he laid
brows upon the drifted leaf and dream'd.

He seem'd to pace the strand of Brittany
ween Isolt of Britain and his bride,
d show'd them both the ruby-chain, and both
gan to struggle for it, till his queen
spt it so hard that all her hand was red.

Then cried the Breton, 'Look, her hand is red!
These be no rubies, this is frozen blood,
And melts within her hand — her hand is hot
With ill desires, but this I gave thee, look,
Is all as cool and white as any flower.'
Follow'd a rush of eagle's wings, and then
A whimpering of the spirit of the child,
Because the twain had spoil'd her carcanet.

He dream'd; but Arthur with a hundred spears
Rode far, till o'er the illimitable reed,
And many a glancing plash and sallowy isle,
The wide-wing'd sunset of the misty marsh
Glared on a huge machicolated tower
That stood with open doors, whereout was roll'd
A roar of riot, as from men secure
Amid their marshes, ruffians at their ease
Among their harlot-brides, an evil song.
'Lo there,' said one of Arthur's youth, for there,
High on a grim dead tree before the tower,
A goodly brother of the Table Round
Swung by the neck; and on the boughs a shield
Showing a shower of blood in a field noir,
And therebeside a horn, inflamed the knights
At that dishonor done the gilded spur,
Till each would clash the shield and blow the horn.
But Arthur waved them back. Alone he rode.
Then at the dry harsh roar of the great horn,
That sent the face of all the marsh aloft
An ever upward-rushing storm and cloud
Of shriek and plume, the Red Knight heard, and all,

Even to tipmost lance and topmost helm,
In blood-red armor sallying, howl'd to the King:

'The teeth of Hell flay bare and gnash thee flat!—
Lo! art thou not that eunuch-hearted king
Who fain had clipt free manhood from the world—
The woman-worshipper? Yea, God's curse, and I!
Slain was the brother of my paramour
By a knight of thine, and I that heard her whine
And snivel, being eunuch-hearted too,
Sware by the scorpion-worm that twists in hell
And stings itself to everlasting death,
To hang whatever knight of thine I fought
And tumbled. Art thou king?—Look to thy life!'

He ended. Arthur knew the voice; the face
Wellnigh was helmet-hidden, and the name
Went wandering somewhere darkling in his mind.
And Arthur deign'd not use of word or sword,
But let the drunkard, as he stretch'd from horse
To strike him, overbalancing his bulk,
Down from the causeway heavily to the swamp
Fall, as the crest of some slow-arching wave,
Heard in dead night along that table-shore,
Drops flat, and after the great waters break
Whitening for half a league, and thin themselves,
Far over sands marbled with moon and cloud,
From less and less to nothing; thus he fell
Head-heavy. Then the knights, who watch'd him, roar'd
And shouted and leapt down upon the fallen,
There trampled out his face from being known,
And sank his head in mire, and slime themselves;
Nor heard the King for their own cries, but sprang
Thro' open doors, and swording right and left
Men, women, on their sodden faces hurl'd
The tables over and the wines, and slew
Till all the rafters rang with woman yells,
And all the pavement stream'd with massacre.
Then, echoing yell with yell, the fired the tower,
Which half that autumn night, like the live North,
Red-pulsing up thro' Alioth and Alcor
Made all above it, and a hundred meres
About it, as the water Moab saw
Come round by the east, and out beyond them flush'd
The long low dune and lazy-plunging sea.

So all the ways were safe from shore to shore,
But in the heart of Arthur pain with lord.

Then, out of Tristram waking, the red dream
Fled with a shout, and that low lodge return'd,
Mid-forest, and the wind among the boughs.
He whistled his good war-horse left to graze
Among the forest greens, vaulted upon him,
And rode beneath an ever-showering leaf,
Till one lone woman, weeping near a cross,
Stay'd him. 'Why weep ye?' 'Lord,' she said, 'my man
Hath left me or is dead;' whereon he thought—
'What, if she hate me now? I would not this.
What, if she love me still? I would not that.
I know not what I would'—but said to her,

Yet weep not thou, lest, if thy mate return,
e find thy favor changed and love thee not' —
nen pressing day by day thro' Lyonnesse
ast in a roky hollow, belling, heard
ne hounds of Mark, and felt the goodly hounds
elp at his heart, but, turning, past and gain'd
ntagil, half in sea and high on land,
crown of towers.

Down in a casement sat,
low sea-sunset glorying round her hair
nd glossy-throated grace, Isolt the queen.
nd when she heard the feet of Tristram grind
ne spiring stone that scaled about her tower,
ush'd, started, met him at the doors, and there
elted his body with her white embrace,
ying aloud: 'Not Mark — not Mark, my soul!
ne footstep flutter'd me at first — not he!
tlike thro' his own castle steals my Mark,
nt warrior-wise thou stridest thro' his halls
ho hates thee, as I him — even to the death.
y soul, I felt my hatred for my Mark
nicken within me, and knew that thou wert nigh.'
whom Sir Tristram smiling, 'I am here;
t be thy Mark, seeing he is not thine.'

And drawing somewhat backward she replied:
an he be wrong'd who is not even his own,
t save for dread of thee had beaten me,
ratch'd, bitten, blinded, marr'd me somehow — Mark?
hat rights are his that dare not strike for them?
t lift a hand — not, tho' he found me thus!

But harken! have ye met him? hence he went
To-day for three days' hunting — as he said —
And so returns belike within an hour.
Mark's way, my soul! — but eat not thou with Mark,
Because he hates thee even more than fears,
Nor drink; and when thou passest any wood
Close vizor, lest an arrow from the bush
Should leave me all alone with Mark and hell.
My God, the measure of my hate for Mark
Is as the measure of my love for thee!'

So, pluck'd one way by hate and one by love,
Drain'd of her force, again she sat, and spake
To Tristram, as he knelt before her, saying:
'O hunter, and O blower of the horn,
Harper, and thou hast been a rover too,
For, ere I mated with my shambling king,
Ye twain had fallen out about the bride
Of one — his name is out of me — the prize,
If prize she were — what marvel? — she could see —
Thine, friend; and ever since my craven seeks
To wreck thee villainously — but, O Sir Knight,
What dame or damsel have ye kneel'd to last?'

And Tristram, 'Last to my Queen Paramount,
Here now to my queen paramount of love
And loveliness — ay, lovelier than when first
Her light feet fell on our rough Lyonnesse,
Sailing from Ireland.'

Softly laugh'd Isolt
'Flatter me not, for hath not our great Queen

My dole of beauty trebled?' and he said:
'Her beauty is her beauty, and thine thine,
And thine is more to me — soft, gracious, kind —
Save when thy Mark is kindled on thy lips
Most gracious; but she, haughty, even to him,
Lancelot; for I have seen him wan enow
To make one doubt if ever the great Queen
Have yielded him her love.'

To whom Isolt:
'Ah, then, false hunter and false harper, thou
Who brakest thro' the scruple of my bond,
Calling me thy white hind, and saying to me
That Guinevere had sinn'd against the highest,
And I — misyoked with such a want of man —
That I could hardly sin against the lowest.'

He answer'd: 'O my soul, be comforted!
If this be sweet, to sin in leading-strings,
If here be comfort, and if ours be sin,
Crown'd warrant had we for the crowning sin
That made us happy; but how ye greet me — fear
And fault and doubt — no word of that fond tale —
Thy deep heart-yearnings, thy sweet memories
Of Tristram in that year he was away.'

And, saddening on the sudden, spake Isolt:
'I had forgotten all in my strong joy
To see thee — yearnings? — ay! for, hour by hour,
Here in the never-ended afternoon,
O, sweeter than all memories of thee,
Deeper than any yearnings after thee
Seem'd those far-rolling, westward-smiling seas,
Watch'd from this tower. Isolt
Britain dash'd
Before Isolt of Brittany on t
strand,
Would that have chill'd her bride-kis
Wedded her?
Fought in her father's battle
wounded there?
The King was all fulfill'd with gra
fulness,
And she, my namesake of the han
that heal'd
Thy hurt and heart with unguent a
caress —
Well — can I wish her any hug
wrong
Than having known thee? her
hast thou left
To pine and waste in those sw
memories.
O, were I not my Mark's, by wh
all men
Are noble, I should hate thee m
than love.'

And Tristram, fondling her lig
hands, replied:
'Grace, queen, for being loved;
loved me well.
Did I love her? the name at leas
loved.
Isolt? — I fought his battles,
Isolt!
The night was dark; the true star
Isolt!
The name was ruler of the dark
Isolt?
Care not for her! patient, and pray
ful, meek,
Pale-blooded, she will yield herself
God.'

And Isolt answer'd: 'Yea, and w
not I?
Mine is the larger need, who am
meek.
Pale-blooded, prayerful. Let me
thee now.
Here one black, mute midsum
night I sat,
Lonely, but musing on thee, won
ing where,
Murmuring a light song I had he
thee sing,
And once or twice I spake thy n
aloud.

en flash'd a levin-brand; and near
me stood,
fuming sulphur blue and green, a
fiend —
rk's way to steal behind one in the
dark —
there was Mark: "He has wedded
her," he said,
said, but hiss'd it; then this
crown of towers
shook to such a roar of all the
sky,
t here in utter dark I swoon'd
away,
l woke again in utter dark, and
cried,
will flee hence and give myself to
God" —
l thou wert lying in thy new
leman's arms.'

Then Tristram, ever dallying with
her hand,
ay God be with thee, sweet, when
old and gray,
l past desire!' a saying that an-
ger'd her.
May God be with thee, sweet, when
thou art old,
l sweet no more to me!" I need
Him now.
when had Lancelot utter'd aught
so gross
n to the swineherd's malkin in the
mast?
greater man the greater cour-
tesy.
other was the Tristram, Arthur's
knight!
thou thro' ever harrying thy wild
beasts —
e that to touch a harp, tilt with a
lance
omes thee well — art grown wild
beast thyself.
v darest thou, if lover, push me
even
fancy from thy side, and set me
far
the gray distance, half a life
away,
to be loved no more? Unsay it,
unswear!
ter me rather, seeing me so weak,
xen with Mark and hate and soli-
tude,
Thy marriage and mine own, that I
should suck
Lies like sweet wines. Lie to me; I
believe.
Will ye not lie? not swear, as there
ye kneel,
And solemnly as when ye sware to him,
The man of men, our King — My
God, the power
Was once in vows when men believed
the King!
They lied not then who sware, and
thro' their vows
The King prevailing made his realm
— I say,
Swear to me thou wilt love me even
when old,
Gray-hair'd, and past desire, and in
despair.'

Then Tristram, pacing moodily up
and down:
'Vows! did you keep the vow you
made to Mark
More than I mine? Lied, say ye?
Nay, but learnt,
The vow that binds too strictly snaps
itself —
My knighthood taught me this — ay,
being snapt —
We run more counter to the soul
thereof
Than had we never sworn. I swear
no more.
I swore to the great King, am for-
sworn.
For once — even to the height — I
honor'd him.
"Man, is he man at all?" methought,
when first
I rode from our rough Lyonnesse, and
beheld
That victor of the Pagan throned in
hall —
His hair, a sun that ray'd from off a
brow
Like hill-snow high in heaven, the
steel-blue eyes,
The golden beard that clothed his lips
with light —
Moreover, that weird legend of his
birth,
With Merlin's mystic babble about his
end
Amazed me; then, his foot was on a
stool

Shaped as a dragon; he seem'd to me no man,
But Michael trampling Satan; so I sware,
Being amazed. But this went by — The vows!
O, ay — the wholesome madness of an hour —
They served their use, their time; for every knight
Believed himself a greater than himself,
And every follower eyed him as a God;
Till he, being lifted up beyond himself,
Did mightier deeds than elsewise he had done,
And so the realm was made. But then their vows —
First mainly thro' that sullying of our Queen —
Began to gall the knighthood, asking whence
Had Arthur right to bind them to himself?
Dropt down from heaven? wash'd up from out the deep?
They fail'd to trace him thro' the flesh and blood
Of our old kings. Whence then? a doubtful lord
To bind them by inviolable vows,
With flesh and blood perforce would violate;
For feel this arm of mine — the tide within
Red with free chase and heather-scented air,
Pulsing full man. Can Arthur make me pure
As any maiden child? lock up my tongue
From uttering freely what I freely hear?
Bind me to one? The wide world laughs at it.
And worldling of the world am I, and know
The ptarmigan that whitens ere his hour
Woos his own end; we are not angels here
Nor shall be. Vows — I am woodman of the woods,
And hear the garnet-headed yaffingale
Mock them — my soul, we love but while we may;
And therefore is my love so large for thee,
Seeing it is not bounded save by love.

Here ending, he moved toward her, and she said:
'Good; an I turn'd away my love for thee
To some one thrice as courteous as thyself —
For courtesy wins woman all as well
As valor may, but he that closes both
Is perfect, he is Lancelot — taller in deed,
Rosier and comelier, thou — but say I loved
This knightliest of all knights, and cast thee back
Thine own small saw, "We love but while we may,"
Well then, what answer?'

He that while she spake
Mindful of what he brought to adore her with,
The jewels, had let one finger light on
The warm white apple of her throat replied,
'Press this a little closer, sweet, until —
Come, I am hunger'd and half-angered — meat,
Wine, wine — and I will love thee to the death,
And out beyond into the dream to come.'

So then, when both were brought to full accord,
She rose, and set before him all he will'd;
And after these had comforted blood
With meats and wines, and satiated their hearts —
Now talking of their woodland paradise,
The deer, the dews, the fern, the fountains, the lawns;
Now mocking at the much ungainliness,

d craven shifts, and long crane legs
of Mark—
en Tristram laughing caught the
harp and sang:

Ay, ay, O, ay—the winds that bend
the brier!
tar in heaven, a star within the mere!
, ay, O, ay—a star was my desire,
d one was far apart and one was near.
, ay, O, ay—the winds that bow the
grass!
d one was water and one star was fire,
d one will ever shine and one will pass.
, ay, O, ay—the winds that move the
mere!'

Then in the light's last glimmer
Tristram show'd
d swung the ruby carcanet. She
cried,
he collar of some Order, which our
King
th newly founded, all for thee, my
soul,
r thee, to yield thee grace beyond
thy peers.'

Not so, my queen,' he said, 'but
the red fruit
own on a magic oak-tree in mid-
heaven,
d won by Tristram as a tourney-
prize,
d hither brought by Tristram for
his last
ve-offering and peace-offering unto
thee.'

He spoke, he turn'd, then, flinging
round her neck,
spt it, and cried, 'Thine Order, O
my queen!'
t, while he bow'd to kiss the
jewell'd throat,
t of the dark, just as the lips had
touch'd,
hind him rose a shadow and a
shriek—
ark's way,' said Mark, and clove
him thro' the brain.

That night came Arthur home, and
while he climb'd,
in a death-dumb autumn-dripping
gloom,
e stairway to the hall, and look'd
and saw
The great Queen's bower was dark,—
about his feet
A voice clung sobbing till he ques-
tion'd it,
'What art thou?' and the voice about
his feet
Sent up an answer, sobbing, 'I am
thy fool,
And I shall never make thee smile
again.'

GUINEVERE

Queen Guinevere had fled the court,
and sat
There in the holy house at Almesbury
Weeping, none with her save a little
maid,
A novice. One low light betwixt them
burn'd
Blurr'd by the creeping mist, for all
abroad,
Beneath a moon unseen albeit at full,
The white mist, like a face-cloth to
the face,
Clung to the dead earth, and the land
was still.

For hither had she fled, her cause of
flight
Sir Modred; he that like a subtle
beast
Lay couchant with his eyes upon the
throne,
Ready to spring, waiting a chance.
For this
He chill'd the popular praises of the
King
With silent smiles of slow disparage
ment;
And tamper'd with the Lords of the
White Horse,
Heathen, the brood by Hengist left;
and sought
To make disruption in the Table Round
Of Arthur, and to splinter it into feuds
Serving his traitorous end; and all his
aims
Were sharpen'd by strong hate for
Lancelot.

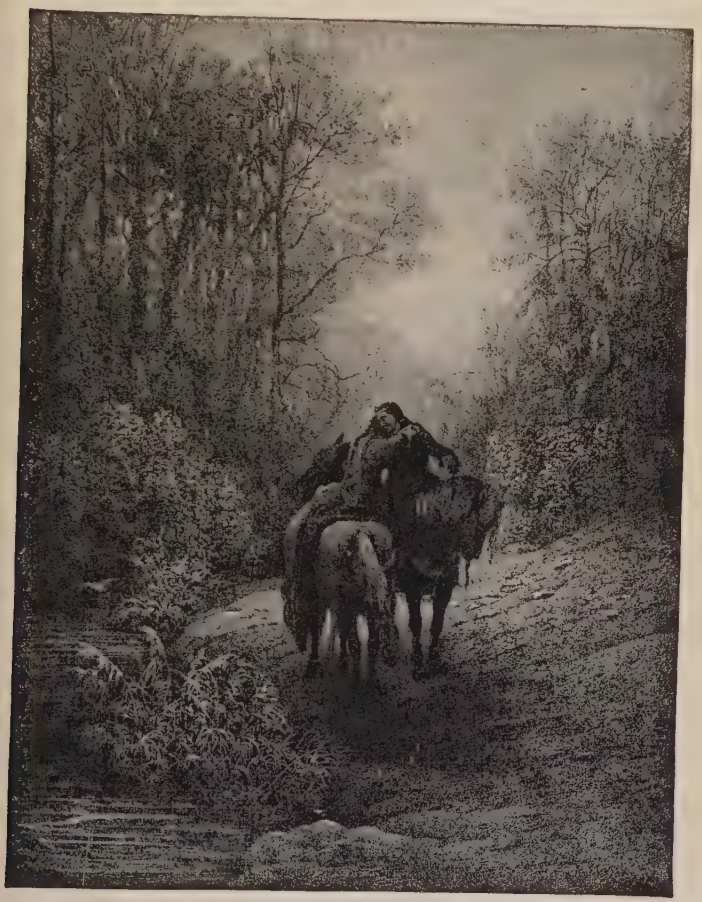
For thus it chanced one morn when
all the court,
Green-suited, but with plumes that
mock'd the may,

Had been — their wont — a-maying and return'd,
That Modred still in green, all ear and eye,
Climb'd to the high top of the garden-wall
To spy some secret scandal if he might,
And saw the Queen who sat betwixt her best
Enid and lissome Vivien, of her court
The wiliest and the worst; and more than this
He saw not, for Sir Lancelot passing by
Spied where he couch'd, and as the gardener's hand
Picks from the colewort a green caterpillar,
So from the high wall and the flowering grove
Of grasses Lancelot pluck'd him by the heel,
And cast him as a worm upon the way;
But when he knew the prince tho' marr'd with dust,
He, reverencing king's blood in a bad man,
Made such excuses as he might, and these
Full knightly without scorn. For in those days
No knight of Arthur's noblest dealt in scorn;
But, if a man were halt, or hunch'd, in him
By those whom God had made full-limb'd and tall,
Scorn was allow'd as part of his defect,
And he was answer'd softly by the King
And all his Table. So Sir Lancelot holp
To raise the prince, who rising twice or thrice
Full sharply smote his knees, and smiled, and went;
But, ever after, the small violence done
Rankled in him and ruffled all his heart,
As the sharp wind that ruffles all day long
A little bitter pool about a stone
On the bare coast.

But when Sir Lancelot told
This matter to the Queen, at first she laugh'd
Lightly, to think of Modred's du
fall,
Then shudder'd, as the village w
who cries,
'I shudder, some one steps across
grave;'
Then laugh'd again, but faintlier,
indeed
She half-foresaw that he, the sub
beast,
Would track her guilt until he fou
and hers
Would be for evermore a name of sco
Henceforward rarely could she fr
in hall,
Or elsewhere, Modred's narrow f
face,
Heart-hiding smile and gray per
tent eye.
Henceforward too, the Powers t
tend the soul,
To help it from the death that can
die,
And save it even in extremes, beg
To vex and plague her. Many a ti
for hours,
Beside the placid breathings of
King,
In the dead night, grim faces ca
and went
Before her, or a vague spiritual fea
Like to some doubtful noise of cr
ing doors,
Heard by the watcher in a haun
house,
That keeps the rust of murder on
walls —
Held her awake; or if she slept
dream'd
An awful dream, for then she see
to stand
On some vast plain before a setting
And from the sun there swiftly r
at her
A ghastly something, and its sha
flew
Before it till it touch'd her, and
turn'd —
When lo! her own, that broade
from her feet,
And blackening, swallow'd all
land, and in it
Far cities burnt, and with a cry
woke.
And all this trouble did not pass
grew,

ill even the clear face of the guile-
less King,
nd trustful courtesies of household
life,
ecame her bane; and at the last she
said:
) Lancelot, get thee hence to thine
own land,
or if thou tarry we shall meet again,
nd if we meet again some evil chance
ill make the smouldering scandal
break and blaze

Before the people and our lord the
King.'
And Lancelot ever promised, but re
main'd,
And still they met and met. Again
she said,
'O Lancelot, if thou love me get thee
hence.'
And then they were agreed upon a
night—
When the good King should not be
there—to meet



'They rode to the divided way.
There kiss'd, and parted weeping'

And part for ever. Vivien, lurking, heard.
She told Sir Modred. Passion-pale they met
And greeted. Hands in hands, and eye to eye,
Low on the border of her couch they sat
Stammering and staring. It was their last hour,
A madness of farewells. And Modred brought
His creatures to the basement of the tower
For testimony; and crying with full voice,
'Traitor, come out, ye are trapt at last,' aroused
Lancelot, who rushing outward lion-like
Leapt on him, and hurl'd him head-long, and he fell
Stunn'd, and his creatures took and bare him off,
And all was still. Then she, 'The end is come,
And I am shamed for ever;' and he said:
'Mine be the shame, mine was the sin; but rise,
And fly to my strong castle over-seas.
There will I hide thee till my life shall end,
There hold thee with my life against the world.'
She answer'd: 'Lancelot, wilt thou hold me so?
Nay, friend, for we have taken our farewells.
Would God that thou couldst hide me from myself!
Mine is the shame, for I was wife, and thou
Unwedded; yet rise now, and let us fly,
For I will draw me into sanctuary,
And bide my doom.' So Lancelot got her horse,
Set her thereon, and mounted on his own,
And then they rode to the divided way,
There kiss'd, and parted weeping; for he past,
Love-loyal to the least wish of the Queen,
Back to his land; but she to Almesbury

Fled all night long by glimmer
waste and weald,
And heard the spirits of the wa
and weald
Moan as she fled, or thought she he
them moan.
And in herself she moan'd, 'Too l
too late!'
Till in the cold wind that foreruns
morn,
A blot in heaven, the raven, fly
high,
Croak'd, and she thought, 'He s
a field of death;
For now the heathen of the North
Sea,
Lured by the crimes and frailties
the court,
Begin to slay the folk and spoil
land.'

And when she came to Almesb
she spake
There to the nuns, and said, 'M
enemies
Pursue me, but, O peaceful Sis
hood,
Receive and yield me sanctuary,
ask
Her name to whom ye yield it till
time
To tell you;' and her beauty, gr
and power
Wrought as a charm upon them,
they spared
To ask it.

So the stately Queen ab
For many a week, unknown, am
the nuns,
Nor with them mix'd, nor told
name, nor sought,
Wrapt in her grief, for housel or
shrift,
But communed only with the l
maid,
Who pleased her with a babb
heedlessness
Which often lured her from hers
but now,
This night, a rumor wildly bl
about
Came that Sir Modred had usu
the realm
And leagued him with the heat
while the King

as waging war on Lancelot. Then she thought,
Vith what a hate the people and the King
ust hate me,' and bow'd down upon her hands
lent, until the little maid, who brook'd
o silence, brake it, uttering 'Late! so late!
hat hour, I wonder now?' and when she drew
o answer, by and by began to hum
: air the nuns had taught her:
'Late, so late!'
hich when she heard, the Queen look'd up, and said,
maiden, if indeed ye list to sing,
ıg, and unbind my heart that I may weep.'
hereat full willingly sang the little maid.

Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill!
e, late, so late! but we can enter still.
o late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light had we; for that we do repent,
d learning this, the bridegroom will relent.
o late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light! so late! and dark and chill the night!
let us in, that we may find the light!
o late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet?
let us in, tho' late, to kiss his feet!
no, too late! ye cannot enter now.'

So sang the novice, while full passionately,
r head upon her hands, remembering
r thought when first she came, wept the sad Queen.
en said the little novice prattling to her:

O pray you, noble lady, weep no more;
: let my words—the words of one so small,
ıo knowing nothing knows but to obey,
And if I do not there is penance given—
Comfort your sorrows, for they do not flow
From evil done; right sure am I of that,
Who see your tender grace and stateliness.
But weigh your sorrows with our lord the King's,
And weighing find them less; for gone is he
To wage grim war against Sir Lancelot there,
Round that strong castle where he holds the Queen;
And Modred whom he left in charge of all,
The traitor—Ah, sweet lady, the King's grief
For his own self, and his own Queen, and realm,
Must needs be thrice as great as any of ours!
For me, I thank the saints, I am not great;
For if there ever come a grief to me
I cry my cry in silence, and have done;
None knows it, and my tears have brought me good.
But even were the griefs of little ones
As great as those of great ones, yet this grief
Is added to the griefs the great must bear,
That, howsoever much they may desire
Silence, they cannot weep behind a cloud;
As even here they talk at Almesbury
About the good King and his wicked Queen,
And were I such a King with such a Queen,
Well might I wish to veil her wickedness,
But were I such a King it could not be.'

Then to her own sad heart mutter'd the Queen,
'Will the child kill me with her innocent talk?'
But openly she answer'd, 'Must not I,

If this false traitor have displaced his lord,
Grieve with the common grief of all the realm?'

'Yea,' said the maid, 'this all is woman's grief,
That *she* is woman, whose disloyal life
Hath wrought confusion in the Table Round
Which good King Arthur founded, years ago,
With signs and miracles and wonders, there
At Camelot, ere the coming of the Queen.'

Then thought the Queen within herself again,
'Will the child kill me with her foolish prate?'
But openly she spake and said to her,
'O little maid, shut in by nunnery walls,
What canst thou know of Kings and Tables Round,
Or what of signs and wonders, but the signs
And simple miracles of thy nunnery?'

To whom the little novice garrulously:
'Yea, but I know; the land was full of signs
And wonders ere the coming of the Queen.
So said my father, and himself was knight
Of the great Table — at the founding of it,
And rode thereto from Lyonnesse; and he said
That as he rode, an hour or maybe twain
After the sunset, down the coast, he heard
Strange music, and he paused, and turning — there,
All down the lonely coast of Lyonnesse,
Each with a beacon-star upon his head,
And with a wild sea-light about his feet,
He saw them — headland after headland flame
Far on into the rich heart of the west.
And in the light the white mermaid swam,
And strong man-breasted things sto from the sea,
And sent a deep sea-voice thro' all t land,
To which the little elves of chasm a cleft
Made answer, sounding like a dist horn.
So said my father — yea, and furth more,
Next morning, while he past the di lit woods
Himself beheld three spirits mad w joy
Come dashing down on a tall waysi flower,
That shook beneath them as the this shakes
When three gray linnets wrangle the seed.
And still at evenings on before horse
The flickering fairy-circle wheel'd a broke
Flying, and link'd again, and whee and broke
Flying, for all the land was full life.
And when at last he came to Camel
A wreath of airy dancers hand-in-ha
Swung round the lighted lantern the hall;
And in the hall itself was such a fe
As never man had dream'd; for ev knight
Had whatsoever meat he long'd served
By hands unseen; and even as he s
Down in the cellars merry bloa things
Shoulder'd the spigot, straddling the butts
While the wine ran; so glad w spirits and men
Before the coming of the sinful Que

Then spake the Queen and so what bitterly,
'Were they so glad? ill prophets w they all,
Spirits and men. Could none of th foresee,
Not even thy wise father with signs

d wonders, what has fallen upon the realm ?'

To whom the novice garrulously again:
ea, one, a bard, of whom my father said,
ll many a noble war-song had he sung,
en in the presence of an enemy's fleet,
tween the steep cliff and the coming wave;
d many a mystic lay of life and death
d chanted on the smoky mountain-tops,
ıen round him bent the spirits of the hills
th all their dewy hair blown back like flame.
said my father — and that night the bard
ıg Arthur's glorious wars, and sang the King
wellnigh more than man, and rail'd at those
ıo call'd him the false son of Gorloïs.
r there was no man knew from whence he came;
t after tempest, when the long wave broke
down the thundering shores of Bude and Bos,
ere came a day as still as heaven, and then
ey found a naked child upon the sands
dark Tintagil by the Cornish sea,
d that was Arthur, and they foster'd him
l he by miracle was approven King;
d that his grave should be a mystery
m all men, like his birth; and could he find
voman in her womanhood as great
he was in his manhood, then, he sang,
e twain together well might change the world.
; even in the middle of his song
falter'd, and his hand fell from the harp,
d pale he turn'd, and reel'd, and would have fallen,

But that they stay'd him up; nor would tell
His vision; but what doubt that he foresaw
This evil work of Lancelot and the Queen ?'

Then thought the Queen, 'Lo! they have set her on,
Our simple-seeming abbess and her nuns,
To play upon me,' and bow'd her head nor spake.
Whereat the novice crying, with clasp'd hands,
Shame on her own garrulity garrulously,
Said the good nuns would check her gadding tongue
Full often, 'and, sweet lady, if I seem
To vex an ear too sad to listen to me,
Unmannerly, with prattling and the tales
Which my good father told me, check me too
Nor let me shame my father's memory, one
Of noblest manners, tho' himself would say
Sir Lancelot had the noblest; and he died,
Kill'd in a tilt, come next, five summers back,
And left me; but of others who remain,
And of the two first-famed for courtesy —
And pray you check me if I ask amiss —
But pray you, which had noblest, while you moved
Among them, Lancelot or our lord the King ?'

Then the pale Queen look'd up and answer'd her:
'Sir Lancelot, as became a noble knight,
Was gracious to all ladies, and the same
In open battle or the tilting-field
Forbore his own advantage, and the King
In open battle or the tilting-field
Forbore his own advantage, and these two

Were the most nobly-manner'd men of all;
For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature and of noble mind.'

'Yea,' said the maid, 'be manners such fair fruit?
Then Lancelot's needs must be a thousand-fold
Less noble, being, as all rumor runs,
The most disloyal friend in all the world.'

To which a mournful answer made the Queen:
'O, closed about by narrowing nunnery-walls,
What knowest thou of the world and all its lights
And shadows, all the wealth and all the woe?
If ever Lancelot, that most noble knight,
Were for one hour less noble than himself,
Pray for him that he scape the doom of fire,
And weep for her who drew him to his doom.'

'Yea,' said the little novice, 'I pray for both;
But I should all as soon believe that his,
Sir Lancelot's, were as noble as the King's,
As I could think, sweet lady, yours would be
Such as they are, were you the sinful Queen.'

So she, like many another babbler, hurt
Whom she would soothe, and harm'd where she would heal;
For here a sudden flush of wrathful heat
Fired all the pale face of the Queen, who cried:
'Such as thou art be never maiden more
For ever! thou their tool, set on to plague
And play upon and harry me, petty spy
And traitress!' When that storm anger brake
From Guinevere, aghast the maid rose,
White as her veil, and stood befo the Queen
As tremulously as foam upon t beach
Stands in a wind, ready to break a fly,
And when the Queen had added, 'G thee hence!'
Fled frighted. Then that other l alone
Sigh'd, and began to gather he again,
Saying in herself: 'The simple, fe ful child
Meant nothing, but my own too-fe ful guilt,
Simpler than any child, betrays self.
But help me, Heaven, for surely I pent!
For what is true repentance but thought —
Not even in inmost thought to thi again
The sins that made the past so pl sant to us?
And I have sworn never to see h more,
To see him more.'

And even in saying th
Her memory from old habit of mind
Went slipping back upon the gol days
In which she saw him first, when L celot came,
Reputed the best knight and goodl man,
Aml assador, to yield her to his lor
Arthur, and led her forth, and ahead
Of his and her retinue moving, the
Rapt in sweet talk or lively, all love
And sport and tilts and pleasure for the time
Was may-time, and as yet no sin dream'd, —
Rode under groves that look'd a p dise
Of blossom, over sheets of hyacint

at seem'd the heavens upbreaking
thro' the earth,
d on from hill to hill, and every
day
neld at noon in some delicious
dale
e silk pavilions of King Arthur
raised
brief repast or afternoon repose
couriers gone before; and on
again,
yet once more ere set of sun they
saw
e Dragon of the great Pendragon-
ship,
t crown'd the state pavilion of the
King,
ze by the rushing brook or silent
well.

ut when the Queen immersed in
such a trance,
l moving thro' the past uncon-
sciously,
ne to that point where first she saw
the King
e toward her from the city, sigh'd
to find
journey done, glanced at him,
thought him cold,
h, self-contain'd, and passionless,
not like him,
t like my Lancelot' — while she
brooded thus
l grew half-guilty in her thoughts
again,
re rode an armed warrior to the
doors.
urmuring whisper thro' the nun-
nery ran,
n on a sudden a cry, 'The King!'
She sat
-stricken, listening; but when
armed feet
' the long gallery from the outer
doors
g coming, prone from off her seat
she fell,
grovell'd with her face against
the floor.
re with her milk-white arms and
shadowy hair
made her face a darkness from
the King,
in the darkness heard his armed
feet
Pause by her; then came silence, then
a voice,
Monotonous and hollow like a ghost's
Denouncing judgment, but, tho'
changed, the King's:

'Liest thou here so low, the child of
one
I honor'd, happy, dead before thy
shame?
Well is it that no child is born of thee.
The children born of thee are sword
and fire,
Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws,
The craft of kindred and the godless
hosts
Of heathen swarming o'er the North-
ern Sea;
Whom I, while yet Sir Lancelot, my
right arm,
The mightiest of my knights, abode
with me,
Have everywhere about this land of
Christ
In twelve great battles ruining over-
thrown.
And knowest thou now from whence
I come — from him,
From waging bitter war with him;
and he,
That did not shun to smite me in
worse way,
Had yet that grace of courtesy in him
left,
He spared to lift his hand against the
King
Who made him knight. But many a
knight was slain;
And many more and all his kith and
kin
Clave to him, and abode in his own
land.
And many more when Modred raised
revolt,
Forgetful of their troth and fealty,
clave
To Modred, and a remnant stays with
me.
And of this remnant will I leave a
part,
True men who love me still, for whom
I live,
To guard thee in the wild hour com-
ing on,
Lest but a hair of this low head be
harm'd.

Fear not ; thou shalt be guarded till my death.
Howbeit I know, if ancient prophecies
Have err'd not, that I march to meet my doom.
Thou hast not made my life so sweet to me,
That I the King should greatly care to live ;
For thou hast spoilt the purpose of my life.
Bear with me for the last time while I show,
Even for thy sake, the sin which thou hast sinn'd.
For when the Roman left us, and their law
Relax'd its hold upon us, and the ways
Were fill'd with rapine, here and there a deed
Of prowess done redress'd a random wrong.
But I was first of all the kings who drew
The knighthood-errant of this realm and all
The realms together under me, their Head,
In that fair Order of my Table Round,
A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time.
I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To honor his own word as if his God's,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her; for indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base man,
But teach high thought, and amia words
And courtliness, and the desire fame,
And love of truth, and all that mal a man.
And all this throve before I wedd thee,
Believing, "Lo, mine helpmate, c to feel
My purpose and rejoicing in joy ! "
Then came thy shameful sin w Lancelot ;
Then came the sin of Tristram a Isolt ;
Then others, following these mightiest knights,
And drawing foul ensample from f names,
Sinn'd also, till the loathsome op site
Of all my heart had destined did tain,
And all thro' thee ! so that this life mine
I guard as God's high gift from sca and wrong,
Not greatly care to lose ; but rat think
How sad it were for Arthur, sho he live,
To sit once more within his lon hall,
And miss the wonted number of knights,
And miss to hear high talk of no deeds
As in the golden days before thy s
For which of us who might be could speak
Of the pure heart, nor seem to gla at thee ?
And in thy bowers of Camelot o Usk
Thy shadow still would glide f room to room,
And I should evermore be vext w thee
In hanging robe or vacant ornamer
Or ghostly footfall echoing on stair.
For think not, tho' thou wouldst love thy lord,

'He paused, and in the pause she crept an inch
Nearer, and laid her hands about his feet'

r lord has wholly lost his love for
thee.
n not made of so slight elements.
must I leave thee, woman, to thy
shame.
old that man the worst of public
foes
o either for his own or children's
sake,
save his blood from scandal, lets
the wife
Whom he knows false abide and rule
the house:
For being thro' his cowardice allow'd
Her station, taken everywhere for
pure,
She like a new disease, unknown to
men,
Creeps, no precaution used, among
the crowd,
Makes wicked lightnings of her eyes,
and saps

The fealty of our friends, and stirs the pulse
With devil's leaps, and poisons half the young.
Worst of the worst were that man he that reigns!
Better the King's waste hearth and aching heart
Than thou reseated in thy place of light,
The mockery of my people and their bane!'

He paused, and in the pause she crept an inch
Nearer, and laid her hands about his feet.
Far off a solitary trumpet blew.
Then waiting by the doors the war-horse neigh'd
As at a friend's voice, and he spake again:

'Yet think not that I come to urge thy crimes;
I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,
I, whose vast pity almost makes me die
To see thee, laying there thy golden head,
My pride in happier summers, at my feet.
The wrath which forced my thoughts on that fierce law,
The doom of treason and the flaming death, —
When first I learnt thee hidden here, — is past.
The pang — which, while I weigh'd thy heart with one
Too wholly true to dream untruth in thee,
Made my tears burn — is also past — in part.
And all is past, the sin is sinn'd, and I,
Lo, I forgive thee, as Eternal God
Forgives! do thou for thine own soul the rest.
But how to take last leave of all I loved?
O golden hair, with which I used to play
Not knowing! O imperial-moulded form,
And beauty such as never wom wore,
Until it came a kingdom's curse w thee —
I cannot touch thy lips, they are mine,
But Lancelot's; nay, they never w the King's.
I cannot take thy hand; that too flesh,
And in the flesh thou hast sinn'd; mine own flesh,
Here looking down on thine pollut cries,
"I loathe thee;" yet not less, Guinevere,
For I was ever virgin save for thee
My love thro' flesh hath wrought i my life
So far that my doom is, I love thee s
Let no man dream but that I love t still.
Perchance, and so thou purify soul,
And so thou lean on our fair fat Christ,
Hereafter in that world where all pure
We two may meet before high G and thou
Wilt spring to me, and claim thine, and know
I am thine husband — not a sma soul,
Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave that,
I charge thee, my last hope. Now m I hence.
Thro' the thick night I hear the tr pet blow.
They summon me their King to mine hosts
Far down to that great battle in west,
Where I must strike against the they call
My sister's son — no kin of mine, leagues
With Lords of the White Horse, then, and knights,
Traitors — and strike him dead, meet myself
Death, or I know not what myster doom.
And thou remaining here wilt l the event;

t hither shall I never come again,
ver lie by thy side, see thee no more —
ewell!'

And while she grovell'd at his feet,
felt the King's breath wander o'er her neck,
d in the darkness o'er her fallen head
ceived the waving of his hands that blest.

Then, listening till those armed steps were gone,
se the pale Queen, and in her anguish found
e casement: 'peradventure,' so she thought,
I might see his face, and not be seen.'
d lo, he sat on horseback at the door!
d near him the sad nuns with each a light
od, and he gave them charge about the Queen,
guard and foster her for evermore.
d while he spake to these his helm was lower'd,
which for crest the golden dragon clung
Britain; so she did not see the face,
ich then was as an angel's, but she saw,
t with the mists and smitten by the lights,
Dragon of the great Pendragonship
ze, making all the night a steam of fire.
l even then he turn'd; and more and more
moony vapor rolling round the King,
o seem'd the phantom of a giant in it,
vound him fold by fold, and made him gray
l grayer, till himself became as mist
ore her, moving ghostlike to his doom.

hen she stretch'd out her arms and cried aloud,

'O Arthur!' there her voice brake suddenly,
Then — as a stream that spouting from a cliff
Fails in mid air, but gathering at the base
Re-makes itself, and flashes down the vale —
Went on in passionate utterance:

'Gone — my lord!
Gone thro' my sin to slay and to be slain!
And he forgave me, and I could not speak.
Farewell? I should have answer'd his farewell.
His mercy choked me. Gone, my lord the King,
My own true lord! how dare I call him mine?
The shadow of another cleaves to me,
And makes me one pollution. He, the King,
Call'd me polluted. Shall I kill myself?
What help in that? I cannot kill my sin,
If soul be soul, nor can I kill my shame;
No, nor by living can I live it down.
The days will grow to weeks, the weeks to months,
The months will add themselves and make the years,
The years will roll into the centuries,
And mine will ever be a name of scorn.
I must not dwell on that defeat of fame.
Let the world be; that is but of the world —
What else? what hope? I think there was a hope,
Except he mock'd me when he spake of hope;
His hope he call'd it; but he never mocks,
For mockery is the fume of little hearts.
And blessed be the King, who hath forgiven
My wickedness to him, and left me hope
That in mine own heart I can live down sin

And be his mate hereafter in the heavens
Before high God! Ah great and gentle lord,
Who wast, as is the conscience of a saint
Among his warring senses, to thy knights—
To whom my false voluptuous pride, that took
Full easily all impressions from below,
Would not look up, or half-despised the height
To which I would not or I could not climb—
I thought I could not breathe in that fine air,
That pure severity of perfect light—
I yearn'd for warmth and color which I found
In Lancelot—now I see thee what thou art,
Thou art the highest and most human too,
Not Lancelot, nor another. Is there none
Will tell the King I love him tho' so late?
Now—ere he goes to the great battle? none!
Myself must tell him in that purer life,
But now it were too daring. Ah my God,
What might I not have made of thy fair world,
Had I but loved thy highest creature here?
It was my duty to have loved the highest;
It surely was my profit had I known;
It would have been my pleasure had I seen.
We needs must love the highest when we see it,
Not Lancelot, nor another.'

Here her hand
Grasp'd made her vail her eyes. She look'd and saw
The novice, weeping, suppliant, and said to her,
'Yea, little maid, for am *I* not forgiven?'
Then glancing up beheld the holy nuns
All round her, weeping; and her heart was loosed

Within her, and she wept with th
and said:

'Ye know me then, that wic
one, who broke
The vast design and purpose of
King.
O, shut me round with narrow
nunnery-walls,
Meek maidens, from the voices cryi
"Shame!"
I must not scorn myself; he loves
still.
Let no one dream but that he lo
me still.
So let me, if you do not shudde
me,
Nor shun to call me sister, dwell w
you;
Wear black and white, and be a
like you,
Fast with your fasts, not feasting v
your feasts;
Grieve with your griefs, not griev
at your joys,
But not rejoicing; mingle with y
rites;
Pray and be pray'd for; lie be
your shrines;
Do each low office of your holy ho
Walk your dim cloister, and distri
dole
To poor sick people, richer in
eyes
Who ransom'd us, and haler too tha
And treat their loathsome hurts
heal mine own;
And so wear out in alms-deed an
prayer
The sombre close of that voluptu
day
Which wrought the ruin of my
the King.'

She said. They took her to th
selves; and she
Still hoping, fearing 'Is it yet
late?'
Dwelt with them, till in time t
abbess died.
Then she, for her good deeds and
pure life,
And for the power of ministratio
her,
And likewise for the high rank
had borne,

s chosen abbess, there, an abbess, lived
three brief years, and there, an abbess, past
where beyond these voices there is peace.

'HE PASSING OF ARTHUR

AT story which the bold Sir Bedivere,
st made and latest left of all the knights,
d, when the man was no more than a voice
he white winter of his age, to those
h whom he dwelt, new faces, other minds.

'or on their march to westward, Bedivere,
o slowly paced among the slumbering host,
rd in his tent the moanings of the King:

I found Him in the shining of the stars,
ark'd Him in the flowering of His fields,
in His ways with men I find Him not.
aged His wars, and now I pass and die.
ne! for why is all around us here
if some lesser god had made the world,
had not force to shape it as he would,
the High God behold it from beyond,
l enter it, and make it beautiful?
else as if the world were wholly fair,
that these eyes of men are dense and dim,
l have not power to see it as it is—
chance, because we see not to the close;—
I, being simple, thought to work His will,
l have but stricken with the sword in vain,
l all whereon I lean'd in wife and friend
Is traitor to my peace, and all my realm
Reels back into the beast, and is no more.
My God, thou hast forgotten me in my death!
Nay—God my Christ—I pass but shall not die.'

Then, ere that last weird battle in the west,
There came on Arthur sleeping, Gawain kill'd
In Lancelot's war, the ghost of Gawain blown
Along a wandering wind, and past his ear
Went shrilling: 'Hollow, hollow all delight!
Hail, King! to-morrow thou shalt pass away.
Farewell! there is an isle of rest for thee.
And I am blown along a wandering wind,
And hollow, hollow, hollow all delight!'
And fainter onward, like wild birds that change
Their season in the night and wail their way
From cloud to cloud, down the long wind the dream
Shrill'd; but in going mingled with dim cries
Far in the moonlit haze among the hills,
As of some lonely city sack'd by night,
When all is lost, and wife and child with wail
Pass to new lords; and Arthur woke and call'd:
'Who spake? A dream. O, light upon the wind,
Thine, Gawain, was the voice—are these dim cries
Thine? or doth all that haunts the waste and wild
Mourn, knowing it will go along with me?'

This heard the bold Sir Bedivere and spake:
'O me, my King, let pass whatever will,
Elves, and the harmless glamour of the field;

But in their stead thy name and glory cling
To all high places like a golden cloud
For ever; but as yet thou shalt not pass.
Light was Gawain in life, and light in death
Is Gawain, for the ghost is as the man;
And care not thou for dreams from him, but rise—
I hear the steps of Modred in the west,
And with him many of thy people, and knights
Once thine, whom thou hast loved, but grosser grown
Than heathen, spitting at their vows and thee.
Right well in heart they know thee for the King.
Arise, go forth and conquer as of old.'

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
'Far other is this battle in the west
Whereto we move than when we strove in youth,
And brake the petty kings, and fought with Rome,
Or thrust the heathen from the Roman wall,
And shook him thro' the north. Ill doom is mine
To war against my people and my knights.
The king who fights his people fights himself.
And they my knights, who loved me once, the stroke
That strikes them dead is as my death to me.
Yet let us hence, and find or feel a way
Thro' this blind haze which, ever since I saw
One lying in the dust at Almesbury,
Hath folded in the passes of the world.'

Then rose the King and moved his host by night,
And ever push'd Sir Modred, league by league,
Back to the sunset bound of Lyonnesse—
A land of old upheaven from the abyss
By fire, to sink into the abyss again;
Where fragments of forgotten peop
dwelt,
And the long mountains ended i
coast
Of ever-shifting sand, and far awa
The phantom circle of a moan
sea.
There the pursuer could pursue
more,
And he that fled no further fly
King;
And there, that day when the gr
light of heaven
Burn'd at his lowest in the rolling y
On the waste sand by the waste
they closed.
Nor ever yet had Arthur fough
fight
Like this last, dim, weird battle of
west.
A death-white mist slept over s
and sea,
Whereof the chill, to him who breat
it, drew
Down with his blood, till all his h
was cold
With formless fear; and even
Arthur fell
Confusion, since he saw not whon
fought.
For friend and foe were shadow
the mist,
And friend slew friend not knov
whom he slew;
And some had visions out of go
youth,
And some beheld the faces of
ghosts
Look in upon the battle; and in
mist
Was many a noble deed, many a b
And chance and craft and strengt
single fights,
And ever and anon with host to h
Shocks, and the splintering spear,
hard mail hewn,
Shield-breakings, and the clash
brands, the crash
Of battle-axes on shatter'd helms,
shrieks
After the Christ, of those who fa
down
Look'd up for heaven, and only
the mist;
And shouts of heathen and the tr
knights,

ths, insult, filth, and monstrous blasphemies,
veat, writhings, anguish, laboring of the lungs
that close mist, and cryings for the light,
oans of the dying, and voices of the dead.

Last, as by some one death-bed after wail
suffering, silence follows, or thro' death
death-like swoon, thus over all that shore,
ve for some whisper of the seething seas,
dead hush fell; but when the dolorous day
ew drearier toward twilight falling, came
bitter wind, clear from the north, and blew
e mist aside, and with that wind the tide
se, and the pale King glanced across the field
battle. But no man was moving there;
r any cry of Christian heard thereon,
r yet of heathen; only the wan wave
ake in among dead faces, to and fro
aying the helpless hands, and up and down
mbling the hollow helmets of the fallen,
d shiver'd brands that once had fought with Rome,
d rolling far along the gloomy shores
e voice of days of old and days to be.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere,
d whiter than the mist that all day long
d held the field of battle was the King:

Hearest thou this great voice that shakes the world,
d wastes the narrow realm whereon we move,
d beats upon the faces of the dead,
My dead, as tho' they had not died for me?—
O Bedivere, for on my heart hath fallen
Confusion, till I know not what I am,
Nor whence I am, nor whether I be king;
Behold, I seem but king among the dead.'

Then spake the bold Sir Bedivere:
'My King!
King everywhere! and so the dead have kings,
There also will I worship thee as king.
Yet still thy life is whole, and still I live
Who love thee; but who hates thee, he that brought
The heathen back among us, yonder stands,
Modred, unharm'd, the traitor of thine house.'

Then spake the King: 'My house hath been my doom.
But call not thou this traitor of my house
Who hath but dwelt beneath one roof with me.
My house are rather they who sware my vows,
Yea, even while they brake them, own'd me king.
And well for thee, saying in my dark hour,
When all the purport of my throne hath fail'd,
That quick or dead thou holdest me for king.
King am I, whatsoever be their cry;
And one last act of kinghood shalt thou see
Yet, ere I pass.' And uttering this the King
Made at the man. Then Modred smote his liege
Hard on that helm which many a heathen sword
Had beaten thin; while Arthur at one blow,
Striking the last stroke with Excalibur,
Slew him, and, all but slain himself, he fell.

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea,
Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonnesse about their lord,
King Arthur; then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
'The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep — the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made, —
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more — but let what will be be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride; for thou remember'st how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword — and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king;
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known:
But now delay not; take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere;
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word.'

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
'It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm —
A little thing may harm a wounded man;
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word.'

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept,
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zigzag paths and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winking moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt;
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth work
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind,
In act to throw; but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd

here in the many-knotted water-flags,
hat whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
o strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?'

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
nd the wild water lapping on the crag.'

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:
Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
ot rendering true answer, as beseem'd
hy fealty, nor like a noble knight;
or surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
r voice, or else a motion of the mere.
his is a shameful thing for men to lie.
et now, I charge thee, quickly go again,
s thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word.'

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
cross the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
unting the dewy pebbles, fixt in thought;
t when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
w curiously and strangely chased, he smote
s palms together, and he cried aloud:

'And if indeed I cast the brand away,
rely a precious thing, one worthy note,
ould thus be lost for ever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? Deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumors of a doubt? But were this kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying: "King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely Maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills."
So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honor and much fame were lost.'

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:
'What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?'

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
'I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds.'

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
'Ah miserable, and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!

Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence;
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands.'

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush beds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the Northern Sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur;
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
'Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out; what is it thou hast heard, or seen?'

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
'Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.'

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
'My end draws nigh; 't is time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die.'

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears
And would have spoken, but he found not words;
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the lissom guid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,

uttering and murmuring at his ear,
'Quick, quick!
fear it is too late, and I shall die.'
ut the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
othed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
rger than human on the frozen hills.
e heard the deep behind him, and a cry
fore. His own thought drove him like a goad.
y clash'd his harness in the icy caves
d barren chasms, and all to left and right
e bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
s feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
arp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—
d on a sudden, lo, the level lake,
d the long glories of the winter moon!

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
rk as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
neath them; and descending they were ware
at all the decks were dense with stately forms,
ack-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
ree queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
d, as it were one voice, an agony
lamentation, like a wind that shrills
night in a waste land, where no one comes,
hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, 'Place me in the barge.'
to the barge they came. There those three queens
t forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
t she that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against a brow
Striped with dark blood; for all his face was white
And colorless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the dais-throne—were parch'd with dust,
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mixt with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shatter'd column lay the King;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
'Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world;

And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.'

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge:
'The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself; what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
For all my mind is clouded with a doubt—
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievou
wound.'

So said he, and the barge with o
and sail
Moved from the brink, like some ful
breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her deat
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and tak
the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood S
Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till th
hull
Look'd one black dot against the verg
of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing di
away.

But when that moan had past f
evermore,
The stillness of the dead world's wi
ter dawn
Amazed him, and he groan'd, 'T
King is gone.'
And therewithal came on him t
weird rhyme,
'From the great deep to the gre
deep he goes.'

Whereat he slowly turn'd and slow
clomb
The last hard footstep of that ir
crag,
Thence mark'd the black hull movi
yet, and cried:
'He passes to be king among the dea
And after healing of his grievo
wound
He comes again; but—if he come
more—
O me, be yon dark queens in y
black boat,
Who shriek'd and wail'd, the th
whereat we gazed
On that high day, when, clothed w
living light,
They stood before his throne in silen
friends
Of Arthur, who should help him
his need?'

Then from the dawn it seem'd th
came, but faint
As from beyond the limit of the wor
Like the last echo born of a great c

ounds, as if some fair city were one voice
round a king returning from his wars.

Thereat once more he moved about, and clomb
ven to the highest he could climb, and saw,
raining his eyes beneath an arch of hand,
thought he saw, the speck that bare the King,
own that long water opening on the deep
mewhere far off, pass on and on, and go
om less to less and vanish into light.
nd the new sun rose bringing the new year.

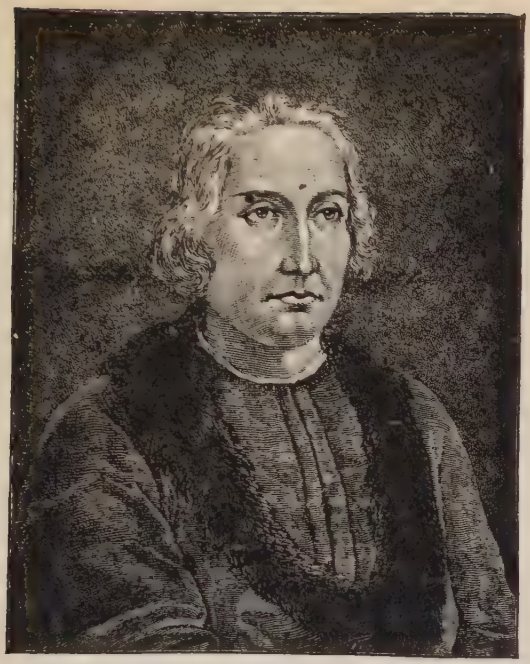
TO THE QUEEN

LOYAL to the royal in thyself,
nd loyal to thy land, as this to thee —
ar witness, that rememberable day,
hen, pale as yet and fever-worn, the Prince
ho scarce had pluck'd his flickering life again
om halfway down the shadow of the grave
st with thee thro' thy people and their love,
d London roll'd one tide of joy thro' all
r trebled millions, and loud leagues of man
d welcome! witness, too, the silent cry,
e prayer of many a race and creed, and clime —
underless lightnings striking under sea
om sunset and sunrise of all thy realm,
d that true North, whereof we lately heard
strain to shame us, 'Keep you to yourselves;
loyal is too costly! friends — your love
out a burthen; loose the bond, and go.'

Is this the tone of empire? here the faith
That made us rulers? this, indeed, her voice
And meaning whom the roar of Hougoumont
Left mightiest of all peoples under heaven?
What shock has fool'd her since, that she should speak
So feebly? wealthier — wealthier — hour by hour!
The voice of Britain, or a sinking land,
Some third-rate isle half-lost among her seas?
There rang her voice, when the full city peal'd
Thee and thy Prince! The loyal to their crown
Are loyal to their own far sons, who love
Our ocean-empire with her boundless homes
For ever-broadening England, and her throne
In our vast Orient, and one isle, one isle,
That knows not her own greatness; if she knows
And dreads it we are fallen. — But thou, my Queen,
Not for itself, but thro' thy living love
For one to whom I made it o'er his grave
Sacred, accept this old imperfect tale,
New-old, and shadowing Sense at war with Soul,
Ideal manhood closed in real man,
Rather than that gray king whose name, a ghost,
Streams like a cloud, man-shaped, from mountain peak,
And cleaves to cairn and cromlech still; or him
Of Geoffrey's book, or him of Malleor's, one
Touch'd by the adulterous finger of a time
That hover'd between war and wantonness,
And crownings and dethronements. Take withal
Thy poet's blessing, and his trust that Heaven

Will blow the tempest in the distance back
From thine and ours; for some are scared, who mark,
Or wisely or unwisely, signs of storm,
Waverings of every vane with every wind,
And wordy trucklings to the transient hour,
And fierce or careless looseners of the faith,
And Softness breeding scorn of simple life,
Or Cowardice, the child of lust for gold,
Or Labor, with a groan and not a voice,
Or Art with poisonous honey stolen from France,

And that which knows, but careful itself,
And that which knows not, ruli that which knows
To its own harm. The goal of t great world
Lies beyond sight; yet — if our slow grown
And crown'd Republic's crowni common sense,
That saved her many times, not fail their fears
Are morning shadows huger than t shapes
That cast them, not those gloom which forego
The darkness of that battle in t west
Where all of high and holy d away.



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS (see p. 603)

BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS

TO ALFRED TENNYSON

MY GRANDSON

OLDEN-HAIR'D Ally whose name is one with mine,
azy with laughter and babble and earth's new wine,
ow that the flower of a year and a half is thine,
little blossom, O mine, and mine of mine,
orious poet who never hast written a line,
ugh, for the name at the head of my verse is thine.
yst thou never be wrong'd by the name that is mine!

THE FIRST QUARREL

(IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT)

I

'WAIT a little,' you say, 'you are sure it 'll all come right,'
But the boy was born i' trouble, an' looks so wan an' so white;
Wait! an' once I ha' waited — I had n't to wait for long.
Now I wait, wait, wait for Harry. — No, no, you are doing me wrong!
Harry and I were married; the boy can hold up his head,
The boy was born in wedlock, but after my man was dead;

I ha' work'd for him fifteen years, an' I work an' I wait to the end.
I am all alone in the world, an' you are my only friend.

II

Doctor, if *you* can wait, I'll tell you the tale o' my life.
When Harry an' I were children, he call'd me his own little wife;
I was happy when I was with him, an' sorry when he was away,
An' when we play'd together, I loved him better than play;
He workt me the daisy chain — he made me the cowslip ball,
He fought the boys that were rude, an' I loved him better than all.
Passionate girl tho' I was, an' often at home in disgrace,
I never could quarrel with Harry — I had but to look in his face.

III

There was a farmer in Dorset of Harry's kin, that had need
Of a good stout lad at his farm; he sent, an' the father agreed;
So Harry was bound to the Dorsetshire farm for years an' for years;
I walk'd with him down to the quay, poor lad, an' we parted in tears.
The boat was beginning to move, we heard them a-ringing the bell,
'I'll never love any but you, God bless you, my own little Nell.'

IV

I was a child, an' he was a child, an' he came to harm;
There was a girl, a hussy, that workt with him up at the farm,
One had deceived her an' left her alone with her sin an' her shame,
And so she was wicked with Harry; the girl was the most to blame.

V

And years went over till I that was little had grown so tall
The men would say of the maids, 'Our Nelly 's the flower of 'em all.'
I did n't take heed o' *them*, but I taught myself all I could
To make a good wife for Harry, when Harry came home for good.

VI

Often I seem'd unhappy, and often happy too,
For I heard it abroad in the fields, 'I never love any but you;'
'I'll never love any but you,' t morning song of the lark;
'I'll never love any but you,' t nightingale's hymn in the dar

VII

And Harry came home at last, but look'd at me sidelong and shy
Vext me a bit, till he told me that many years had gone by,
I had grown so handsome and tall that I might ha' forgot h somehow —
For he thought — there were otl lads — he was fear'd to look me now.

VIII

Hard was the frost in the field, were married o' Christmas d
Married among the red berries, an' as merry as May —
Those were the pleasant times, house an' my man were pride,
We seem'd like ships i' the Chan a-sailing with wind an' tide.

IX

But work was scant in the Isle, t he tried the villages round,
So Harry went over the Solent to if work could be found;
An' he wrote: 'I ha' six weeks' wo little wife, so far as I know
I'll come for an hour to-morrow, kiss you before I go.'

X

So I set to righting the house, was n't he coming that day
An' I hit on an old deal-box that push'd in a corner away,
It was full of old odds an' ends, a letter along wi' the rest,
I had better ha' put my naked h in a hornets' nest.

XI

'Sweetheart,' — this was the lette this was the letter I read —

ou promised to find me work near
you, an' I wish I was dead—
l n't you kiss me an' promise? you
have n't done it, my lad,
' I almost died o' your going away,
an' I wish that I had.'

XII

o wish that I had—in the pleasant
times that had past,
fore I quarrell'd with Harry—*my*
quarrel—the first an' the last.

XIII

' Harry came in, an' I flung
him the letter that drove me
wild,
he told it me all at once, as sim-
ple as any child,
hat can it matter, my lass, what I
did wi' my single life?
a' been as true to you as ever a
man to his wife;
she was n't one o' the worst.'
'Then,' I said, 'I'm none o'
the best.'
he smiled at me, 'Ain't you, my
love? Come, come, little wife,
let it rest!
man is n't like the woman, no
need to make such a stir.'
he anger'd me all the more, an' I
said, 'You were keeping with
her,
en I was a-loving you all along
an' the same as before.'
he did n't speak for a while,
an' he anger'd me more and
more.
n he patted my hand in his gentle
way, 'Let bygones be!'
gones! you kept yours hush'd,' I
said, 'when you married me!
gones ma' be come-agains; an' *she*
—in her shame an' her sin—
'll have her to nurse my child, if
I die o' my lying in!
'll make her its second mother!
I hate her—an' I hate you!'
Harry, my man, you had better
ha' beaten me black an' blue
n ha' spoken as kind as you
did, when I were so crazy wi'
spite,
it a little, my lass, I am sure it 'ill
all come right.'

XIV

An' he took three turns in the rain,
an' I watch'd him, an' when he
came in
I felt that my heart was hard; he was
all wet thro' to the skin,
An' I never said, 'off wi' the wet,' I
never said, 'on wi' the dry,'
So I knew my heart was hard, when
he came to bid me good-bye.
'You said that you hated me, Ellen,
but that is n't true, you know;
I am going to leave you a bit—you 'll
kiss me before I go?'

XV

'Going! you 're going to her—kiss
her—if you will,' I said—
I was near my time wi' the boy, I must
ha' been light i' my head—
'I had sooner be cursed than kiss'd!'
—I did n't know well what I
meant,
But I turn'd my face from *him*, an'
he turn'd *his* face an' he went.

XVI

And then he sent me a letter, 'I've
gotten my work to do;
You would n't kiss me, my lass, an' I
never loved any but you;
I am sorry for all the quarrel an'
sorry for what she wrote,
I ha' six weeks' work in Jersey an' go
to-night by the boat.'

XVII

An' the wind began to rise, an' I
thought of him out at sea,
An' I felt I had been to blame; he
was always kind to me.
'Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it
'ill all come right'—
An' the boat went down that night—
the boat went down that night.

RIZPAH

17—

I

Wailing, wailing, wailing, the wind
over land and sea—
And Willy's voice in the wind, 'O
mother, come out to me!'

Why should he call me to-night, when
he knows that I cannot go?
For the downs are as bright as day,
and the full moon stares at the
snow.

II

We should be seen, my dear; they
would spy us out of the town.
The loud black nights for us, and the
storm rushing over the down,
When I cannot see my own hand, but
am led by the creak of the chain,
And grovel and grope for my son till
I find myself drenched with the
rain.

III

Anything fallen again? nay—what
was there left to fall?
I have taken them home, I have num-
ber'd the bones, I have hidden
them all.
What am I saying? and what are
you? do you come as a spy?
Falls? what falls? who knows? As
the tree falls so must it lie.

IV

Who let her in? how long has she been?
you—what have you heard?
Why did you sit so quiet? you never
have spoken a word.
O—to pray with me—yes—a lady
—none of their spies—
But the night has crept into my heart,
and begun to darken my eyes.

V

Ah—you, that have lived so soft, what
should *you* know of the night,
The blast and the burning shame and
the bitter frost and the fright?
I have done it, while you were asleep
—you were only made for the
day.
I have gather'd my baby together—
and now you may go your way.

VI

Nay—for it's kind of you, madam,
to sit by an old dying wife.
But say nothing hard of my boy, I
have only an hour of life.
I kiss'd my boy in the prison, before
he went out to die.

'They dared me to do it,' he said, an
he never has told me a lie.
I whipt him for robbing an orcha
once when he was but a child—
'The farmer dared me to do it,' h
said; he was always so wild—
And idle—and could n't be idle—m
Willy—he never could rest.
The King should have made him
soldier, he would have bee
one of his best.

VII

But he lived with a lot of wild mate
and they never would let hi
be good;
They swore that he dare not rob t
mail, and he swore that h
would;
And he took no life, but he too
one purse, and when all w
done
He flung it among his fellows—'I
none of it,' said my son.

VIII

I came into court to the judge and t
lawyers. I told them my tal
God's own truth—but they kill
him, they kill'd him for ro
bing the mail.
They hang'd him in chains for a sho
—we had always borne a go
name—
To be hang'd for a thief—and th
put away—is n't that enou
shame?
Dust to dust—low down—let
hide! but they set him so hig
That all the ships of the world cou
stare at him, passing by.
God 'ill pardon the hell-black rav
and horrible fowls of the air,
But not the black heart of the lawy
who kill'd him and hang'd h
there.

IX

And the jailer forced me away. I b
bid him my last good-bye;
They had fasten'd the door of his c
'O mother!' I heard him cry
I could n't get back tho' I tried,
had something further to say
And now I never shall know it. T
jailer forced me away.

X

ien since I could n't but hear that
cry of my boy that was dead,
ney seized me and shut me up:
they fasten'd me down on my
bed.
Mother, O mother!'—he call'd in the
dark to me year after year—
ney beat me for that, they beat me
—you know that I could n't
but hear;
id then at the last they found I had
grown so stupid and still
ney let me abroad again—but the
creatures had worked their will.

XI

esh of my flesh was gone, but bone
of my bone was left—
tole them all from the lawyers—and
you, will you call it a theft?—
y baby, the bones that had suck'd
me, the bones that had laughed
and had cried—
eirs? O, no! they are mine—not
theirs—they had moved in my
side.

XII

you think I was scared by the
bones? I kiss'd 'em, I buried
'em all—
can't dig deep, I am old—in the
night by the churchyard wall.
Willy 'ill rise up whole when the
trumpet of judgment 'ill sound,
t I charge you never to say that I
laid him in holy ground.

XIII

ey would scratch him up—they
would hang him again on the
cursed tree.
n? O, yes, we are sinners, I know
—let all that be,
d read me a Bible verse of the
Lord's goodwill toward men—
ull of compassion and mercy, the
Lord'—let me hear it again;
ull of compassion and mercy—long-
suffering.' Yes, O, yes!
r the lawyer is born but to murder
—the Saviour lives but to bless.
'll never put on the black cap
except for the worst of the
worst,
And the first may be last—I have
heard it in church—and the
last may be first.
Suffering—O, long-suffering—yes,
as the Lord must know,
Year after year in the mist and the
wind and the shower and the
snow.

XIV

Heard, have you? what? they have
told you he never repented his
sin.
How do they know it? are *they* his
mother? are *you* of his kin?
Heard! have you ever heard, when
the storm on the downs began,
The wind that 'ill wail like a child and
the sea that 'ill moan like a man?

XV

Election, Election, and Reprobation—
it's all very well.
But I go to-night to my boy, and I
shall not find him in hell.
For I cared so much for my boy that
the Lord has look'd into my
care,
And He means me I'm sure to be happy
with Willy, I know not where.

XVI

And if *he* be lost—but to save *my*
soul, that is all your desire—
Do you think that I care for *my* soul
if my boy be gone to the fire?
I have been with God in the dark—go,
go, you may leave me alone—
You never have borne a child—you
are just as hard as a stone.

XVII

Madam, I beg your pardon! I think
that you mean to be kind,
But I cannot hear what you say for
my Willy's voice in the wind—
The snow and the sky so bright—he
used but to call in the dark,
And he calls to me now from the
church and not from the gibbet
—for hark!
Nay—you can hear it yourself—it is
coming—shaking the walls—
Willy—the moon's in a cloud——
Good-night. I am going. He
calls.

THE NORTHERN COBBLER

I

Waäit till our Sally cooms in, fur
thou mun a' sights[1] to tell.
Eh, but I be maäin glad to seeä tha
sa 'arty an' well.
Cast awaäy on a disolut land wi' a
vartical soon[2]!'
Strange fur to goä fur to think what
saäilors a' seëan an' a' doon;
'Summat to drink sa 'ot?' I 'a
nowt but Adam's wine:
What's the 'eät o' this little 'ill-side
to the 'eät o' the line?

II

'What's i' tha bottle a-stanning theer?'
I 'll tell tha. Gin.
But if thou wants thy grog, tha mun
goä fur it down to the inn.
Naäy — fur I be maäin-glad, but thaw
tha was iver sa dry,
Thou gits naw gin fro' the bottle
theer, an' I'll tell tha why.

III

Meä an' thy sister was married, when
wur it? back-end o' June,
Ten year sin', and wa 'greed as well
as a fiddle i' tune.
I could fettle and clump owd booöts
and shoes wi' the best on 'em all,
As fer as fro' Thursby thurn hup to
Harmsby and Hutterby Hall.
We was busy as beeäs i' the bloom an'
as 'appy as 'art could think,
An' then the babby wur burn, and
then I taäkes to the drink.

IV

An' I weänt gaäinsaäy it, my lad, thaw
I be hafe shaämed on it now,
We could sing a good song at the
Plow, we could sing a good
song at the Plow;

Thaw once of a frosty night I slither'
an' hurted my huck,[1]
An' I coom'd neck-an-crop soomtime
slaäpe down i' the squad an' th
muck:
An' once I fowt wi' the taäilor — n
hafe ov a man, my lad —
Fur he scrawm'd an' scratted my faä
like a cat, an' it maäde 'er sa ma
That Sally she turn'd a tongu
banger,[2] an' raäted ma, 'Sotti
thy braäins
Guzzlin' an' soäkin' an' smoäkin' a
hawmin'[3] about i' the laänes,
Soä sow-droonk that tha doesn n
touch thy 'at to the Squire;'
An' I looök'd cock-eyed at my noä
an' I seeäd 'im a-gittin' o' fire
But sin' I wur hallus i' liquor a
hallus as droonk as a king,
Foälks' coostom flitted awaäy like
kite wi' a brokken string.

V

An' Sally she wesh'd foälks' cloäth
to keep the wolf fro' the door.
Eh, but the moor she riled me, s
druv me to drink the moor,
Fur I fun', when 'er back wur turn'
wheer Sally's owd stockin' w
'id,
An' I grabb'd the munny she maäd
and I weär'd it o' liquor, I di

VI

An' one night I cooms 'oäm like a bu
gotten loose at a faäir,
An' she wur a-waäitin' fo'mma, a
cryin' and teärin' 'er aäir,
An' I tummled athurt the craädle a
sweär'd as I 'd breäk ivry stic
O' furnitur 'ere i' the 'ouse, an' I gi
our Sally a kick,
An' I mash'd the taäbles an' chai
an' she an' the babby beäl'd,
Fur I knaw'd naw moor what I d
nor a mortal beäst o' the feäl

VII

An' when I waäked i' the murnin'
seeäd that our Sally went laäm
Cos' o' the kick as I gied 'er, an' I w
dreädful ashaämed;

[1] The vowels *aĭ*, pronounced separately though in the closest conjunction, best render the sound of the long *i* and *y* in this dialect. But since such words as *craĭin'*, *daĭin'*, *whaĭ*, *aĭ* (I), etc., look awkward except in a page of express phonetics, I have thought it better to leave the simple *i* and *y*, and to trust that my readers will give them the broader pronunciation.

[2] The *oo* short, as in 'wood.'

[1] Hip. [2] Scold.
[3] Lounging. [4] Bellowed, cried out.

' Sally wur sloomy[1] an' draggle-
taäil'd in an owd turn gown,
' the babby's faäce wurn't wesh'd,
an' the 'ole 'ouse hupside down.

VIII

' then I minded our Sally sa pratty
an' neät an' sweeät,
raät as a pole an' cleän as a flower
fro' 'eäd to feeät:
' then I minded the fust kiss I gied
'er by Thursby thurn;
eer wur a lark a-singin' 'is best of
a Sunday at murn,
uld n't see 'im, we 'eärd 'im a-moun-
tin' oop 'igher an' 'igher,
' then 'e turn'd to the sun, an' 'e
shined like a sparkle o' fire.
oes n't tha see 'im?' she axes, 'fur
I can see 'im;' an' I
eäd nobbut the smile o' the sun as
danced in 'er pratty blue eye;
' I says, 'I mun gie tha a kiss,' an'
Sally says, 'Noä, thou moänt,'
t I gied 'er a kiss, an' then anoother,
an' Sally says, 'doänt!'

IX

' when we coom'd into meeätin', at
fust she wur all in a tew,
t, arter, we sing'd the 'ymn to-
gither like birds on a beugh;
' Muggins 'e preäch'd o' hell-fire an'
the loov o' God fur men,
' then upo' coomin' awaäy Sally
gied me a kiss ov 'ersen.

X

er wur a fall fro' a kiss to a kick
like Saätan as fell
wn out o' heaven i' hell-fire — thaw
theer 's naw drinkin' i' hell;
ä fur to kick our Sally as kep the
wolf fro' the door,
along o' the drink, fur I loov'd 'er
as well as afoor.

XI

like a graät num-cumpus I blub-
ber'd awaäy o' the bed —
eänt niver do it naw moor;' an'
Sally looökt up an' she said,
ll upowd it[2] tha weänt; thou 'rt
like the rest o' the men,

[1] Sluggish, out of spirits.
[2] I 'll uphold it.

Thou 'll goä sniffin' about the tap till
tha does it ageän.
Theer's thy hennemy, man, an' I
knaws, as knaws tha sa well,
That, if tha seeäs 'im an' smells 'im
tha 'll foller 'im slick into hell.'

XII

'Naäy,' says I, 'fur I weänt goä sniff-
fin' about the tap.'
'Weänt tha?' she says, an' mysen I
thowt i' mysen 'mayhap.'
'Noä:' an' I started awaäy like a shot,
an' down to the hinn,
An' I browt what tha seeäs stannin'
theer, yon big black bottle o'
gin.

XIII

'That caps owt,'[1] says Sally, an' saw
she begins to cry,
But I puts it inter 'er 'ands an' I says
to 'er, 'Sally,' says I,
'Stan' 'im theer i' the naäme o' the
Lord an' the power ov 'is graäce,
Stan' 'im theer, fur I 'll looök my hen-
nemy straäit i' the faäce,
Stan' 'im theer i' the winder, an' let
ma looök at 'im then,
'E seeäms naw moor nor watter, an'
'e 's the divil's oän sen.'

XIV

An' I wur down i' tha mouth, could n't
do naw work an' all,
Nasty an' snaggy an' shaäky, an'
poonch'd my 'and wi' the hawl,
But she wur a power o' coomfut, an'
sattled 'ersen o' my knee,
An' coäxd an' coodled me oop till ageän
I feel'd mysen free.

XV

An' Sally she tell'd it about, an' foälk
stood a-gawmin'[2] in,
As thaw it wur summat bewitch'd
istead of a quart o' gin;
An' some on 'em said it wur watter —
an' I wur chousin' the wife,
Fur I could n't 'owd 'ands off gin, wur
it nobbut to saäve my life;
An' blacksmith 'e strips me the thick
ov is airm, an' 'e shaws it to
me,

[1] That 's beyond everything.
[2] Staring vacantly.

'Feëal thou this! thou can't graw this upo' watter!' says he.
An' Doctor 'e calls o' Sunday an' just as candles was lit,
'Thou moänt do it,' he says, 'tha mun breäk 'im off bit by bit.'
'Thou'rt but a Methody-man,' says Parson, and laäys down 'is 'at,
An' 'e points to the bottle o' gin, 'but I respecks tha fur that;'
An' Squire, his oän very sen, walks down fro' the 'All to see,
An' 'e spanks 'is 'and into mine, 'fur I respecks tha,' says 'e;
An' coostom ageän draw'd in like a wind fro' far an' wide,
And browt me the booöts to be cobbled fro' hafe the coontryside.

XVI

An' theer 'e stans an' theer 'e shall stan' to my dying daäy;
I'a gotten to loov 'im ageän in anoother kind of a waäy,
Proud on 'im, like, my lad, an' I keeäps 'im cleän an' bright,
Loovs 'im, an' roobs 'im, an' doosts 'im, an' puts 'im back i' the light.

XVII

Would n't a pint a' sarved as well as a quart? Naw doubt;
But I liked a bigger feller to fight wi' an' fowt it out.
Fine an' meller 'e mun be by this, if I cared to taäste,
But I moänt, my lad, and I weänt, fur I'd feäl mysen cleän disgraäced.

XVIII

An' once I said to the Missis, 'My lass, when I cooms to die,
Smash the bottle to smithers, the divil 's in 'im,' said I.
But arter I chaänged my mind, an' if Sally be left aloän,
I'll hev 'im a-buried wi'mma an' taäke 'im afoor the Throän.

XIX

Coom thou 'eer — yon laädy a-steppin' along the streeät,
Does n't tha knaw 'er — sa pratty, an' feät, an' neät, an' sweeät?
Look at the cloäths on 'er back, thebl ammost spic-span-new,
An' Tommy's faäce be as fresh as codlin wesh'd i' the dew.

XX

'Ere be our Sally an' Tommy, an' v be a-goin to dine,
Baäcon an' taätes, an' a beslings-pu din'[1] an' Adam's wine;
But if tha wants ony grog tha m goä fur it down to the Hinn,
Fur I weänt shed a drop on blood, noä, not fur Sally's o kin.

THE REVENGE

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET

I

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richa Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bi came flying from far away:
'Spanish ships of war at sea! we ha sighted fifty-three!'
Then sware Lord Thomas Howa ''Fore God I am no coward;
But I cannot meet them here, for ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I m fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can fight with fifty-three?'

II

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: know you are no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fi with them again.
But I've ninety men and more t are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward i left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and devildoms of Spain.'

III

So Lord Howard past away with ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the sil summer heaven;

[1] A pudding made with the first mil the cow after calving.

ut Sir Richard bore in hand all his
sick men from the land
ery carefully and slow,
ien of Bideford in Devon,
nd we laid them on the ballast down
below;
or we brought them all aboard,
nd they blest him in their pain, that
they were not left to Spain,
o the thumb-screw and the stake, for
the glory of the Lord.

IV

e had only a hundred seamen to
work the ship and to fight,
nd he sailed away from Flores till
the Spaniard came in sight,
Vith his huge sea-castles heaving
upon the weather bow.
Shall we fight or shall we fly?
ood Sir Richard, tell us now,
or to fight is but to die!
here 'll be little of us left by the time
this sun be set.'
nd Sir Richard said again: 'We be
all good English men.
et us bang these dogs of Seville, the
children of the devil,
or I never turn'd my back upon Don
or devil yet.'

V

r Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and
we roar'd a hurrah, and so
he little Revenge ran on sheer into
the heart of the foe,
Vith her hundred fighters on deck,
and her ninety sick below;
or half of their fleet to the right and
half to the left were seen,
nd the little Revenge ran on thro'
the long sea-lane between.

VI

housands of their soldiers look'd
down from their decks and
laugh'd,
housands of their seamen made mock
at the mad little craft
unning on and on, till delay'd
y their mountain-like San Philip
that, of fifteen hundred tons,
nd up-shadowing high above us with
her yawning tiers of guns,
ook the breath from our sails, and
we stay'd.

VII

And while now the great San Philip
hung above us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two
upon the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from
them all.

VIII

But anon the great San Philip, she
bethought herself and went,
Having that within her womb that
had left her ill content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and
they fought us hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with
their pikes and musqueteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off
as a dog that shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the
land.

IX

And the sun went down, and the stars
came out far over the summer
sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight
of the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long,
their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long,
with her battle-thunder and
flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long,
drew back with her dead and
her shame.
For some were sunk and many were
shatter'd, and so could fight us
no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like
this in the world before?

X

For he said, 'Fight on! fight on!'
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of
the short summer night was
gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he
had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was
dressing it suddenly dead,

And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,
And he said, 'Fight on! fight on!'

XI

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we still could sting,
So they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride:
'We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!'

XII

And the gunner said, 'Ay, ay,' but the seamen made reply:
'We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow.'
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

XIII

And the stately Spanish men to the flagship bore him then.
Where they laid him by the mast, o Sir Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face wi their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and cried:
'I have fought for Queen and Fai like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man bound to do.
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richa Grenville die!'
And he fell upon their decks, and died.

XIV

And they stared at the dead that h been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glo of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little sh and his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was de for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with hon down into the deep,
And they mann'd the Revenge with swarthier alien crew,
And away she sail'd with her loss a long'd for her own;
When a wind from the lands they h ruin'd awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave a the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that raised by an earthquake grew
Till it smote on their hulls and th sails and their masts and th flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell the shot-shatter'd navy of Spa
And the little Revenge herself w down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

THE SISTERS

They have left the doors ajar; by their clash,
And prelude on the keys, I know song,

eir favorite — which I call 'The Tables Turn'd.'
elyn begins it, 'O diviner Air.'

EVELYN

diviner Air,
hro' the heat, the drowth, the dust, the glare,
ar from out the west in shadowing showers,
ver all the meadow baked and bare,
laking fresh and fair
ll the bowers and the flowers,
ainting flowers, faded bowers,
ver all this weary world of ours,
reathe, diviner Air!

weet voice that — you scarce could better that!
w follows Edith echoing Evelyn.

EDITH

diviner light,
hro' the cloud that roofs our noon with night,
hro' the blotting mist, the blinding showers,
ar from out a sky for ever bright,
ver all the woodland's flooded bowers,
ver all the meadow's drowning flowers,
ver all this ruin'd world of ours,
reak, diviner light!

rvellously like, their voices — and themselves!
o' one is somewhat deeper than the other,
one is somewhat graver than the other —
th than Evelyn. Your good uncle, whom
1 count the father of your fortune, longs
this alliance. Let me ask you then,
ich voice most takes you? for I do not doubt,
ng a watchful parent, you are taken
h one or other; tho' sometimes I fear
1 may be flickering, fluttering in a doubt
ween the two — which must not be — which might
death to one. They both are beautiful;
lyn is gayer, wittier, prettier, says
common voice, if one may trust it, she?

No! but the paler and the graver, Edith.
Woo her and gain her then; no wavering, boy!
The graver is perhaps the one for you
Who jest and laugh so easily and so well.
For love will go by contrast, as by likes.

No sisters ever prized each other more.
Not so; their mother and her sister loved
More passionately still.
But that my best
And oldest friend, your uncle, wishes it,
And that I know you worthy every way
To be my son, I might, perchance, be loath
To part them, or part from them; and yet one
Should marry, or all the broad lands in your view
From this bay-window — which our house has held
Three hundred years — will pass collaterally.

My father with a child on either knee,
A hand upon the head of either child,
Smoothing their locks, as golden as his own
Were silver, 'get them wedded' would he say.
And once my prattling Edith ask'd him 'why?'
'Ay, why?' said he, 'for why should I go lame?'
Then told them of his wars, and of his wound.
For see — this wine — the grape from whence it flow'd
Was blackening on the slopes of Portugal,
When that brave soldier, down the terrible ridge
Plunged in the last fierce charge at Waterloo,
And caught the laming bullet. He left me this,
Which yet retains a memory of its youth,

As I of mine, and my first passion. Come!
Here's to your happy union with my child!

Yet must you change your name — no fault of mine!
You say that you can do it as willingly
As birds make ready for their bridal-time
By change of feather; for all that, my boy,
Some birds are sick and sullen when they moult.
An old and worthy name! but mine that stirr'd
Among our civil wars and earlier too
Among the Roses, the more venerable.
I care not for a name — no fault of mine.
Once more — a happier marriage than my own!

You see yon Lombard poplar on the plain.
The highway running by it leaves a breadth
Of sward to left and right, where, long ago,
One bright May morning in a world of song,
I lay at leisure, watching overhead
The aerial poplar wave, an amber spire.

I dozed; I woke. An open landaulet
Whirl'd by, which, after it had past me, show'd
Turning my way, the loveliest face on earth.
The face of one there sitting opposite,
On whom I brought a strange unhappiness,
That time I did not see.

Love at first sight
May seem — with goodly rhyme and reason for it —
Possible — at first glimpse, and for a face
Gone in a moment — strange. Yet once, when first
I came on lake Llanberris in the dark,
A moonless night with storm — one lightning-fork
Flash'd out the lake; and tho' I l
ter'd there
The full day after, yet in retrospect
That less than momentary thund
sketch
Of lake and mountain conquers all t
day.

The sun himself has limn'd the fa
for me.
Not quite so quickly, no, nor half
well.
For look you here — the shadows
too deep,
And like the critic's blurring comm
make
The veriest beauties of the work
pear
The darkest faults; the sweet e
frown, the lips
Seem but a gash. My sole memori
Of Edith — no, the other, — both
deed.

So that bright face was flash'd th
sense and soul
And by the poplar vanish'd — to
found
Long after, as it seem'd, beneath
tall
Tree-bowers, and those long-sweep
beechen boughs
Of our New Forest. I was th
alone.
The phantom of the whirling landa
For ever past me by; when one qu
peal
Of laughter drew me thro' the gl
mering glades
Down to the snowlike sparkle o
cloth
On fern and foxglove. Lo, the f
again,
My Rosalind in this Arden — Edit
all
One bloom of youth, health, beau
happiness,
And moved to merriment at a pass
jest.

There one of those about her kn
ing me
Call'd me to join them; so with t
I spent
What seem'd my crowning hour,
day of days.

I woo'd her then, nor unsuccessfully,
ıe worse for her, for me! Was I
content?
y — no, not quite; for now and then
I thought
ıziness, vague love-longings, the
bright May,
ıd made a heated haze to magnify
ıe charm of Edith — that 'a man's
ideal
high in heaven, and lodged with
Plato's God,
ot findable here — content, and not
content,
some such fashion as a man may be
ıat having had the portrait of his
friend
'awn by an artist, looks at it, and
says,
'ood! very like! not altogether he.'

As yet I had not bound myself by
words,
ly, believing I loved Edith, made
ith love *me*. Then came the day
when I,
ttering myself that all my doubts
were fools
rn of the fool this Age that doubts
of all —
t I that day of Edith's love or
mine —
d braced my purpose to declare
myself.
tood upon the stairs of Paradise.
e golden gates would open at a
word.
poke it — told her of my passion,
seen
d lost and found again, had got so
far,
d caught her hand, her eyelids fell
— I heard
ıeels, and a noise of welcome at the
doors —
a sudden after two Italian years
d set the blossom of her health
again,
e younger sister, Evelyn, enter'd —
there,
ere was the face, and altogether she.
e mother fell about the daughter's
neck,
e sisters closed in one another's arms,
eir people throng'd about them from
the hall,
And in the thick of question and
reply
I fled the house, driven by one angel
face,
And all the Furies.

I was bound to her;
I could not free myself in honor —
bound
Not by the sounded letter of the word,
But counter-pressures of the yielded
hand
That timorously and faintly echoed
mine,
Quick blushes, the sweet dwelling of
her eyes
Upon me when she thought I did not
see —
Were these not bonds? nay, nay, but
could I wed her
Loving the other? do her that great
wrong?
Had I not dream'd I loved her yester-
morn?
Had I not known where Love, at first
a fear,
Grew after marriage to full height and
form?
Yet after marriage, that mock-sister
there —
Brother-in-law — the fiery nearness of
it —
Unlawful and disloyal brotherhood —
What end but darkness could ensue
from this
For all the three? So Love and Honor
jarr'd,
Tho' Love and Honor join'd to raise
the full
High-tide of doubt that sway'd me up
and down
Advancing nor retreating.

Edith wrote:
'My mother bids me ask' — I did not
tell you —
A widow with less guile than many a
child.
God help the wrinkled children that
are Christ's
As well as the plump cheek — she
wrought us harm,
Poor soul, not knowing! — 'Are you
ill?' — so ran
The letter — 'you have not been here
of late.

You will not find me here. At last I go
On that long-promised visit to the North.
I told your wayside story to my mother
And Evelyn. She remembers you. Farewell.
Pray come and see my mother. Almost blind
With ever-growing cataract, yet she thinks
She sees you when she hears. Again farewell.'

Cold words from one I had hoped to warm so far
That I could stamp my image on her heart!
'Pray come and see my mother, and farewell.'
Cold, but as welcome as free airs of heaven
After a dungeon's closeness. Selfish, strange!
What dwarfs are men! my strangled vanity
Utter'd a stifled cry — to have vext myself
And all in vain for her — cold heart or none —
No bride for me. Yet so my path was clear
To win the sister.
Whom I woo'd and won.
For Evelyn knew not of my former suit,
Because the simple mother work'd upon
By Edith pray'd me not to whisper of it.
And Edith would be bridesmaid on the day.
But on that day, not being all at ease,
I from the altar glancing back upon her,
Before the first 'I will' was utter'd, saw
The bridesmaid pale, statue-like, passionless —
'No harm, no harm' — I turn'd again, and placed
My ring upon the finger of my bride.

So, when we parted, Edith spoke no word,

She wept no tear, but round my Evelyn clung
In utter silence for so long, I though
'What, will she never set her siste
free?'

We left her, happy each in eac
and then,
As tho' the happiness of each in eac
Were not enough, must fain have to
rents, lakes,
Hills, the great things of Nature ar
the fair,
To lift us as it were from commo
place,
And help us to our joy. Better ha
sent
Our Edith thro' the glories of the eart
To change with her horizon, if tr
Love
Were not his own imperial all-in-all.

Far off we went. My God, I wou
not live
Save that I think this gross ha
seeming world
Is our misshaping vision of the Pow
Behind the world, that make our gri
our gains.

For on the dark night of our m
riage-day
The great tragedian, that had quench
herself
In that assumption of the bridesm
— she
That loved me — our true Edith — l
brain broke
With over-acting, till she rose a
fled
Beneath a pitiless rush of autumn r
To the deaf church — to be let in —
pray
Before *that* altar — so I think; a
there
They found her beating the hard P
testant doors.
She died and she was buried ere
knew.

I learnt it first. I had to spe
At once
The bright quick smile of Evel
that had sunn'd
The morning of our marriage, p
away.

d on our home-return the daily want
Edith in the house, the garden, still
unted us like her ghost; and by and by,
her from that necessity for talk
hich lives with blindness, or plain innocence
nature, or desire that her lost child
ould earn from both the praise of heroism,
e mother broke her promise to the dead,
d told the living daughter with what love
ith had welcomed my brief wooing of her,

And all her sweet self-sacrifice and death.

Henceforth that mystic bond betwixt the twins —
Did I not tell you they were twins? — prevail'd
So far that no caress could win my wife
Back to that passionate answer of full heart
I had from her at first. Not that her love,
Tho' scarce as great as Edith's power of love,
Had lessen'd, but the mother's garrulous wail
For ever woke the unhappy Past again,

'We left her, happy each in each'

Till that dead bridesmaid, meant to be my bride,
Put forth cold hands between us, and I fear'd
The very fountains of her life were chill'd;
So took her thence, and brought her here, and here
She bore a child, whom reverently we call'd
Edith; and in the second year was born
A second — this I named from her own self,
Evelyn; then two weeks — no more — she join'd,
In and beyond the grave, that one she loved.
Now in this quiet of declining life,
Thro' dreams by night and trances of the day,
The sisters glide about me hand in hand,
Both beautiful alike, nor can I tell
One from the other, no, nor care to tell
One from the other, only know they come,
They smile upon me, till, remembering all
The love they both have borne me, and the love
I bore them both — divided as I am
From either by the stillness of the grave —
I know not which of these I love the best.

But *you* love Edith; and her own true eyes
Are traitors to her; our quick Evelyn —
The merrier, prettier, wittier, as they talk,
And not without good reason, my good son —
Is yet untouch'd. And I that hold them both
Dearest of all things — well, I am not sure —
But if there lie a preference either way,
And in the rich vocabulary of Love
'Most dearest' be a true superlative —
I think *I* likewise love your Edith most.

THE VILLAGE WIFE; OR, THE ENTAIL[1]

I

'OUSE-KEEPER sent tha, my lass, fu
new Squire coom'd last night.
Butter an' heggs — yis — yis. I'll go
wi' tha back; all right;
Butter I warrants be prime, an' I wa
rants the heggs be as well,
Hafe a pint o' milk runs out when y
breäks the shell.

II

Sit thysen down fur a bit; hev a glas
o' cowslip wine!
I liked the owd Squire an' 'is gells
thaw they was gells o' mine,
Fur then we was all es one, the Squi
an' 'is darters an' me,
Hall but Miss Annie, the heldest,
niver not took to she.
But Nelly, the last of the cletch,[2]
liked 'er the fust on 'em all,
Fur hoffens we talkt o' my darter
died o' the fever at fall;
An' I thowt 't wur the will o' the Lor
but Miss Annie she said it w
draäins,
Fur she hed n't naw coomfut in 'e
an' arn'd naw thanks fur '
paäins.
Eh! thebbe all wi' the Lord, my ch
der, I han't gotten none!
Sa new Squire 's coom'd wi' 'is taäil
'is 'and, an' owd Squire 's gon

III

Fur 'staäte be i' taäil, my lass — t
dosn' knaw what that be?
But I knaws the law, I does, for t
lawyer ha towd it to me.
'When theer 's naw 'eäd to a 'Ouse
the fault o' that ere maäle —
The gells they counts fur nowt, a
the next un he taäkes the taäi

IV

What be the next un like? can t
tell ony harm on 'im, lass? —
Naäy sit down — naw 'urry —
cowd! — hev another glass!
Straänge an' cowd fur the time! v
may happen a fall o' snaw —

[1] See note on pronunciation, p. 582.
[2] A brood of chickens.

es I cares fur to hear ony harm,
but I likes to knaw.
I oäps es 'e beänt booöklarn'd; but
'e dosn' not coom fro' the shere;
'd anew o' that wi' the Squire, an'
we haätes booöklarnin' ere.

V

Squire wur a Varsity scholard, an
niver lookt arter the land —
oäts or turmuts or taätes — 'e'd
hallus a booök i' 'is hand,
lus aloän wi' 'is booöks, thaw nigh
upo' seventy year.
booöks, what's booöks? thou
knaws thebbe neyther 'ere nor
theer.

VI

the gells, they hed n't naw taäils,
an' the lawyer he towd it me
t 'is taäil were soä tied up es he
could n't cut down a tree!
at the trees,' says I, to be sewer I
haätes 'em, my lass,
we puts the muck o' the land, an'
they sucks the muck fro' the
grass.

VII

Squire wur hallus a-smilin', an'
gied to the tramps goin' by —
all o' the wust i' the parish — wi'
hoffens a drop in 'is eye.
ivry darter o' Squire's hed her
awn ridin-erse to 'ersen,
they rampaged about wi' their
grooms, an' wus 'untin' arter
the men,
hallus a-dallackt[1] an' dizen'd out,
an' a-buyin' new cloäthes,
le 'e sit like a greät glimmer-
gowk[2] wi' 'is glasses athurt 'is
noäse,
'is noäse sa grufted wi' snuff as it
could n't be scroob'd awaäy,
'atween 'is readin' an' writin' 'e
snifft up a box in a daäy,
'e niver runn'd arter the fox, nor
arter the birds wi' 'is gun,
'e niver not shot one 'are, but 'e
leäved it to Charlie 'is son,
'e niver not fish'd 'is awn ponds,
but Charlie 'e cotch'd the pike,

1 Overdrest in gay colors.
2 Owl.

Fur 'e warn't not burn to the land, an'
'e did n't take kind to it like;
But I eärs es 'e 'd gie fur a howry[1]
owd book thutty pound an'
moor,
An' 'e 'd wrote an' owd book, his awn
sen, sa I knaw'd es 'e 'd coom
to be poor;
An' 'e gied — I be fear'd fur to tell tha
'ow much — fur an owd scratted
stoän,
An' 'e digg'd up a loomp i' the land
an' 'e got a brown pot an' a
boän,
An' 'e bowt owd money, es would n't
goä, wi' good gowd o' the
Queen,
An' 'e bowt little statutes all-naäkt
an' which was a shaäme to be
seen;
But 'e niver looökt ower a bill, nor 'e
niver not seed to owt,
An' 'e niver knawd nowt but booöks,
an' booöks, as thou knaws, beänt
nowt.

VIII

But owd Squire's laädy es long es she
lived she kep' 'em all clear,
Thaw es long es she lived I niver hed
none of 'er darters 'ere;
But arter she died we was all es one,
the childer an' me,
An' sarvints runn'd in an' out, an'
offens we hed 'em to tea.
Lawk! 'ow I laugh'd when the lasses
'ud talk o' their Missis's waäys,
An' the Missisis talk'd o' the lasses. —
I'll tell tha some o' these daäys.
Hoänly Miss Annie were saw stuck
oop, like 'er mother afoor —
'Er an' 'er blessed darter — they niver
derken'd my door.

IX

An' Squire 'e smiled an' 'e smiled till
'e 'd gotten a fright at last,
An' 'e calls fur 'is son, fur the 'turney's
letters they foller'd sa fast;
But Squire wur afear'd o' 'is son, an'
'e says to 'im, meek as a mouse,
'Lad, thou mun cut off thy taäil, or
the gells 'ull goä to the 'Ouse,
Fur I finds es I be that i' debt, es I
'oäps es thou 'll 'elp me a bit,

1 Filthy.

An' if thou 'll 'gree to cut off thy taäil
I may saäve mysen yit.'

X

But Charlie 'e sets back 'is ears, an' 'e
sweärs, an' 'e says to 'im, 'Noä.
I've gotten the 'staäte by the taäil an'
be dang'd if I iver let goä!
Coom! coom! feyther,' 'e says, 'why
should n't thy booöks be sowd!
I hears es soom o' thy booöks mebbe
worth their weight i' gowd.'

XI

Heäps an' heäps o' booöks, I ha' seed
'em, belong'd to the Squire,
But the lasses 'ed teärd out leäves i'
the middle to kindle the fire;
Sa moäst on 'is owd big booöks fetch'd
nigh to nowt at the saäle,
And Squire were at Charlie ageän to
git 'im to cut off 'is taäil.

XII

Ya would n't find Charlie's likes — 'e
were that outdacious at 'oäm,
Not thaw ya went fur to raäke out
hell wi' a small-tooth coämb —
Droonk wi' the Quoloty's wine, an'
droonk wi' the farmer's aäle,
Mad wi' the lasses an' all — an' 'e
would n't cut off the taäil.

XIII

Thou 's coom'd oop by the beck; and
a thurn be a-grawin' theer,
I niver ha seed it sa white wi' the
maäy es I seed it to-year —
Theerbouts Charlie joompt — and it
gied me a scare tother night,
Fur I thowt it wur Charlie's ghoäst i'
the derk, fur it looökt sa white.
'Billy,' says 'e, 'hev a joomp!' — thaw
the banks o' the beck be sa high,
Fur he ca'd 'is 'erse Billy-rough-un,
thaw niver a hair wur awry;
But Billy fell bakkuds o' Charlie, an'
Charlie 'e brok 'is neck,
Sa theer wur a hend o' the taäil, fur
'e lost 'is taäil i' the beck.

XIV

Sa 'is taäil wur lost an' 'is booöks wur
gone an' 'is boy wur deäd,
An' Squire 'e smiled an' 'e smiled, but
'e niver not lift oop 'is 'eäd.
Hallus a soft un, Squire! an' 'e smiled
fur 'e hed n't naw friend,
Sa feyther an' son was buried togithe
an' this wur the hend.

XV

An' Parson as hes n't the call, nor th
mooney, but hes the pride,
'E reäds of a sewer an' sartan 'oäp
the tother side;
But I beänt that sewer es the Lord, how
siver they praäy'd an' praäy'd
Lets them inter 'eaven eäsy es leäv
their debts to be paäid.
Siver the mou'ds rattled down up
poor owd Squire i' the wood,
An' I cried along wi' the gells, fu
they weänt niver coom to na
good.

XVI

Fur Molly the long un she wall
awaäy wi' a hofficer lad,
An' nawbody 'eärd on 'er sin', sa
coorse she be gone to the bad
An' Lucy wur laäme o' one leg, swee
'arts she niver 'ed none —
Straänge an' unheppen[1] Miss Lucy
we naämed her 'Dot an' ga
one!'
An' Hetty wur weak i' the hattic
wi'out ony harm i' the legs,
An' the fever 'ed baäked Jinny's 'e
as bald as one o' them heggs,
An' Nelly wur up fro' the craädle
big i' the mouth as a cow,
An' saw she mun hammergrate,[2] la
or she weänt git a maäte o
how!
An' es for Miss Annie es call'd
afoor my awn foälks to
faäce,
'A hignorant village wife es 'ud h
to be larn'd her awn plaäce,'
Hes fur Miss Hannie the heldest
now be a-grawin' sa howd,
I knaws that mooch o' sheä, es it be
not fit to be towd!

XVII

Sa I did n't not taäke it kindly ov o
Miss Annie to saäy
Es I should be talkin' ageän 'em,
soon es they went awaäy,

[1] Ungainly, awkward.
[2] Emigrate.

ır lawks! 'ow I cried when they
went, an' our Nelly she gied
me 'er 'and,
ır I 'd ha done owt for the Squire an'
'is gells es belong'd to the land;
ɔoöks, es I said afoor, thebbe ney-
ther 'ere nor theer!
ıt I sarved 'em wi' butter an' heggs
for huppuds o' twenty year.

XVIII

ı' they hallus paäid what I hax'd,
sa I hallus deal'd wi' the Hall,
ı' they knaw'd what butter wur,
an' they knaw'd what a hegg
wur an' all;
ıgger-mugger they lived, but they
was n't that eäsy to pleäse,
ll I gied 'em Hinjian curn, an' they
laäid big heggs es tha seeäs;
ı' I niver puts saäme[1] i' *my* butter
—they does it at Willis's farm;
äste another drop o' the wine—
tweänt do tha naw harm.

XIX

new Squire 's coom'd wi' 'is taäil in
'is 'and, an' owd Squire 's gone;
ıeard 'im a roomlin' by, but arter
my night-cap wur on;
I han't clapt eyes on 'im yit, fur
he coom'd last night sa laäte—
ıksh! ! ![2] the hens i' the peäs! why
did n't tha hesp the gäate?

THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

EMMIE

I

R doctor had call'd in another, I
never had seen him before,
t he sent a chill to my heart when
I saw him come in at the door,
ɛsh from the surgery-schools of
France and of other lands—
rsh red hair, big voice, big chest,
big merciless hands!
nderful cures he had done, O, yes,
but they said too of him
was happier using the knife than
in trying to save the limb,

Lard.
A cry accompanied by a clapping of
ds to scare trespassing fowl.

And that I can well believe, for he
look'd so coarse and so red,
I could think he was one of those who
would break their jests on the
dead,
And mangle the living dog that had
loved him and fawn'd at his
knee—
Drench'd with the hellish oorali—that
ever such things should be!

II

Here was a boy—I am sure that some
of our children would die
But for the voice of love, and the
smile, and the comforting eye—
Here was a boy in the ward, every
bone seem'd out of its place—
Caught in a mill and crush'd—it was
all but a hopeless case:
And he handled him gently enough;
but his voice and his face were
not kind,
And it was but a hopeless case, he had
seen it and made up his mind,
And he said to me roughly, 'The lad
will need little more of your
care.'
'All the more need,' I told him, 'to
seek the Lord Jesus in prayer;
They are all His children here, and I
pray for them all as my own.'
But he turn'd to me, 'Ay, good wo-
man, can prayer set a broken
bone?'
Then he mutter'd half to himself, but
I know that I heard him say,
'All very well—but the good Lord
Jesus has had his day.'

III

Had? has it come? It has only
dawn'd. It will come by and
by.
O, how could I serve in the wards if
the hope of the world were a
lie?
How could I bear with the sights and
the loathsome smells of disease
But that He said, 'Ye do it to me,
when ye do it to these'?

IV

So he went. And we past to this
ward where the younger chil
dren are laid.

Here is the cot of our orphan, our darling, our meek little maid;
Empty, you see, just now! We have lost her who loved her so much—
Patient of pain tho' as quick as a sensitive plant to the touch.
Hers was the prettiest prattle, it often moved me to tears,
Hers was the gratefullest heart I have found in a child of her years—
Nay you remember our Emmie; you used to send her the flowers.
How she would smile at 'em, play with 'em, talk to 'em hours after hours!
They that can wander at will where the works of the Lord are reveal'd
Little guess what joy can be got from a cowslip out of the field;
Flowers to these 'spirits in prison' are all they can know of the spring,
They freshen and sweeten the wards like the waft of an angel's wing.
And she lay with a flower in one hand and her thin hands crost on her breast—
Wan, but as pretty as heart can desire, and we thought her at rest,
Quietly sleeping—so quiet, our doctor said, 'Poor little dear,
Nurse, I must do it to-morrow; she'll never live thro' it, I fear.'

V

I walk'd with our kindly old doctor as far as the head of the stair,
Then I return'd to the ward; the child did n't see I was there.

VI

Never since I was nurse had I been so grieved and so vext!
Emmie had heard him. Softly she call'd from her cot to the next,
'He says I shall never live thro' it; O Annie, what shall I do?'
Annie consider'd. 'If I,' said the wise little Annie, 'was you,
I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me, for, Emmie, you see,
It's all in the picture there: "Little children should come to me"'—
Meaning the print that you gave us, I find that it always can please
Our children, the dear Lord Jesus with children about his knees.

'Yes, and I will,' said Emmie, 'b
then if I call to the Lord,
How should he know that it's m
such a lot of beds in the ward
That was a puzzle for Annie. Aga
she consider'd and said:
'Emmie, you put out your arms, a
you leave 'em outside on t
bed—
The Lord has so *much* to see to! bu
Emmie, you tell it him plain,
It 's the little girl with her arms lyi
out on the counterpane.'

VII

I had sat three nights by the child
I could not watch her for four
My brain had begun to reel—I fel
could do it no more.
That was my sleeping-night, but
thought that it never wou
pass.
There was a thunderclap once, and
clatter of hail on the glass,
And there was a phantom cry tha
heard as I tost about,
The motherless bleat of a lamb in t
storm and the darkness withou
My sleep was broken besides wi
dreams of the dreadful knife
And fears for our delicate Emmie w
scarce would escape with l
life;
Then in the gray of the morning
seem'd she stood by me a
smiled,
And the doctor came at his hour, a
we went to see to the child.

VIII

He had brought his ghastly tools;
believed her asleep again—
Her dear, long, lean, little arms lyi
out on the counterpane—
Say that His day is done! Ah, w
should we care what they sa
The Lord of the children had he
her, and Emmie had past aw

DEDICATORY POEM TO T
PRINCESS ALICE

Dead Princess, living Power, if t
which lived
True life live on—and if the fatal k

orn of true life and love, divorce
thee not
rom earthly love and life — if what
we call
ne spirit flash not all at once from
out
his shadow into Substance — then
perhaps
ne mellow'd murmur of the people's
praise
rom thine own State, and all our
breadth of realm,
here Love and Longing dress thy
deeds in light,
scends to thee; and this March
morn that sees
ay Soldier-brother's bridal orange-
bloom
eak thro' the yews and cypress of
thy grave,
nd thine Imperial mother smile
again,
ay send one ray to thee! and who
can tell —
ou — England's England-loving
daughter — thou
ving so English thou wouldst have
her flag
rne on thy coffin — where is he can
swear
t that some broken gleam from our
poor earth
ay touch thee, while, remembering
thee, I lay
thy pale feet this ballad of the
deeds
England, and her banner in the
East?

IE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW

I

NNER of England, not for a sea-
son, O banner of Britain, hast
thou
ated in conquering battle or flapt
to the battle-cry!
ver with mightier glory than when
we had rear'd thee on high
ing at top of the roofs in the
ghastly siege of Lucknow —
t thro' the staff or the halyard, but
ever we raised thee anew,
l ever upon the topmost roof our
banner of England blew.

II

Frail were the works that defended
the hold that we held with our
lives —
Women and children among us, God
help them, our children and
wives!
Hold it we might — and for fifteen
days or for twenty at most.
'Never surrender, I charge you, but
every man die at his post!'
Voice of the dead whom we loved,
our Lawrence the best of the
brave;
Cold were his brows when we kiss'd
him — we laid him that night in
his grave.
'Every man die at his post!' and
there hail'd on our houses and
halls
Death from their rifle-bullets, and
death from their cannon-balls,
Death in our innermost chamber, and
death at our slight barricade,
Death while we stood with the mus-
ket, and death while we stoopt
to the spade,
Death to the dying, and wounds to
the wounded, for often there
fell,
Striking the hospital wall, crashing
thro' it, their shot and their
shell,
Death — for their spies were among
us, their marksmen were told of
our best,
So that the brute bullet broke thro'
the brain that could think for
the rest;
Bullets would sing by our foreheads,
and bullets would rain at our
feet —
Fire from ten thousand at once of the
rebels that girdled us round —
Death at the glimpse of a finger from
over the breadth of a street,
Death from the heights of the mosque
and the palace, and death in the
ground!
Mine? yes, a mine! Countermine!
down, down! and creep thro'
the hole!
Keep the revolver in hand! you can
hear him — the murderous mole!
Quiet, ah! quiet — wait till the point
of the pickaxe be thro'!

Click with the pick, coming nearer
and nearer again than before —
Now let it speak, and you fire, and
the dark pioneer is no more;
And ever upon the topmost roof our
banner of England blew!

III

Ay, but the foe sprung his mine many
times, and it chanced on a day
Soon as the blast of that underground
thunder-clap echo'd away,
Dark thro' the smoke and the sulphur
like so many fiends in their
hell —
Cannon-shot, musket-shot, volley on
volley, and yell upon yell —
Fiercely on all the defences our myriad
enemy fell.
What have they done? where is it?
Out yonder. Guard the Redan!
Storm at the Water-gate! storm at the
Bailey-gate! storm, and it ran
Surging and swaying all round us, as
ocean on every side
Plunges and heaves at a bank that is
daily drown'd by the tide —
So many thousands that, if they be
bold enough, who shall escape?
Kill or be kill'd, live or die, they shall
know we are soldiers and men!
Ready! take aim at their leaders —
their masses are gapp'd with
our grape —
Backward they reel like the wave, like
the wave flinging forward
again,
Flying and foil'd at the last by the
handful they could not subdue;
And ever upon the topmost roof our
banner of England blew.

IV

Handful of men as we were, we were
English in heart and in limb,
Strong with the strength of the race to
command, to obey, to endure,
Each of us fought as if hope for the
garrison hung but on him;
Still — could we watch at all points?
we were every day fewer and
fewer.
There was a whisper among us, but
only a whisper that past:
'Children and wives — if the tigers
leap into the fold unawares —
Every man die at his post — and the
foe may outlive us at last —
Better to fall by the hands that they
love, than to fall into theirs!'
Roar upon roar in a moment two mines
by the enemy sprung
Clove into perilous chasms our walls
and our poor palisades.
Rifleman, true is your heart, but be
sure that your hand be as true
Sharp is the fire of assault, better aimed
are your flank fusillades —
Twice do we hurl them to earth from
the ladders to which they had
clung,
Twice from the ditch where they shel
ter we drive them with hand
grenades;
And ever upon the topmost roof our
banner of England blew.

V

Then on another wild morning another
wild earthquake out-tore
Clean from our lines of defence ten or
twelve good paces or more.
Rifleman, high on the roof, hidden
there from the light of the sun —
One has leapt up on the breach, crying
out: 'Follow me, follow
me!' —
Mark him — he falls! then another
and *him* too, and down goes he
Had they been bold enough then, who
can tell but the traitors had
won?
Boardings and rafters and doors — and
embrasure! make way for the
gun!
Now double-charge it with grape!
is charged and we fire, and they
run.
Praise to our Indian brothers, and let
the dark face have his due!
Thanks to the kindly dark faces who
fought with us, faithful and
few,
Fought with the bravest among us
and drove them, and smote
them, and slew,
That ever upon the topmost roof our
banner in India blew.

VI

Men will forget what we suffer and
not what we do. We can figh

ıt to be soldier all day, and be sentinel all thro' the night —
ʼer the mine and assault, our sallies, their lying alarms,
ıgles and drums in the darkness, and shoutings and soundings to arms,
ʼer the labor of fifty that had to be done by five,
ʼer the marvel among us that one should be left alive,
ʼer the day with its traitorous death from the loopholes around,
ʼer the night with its coffinless corpse to be laid in the ground,
ɐat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge of cataract skies,
ɐnch of old offal decaying, and infinite torment of flies,
ıoughts of the breezes of May blowing over an English field,
ıolera, scurvy, and fever, the wound that *would* not be heal'd,
ɹpping away of the limb by the pitiful-pitiless knife, —
ɹture and trouble in vain, — for it never could save us a life.
ılor of delicate women who tended the hospital bed,
ɹrror of women in travail among the dying and dead,
ıief for our perishing children, and never a moment for grief,
il and ineffable weariness, faltering hopes of relief,
ʌelock baffled, or beaten, or butcher'd for all that we knew —
ɐn day and night, day and night, coming down on the still-shatter'd walls
llions of musket-bullets, and thousands of cannon-balls —
t ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

VII

rk cannonade, fusillade! is it true what was told by the scout,
tram and Havelock breaking their way through the fell mutineers?
rely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our ears!
on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilant shout,
ʌelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquering cheers,
Sick from the hospital echo them, women and children come out,
Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's good fusileers,
Kissing the war-harden'd hand of the Highlander wet with their tears!
Dance to the pibroch! — saved! we are saved! — is it you? is it you?
Saved by the valor of Havelock, saved by the blessing of heaven!
'Hold it for fifteen days!' we have held it for eighty-seven!
And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of England blew.

SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE, LORD COBHAM

(IN WALES)

My friend should meet me somewhere hereabout
To take me to that hiding in the hills.

I have broke their cage, no gilded one, I trow —
I read no more the prisoner's mute wail
Scribbled or carved upon the pitiless stone;
I find hard rocks, hard life, hard cheer, or none,
For I am emptier than a friar's brains;
But God is with me in this wilderness,
These wet black passes and foam-churning chasms —
And God's free air, and hope of better things.

I would I knew their speech; not now to glean,
Not now — I hope to do it — some scatter'd ears,
Some ears for Christ in this wild field of Wales —
But, bread, merely for bread. This tongue that wagg'd
They said with such heretical arrogance
Against the proud archbishop Arundel —
So much God's cause was fluent in it — is here
But as a Latin Bible to the crowd:

'Bara!'—what use? The shepherd, when I speak,
Vailing a sudden eyelid with his hard
'Dim Saesneg,' passes, wroth at things of old—
No fault of mine. Had he God's word in Welsh
He might be kindlier; happily come the day!

Not least art thou, thou little Bethlehem
In Judah, for in thee the Lord was born;
Nor thou in Britain, little Lutterworth,
Least, for in thee the word was born again.

Heaven-sweet Evangel, ever-living word,
Who whilome spakest to the South in Greek
About the soft Mediterranean shores,
And then in Latin to the Latin crowd,
As good need was—thou hast come to talk our isle.
Hereafter thou, fulfilling Pentecost,
Must learn to use the tongues of all the world.
Yet art thou thine own witness that thou bringest
Not peace, a sword, a fire.
What did he say,
My frighted Wiclif-preacher whom I crost
In flying hither? that one night a crowd
Throng'd the waste field about the city gates;
The king was on them suddenly with a host.
Why there? they came to hear their preacher. Then
Some cried on Cobham, on the good Lord Cobham;
Ay, for they love me! but the king—nor voice
Nor finger raised against him—took and hang'd,
Took, hang'd and burnt—how many—thirty-nine—
Call'd it rebellion—hang'd, poor friends, as rebels
And burn'd alive as heretics! for your priest
Labels—to take the king along with him—
All heresy, treason; but to call me traitors
May make men traitors.
Rose of Lancaster
Red in thy birth, redder with household war,
Now reddest with the blood of hol men,
Redder to be, red rose of Lancaster—
If somewhere in the North, as Rumo sang
Fluttering the hawks of this crowi lusting line—
By firth and loch thy silver sist grow,[1]
That were my rose, there my all giance due.
Self-starved, they say—nay, mu der'd, doubtless dead.
So to this king I cleaved. My frien was he,
Once my fast friend; I would hav given my life
To help his own from scathe, a thou sand lives
To save his soul. He might hav come to learn
Our Wiclif's learning; but the world priests,
Who fear the king's hard commo sense should find
What rotten piles uphold their maso work,
Urge him to foreign war. O, had I will'd
I might have stricken a lusty strol for him,
But he would not; far liever led n friend
Back to the pure and universal churc
But he would not—whether that he less flaw
In his throne's title make him feel frail,
He leans on Antichrist; or that h mind,
So quick, so capable in soldiership,
In matters of the faith, alas t while!
More worth than all the kingdoms this world,
Runs in the rut, a coward to t priest.

[1] Richard II.

Burnt — good Sir Roger Acton, my
dear friend!
rnt too, my faithful preacher, Bev-
erley!
rd, give thou power to thy two
witnesses,
st the false faith make merry over
them!
vo — nay, but thirty-nine have risen
and stand,
rk with the smoke of human sacri-
fice,
fore thy light, and cry continually —
y — against whom?
Him, who should bear the sword
Justice — what! the kingly, kindly
boy;
ho took the world so easily hereto-
fore,
boon companion, tavern-fellow —
him
ho jibed and japed — in many a
merry tale
at shook our sides — at pardoners,
summoners,
lars, absolution-sellers, monkeries
d nunneries, when the wild hour
and the wine
d set the wits aflame.
Harry of Monmouth,
Amurath of the East?
Better to sink
y fleurs-de-lys in slime again, and
fling
y royalty back into the riotous
fits
wine and harlotry — thy shame,
and mine,
y comrade — than to persecute the
Lord,
d play the Saul that never will be
Paul.

Burnt, burnt! and while this mitred
Arundel
oms our unlicensed preacher to the
flame,
e mitre-sanction'd harlot draws his
clerks
o the suburb — their hard celibacy,
orn to be veriest ice of pureness,
molten
o adulterous living, or such crimes
holy Paul — a shame to speak of
them —
ong the heathen —
Sanctuary granted
To bandit, thief, assassin — yea, to
him
Who hacks his mother's throat — de-
nied to him
Who finds the Saviour in his mother
tongue.
The Gospel, the priest's pearl, flung
down to swine —
The swine, lay-men, lay-women, who
will come,
God willing, to outlearn the filthy
friar.
Ah, rather, Lord, than that thy Gos
pel, meant
To course and range thro' all the
world, should be
Tether'd to these dead pillars of the
Church —
Rather than so, if thou wilt have it so,
Burst vein, snap sinew, and crack
heart, and life
Pass in the fire of Babylon! but how
long,
O Lord, how long!
My friend should meet me here.
Here is the copse, the fountain and —
a cross!
To thee, dead wood, I bow not head
nor knees.
Rather to thee, green boscage, work
of God,
Black holly, and white-flower'd way-
faring-tree!
Rather to thee, thou living water,
drawn
By this good Wiclif mountain down
from heaven,
And speaking clearly in thy native
tongue —
No Latin — He that thirsteth, come
and drink!

Eh! how I anger'd Arundel asking
me
To worship Holy Cross! I spread
mine arms,
God's work, I said, a cross of flesh and
blood
And holier. That was heresy. — My
good friend
By this time should be with me. —
'Images?'
'Bury them as God's truer images
Are daily buried.' 'Heresy. — Pen
ance?' 'Fast,

Hair-shirt and scourge — nay, let a man repent,
Do penance in his heart, God hears him.' 'Heresy —
Not shriven, not saved?' 'What profits an ill priest
Between me and my God? I would not spurn
Good counsel of good friends, but shrive myself —
No, not to an Apostle.' 'Heresy.' —
My friend is long in coming. — 'Pilgrimages?'
'Drink, bagpipes, revelling, devil's-dances, vice.
The poor man's money gone to fat the friar.
Who reads of begging saints in Scripture?' — 'Heresy' —
Hath he been here — not found me — gone again?
Have I mislearnt our place of meeting? — 'Bread —
Bread left after the blessing?' how they stared,
That was their main test-question — glared at me!
'He veil'd Himself in flesh, and now He veils
His flesh in bread, body and bread together.'
Then rose the howl of all the cassock'd wolves,
'No bread, no bread. God's body!' Archbishop, bishop,
Priors, canons, friars, bell-ringers, parish-clerks —
'No bread, no bread!' — 'Authority of the Church,
Power of the keys!' — Then I, God help me, I
So mock'd, so spurn'd, so baited two whole days —
I lost myself and fell from evenness,
And rail'd at all the Popes that, ever since
Sylvester shed the venom of world-wealth
Into the church, had only proven themselves
Poisoners, murderers. Well — God pardon all —
Me, them, and all the world — yea, that proud priest,
That mock-meek mouth of utter Antichrist,
That traitor to King Richard and th truth,
Who rose and doom'd me to the fire. Amen
Nay, I can burn, so that the Lord o life
Be by me in my death.
Those three! the fourt
Was like the Son of God! Not burn were they.
On *them* the smell of burning had no past.
That was a miracle to convert th king.
These Pharisees, this Caiaphas-Arun del
What miracle could turn? *He* her again,
He thwarting their traditions of Him self,
He would be found a heretic to Him self,
And doom'd to burn alive.
So, caught, I burn
Burn? heathen men have borne a much as this,
For freedom, or the sake of those the loved,
Or some less cause, some cause far les than mine;
For every other cause is less than mine
The moth will singe her wings, an singed return,
Her love of light quenching her fea of pain —
How now, my soul, we do not hee the fire?
Faint-hearted? tut! — faint-ston ach'd! faint as I am,
God willing, I will burn for Him.
Who comes
A thousand marks are set upon m head.
Friend? — foe perhaps — a tussle fo it then!
Nay, but my friend. Thou art s well disguised,
I knew thee not. Hast thou brough bread with thee?
I have not broken bread for fifty hour
None? I am damn'd already by th priest
For holding there was bread whe bread was none —
No bread. My friends await me yo der? Yes.

ead on then. *Up* the mountain? Is it far?
ot far. Climb first and reach me down thy hand.
am not like to die for lack of bread,
or I must live to testify by fire.[1]

COLUMBUS

HAINS, my good lord! In your raised brows I read
ome wonder at our chamber ornaments.
e brought this iron from our isles of gold.

Does the King know you deign to visit him
hom once he rose from off his throne to greet
efore his people, like his brother king?
saw your face that morning in the crowd.

At Barcelona — tho' you were not then
bearded. Yes. The city deck'd herself
meet me, roar'd my name; the King, the Queen,
ade me be seated, speak, and tell them all
he story of my voyage, and while I spoke
he crowd's roar fell as at the 'Peace, be still!'
nd when I ceased to speak, the King, the Queen,
nk from their thrones, and melted into tears,
nd knelt, and lifted hand and heart and voice
praise to God who led me thro' the waste.
nd then the great 'Laudamus' rose to heaven.

Chains for the Admiral of the Ocean! chains
r him who gave a new heaven, a new earth,
holy John had prophesied of me,

[1] He was burnt on Christmas Day, 1417.

Gave glory and more empire to the kings
Of Spain than all their battles! chains for him
Who push'd his prows into the setting sun,
And made West East, and sail'd the Dragon's Mouth,
And came upon the Mountain of the World,
And saw the rivers roll from Paradise!

Chains! we are Admirals of the Ocean, we,
We and our sons for ever. Ferdinand
Hath sign'd it and our Holy Catholic Queen —
Of the Ocean — of the Indies — Admirals we —
Our title, which we never mean to yield,
Our guerdon not alone for what we did,
But our amends for all we might have done —
The vast occasion of our stronger life —
Eighteen long years of waste, seven in your Spain,
Lost, showing courts and kings a truth the babe
Will suck in with his milk hereafter — earth
A sphere.

Were *you* at Salamanca? No.
We fronted there the learning of all Spain,
All their cosmogonies, their astronomies.
Guess-work *they* guess'd it, but the golden guess
Is morning-star to the full round of truth.
No guess-work! I was certain of my goal;
Some thought it heresy, but that would not hold.
King David call'd the heavens a hide, a tent
Spread over earth, and so this earth was flat.
Some cited old Lactantius; could it be
That trees grew downward, rain fell upward, men

Walk'd like the fly on ceilings? and besides,
The great Augustine wrote that none could breathe
Within the zone of heat; so might there be
Two Adams, two mankinds, and that was clean
Against God's word. Thus was I beaten back,
And chiefly to my sorrow by the Church,
And thought to turn my face from Spain, appeal
Once more to France or England; but our Queen
Recall'd me, for at last their Highnesses
Were half-assured this earth might be a sphere.

All glory to the all-blessed Trinity,
All glory to the mother of our Lord,
And Holy Church, from whom I never swerved
Not even by one hair's-breadth of heresy,
I have accomplish'd what I came to do.

Not yet — not all — last night a dream — I sail'd
On my first voyage, harass'd by the frights
Of my first crew, their curses and their groans,
The great flame-banner borne by Teneriffe,
The compass, like an old friend false at last
In our most need, appall'd them, and the wind
Still westward, and the weedy seas — at length
The land-bird, and the branch with berries on it,
The carven staff — and last the light, the light
On Guanahani! but I changed the name;
San Salvador I call'd it; and the light
Grew as I gazed, and brought out a broad sky
Of dawning over — not those alien palms,
The marvel of that fair new nature — not
That Indian isle, but our most ancien East,
Moriah with Jerusalem; and I saw s
The glory of the Lord flash up, an beat
Thro' all the homely town from jasper sapphire,
Chalcedony, emerald, sardonyx, sar dius,
Chrysolite, beryl, topaz, chrysoprase,
Jacynth, and amethyst — and thos twelve gates,
Pearl — and I woke, and thought — death — I shall die —
I am written in the Lamb's own Boo of Life
To walk within the glory of the Lord
Sunless and moonless, utter light — but no!
The Lord had sent this bright, strang dream to me
To mind me of the secret vow made
When Spain was waging war agains the Moor —
I strove myself with Spain against th Moor.
There came two voices from the Sep ulchre,
Two friars crying that, if Spain shoul oust
The Moslem from her limit, he, th fierce
Soldan of Egypt, would break dow and raze
The blessed tomb of Christ; whereo I vow'd
That, if our princes harken'd to m prayer,
Whatever wealth I brought from tha new world
Should, in this old, be consecrate t lead
A new crusade against the Saracen,
And free the Holy Sepulchre fro thrall.

Gold? I had brought your princ gold enough
If left alone! Being but a Genoves
I am handled worse than had I been Moor,
And breach'd the belting wall of Car balu,
And given the Great Khan's palac to the Moor,

r clutch'd the sacred crown of Prester John,
nd cast it to the Moor. But *had* I brought
rom Solomon's now-recover'd Ophir all
he gold that Solomon's navies carried home,
Vould that have gilded *me*? Blue blood of Spain,
ho' quartering your own royal arms of Spain,
have not; blue blood and black blood of Spain,
he noble and the convict of Castile,
owl'd me from Hispaniola. For you know
he flies at home, that ever swarm about
nd cloud the highest heads, and murmur down
ruth in the distance — these outbuzz'd me so
hat even our prudent King, our righteous Queen —
pray'd them being so calumniated
hey would commission one of weight and worth
o judge between my slander'd self and me —
onseca my main enemy at their court,
hey sent me out *his* tool, Bovadilla, one
s ignorant and impolitic as a beast —
lockish irreverence, brainless greed — who sack'd
y dwelling, seized upon my papers, loosed
y captives, feed the rebels of the crown,
old the crown-farms for all but nothing, gave
ll but free leave for all to work the mines,
rove me and my good brothers home in chains,
nd gathering ruthless gold — a single piece
eigh'd nigh four thousand Castillanos — so
ney tell me — weigh'd him down into the abysm —
ne hurricane of the latitude on him fell,
ne seas of our discovering over-roll
im and his gold; the frailer caravel,
With what was mine, came happily to the shore.
There was a glimmering of God's hand.

And God
Hath more than glimmer'd on me. O my lord,
I swear to you I heard His voice between
The thunders in the black Veragua nights,
'O soul of little faith, slow to believe!
Have I not been about thee from thy birth?
Given thee the keys of the great Ocean-sea?
Set thee in light till time shall be no more?
Is it I who have deceived thee or the world?
Endure! thou hast done so well for men, that men
Cry out against thee. Was it otherwise
With mine own Son?'

And more than once in days
Of doubt and cloud and storm, when drowning hope
Sank all but out of sight, I heard His voice,
'Be not cast down. I lead thee by the hand,
Fear not.' And I shall hear His voice again —
I know that He has led me all my life,
I am not yet too old to work His will —
His voice again.

Still for all that, my lord,
I lying here bedridden and alone,
Cast off, put by, scouted by court and king —
The first discoverer starves — his followers, all
Flower into fortune — our world's way — and I,
Without a roof that I can call mine own,
With scarce a coin to buy a meal withal,
And seeing what a door for scoundrel scum

I open'd to the West, thro' which the lust,
Villainy, violence, avarice, of your Spain
Pour'd in on all those happy naked isles —
Their kindly native princes slain or slaved,
Their wives and children Spanish concubines,
Their innocent hospitalities quench'd in blood,
Some dead of hunger, some beneath the scourge,
Some over-labor'd, some by their own hands, —
Yea, the dear mothers, crazing Nature, kill
Their babies at the breast for hate of Spain —
Ah God, the harmless people whom we found
In Hispaniola's island-Paradise!
Who took us for the very gods from heaven,
And we have sent them very fiends from hell:
And I myself, myself not blameless, I
Could sometimes wish I had never led the way.

Only the ghost of our great Catholic Queen
Smiles on me, saying, 'Be thou comforted!
This creedless people will be brought to Christ
And own the holy governance of Rome.'

But who could dream that we, who bore the Cross
Thither, were excommunicated there,
For curbing crimes that scandalized the Cross,
By him, the Catalonian Minorite,
Rome's Vicar in our Indies? who believe
These hard memorials of our truth to Spain
Clung closer to us for a longer term
Than any friend of ours at Court? and yet
Pardon — too harsh, unjust. I am rack'd with pains.

You see that I have hung them by my bed,
And I will have them buried in my grave.

Sir, in that flight of ages which are God's
Own voice to justify the dead — perchance
Spain, once the most chivalric race on earth,
Spain, then the mightiest, wealthiest realm on earth,
So made by me, may seek to unbury me,
To lay me in some shrine of this old Spain,
Or in that vaster Spain I leave to Spain.
Then some one standing by my grave will say,
'Behold the bones of Christopher Colòn' —
'Ay, but the chains, what do *the* mean — the chains?'
I sorrow for that kindly child of Spain
Who then will have to answer, 'These same chains
Bound these same bones back thro' the Atlantic sea,
Which he unchain'd for all the world to come.'

O Queen of Heaven who seest the souls in hell
And purgatory, I suffer all as much
As they do — for the moment. Stay my son
Is here anon; my son will speak for me
Ablier than I can in these spasms that grind
Bone against bone. You will not One last word.

You move about the Court: I pray you tell
King Ferdinand who plays with me that one
Whose life has been no play with his and his
Hidalgos — shipwrecks, famines, fevers, fights,
Mutinies, treacheries — wink'd at, and condoned —

hat I am loyal to him till the death,
nd ready — tho' our Holy Catholic Queen,
'ho fain had pledged her jewels on my first voyage,
'hose hope was mine to spread the Catholic faith,
'ho wept with me when I return'd in chains,
'ho sits beside the blessed Virgin now,
o whom I send my prayer by night and day —
ie is gone — but you will tell the King, that I,
ick'd as I am with gout, and wrench'd with pains
ain'd in the service of His Highness, yet
m ready to sail forth on one last voyage,
nd readier, if the King would hear, to lead
ie last crusade against the Saracen,
nd save the Holy Sepulchre from thrall.

Going? I am old and slighted; you have dared
mewhat perhaps in coming? my poor thanks!
am but an alien and a Genovese.

THE VOYAGE OF MAELDUNE

(FOUNDED ON AN IRISH LEGEND A. D. 700)

I

WAS the chief of the race — he had stricken my father dead —
it I gather'd my fellows together, I swore I would strike off his head.
ch of them look'd like a king, and was noble in birth as in worth,
nd each of them boasted he sprang from the oldest race upon earth.
ch was as brave in the fight as the bravest hero of song,
nd each of them liefer had died than have done one another a wrong.
lived on an isle in the ocean — we sail'd on a Friday morn —
that had slain my father the day before I was born.

II

And we came to the isle in the ocean, and there on the shore was he.
But a sudden blast blew us out and away thro' a boundless sea.

III

And we came to the Silent Isle that we never had touch'd at before,
Where a silent ocean always broke on a silent shore,
And the brooks glitter'd on in the light without sound, and the long waterfalls
Pour'd in a thunderless plunge to the base of the mountain walls,
And the poplar and cypress unshaken by storm flourish'd up beyond sight,
And the pine shot aloft from the crag to an unbelievable height,
And high in the heaven above it there flicker'd a songless lark,
And the cock could n't crow, and the bull could n't low, and the dog could n't bark.
And round it we went, and thro' it, but never a murmur, a breath —
It was all of it fair as life, it was all of it quiet as death,
And we hated the beautiful isle, for whenever we strove to speak
Our voices were thinner and fainter than any flittermouse shriek;
And the men that were mighty of tongue and could raise such a battle-cry
That a hundred who heard it would rush on a thousand lances and die —
O, they to be dumb'd by the charm! — so fluster'd with anger were they
They almost fell on each other; but after we sail'd away.

IV

And we came to the Isle of Shouting; we landed, a score of wild birds
Cried from the topmost summit with human voices and words.
Once in an hour they cried, and whenever their voices peal'd
The steer fell down at the plow and the harvest died from the field,

And the men dropt dead in the valleys and half of the cattle went lame,
And the roof sank in on the hearth, and the dwelling broke into flame;
And the shouting of these wild birds ran into the hearts of my crew,
Till they shouted along with the shouting and seized one another and slew.
But I drew them the one from the other; I saw that we could not stay,
And we left the dead to the birds, and we sail'd with our wounded away.

V

And we came to the Isle of Flowers; their breath met us out on the seas,
For the Spring and the middle Summer sat each on the lap of the breeze;
And the red passion-flower to the cliffs, and the dark-blue clematis, clung,
And starr'd with a myriad blossom the long convolvulus hung;
And the topmost spire of the mountain was lilies in lieu of snow,
And the lilies like glaciers winded down, running out below
Thro' the fire of the tulip and poppy, the blaze of gorse, and the blush
Of millions of roses that sprang without leaf or a thorn from the bush;
And the whole isle-side flashing down from the peak without ever a tree
Swept like a torrent of gems from the sky to the blue of the sea.
And we roll'd upon capes of crocus and vaunted our kith and our kin,
And we wallow'd in beds of lilies, and chanted the triumph of Finn,
Till each like a golden image was pollen'd from head to feet
And each was as dry as a cricket, with thirst in the middle-day heat.
Blossom and blossom, and promise of blossom, but never a fruit!
And we hated the Flowering Isle, as we hated the isle that was mute,
And we tore up the flowers by th million and flung them in bigh and bay,
And we left but a naked rock, and i anger we sail'd away.

VI

And we came to the Isle of Fruits; a round from the cliffs and th capes,
Purple or amber, dangled a hundre fathom of grapes,
And the warm melon lay like a litt sun on the tawny sand,
And the fig ran up from the beach an rioted over the land,
And the mountain arose like a jewell throne thro' the fragrant air,
Glowing with all-color'd plums an with golden masses of pear,
And the crimson and scarlet of berri that flamed upon bine and vin
But in every berry and fruit was th poisonous pleasure of wine;
And the peak of the mountain w apples, the hugest that ev were seen,
And they prest, as they grew, on eac other, with hardly a leaflet b tween,
And all of them redder than rosie health or than utterest shame
And setting, when Even descende the very sunset aflame.
And we stay'd three days, and v gorged and we madden'd, t every one drew
His sword on his fellow to slay hi and ever they struck and th slew;
And myself, I had eaten but sparel and fought till I sunder'd t fray,
Then I bade them remember my ther's death, and we sail'd awa

VII

And we came to the Isle of Fire; were lured by the light fr afar,
For the peak sent up one league of f to the Northern Star;
Lured by the glare and the blare, b scarcely could stand upright,
For the whole isle shudder'd and sho like a man in a mortal affrigh

Ve were giddy besides with the fruits we had gorged, and so crazed that at last
here were some leap'd into the fire; and away we sail'd, and we past ver that undersea isle, where the water is clearer than air.
own we look'd — what a garden! O bliss, what a Paradise there!
owers of a happier time, low down in a rainbow deep
ilent palaces, quiet fields of eternal sleep!
nd three of the gentlest and best of my people, whate'er I could say, lunged head-down in the sea, and the Paradise trembled away.

VIII

nd we came to the Bounteous Isle, where the heavens lean low on the land,
nd ever at dawn from the cloud glitter'd o'er us a sun-bright hand,
hen it open'd and dropt at the side of each man, as he rose from his rest,
read enough for his need till the laborless day dipt under the west;
nd we wander'd about it and thro' it. O, never was time so good!
nd we sang of the triumphs of Finn, and the boast of our ancient blood,
nd we gazed at the wandering wave as we sat by the gurgle of springs,
nd we chanted the songs of the Bards and the glories of fairy kings.
ut at length we began to be weary, to sigh, and to stretch and yawn,
ll we hated the Bounteous Isle and the sun-bright hand of the dawn,
or there was not an enemy near, but the whole green isle was our own,
nd we took to playing at ball, and we took to throwing the stone,
nd we took to playing at battle, but that was a perilous play,
or the passion of battle was in us, we slew and we sail'd away.

IX

nd we came to the Isle of Witches and heard their musical cry —
'Come to us, O, come, come!' in the stormy red of a sky
Dashing the fires and the shadows of dawn on the beautiful shapes,
For a wild witch naked as heaven stood on each of the loftiest capes,
And a hundred ranged on the rock like white sea-birds in a row,
And a hundred gamboll'd and pranced on the wrecks in the sand below,
And a hundred splash'd from the ledges, and bosom'd the burst of the spray;
But I knew we should fall on each other, and hastily sail'd away.

X

And we came in an evil time to the Isle of the Double Towers,
One was of smooth-cut stone, one carved all over with flowers,
But an earthquake always moved in the hollows under the dells,
And they shock'd on each other and butted each other with clashing of bells,
And the daws flew out of the towers and jangled and wrangled in vain,
And the clash and boom of the bells rang into the heart and the brain,
Till the passion of battle was on us, and all took sides with the towers,
There were some for the clean-cut stone, there were more for the carven flowers,
And the wrathful thunder of God peal'd over us all the day,
For the one half slew the other, and after we sail'd away.

XI

And we came to the Isle of a Saint who had sail'd with Saint Brendan of yore,
He had lived ever since on the isle and his winters were fifteen score,
And his voice was low as from other worlds, and his eyes were sweet,
And his white hair sank to his heels, and his white beard fell to his feet,

And he spake to me: 'O Maeldune, let be this purpose of thine!
Remember the words of the Lord when he told us, "Vengeance is mine!"
His fathers have slain thy fathers in war or in single strife,
Thy fathers have slain his fathers, each taken a life for a life,
Thy father had slain his father, how long shall the murder last?
Go back to the Isle of Finn and suffer the Past to be Past.'
And we kiss'd the fringe of his beard, and we pray'd as we heard him pray,
And the holy man he assoil'd us, and sadly we sail'd away.

XII

And we came to the isle we were blown from, and there on the shore was he,
The man that had slain my father. I saw him and let him be.
O, weary was I of the travel, the trouble, the strife, and the sin,
When I landed again with a tithe of my men, on the Isle of Finn!

DE PROFUNDIS:

THE TWO GREETINGS

I

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
Where all that was to be, in all that was,
Whirl'd for a million æons thro' the vast
Waste dawn of multitudinous-eddying light—
Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
Thro' all this changing world of changeless law,
And every phase of ever-heightening life,
And nine long months of antenatal gloom,
With this last moon, this crescent—her dark orb
Touch'd with earth's light—thou comest, darling boy;
Our own; a babe in lineament and limb
Perfect, and prophet of the perfect man;
Whose face and form are hers and mine in one,
Indissolubly married like our love.
Live, and be happy in thyself, and serve
This mortal race thy kin so well that men
May bless thee as we bless thee, O young life
Breaking with laughter from the dark; and may
The fated channel where thy motion lives
Be prosperously shaped, and swayed thy course
Along the years of haste and random youth
Unshatter'd; then full-current thro' full man:
And last in kindly curves, with gentlest fall,
By quiet fields, a slowly-dying power
To that last deep where we and thou are still.

II

I

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
From that great deep, before our world begins,
Whereon the Spirit of God moves as he will—
Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
From that true world within the world we see,
Whereof our world is but the bounding shore—
Out of the deep, Spirit, out of the deep,
With this ninth moon, that sends the hidden sun
Down yon dark sea, thou comest, dazzling boy.

II

For in the world which is not our They said,
'Let us make man,' and that which should be man,

om that one light no man can look upon,
ew to this shore lit by the suns and moons
ıd all the shadows. O dear Spirit, half-lost
thine own shadow and this fleshly sign
ıat thou art thou — who wailest being born
ıd banish'd into mystery, and the pain
this divisible-indivisible world
nong the numerable-innumerable
n, sun, and sun, thro' finite-infinite space
finite-infinite Time — our mortal veil
ıd shatter'd phantom of that infinite One,
ho made thee unconceivably Thyself
ıt of His whole World-self and all in all —
ve thou! and of the grain and husk, the grape
ıd ivy-berry, choose; and still depart
om death to death thro' life and life, and find
earer and ever nearer Him, who wrought
ıt matter, nor the finite-infinite,
ıt this main-miracle, that thou art thou,
ith power on thine own act and on the world.

THE HUMAN CRY

I

LLOWED be Thy name — Hallelujah! —
Infinite Ideality!
Immeasurable Reality!
Infinite Personality!
llowed be Thy name — Halleluiah!

II

e feel we are nothing — for all is Thou and in Thee;
e feel we are something — *that* also has come from Thee;
e know we are nothing — but Thou wilt help us to be.
llowed be Thy name — Halleluiah!

SONNETS

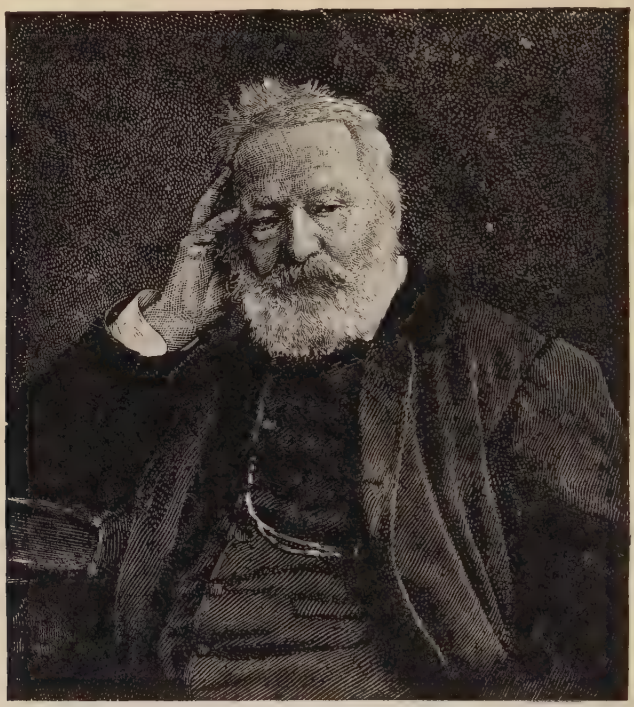
PREFATORY SONNET

TO 'THE NINETEENTH CENTURY'

THOSE that of late had fleeted far and fast
To touch all shores, now leaving to the skill
Of others their old craft seaworthy still,
Have charter'd this; where, mindful of the past,
Our true co-mates regather round the mast;
Of diverse tongue, but with a common will
Here, in this roaring moon of daffodil
And crocus, to put forth and brave the blast.
For some, descending from the sacred peak
Of hoar high-templed Faith, have leagued again
Their lot with ours to rove the world about;
And some are wilder comrades, sworn to seek
If any golden harbor be for men
In seas of Death and sunless gulfs of Doubt.

TO THE REV. W. H. BROOKFIELD

BROOKS, for they call'd you so that knew you best,
Old Brooks, who loved so well to mouth my rhymes,
How oft we two have heard Saint Mary's chimes!
How oft the Cantab supper, host and guest,
Would echo helpless laughter to your jest!
How oft with him we paced that walk of limes,
Him, the lost light of those dawn-golden times,
Who loved you well! Now both are gone to rest.
You man of humorous-melancholy mark,
Dead of some inward agony — is it so?
Our kindlier, trustier Jaques, past away!



VICTOR HUGO

I cannot laud this life, it looks so dark.
Σκιᾶς ὄναρ—dream of a shadow, go—
God bless you! I shall join you in a day.

MONTENEGRO

THEY rose to where their sovran eagle sails,
They kept their faith, their freedom, on the height,
Chaste, frugal, savage, arm'd by day and night
Against the Turk; whose inroad nowhere scales
Their headlong passes, but his footstep fails,
And red with blood the Crescent reels from fight
Before their dauntless hundreds, in prone flight
By thousands down the crags and thr
the vales.
O smallest among peoples! roug
rock-throne
Of Freedom! warriors beating bac
the swarm
Of Turkish Islam for five hundr
years,
Great Tsernogora! never since thi
own
Black ridges drew the cloud and bral
the storm
Has breathed a race of mightier mou
taineers.

TO VICTOR HUGO

VICTOR in Drama, Victor in Romanc
Cloud-weaver of phantasmal hop
and fears,
French of the French, and Lord
human tears;

hild-lover; Bard whose fame-lit
laurels glance
arkening the wreaths of all that
would advance,
eyond our strait, their claim to be
thy peers;
Veird Titan by thy winter weight of
years
s yet unbroken, stormy voice of
France!
Who dost not love our England — so
they say;
know not — England, France, all
man to be
Vill make one people ere man's race
be run:
nd I, desiring that diviner day,
ield thee full thanks for thy full
courtesy
o younger England in the boy my
son.

TRANSLATIONS, ETC.

BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH

I

[1] ATHELSTAN King,
Lord among Earls,
Bracelet-bestower and
Baron of Barons,
He with his brother,
Edmund Atheling,
Gaining a lifelong
Glory in battle,
Slew with the sword-edge
There by Brunanburh,
Brake the shield-wall,
Hew'd the linden-wood,[2]
Hack'd the battle-shield,
ns of Edward with hammer'd brands.

II

Theirs was a greatness
Got from their grandsires —
Theirs that so often in
Strife with their enemies
ruck for their hoards and their
hearths and their homes.

III

Bow'd the spoiler,
Bent the Scotsman,
Fell the ship-crews
Doom'd to the death.
All the field with blood of the fighters
Flow'd, from when first the
great
Sun-star of morning-tide,
Lamp of the Lord God
Lord everlasting,
Glode over earth till the glorious crea
ture
Sank to his setting.

IV

There lay many a man
Marr'd by the javelin,
Men of the Northland
Shot over shield.
There was the Scotsman
Weary of war.

V

We the West-Saxons,
Long as the daylight
Lasted, in companies
Troubled the track of the host that we
hated;
Grimly with swords that were sharp
from the grindstone,
Fiercely we hack'd at the flyers before
us.

VI

Mighty the Mercian,
Hard was his hand-play,
Sparing not any of
Those that with Anlaf,
Warriors over the
Weltering waters
Borne in the bark's-bosom,
Drew to this island —
Doom'd to the death.

VII

Five young kings put asleep by the
swordstroke,
Seven strong earls of the army of
Anlaf
Fell on the war-field, numberless num
bers,
Shipmen and Scotsmen.

[1] I have more or less availed myself of
r son's prose translation of this poem in
'Contemporary Review' (November,
'6).
[2] Shields of lindenwood.

VIII

Then the Norse leader—
Dire was his need of it,
Few were his following—
Fled to his war-ship;
Fleeted his vessel to sea with the king in it,
Saving his life on the fallow flood.

IX

Also the crafty one,
Constantinus,
Crept to his North again,
Hoar-headed hero!

X

Slender warrant had
He to be proud of
The welcome of war-knives—
He that was reft of his
Folk and his friends that had
Fallen in conflict,
Leaving his son too
Lost in the carnage,
Mangled to morsels,
A youngster in war!

XI

Slender reason had
He to be glad of
The clash of the war-glaive—
Traitor and trickster
And spurner of treaties—
He nor had Anlaf
With armies so broken
A reason for bragging
That they had the better
In perils of battle
On places of slaughter—
The struggle of standards,
The rush of the javelins,
The crash of the charges,[1]
The wielding of weapons—
The play that they play'd with
The children of Edward.

XII

Then with their nail'd prows
Parted the Norsemen, a
Blood-redden'd relic of
Javelins over
The jarring breaker, the deep-sea billow,

[1] Lit. 'the gathering of men.'

Shaping their way toward Dyfle
again,
Shamed in their souls.

XIII

Also the brethren,
King and Atheling,
Each in his glory,
Went to his own in his own Wes
Saxonland,
Glad of the war.

XIV

Many a carcase they left to be carrio
Many a livid one, many a sallow-skin
Left for the white-tail'd eagle to te
it, and
Left for the horny-nibb'd raven
rend it, and
Gave to the garbaging war-hawk
gorge it, and
That gray beast, the wolf of t
weald.

XV

Never had huger
Slaughter of heroes
Slain by the sword-edge—
Such as old writers
Have writ of in histories—
Hapt in this isle, since
Up from the East hither
Saxon and Angle from
Over the broad billow
Broke into Britain with
Haughty war-workers who
Harried the Welshman, when
Earls that were lured by the
Hunger of glory gat
Hold of the land.

ACHILLES OVER THE TRENCH

[ILIAD, XVIII. 202]

So saying, light-foot Iris pass'd awa
Then rose Achilles dear to Zeus; a
round
The warrior's puissant shoulders P
las flung
Her fringed ægis, and around his he
The glorious goddess wreath'd a gold
cloud,

[1] Dublin.

DANTE ALIGHIERI

ıd from it lighted an all-shining
flame.
when a smoke from a city goes to
heaven
r off from out an island girt by
foes,
l day the men contend in grievous
war
ɔm their own city, but with set of
sun
eir fires flame thickly, and aloft the
glare
es streaming, if perchance the
neighbors round
y see, and sail to help them in the
war;
from his head the splendor went to
heaven.

From wall to dyke he stept, he stood,
nor join'd
The Achæans — honoring his wise mo-
ther's word —
There standing, shouted, and Pallas
far away
Call'd; and a boundless panic shook
the foe.
For like the clear voice when a trum-
pet shrills,
Blown by the fierce beleaguerers of a
town,
So rang the clear voice of Æakidês;
And when the brazen cry of Æakidês
Was heard among the Trojans, all
their hearts
Were troubled, and the full-maned
horses whirl'd

The chariots backward, knowing griefs at hand;
And sheer-astounded were the charioteers
To see the dread, unweariable fire
That always o'er the great Peleion's head
Burn'd, for the bright-eyed goddess made it burn.
Thrice from the dyke he sent his mighty shout,
Thrice backward reel'd the Trojans and allies;
And there and then twelve of their noblest died
Among their spears and chariots.

TO PRINCESS FREDERICA ON HER MARRIAGE

O you that were eyes and light to the King till he past away
From the darkness of life—
He saw not his daughter—he blest her: the blind King sees you to-day,
He blesses the wife.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN

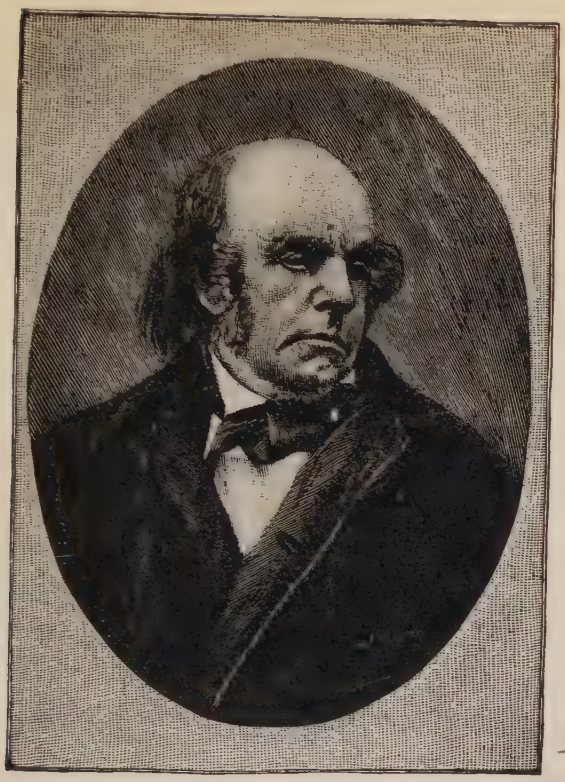
ON THE CENOTAPH IN WESTMINSTE ABBEY

Not here! the white North has th bones; and thou,
Heroic sailor-soul,
Art passing on thine happier voyag now
Toward no earthly pole.

TO DANTE

(WRITTEN AT REQUEST OF THE FLO ENTINES)

King, that hast reign'd six hundr years, and grown
In power, and ever growest, sin thine own
Fair Florence honoring thy nativity,
Thy Florence now the crown of Ital
Hath sought the tribute of a ver from me,
I, wearing but the garland of a day,
Cast at thy feet one flower that fad away.



EDWARD FITZGERALD

TIRESIAS AND OTHER POEMS

DEDICATION

TO MY GOOD FRIEND

ROBERT BROWNING

OSE GENIUS AND GENIALITY WILL BEST APPRECIATE WHAT MAY BE BEST
ND MAKE MOST ALLOWANCE FOR WHAT MAY BE WORST, THIS VOLUME IS
FFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

TO E. FITZGERALD

D FITZ, who from your suburb grange,
Where once I tarried for a while,
nce at the wheeling orb of change,
nd greet it with a kindly smile;

Whom yet I see as there you sit
Beneath your sheltering garden-tree,
And watch your doves about you flit,
And plant on shoulder, hand, and knee,
Or on your head their rosy feet,
As if they knew your diet spares

Whatever moved in that full sheet
Let down to Peter at his prayers;
Who live on milk and meal and grass;
And once for ten long weeks I tried
Your table of Pythagoras,
And seem'd at first 'a thing enskied,'
As Shakespeare has it, airy-light
To float above the ways of men,
Then fell from that half-spiritual height
Chill'd, till I tasted flesh again
One night when earth was winter-black,
And all the heavens flash'd in frost;
And on me, half-asleep, came back
That wholesome heat the blood had lost,
And set me climbing icy capes
And glaciers, over which there roll'd
To meet me long-arm'd vines with grapes
Of Eshcol hugeness; for the cold
Without, and warmth within me, wrought
To mould the dream; but none can say
That Lenten fare makes Lenten thought
Who reads your golden Eastern lay,
Than which I know no version done
In English more divinely well;
A planet equal to the sun
Which cast it, that large infidel
Your Omar; and your Omar drew
Full-handed plaudits from our best
In modern letters, and from two,
Old friends outvaluing all the rest,
Two voices heard on earth no more;
But we old friends are still alive,
And I am nearing seventy-four,
While you have touch'd at seventy-five,
And so I send a birthday line
Of greeting; and my son, who dipt
In some forgotten book of mine
With sallow scraps of manuscript,
And dating many a year ago,
Has hit on this, which you will take,
My Fitz, and welcome, as I know,
Less for its own than for the sake
Of one recalling gracious times,
When, in our younger London days,
You found some merit in my rhymes,
And I more pleasure in your praise.

TIRESIAS

I WISH I were as in the days of old,
While yet the blessed daylight ma
itself
Ruddy thro' both the roofs of sigh
and woke
These eyes, now dull, but then so ke
to seek
The meanings ambush'd under all th
saw,
The flight of birds, the flame of sac
fice,
What omens may foreshadow fate
man
And woman, and the secret of t
Gods.
My son, the Gods, despite of hum
prayer,
Are slower to forgive than hum
kings.
The great God Arês burns in ang
still
Against the guiltless heirs of him fr
Tyre,
Our Cadmus, out of whom thou a
who found
Beside the springs of Dircê, smote, a
still'd
Thro' all its folds the multitudino
beast,
The dragon, which our trembling
thers call'd
The God's own son.
A tale, that told to n
When but thine age, by age as w
ter-white
As mine is now, amazed, but made
yearn
For larger glimpses of that more th
man
Which rolls the heavens, and lifts a
lays the deep,
Yet loves and hates with mortal ha
and loves,
And moves unseen among the w
of men.
Then, in my wanderings all
lands that lie
Subjected to the Heliconian ridge
Have heard this footstep fall, alt
my wont
Was more to scale the highest of
heights
With some strange hope to see
nearer God.

One naked peak — the sister of the Sun
Would climb from out the dark, and linger there
o silver all the valleys with her shafts —
here once, but long ago, five-fold thy term
f years, I lay; the winds were dead for heat;
he noonday crag made the hand burn; and sick
or shadow — not one bush was near — I rose,
ollowing a torrent till its myriad falls
ound silence in the hollows underneath.
There in a secret olive-glade I saw
allas Athene climbing from the bath
n anger; yet one glittering foot disturb'd
he lucid well; one snowy knee was prest
gainst the margin flowers; a dreadful light
ame from her golden hair, her golden helm
nd all her golden armor on the grass,
nd from her virgin breast, and virgin eyes
emaining fixt on mine, till mine grew dark
or ever, and I heard a voice that said,
Henceforth be blind, for thou hast seen too much,
nd speak the truth that no man may believe.'
Son, in the hidden world of sight that lives
ehind this darkness, I behold her still,
eyond all work of those who carve the stone,
eyond all dreams of Godlike womanhood,
effable beauty, out of whom, at a glance,
nd as it were, perforce, upon me flash'd
he power of prophesying — but to me
o power — so chain'd and coupled with the curse
blindness and their unbelief who heard
And heard not, when I spake of famine, plague,
Shrine-shattering earthquake, fire, flood, thunderbolt,
And angers of the Gods for evil done
And expiation lack'd — no power on Fate
Theirs, or mine own! for when the crowd would roar
For blood, for war, whose issue was their doom,
To cast wise words among the multitude
Was flinging fruit to lions; nor, in hours
Of civil outbreak, when I knew the twain
Would each waste each, and bring on both the yoke
Of stronger states, was mine the voice to curb
The madness of our cities and their kings.
Who ever turn'd upon his heel to hear
My warning that the tyranny of one
Was prelude to the tyranny of all?
My counsel that the tyranny of all
Led backward to the tyranny of one?
This power hath work'd no good to aught that lives,
And these blind hands were useless in their wars.
O, therefore, that the unfulfill'd desire,
The grief for ever born from griefs to be,
The boundless yearning of the prophet's heart —
Could *that* stand forth, and like a statue, rear'd
To some great citizen, win all praise from all
Who past it, saying, 'That was he!'
In vain!
Virtue must shape itself in deed, and those
Whom weakness or necessity have cramp'd
Within themselves, immerging, each, his urn
In his own well, draws solace as he may.
Menœceus, thou hast eyes, and I can hear
Too plainly what full tides of onset sap

Our seven high gates, and what a weight of war
Rides on those ringing axles! jingle of bits,
Shouts, arrows, tramp of the horn-footed horse
That grind the glebe to powder! Stony showers
Of that ear-stunning hail of Arês crash
Along the sounding walls. Above, below,
Shock after shock, the song-built towers and gates
Reel, bruised and butted with the shuddering
War-thunder of iron rams; and from within
The city comes a murmur void of joy,
Lest she be taken captive — maidens, wives,
And mothers with their babblers of the dawn,
And oldest age in shadow from the night,
Falling about their shrines before their Gods,
And wailing, 'Save us.'
And they wail to thee!
These eyeless eyes, that cannot see thine own,
See this, that only in thy virtue lies
The saving of our Thebes; for, yesternight,
To me, the great God Arês, whose one bliss
Is war and human sacrifice — himself
Blood-red from battle, spear and helmet tipt
With stormy light as on a mast at sea,
Stood out before a darkness, crying, 'Thebes,
Thy Thebes shall fall and perish, for I loathe
The seed of Cadmus — yet if one of these
By his own hand — if one of these —'
My son,
No sound is breathed so potent to coerce,
And to conciliate, as their names who dare
For that sweet mother land which gave them birth
Nobly to do, nobly to die. Their names,
Graven on memorial columns, are song
Heard in the future; few, but mo than wall
And rampart, their examples reach hand
Far thro' all years, and everywhe they meet
And kindle generous purpose, and t strength
To mould it into action pure as thei
Fairer thy fate than mine, if lif best end
Be to end well! and thou refusi this,
Unvenerable will thy memory be
While men shall move the lips; but thou dare —
Thou, one of these, the race of C mus — then
No stone is fitted in yon marble gir
Whose echo shall not tongue thy g rious doom,
Nor in this pavement but shall ri thy name
To every hoof that clangs it, and t springs
Of Dircê laving yonder battle-plain
Heard from the roofs by night, w murmur thee
To thine own Thebes, while Thel thro' thee shall stand
Firm-based with all her Gods.
The Dragon's ca
Half hid, they tell me, now in flowi vines —
Where once he dwelt and whence roll'd himself
At dead of night — thou knowest, a that smooth rock
Before it, altar-fashion'd, where late
The woman-breasted Sphinx, w wings drawn back,
Folded her lion paws, and look'd Thebes.
There blanch the bones of whom slew, and these
Mixt with her own, because the fie beast found
A wiser than herself, and dash'd b self
Dead in her rage; but thou art w enough,
Tho' young, to love thy wiser, bl the curse

)f Pallas, hear, and tho' I speak the truth
Believe I speak it, let thine own hand strike
Thy youthful pulses into rest and quench
The red God's anger, fearing not to plunge
Thy torch of life in darkness, rather —thou
Rejoicing that the sun, the moon, the stars
Send no such light upon the ways of men
As one great deed.
Thither, my son, and there
Thou, that hast never known the embrace of love,
Offer thy maiden life.
This useless hand!
I felt one warm tear fall upon it.
Gone!
He will achieve his greatness.
But for me,
I would that I were gather'd to my rest,
And mingled with the famous kings of old,
On whom about their ocean-islets flash
The faces of the Gods—the wise man's word,
Here trampled by the populace underfoot,
There crown'd with worship—and these eyes will find
The men I knew, and watch the chariot whirl
About the goal again, and hunters race
The shadowy lion, and the warrior-kings,
In height and prowess more than human, strive
Again for glory, while the golden lyre
Ever sounding in heroic ears
Heroic hymns, and every way the vales
Wind, clouded with the grateful incense-fume
Of those who mix all odor to the Gods
In one far height in one far-shining fire.

One height and one far-shining fire!'
And while I fancied that my friend
For this brief idyll would require
A less diffuse and opulent end,
And would defend his judgment well,
If I should deem it over nice—
The tolling of his funeral bell
Broke on my Pagan Paradise,
And mixt the dream of classic times,
And all the phantoms of the dream,
With present grief, and made the rhymes,
That miss'd his living welcome, seem
Like would-be guests an hour too late,
Who down the highway moving on
With easy laughter find the gate
Is bolted, and the master gone.
Gone into darkness, that full light
Of friendship! past, in sleep, away
By night, into the deeper night!
The deeper night? A clearer day
Than our poor twilight dawn on earth—
If night, what barren toil to be!
What life, so maim'd by night, were worth
Our living out? Not mine to me
Remembering all the golden hours
Now silent, and so many dead,
And him the last; and laying flowers,
This wreath, above his honor'd head,
And praying that, when I from hence
Shall fade with him into the unknown,
My close of earth's experience
May prove as peaceful as his own.

THE WRECK

I

HIDE me, mother! my fathers be long'd to the church of old,
I am driven by storm and sin and death to the ancient fold,
I cling to the Catholic Cross once more, to the Faith that saves.
My brain is full of the crash of wrecks, and the roar of waves,
My life itself is a wreck, I have sullied a noble name,
I am flung from the rushing tide of the world as a waif of shame,
I am roused by the wail of a child, and awake to a livid light,
And a ghastlier face than ever has haunted a grave by night.

I would hide from the storm without,
I would flee from the storm within,
I would make my life one prayer for a soul that died in his sin,
I was the tempter, mother, and mine was the deeper fall;
I will sit at your feet, I will hide my face, I will tell you all.

II

He that they gave me to, mother, a heedless and innocent bride —
I never have wrong'd his heart, I have only wounded his pride —
Spain in his blood and the Jew — dark-visaged, stately and tall —
A princelier-looking man never stept thro' a prince's hall.
And who, when his anger was kindled, would venture to give him the nay?
And a man men fear is a man to be loved by the women, they say.
And I could have loved him too, if the blossom can dote on the blight,
Or the young green leaf rejoice in the frost that sears it at night;
He would open the books that I prized, and toss them away with a yawn,
Repell'd by the magnet of Art to the which my nature was drawn,
The word of the Poet by whom the deeps of the world are stirr'd,
The music that robes it in language beneath and beyond the word!
My Shelley would fall from my hands when he cast a contemptuous glance
From where he was poring over his Tables of Trade and Finance;
My hands, when I heard him coming, would drop from the chords or the keys,
But ever I fail'd to please him, however I strove to please —
All day long far-off in the cloud of the city, and there
Lost, head and heart, in the chances of dividend, consol, and share —
And at home if I sought for a kindly caress, being woman and weak,
His formal kiss fell chill as a flake of snow on the cheek.
And so, when I bore him a girl, when I held it aloft in my joy,
He look'd at it coldly, and said to me
'Pity it isn't a boy.'
The one thing given me, to love and to live for, glanced at in scorn
The child that I felt I could die for — as if she were basely born!
I had lived a wild-flower life, I was planted now in a tomb;
The daisy will shut to the shadow, closed my heart to the gloom;
I threw myself all abroad — I would play my part with the young
By the low foot-lights of the world — and I caught the wreath that was flung.

III

Mother, I have not — however the tongues may have babbled of me —
Sinn'd thro' an animal vileness, for a but a dwarf was he,
And all but a hunchback too; and look'd at him, first, askance,
With pity — not he the knight for amorous girl's romance!
Tho' wealthy enough to have bask in the light of a dowerless smile,
Having lands at home and abroad in rich West-Indian isle;
But I came on him once at a ball, the heart of a listening crowd —
Why, what a brow was there! he was seated — speaking aloud
To women, the flower of the time, and men at the helm of state —
Flowing with easy greatness and touching on all things great,
Science, philosophy, song — till I felt myself ready to weep
For I knew not what, when I heard that voice, — as mellow and deep
As a psalm by a mighty master at peal'd from an organ, — roll
Rising and falling — for, mother, the voice was the voice of the soul
And the sun of the soul made day the dark of his wonderful eye
Here was the hand that would heal me, would heal me — the hand that was wise!
And he, poor man, when he learnt that I hated the ring I wore,
He helpt me with death, and he heal me with sorrow for evermore

IV

or I broke the bond. That day my
nurse had brought me the child.
he small sweet face was flush'd, but
it coo'd to the mother and
smiled.
Anything ailing,' I ask'd her, 'with
baby?' She shook her head,
nd the motherless mother kiss'd it,
and turn'd in her haste and fled.

V

ow warm winds had gently breathed
us away from the land —
en long sweet summer days upon
deck, sitting hand in hand —
Then he clothed a naked mind with
the wisdom and wealth of his
own,
nd I bow'd myself down as a slave
to his intellectual throne,
Then he coin'd into English gold
some treasure of classical song,
Then he flouted a statesman's error,
or flamed at a public wrong,
Then he rose as it were on the wings
of an eagle beyond me, and
past
ver the range and the change of the
world from the first to the
last,
Then he spoke of his tropical home in
the canes by the purple tide,
nd the high star-crowns of his palms
on the deep-wooded mountain-
side,
nd cliffs all robed in lianas that
dropt to the brink of his bay,
nd trees like the towers of a minster,
the sons of a winterless day.
Paradise there!' so he said, but I
seem'd in Paradise then
ith the first great love I had felt for
the first and greatest of men;
en long days of summer and sin — if
it must be so —
ut days of a larger light than I ever
again shall know —
ays that will glimmer, I fear, thro'
life to my latest breath;
No frost there,' so he said, 'as in tru-
est love no death.'

VI

other, one morning a bird with a
warble plaintively sweet
Perch'd on the shrouds, and then fell
fluttering down at my feet;
I took it, he made it a cage, we
fondled it, Stephen and I,
But it died, and I thought of the child
for a moment, I scarce know
why.

VII

But if sin be sin, not inherited fate, as
many will say,
My sin to my desolate little one found
me at sea on a day,
When her orphan wail came borne in
the shriek of a growing wind,
And a voice rang out in the thunders
of ocean and heaven, 'Thou
hast sinn'd.'
And down in the cabin were we, for
the towering crest of the tides
Plunged on the vessel and swept in a
cataract off from her sides,
And ever the great storm grew with a
howl and a hoot of the blast
In the rigging, voices of hell — then
came the crash of the mast.
'The wages of sin is death,' and there
I began to weep,
'I am the Jonah, the crew should cast
me into the deep,
For, ah, God! what a heart was mine
to forsake her even for you!'
'Never the heart among women,' he
said, 'more tender and true.'
'The heart! not a mother's heart,
when I left my darling alone.'
'Comfort yourself, for the heart of
the father will care for his own.'
'The heart of the father will spurn
her,' I cried, 'for the sin of the
wife,
The cloud of the mother's shame will
enfold her and darken her
life.'
Then his pale face twitch'd. 'O Ste-
phen, I love you, I love you,
and yet' —
As I lean'd away from his arms —
'would God, we had never met!'
And he spoke not — only the storm;
till after a little, I yearn'd
For his voice again, and he call'd to
me, 'Kiss me!' and there — as
I turn'd —
'The heart, the heart!' I kiss'd him,
I clung to the sinking form,

And the storm went roaring above us,
and he — was out of the storm.

VIII

And then, then, mother, the ship stagger'd under a thunderous shock,
That shook us asunder, as if she had struck and crash'd on a rock;
For a huge sea smote every soul from the decks of the Falcon but one;
All of them, all but the man that was lash'd to the helm had gone;
And I fell — and the storm and the days went by, but I knew no more —
Lost myself — lay like the dead by the dead on the cabin floor,
Dead to the death beside me, and lost to the loss that was mine,
With a dim dream, now and then, of a hand giving bread and wine,
Till I woke from the trance, and the ship stood still, and the skies were blue,
But the face I had known, O mother, was not the face that I knew.

IX

The strange misfeaturing mask that I saw so amazed me that I
Stumbled on deck, half mad. I would fling myself over and die!
But one — he was waving a flag — the one man left on the wreck —
'Woman,' — he grasp at my arm, — 'stay there!' — I crouch'd upon deck —
'We are sinking, and yet there's hope: look yonder,' he cried, 'a sail!'
In a tone so rough that I broke into passionate tears, and the wail
Of a beaten babe, till I saw that a boat was nearing us — then
All on a sudden I thought, I shall look on the child again.

X

They lower'd me down the side, and there in the boat I lay
With sad eyes fixt on the lost sea-home, as we glided away,
And I sigh'd as the low dark hull dipt under the smiling main,
'Had I stay'd with *him*, I had now — with *him* — been out of my pain.'

XI

They took us aboard. The crew we
gentle, the captain kind,
But *I* was the lonely slave of an ofte
wandering mind;
For whenever a rougher gust mig
tumble a stormier wave,
'O Stephen,' I moan'd, 'I am comi
to thee in thine ocean-grave.'
And again, when a balmier bree
curl'd over a peacefuller sea,
I found myself moaning again, '
child, I am coming to thee.'

XII

The broad white brow of the isle
that bay with the color'd sand
Rich was the rose of sunset there,
we drew to the land;
All so quiet the ripple would hard
blanch into spray
At the feet of the cliff; and I pray
— 'My child,' — for I still cou
pray, —
'May her life be as blissfully calm,
never gloom'd by the curse
Of a sin, not hers!'
Was it well with the child?
I wrote to the nu
Who had borne my flower on her hi
ling heart; and an answer ca
Not from the nurse — nor yet to t
wife — to her maiden name!
I shook as I open'd the letter — I kn
that hand too well —
And from it a scrap, clipt out of
'deaths' in a paper, fell.
'Ten long sweet summer days'
fever, and want of care!
And gone — that day of the storm
O mother, she came to
there!

DESPAIR

I

Is it you, that preach'd in the cha
there looking over the sand?
Follow'd us too that night, and dog
us, and drew me to land?

II

What did I feel that night? You
curious. How should I tell
Does it matter so much what I fe

You rescued me — yet — was it well
nat you came unwish'd for, uncall'd, between me and the deep and my doom,
ree days since, three more dark days of the Godless gloom
a life without sun, without health, without hope, without any delight
anything here upon earth ? but, ah, God ! that night, that night
hen the rolling eyes of the light-house there on the fatal neck
land running out into rock — they had saved many hundreds from wreck —
lared on our way toward death, I remember I thought, as we past,
oes it matter how many they saved ? we are all of us wreck'd at last —
Do you fear ? ' and there came thro' the roar of the breaker a whisper, a breath,
'Fear ? am I not with you ? I am frighted at life, not death.'

III

And the suns of the limitless universe sparkled and shone in the sky,
Flashing with fires as of God, but we knew that their light was a lie —
Bright as with deathless hope — but, however they sparkled and shone,
The dark little worlds running round them were worlds of woe like our own —
No soul in the heaven above, no soul on the earth below,
A fiery scroll written over with lamentation and woe.

IV

See, we were nursed in the drear nightfold of your fatalist creed,
And we turn'd to the growing dawn, we had hoped for a dawn indeed,

'The lost sea-home'

When the light of a sun that was coming would scatter the ghosts of the past,
And the cramping creeds that had madden'd the peoples would vanish at last,
And we broke away from the Christ, our human brother and friend,
For He spoke, or it seem'd that He spoke, of a hell without help, without end.

V

Hoped for a dawn, and it came, but the promise had faded away;
We had past from a cheerless night to the glare of a drearier day;
He is only a cloud and a smoke who was once a pillar of fire,
The guess of a worm in the dust and the shadow of its desire —
Of a worm as it writhes in a world of the weak trodden down by the strong,
Of a dying worm in a world, all massacre, murder, and wrong.

VI

O, we poor orphans of nothing — alone on that lonely shore —
Born of the brainless Nature who knew not that which she bore!
Trusting no longer that earthly flower would be heavenly fruit —
Come from the brute, poor souls — no souls — and to die with the brute —

VII

Nay, but I am not claiming your pity; I know you of old —
Small pity for those that have ranged from the narrow warmth of your fold,
Where you bawl'd the dark side of your faith and a God of eternal rage,
Till you flung us back on ourselves, and the human heart, and the Age.

VIII

But pity — the Pagan held it a vice — was in her and in me,
Helpless, taking the place of the pitying God that should be!
Pity for all that aches in the grasp an idiot power,
And pity for our own selves on earth that bore not a flower;
Pity for all that suffers on land or air or the deep,
And pity for our own selves till long'd for eternal sleep.

IX

'Lightly step over the sands! t waters — you hear them call
Life with its anguish, and horrors, a errors — away with it all!'
And she laid her hand in my own she was always loyal a sweet —
Till the points of the foam in t dusk came playing about c feet.
There was a strong sea-current wou sweep us out to the main.
'Ah, God!' tho' I felt as I spoke was taking the name in vain
'Ah, God!' and we turn'd to ea other, we kiss'd, we embrace she and I,
Knowing the love we were used to lieve everlasting would die.
We had read their know-nothi books, and we lean'd to darker side —
Ah, God, should we find Him, p haps, perhaps, if we died, if died;
We never had found Him on ear this earth is a fatherless hell
'Dear love, for ever and ever, ever and ever farewell!'
Never a cry so desolate, not since world began,
Never a kiss so sad, no, not since coming of man!

X

But the blind wave cast me ashc and you saved me, a valuel life.
Not a grain of gratitude mine! have parted the man from wife.
I am left alone on the land, she is alone in the sea;
If a curse meant aught, I wo curse you for not having me be.

XI

sions of youth — for my brain was drunk with the water, it seems;
ad past into perfect quiet at length out of pleasant dreams,
d the transient trouble of drowning — what was it when match'd with the pains
the hellish heat of a wretched life rushing back thro' the veins?

XII

hy should I live? one son had forged on his father and fled,
d if I believed in a God, I would thank Him, the other is dead,
d there was a baby-girl, that had never look'd on the light;
ppiest she of us all, for she past from the night to the night.

XIII

t the crime, if a crime, of her eldest-born, her glory, her boast,
uck hard at the tender heart of the mother, and broke it almost;
o', glory and shame dying out for ever in endless time,
es it matter so much whether crown'd for a virtue, or hang'd for a crime?

XIV

d ruin'd by *him*, by *him*, I stood there, naked, amazed
a world of arrogant opulence, fear'd myself turning crazed,
d I would not be mock'd in a madhouse! and she, the delicate wife,
th a grief that could only be cured, if cured, by the surgeon's knife, —

XV

y should we bear with an hour of torture, a moment of pain,
every man die for ever, if all his griefs are in vain,
d the homeless planet at length will be wheel'd thro' the silence of space,
therless evermore of an ever-vanishing race,
en the worm shall have writhed its last, and its last brother-worm will have fled
From the dead fossil skull that is left in the rocks of an earth that is dead?

XVI

Have I crazed myself over their horrible infidel writings? O, yes,
For these are the new dark ages, you see, of the popular press,
When the bat comes out of his cave, and the owls are whooping at noon,
And Doubt is the lord of this dunghill and crows to the sun and the moon,
Till the sun and the moon of our science are both of them turn'd into blood,
And Hope will have broken her heart, running after a shadow of good;
For their knowing and know-nothing books are scatter'd from hand to hand —
We have knelt in your know-all chapel too, looking over the sand.

XVII

What! I should call on that Infinite Love that has served us so well?
Infinite cruelty rather that made everlasting hell,
Made us, foreknew us, foredoom'd us, and does what he will with his own;
Better our dead brute mother who never has heard us groan!

XVIII

Hell? if the souls of men were immortal, as men have been told,
The lecher would cleave to his lusts, and the miser would yearn for his gold,
And so there were hell for ever! but were there a God, as you say,
His love would have power over hell till it utterly vanish'd away.

XIX

Ah, yet — I have had some glimmer, at times, in my gloomiest woe,
Of a God behind all — after all — the great God, for aught that I know;

But the God of love and of hell together — they cannot be thought,
If there be such a God, may the Great God curse him and bring him to nought!

XX

Blasphemy! whose is the fault? is it mine? for why would you save
A madman to vex you with wretched words, who is best in his grave?
Blasphemy! ay, why not, being damn'd beyond hope of grace?
O, would I were yonder with her, and away from your faith and your face!
Blasphemy! true! I have scared you pale with my scandalous talk,
But the blasphemy to *my* mind lies all in the way that you walk.

XXI

Hence! she is gone! can I stay? can I breathe divorced from the past?
You needs must have good lynx-eyes if I do not escape you at last.
Our orthodox coroner doubtless will find it a felo-de-se,
And the stake and the cross-road, fool, if you will, does it matter to me?

THE ANCIENT SAGE

A THOUSAND summers ere the time of Christ,
From out his ancient city came a Seer
Whom one that loved and honor'd him, and yet
Was no disciple, richly garb'd, but worn
From wasteful living, follow'd — in his hand
A scroll of verse — till that old man before
A cavern whence an affluent fountain pour'd
From darkness into daylight, turn'd and spoke:

'This wealth of waters might but seem to draw
From yon dark cave, but, son, the source is higher,

Yon summit half-a-league in air — a higher
The cloud that hides it — higher st the heavens
Whereby the cloud was moulded, a whereout
The cloud descended. Force is fro the heights.
I am wearied of our city, son, and
To spend my one last year among t hills.
What hast thou there? Some deat song for the Ghouls
To make their banquet relish? let read.

'"How far thro' all the bloom and brak
That nightingale is heard!
What power but the bird's could make
This music in the bird?
How summer-bright are yonder skies,
And earth as fair in hue!
And yet what sign of aught that lies
Behind the green and blue?
But man to-day is fancy's fool
As man hath ever been.
The nameless Power, or Powers, that rul
Were never heard or seen."

If thou wouldst hear the Namele and wilt dive
Into the temple-cave of thine own se
There, brooding by the central alt thou
Mayst haply learn the Nameless h a voice,
By which thou wilt abide, if thou wise,
As if thou knewest, tho' thou ca not know;
For Knowledge is the swallow on lake
That sees and stirs the surface-shad there
But never yet hath dipt into abysm,
The abysm of all abysms, benea within
The blue of sky and sea, the green earth,
And in the million-millionth of a gr
Which cleft and cleft again for ev more,
And ever vanishing, never vanishe
To me, my son, more mystic than n self,
Or even than the Nameless is to m

'And when thou sendest thy free soul thro' heaven,
or understandest bound nor boundlessness,
hou seest the Nameless of the hundred names.
'And if the Nameless should withdraw from all
hy frailty counts most real, all thy world
ight vanish like thy shadow in the dark.

'And since — from when this earth began —
The Nameless never came
nong us, never spake with man,
And never named the Name"—

ıou canst not prove the Nameless, O my son,
or canst thou prove the world thou movest in,
ıou canst not prove that thou art body alone,
or canst thou prove that thou art spirit alone,
or canst thou prove that thou art both in one.
ıou canst not prove thou art immortal, no,
or yet that thou art mortal — nay, my son,
ıou canst not prove that I, who speak with thee,
n not thyself in converse with thyself,
or nothing worthy proving can be proven,
or yet disproven. Wherefore thou be wise,
eave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,
ıd cling to Faith beyond the forms of Faith!
e reels not in the storm of warring words,
e brightens at the clash of "Yes" and "No,"
e sees the best that glimmers thro' the worst,
e feels the sun is hid but for a night,
e spies the summer thro' the winter bud,
e tastes the fruit before the blossom falls,
She hears the lark within the songless egg,
She finds the fountain where they wail'd "Mirage!"

'"What Power? aught akin to Mind,
The mind in me and you?
Or power as of the Gods gone blind
Who see not what they do?"

But some in yonder city hold, my son,
That none but gods could build this house of ours,
So beautiful, vast, various, so beyond
All work of man, yet, like all work of man,
A beauty with defect — till That which knows,
And is not known, but felt thro' what we feel
Within ourselves is highest, shall descend
On this half-deed, and shape it at the last
According to the Highest in the Highest.

'"What Power but the Years that make
And break the vase of clay,
And stir the sleeping earth, and wake
The bloom that fades away?
What rulers but the Days and Hours
That cancel weal with woe,
And wind the front of youth with flowers,
And cap our age with snow?"

The days and hours are ever glancing by,
And seem to flicker past thro' sun and shade,
Or short, or long, as Pleasure leads, or Pain,
But with the Nameless is nor day nor hour;
Tho' we, thin minds, who creep from thought to thought,
Break into "Thens" and "Whens" the Eternal Now —
This double seeming of the single world! —
My words are like the babblings in a dream
Of nightmare, when the babblings break the dream.
But thou be wise in this dream-world of ours,

Nor take thy dial for thy deity,
But make the passing shadow serve
thy will.

'"The years that made the stripling wise
Undo their work again,
And leave him, blind of heart and eyes,
The last and least of men;
Who clings to earth, and once would dare
Hell-heat or Arctic cold,
And now one breath of cooler air
Would loose him from his hold.
His winter chills him to the root,
He withers marrow and mind;
The kernel of the shrivell'd fruit
Is jutting thro' the rind;
The tiger spasms tear his chest,
The palsy wags his head;
The wife, the sons, who love him best
Would fain that he were dead;
The griefs by which he once was wrung
Were never worth the while"—

Who knows? or whether this earth-narrow life
Be yet but yolk, and forming in the shell?

"The shaft of scorn that once had stung
But wakes a dotard smile."

The placid gleam of sunset after storm!

'"The statesman's brain that sway'd the past
Is feebler than his knees;
The passive sailor wrecks at last
In ever-silent seas;
The warrior hath forgot his arms,
The learned all his lore;
The changing market frets or charms
The merchant's hope no more:
The prophet's beacon burn'd in vain,
And now is lost in cloud;
The plowman passes, bent with pain,
To mix with what he plow'd;
The poet whom his age would quote
As heir of endless fame—
He knows not even the book he wrote,
Not even his own name.
For man has overlived his day,
And, darkening in the light,
Scarce feels the senses break away
To mix with ancient Night."

The shell must break before the bird can fly.

'"The years that when my youth began
Had set the lily and rose
By all my ways where'er they ran,
Have ended mortal foes;
My rose of love for ever gone,
My lily of truth and trust—
They made her lily and rose in one,
And changed her into dust.
O rose-tree planted in my grief,
And growing on her tomb,
Her dust is greening in your leaf,
Her blood is in your bloom.
O slender lily waving there,
And laughing back the light,
In vain you tell me 'Earth is fair'
When all is dark as night."

My son, the world is dark with grie
and graves,
So dark that men cry out against t
heavens.
Who knows but that the darkness
in man?
The doors of Night may be the gat
of Light;
For wert thou born or blind or dea
and then
Suddenly heal'd, how wouldst th
glory in all
The splendors and the voices of t
world!
And we, the poor earth's dying ra
and yet
No phantoms, watching from a pha
tom shore
Await the last and largest sense
make
The phantom walls of this illusi
fade,
And show us that the world is who
fair.

'"But vain the tears for darken'd years
As laughter over wine,
And vain the laughter as the tears,
O brother, mine or thine,
For all that laugh, and all that weep
And all that breathe are one
Slight ripple on the boundless deep
That moves, and all is gone."

But that one ripple on the boundl
deep
Feels that the deep is boundless, a
itself
For ever changing form, but everm
One with the boundless motion of
deep.

'"Yet wine and laughter, friends! and
The lamps alight, and call
For golden music, and forget
The darkness of the pall."

utter darkness closed the day, my son —
it earth's dark forehead flings athwart the heavens
er shadow crown'd with stars — and yonder — out
northward — some that never set, but pass
om sight and night to lose themselves in day.
iate the black negation of the bier,
id wish the dead, as happier than ourselves
id higher, having climb'd one step beyond
ir village miseries, might be borne in white
burial or to burning, hymn'd from hence
ith songs in praise of death, and crown'd with flowers!

O worms and maggots of to-day
Without their hope of wings!"

it louder than thy rhyme the silent Word
that world-prophet in the heart of man.

Tho' some have gleams, or so they say,
Of more than mortal things."

-day? but what of yesterday? for oft
me, when boy, there came what then I call'd,
ho knew no books and no philosophies,
my boy-phrase, "The Passion of the Past."
e first gray streak of earliest summer-dawn,
e last long strife of waning crimson gloom,
if the late and early were but one —
height, a broken grange, a grove, a flower
d murmurs, "Lost and gone, and lost and gone!"
breath, a whisper — some divine farewell —
solate sweetness — far and far away —
iat had he loved, what had he lost, the boy?

I know not, and I speak of what has been.
'And more, my son! for more than once when I
Sat all alone, revolving in myself
The word that is the symbol of myself,
The mortal limit of the Self was loosed,
And past into the Nameless, as a cloud
Melts into heaven. I touch'd my limbs, the limbs
Were strange, not mine — and yet no shade of doubt,
But utter clearness, and thro' loss of self
The gain of such large life as match'd with ours
Were sun to spark — unshadowable in words,
Themselves but shadows of a shadow-world.

'"And idle gleams will come and go,
But still the clouds remain;"

The clouds themselves are children of the Sun,

'"And Night and Shadow rule below
When only Day should reign."

And Day and Night are children of the Sun.
And idle gleams to thee are light to me.
Some say, the Light was father of the Night,
And some, the Night was father of the Light,
No night, no day! — I touch thy world again —
No ill, no good! — such counter-terms, my son,
Are border-races, holding each its own
By endless war. But night enough is there
In yon dark city. Get thee back; and since
The key to that weird casket, which for thee
But holds a skull, is neither thine nor mine,
But in the hand of what is more than man,

Or in man's hand when man is more than man,
Let be thy wail, and help thy fellowmen,
And make thy gold thy vassal, not thy king,
And fling free alms into the beggar's bowl,
And send the day into the darken'd heart;
Nor list for guerdon in the voice of men,
A dying echo from a falling wall;
Nor care — for Hunger hath the evil eye
To vex the noon with fiery gems, or fold
Thy presence in the silk of sumptuous looms;
Nor roll thy viands on a luscious tongue,
Nor drown thyself with flies in honeyed wine;
Nor thou be rageful, like a handled bee,
And lose thy life by usage of thy sting;
Nor harm an adder thro' the lust for harm,
Nor make a snail's horn shrink for wantonness.
And more — think well! Do-well will follow thought,
And in the fatal sequence of this world
An evil thought may soil thy children's blood;
But curb the beast would cast thee in the mire,
And leave the hot swamp of voluptuousness,
A cloud between the Nameless and thyself,
And lay thine uphill shoulder to the wheel,
And climb the Mount of Blessing, whence, if thou
Look higher, then — perchance — thou mayest — beyond
A hundred ever-rising mountain lines,
And past the range of Night and Shadow — see
The high-heaven dawn of more than mortal day
Strike on the Mount of Vision!
So, farewell.'

THE FLIGHT

I

Are you sleeping? have you forgotten? do not sleep, my sister dear!
How *can* you sleep? the morning brings the day I hate and fear
The cock has crow'd already once, he crows before his time;
Awake! the creeping glimmer steals the hills are white with rime.

II

Ah, clasp me in your arms, sister, ah fold me to your breast!
Ah, let me weep my fill once more and cry myself to rest!
To rest? to rest and wake no more were better rest for me,
Than to waken every morning to tha face I loathe to see.

III

I envied your sweet slumber, all nigh so calm you lay;
The night was calm, the morn is calm and like another day;
But I could wish yon moaning se would rise and burst the shore
And such a whirlwind blow thes woods as never blew before.

IV

For, one by one, the stars went dow across the gleaming pane,
And project after project rose, and a of them were vain;
The blackthorn-blossom fades and fal and leaves the bitter sloe,
The hope I catch at vanishes, an youth is turn'd to woe.

V

Come, speak a little comfort! a night I pray'd with tears,
And yet no comfort came to me, an now the morn appears,
When he will tear me from your sid who bought me for his slave;
This father pays his debt with m and weds me to my grave.

VI

What father, this or mine, was h who, on that summer day

hen I had fallen from off the crag
we clamber'd up in play,
und, fear'd me dead, and groan'd,
and took and kiss'd me, and
again
e kiss'd me; and I loved him then;
he *was* my father then.

VII

father now, the tyrant vassal of a
tyrant vice!
e godless Jephtha vows his child
. . . to one cast of the dice.
ese ancient woods, this Hall at
last will go — perhaps have
gone,
cept his own meek daughter yield
her life, heart, soul to one —

VIII

one who knows I scorn him. O,
the formal mocking bow,
e cruel smile, the courtly phrase
that masks his malice now —
t often in the sidelong eyes a gleam
of all things ill —
is not Love but Hate that weds a
bride against her will;

IX

te, that would pluck from this
true breast the locket that I
wear,
e precious crystal into which I
braided Edwin's hair!
e love that keeps this heart alive
beats on it night and day —
e golden curl, his golden gift, be-
fore he past away.

X

left us weeping in the woods; his
boat was on the sand;
w slowly down the rocks he went,
how loth to quit the land!
d all my life was darken'd, as I
saw the white sail run,
d darken, up that lane of light into
the setting sun.

XI

w often have we watch'd the sun
fade from us thro' the West,
d follow Edwin to those isles, those
Islands of the Blest!

Is *he* not there? would I were there,
the friend, the bride, the wife,
With him, where summer never dies,
with Love, the sun of life!

XII

O, would I were in Edwin's arms —
once more — to feel his breath
Upon my cheek — on Edwin's ship,
with Edwin, even in death,
Tho' all about the shuddering wreck
the death-white sea should rave,
Or if lip were laid to lip on the pillows
of the wave!

XIII

Shall I take *him?* I kneel with *him?*
I swear and swear forsworn
To love him most whom most I loathe,
to honor whom I scorn?
The Fiend would yell, the grave would
yawn, my mother's ghost would
rise —
To lie, to lie — in God's own house —
the blackest of all lies!

XIV

Why — rather than that hand in mine,
tho' every pulse would freeze,
I'd sooner fold an icy corpse dead of
some foul disease.
Wed him? I will not wed him, let
them spurn me from the doors,
And I will wander till I die about the
barren moors.

XV

The dear, mad bride who stabb'd
her bridegroom on her bridal
night —
If mad, then I am mad, but sane if she
were in the right.
My father's madness makes me mad —
but words are only words!
I am not mad, not yet, not quite —
There! listen how the birds

XVI

Begin to warble yonder in the budding
orchard trees!
The lark has past from earth to heaven
upon the morning breeze!
How gladly, were I one of those, how
early would I wake!
And yet the sorrow that I bear is sor-
row for *his* sake.

XVII

They love their mates, to whom they sing; or else their songs, that meet
The morning with such music, would never be so sweet!
And tho' these fathers will not hear, the blessed Heavens are just,
And Love is fire, and burns the feet would trample it to dust.

XVIII

A door was open'd in the house — who? who? my father sleeps!
A stealthy foot upon the stair! he — some one — this way creeps!
If he? yes, he — lurks, listens, fears his victim may have fled —
He! where is some sharp-pointed thing? he comes, and finds me dead.

XIX

Not he, not yet! and time to act — but how my temples burn!
And idle fancies flutter me, I know not where to turn;
Speak to me, sister, counsel me; this marriage must not be.
You only know the love that makes the world a world to me!

XX

Our gentle mother, had *she* lived — but we were left alone.
That other left us to ourselves, he cared not for his own;
So all the summer long we roam'd in these wild woods of ours,
My Edwin loved to call us then 'his two wild woodland flowers.'

XXI

Wild flowers blowing side by side in God's free light and air,
Wild flowers of the secret woods, when Edwin found us there,
Wild woods in which we roved with him, and heard his passionate vow,
Wild woods in which we rove no more, if we be parted now!

XXII

You will not leave me thus in grief to wander forth forlorn;
We never changed a bitter word, not once since we were born;
Our dying mother join'd our hands she knew this father well;
She bade us love, like souls in heaven, and now I fly from hell,

XXIII

And you with me; and we shall light upon some lonely shore,
Some lodge within the waste sea-dunes and hear the waters roar,
And see the ships from out the West go dipping thro' the foam,
And sunshine on that sail at last which brings our Edwin home.

XXIV

But look, the morning grows apace and lights the old church-tower
And lights the clock! the hand points five — O, me! — it strikes the hour —
I bide no more, I meet my fate, what ever ills betide!
Arise, my own true sister, come forth the world is wide.

XXV

And yet my heart is ill at ease, my eyes are dim with dew,
I seem to see a new-dug grave under yonder by the yew!
If we should never more return, but wander hand in hand
With breaking hearts, without friend, and in a distant land!

XXVI

O sweet, they tell me that the world hard, and harsh of mind,
But can it be so hard, so harsh, as those that should be kind?
That matters not. Let come what will at last the end is sure,
And every heart that loves with truth is equal to endure.

TO-MORROW

I

HER, that yer Honor was spakin' to Whin, yer Honor? last year — Standin' here be the bridge, when last yer Honor was here?

An' yer Honor ye gev her the top of the mornin', 'To-morra,' says she.
What did they call her, yer Honor? They call'd her Molly Magee.
An' yer Honor's the thrue ould blood that always manes to be kind,
But there 's rason in all things, yer Honor, for Molly was out of her mind.

II

Shure, an' meself remimbers wan night comin' down be the sthrame,
An' it seems to me now like a bit of yistherday in a dhrame —
Here where yer Honor seen her — there was but a slip of a moon,
But I hard thim — Molly Magee wid her bachelor, Danny O'Roon—
'You 've been takin' a dhrop o' the crathur,' an' Danny says, 'Troth, an' I been
Dhrinkin' yer health wid Shamus O'Shea at Katty's shebeen ;[1]
But I must be lavin' ye soon.' 'Ochone, are ye goin' away ?' Goin' to cut the Sassenach whate,' he says, 'over the say' —
An' whin will ye meet me agin ?' an' I hard him, 'Molly asthore,
I'll meet you agin to-morra,' says he, 'be the chapel-door.'
An' whin are ye goin' to lave me ?' 'O' Monday mornin',' says he ;
An' shure thin ye 'll meet me to-morra ?' 'To-morra, to-morra, machree !'
Thin Molly's ould mother, yer Honor, that had no likin' for Dan,
Call'd from her cabin an' tould her to come away from the man,
An' Molly Magee kem flyin' acrass me, as light as a lark,
An' Dan stood there for a minute, an' thin wint into the dark.
But wirrah ! the storm that night — the tundher, an' rain that fell,
An' the sthrames runnin' down at the back o' the glin 'ud 'a dhrownded hell.

III

But airth was at pace nixt mornin', an' hiven in its glory smiled,
As the Holy Mother o' Glory that smiles at her sleepin' child —
Ethen — she stept an the chapel-green an' she turn'd herself roun'
Wid a diamond dhrop in her eye, for Danny was not to be foun',
An' many 's the time that I watch'd her at mass lettin' down the tear,
For the divil a Danny was there, yer Honor, for forty year.

IV

Och, Molly Magee, wid the red o' the rose an' the white o' the may,
An' yer hair as black as the night, an' yer eyes as bright as the day !
Achora, yer laste little whishper was sweet as the lilt of a bird !
Acushla, ye set me heart batin' to music wid ivery word !
An' sorra the Queen wid her sceptre in sich an illigant han',
An' the fall of yer foot in the dance was as light as snow an the lan',
An' the sun kem out of a cloud whiniver ye walkt in the shtreet,
An' Shamus O'Shea was yer shadda, an' laid himself undher yer feet,
An' I loved ye meself wid a heart an' a half, me darlin', and he
'Ud 'a shot his own sowl dead for a kiss of ye, Molly Magee.

V

But shure we wor betther frinds whin I crack'd his skull for her sake,
An' he ped me back wid the best he could give at ould Donovan's wake —
For the boys wor about her agin whin Dan did n't come to the fore,
An' Shamus along wid the rest, but she put thim all to the door.
An', afther, I thried her meself av the bird 'ud come to me call,
But Molly, begorrah, 'ud listhen to naither at all, at all.

VI

An' her nabors an' frinds 'ud consowl an' condowl wid her, airly an' late,
'Your Danny,' they says, 'niver crasst over say to the Sassenach whate ;

[1] Grog-shop.

He's gone to the States, aroon, an' he 's married another wife,
An' ye'll niver set eyes an the face of the thraithur agin in life!
An' to dhrame of a married man, death alive, is a mortial sin.'
But Molly says, 'I'd his hand-promise, an' shure he'll meet me agin.'

VII

An' afther her paärints had inter'd glory, an' both in wan day,
She began to spake to herself, the crathur, an' whishper, an' say,
'To-morra, to-morra!' an' Father Molowny he tuk her in han',
'Molly, you're manin',' he says, 'me dear, av I undherstan',
That ye'll meet your paärints agin an' yer Danny O'Roon afore God
Wid his blessed Marthyrs an' Saints;' an' she gev him a frindly nod,
'To-morra, to-morra,' she says, an' she did n't intind to desave,
But her wits wor dead, an' her hair was as white as the snow an a grave.

VIII

Arrah now, here last month they wor diggin' the bog, an' they foun'
Dhrownded in black bog-wather a corp lyin' undher groun'.

IX

Yer Honor's own agint, he says to me wanst, at Katty's shebeen,
'The divil take all the black lan', for a blessin' 'ud come wid the green!'
An' where 'ud the poor man, thin, cut his bit o' turf for the fire?
But och! bad scran to the bogs whin they swallies the man intire!
An' sorra the bog that's in hiven wid all the light an' the glow,
An' there 's hate enough, shure, widout *thim* in the divil's kitchen below.

X

Thim ould blind nagers in Agypt, I hard his Riverence say,
Could keep their haithen kings in the flesh for the Jidgmint day,
An', faix, be the piper o' Moses, they kep' the cat an' the dog,
But it 'ud 'a been aisier work av they lived be an Irish bog.

XI

How-an-iver they laid this body they foun' an the grass,
Be the chapel-door, an' the people 'ud see it that wint in to mass —
But a frish gineration had riz, an' most of the ould was few,
An' I did n't know him meself, an' nõne of the parish knew.

XII

But Molly kem limpin' up wid her stick, — she was lamed iv a knee, —
Thin a slip of a gossoon call'd, 'Div ye know him, Molly Magee?'
An' she stood up strait as the queen of the world — she lifted her head —
'He said he would meet me to-morra!' an' dhropt down dead an the dead.

XIII

Och, Molly, we thought, machree ye would start back agin into life,
Whin we laid yez, aich be aich, at ye wake like husban' an' wife.
Sorra the dhry eye thin but was we for the frinds that was gone!
Sorra the silent throat, but we hard i cryin', 'Ochone!'
An' Shamus O'Shea that has now te childer, hansome an' tall,
Him an' his childer wor keenin' as i he had lost thim all.

XIV

Thin his Riverence buried thim bot in wan grave be the dead boo tree, [1]
The young man Danny O'Roon wi his ould woman, Molly Magee

XV

May all the flowers o' Jeroosilim blo som an' spring from the grass Imbrashin' an' kissin' aich other — a ye did — over yer Crass!

[1] Elder-tree.

n' the lark fly out o' the flowers wid
his song to the sun an' the moon,
n' tell thim in hiven about Molly
Magee an' her Danny O'Roon,
ill Holy Saint Pether gets up wid his
kays an' opens the gate!
n' shure, be the Crass, that 's betther
nor cuttin' the Sassenach whate,
o be there wid the Blessed Mother
an' Saints an' Marthyrs galore,
n' singin' yer 'Aves' an' 'Pathers'
for iver an' ivermore.

XVI

n' now that I tould yer Honor what-
iver I hard an' seen,
er Honor 'ill give me a thrifle to
dhrink yer health in potheen.

HE SPINSTER'S SWEET-ARTS

I

ILK for my sweet-arts, Bess! fur it
mun be the time about now
'hen Molly cooms in fro' the far-end
close wi' her paäils fro' the cow.
h! tha be new to the plaäce—
thou'rt gaäpin'—does n't tha
see
calls 'em arter the fellers es once
was sweet upo' me?

II

aäy, to be sewer, it be past 'er time.
What maäkes 'er sa laäte?
oä to the laäne at the back, an'
looök thruf Maddison's gaäte!

III

veet-arts! Molly belike may 'a
lighted to-night upo' one.
veet-arts! thanks to the Lord that I
niver not listen'd to noän!
I sits i' my oän armchair wi' my
oän kettle theere o' the hob,
n' Tommy the fust, an' Tommy the
second, an' Steevie an' Rob.

IV

ob, coom oop 'ere o' my knee. Thou
sees that i' spite o' the men
'a kep' thruf thick an' thin my two
'oonderd a-year to mysen;
s! thaw tha call'd me es pretty es
ony lass i' the Shere;
An' thou be es pretty a tabby, but
Robby I seed thruf ya theere.

V

Feyther 'ud saäy I wur ugly es sin,
an' I beänt not vaäin,
But I niver wur downright hugly,
thaw soom 'ud 'a thowt ma
plaäin,
An' I was n't sa plaäin i' pink ribbons
— ye said I wur pretty i' pinks,
An' I liked to 'ear it I did, but I beänt
sich a fool as ye thinks;
Ye was stroäkin' ma down wi' the 'air,
as I be a-stroäkin' o' you,
But whiniver I looöked i' the glass I
wur sewer that it could n't be
true;
Niver wur pretty, not I, but ye
knaw'd it wur pleasant to 'ear,
Thaw it warn't not me es wur pretty,
but my two 'oonderd a-year.

VI

D' ya mind the murnin' when we was
a-walkin' togither, an' stood
By the claäy'd-oop pond, that the
foälk be sa scared at, i' Gig-
glesby wood,
Wheer the poor wench drowndid her-
sen, black Sal, es 'ed been dis-
graäced?
An' I feel'd thy arm es I stood wur
a-creeäpin' about my waäist;
An' me es wur allus afear'd of a man's
gittin' ower fond,
I sidled awaäy an' awaäy till I plumpt
foot fust i' the pond;
And, Robby, I niver 'a liked tha sa
well, as I did that daäy,
Fur tha joompt in thysen, an' tha
hoickt my feet wi' a flop fro'
the claäy.
Ay, stick oop thy back, an' set oop
thy taäil, tha may gie ma a kiss,
Fur I walk'd wi' tha all the way hoäm
an' wur niver sa nigh saäyin'
Yis.
But wa boäth was i' sich a clat we
was shaämed to cross Gigglesby
Greeän,
Fur a cat may looök at a king, thou
knaws, but the cat mun be
cleän.
Sa we boäth on us kep' out o' sight o'
the winders o' Gigglesby Hinn—

Naäy, but the claws o' tha! quiet! they pricks cleän thruf to the skin—
An' wa boäth slinkt 'oäm by the brokken shed i' the laäne at the back,
Wheer the poodle runn'd at tha once, an' thou runn'd oop o' the thack;
An' tha squeedg'd my 'and i' the shed, fur theere we was forced to 'ide,
Fur I seed that Steevie wur coomin', and one o' the Tommies beside.

VII

Theere now, what art 'a mewin' at, Steevie? for owt I can tell— 41
Robby wur fust, to be sewer, or I mowt 'a liked tha as well.

VIII

But, Robby, I thowt o' tha all the while I wur chaängin' my gown,
An' I thowt, shall I chaänge my staäte? but, O Lord, upo' coomin' down—
My bran-new carpet es fresh es a midder o' flowers i' Maäy—
Why 'ed n't tha wiped thy shoes? it wur clatted all ower wi' claäy.
An' I could 'a cried ammost, fur I seed that it could n't be,
An', Robby, I gied tha a raätin' that sattled thy coortin' o' me.
An' Molly an' me was agreed, as we was a-cleänin' the floor,
That a man be a durty thing an' a trouble an' plague wi' indoor. 50
But I rued it arter a bit, fur I stuck to tha moor na the rest,
But I could n't 'a lived wi' a man, an' I knaws it be all fur the best.

IX

Naäy—let ma stroäk tha down till I maäkes tha es smooth es silk,
But if I 'ed married tha, Robby, thou 'd not 'a been worth thy milk,
Thou 'd niver 'a cotch'd ony mice but 'a left me the work to do,
And 'a taäen to the bottle beside, so es all that I 'ears be true;
But I loovs tha to maäke thysen 'appy, an' soä purr awaäy, my dear,
Thou 'ed wellnigh purr'd ma awaäy fro' my oän two 'oonderd a-year.

X

Sweärin' ageän, you Toms, as ye used to do twelve year sin'!
Ye niver eärd Steevie sweär 'cep' it wur at a dog coomin' in, 60
An' boäth o' ye mun be fools to be hallus a-shawin' your claws,
Fur I niver cared nothink for neither—an' one o' ye deäd, ye knaws!
Coom, give hoäver then, weänt ye? I warrant ye soom fine daäy—
Theere, lig down—I shall hev to gie one or tother awaäy.
Can't ye taäke pattern by Steevie? ye shan't hev a drop fro' the paäil.
Steevie be right good manners bang thruf to the tip o' the taäil.

XI

Robby, git down wi' tha, wilt tha? let Steevie coom oop o' my knee.
Steevie, my lad, thou 'ed very nigh been the Steevie fur me!
Robby wur fust, to be sewer, 'e wur burn an' bred i' the 'ouse,
But thou be es 'ansom a tabby es iver patted a mouse. 70

XII

An' I beänt not vaäin, but I knaws I 'ed led tha a quieter life
Nor her wi' the hepitaph yonder! 'A faäithful an' loovin' wife!'
An' 'cos o' thy farm by the beck, an thy windmill oop o' the croft,
Tha thowt tha would marry ma, di tha? but that wur a bit owe soft,
Thaw thou was es soäber es daäy, w a niced red faäce, an' es cleän
Es a shillin' fresh fro' the mint wi' bran-new 'eäd o' the Queeän,
An' thy farmin' es cleän es thysen fur, Steevie, tha kep' it sa neä
That I niver not spied sa much es poppy along wi' the wheät,
An' the wool of a thistle a-flyin' a seeädin' tha haäted to see;
'T wur es bad es a battle-twig[1] 'ere my oän blue chaumber to me.
Ay, roob thy whiskers ageän ma, fu I could 'a taäen to tha well,
But fur thy bairns, poor Steevie, bouncin' boy an' a gell.

[1] Earwig.

XIII

n' thou was es fond o' thy bairns es
I be mysen o' my cats,
ut I niver not wish'd fur childer, I
hev n't naw likin' fur brats;
retty anew when ya dresses 'em oop,
an' they goäs fur a walk,
r sits wi' their 'ands afoor 'em, an'
does n't not 'inder the talk!
ut their bottles o' pap, an' their
mucky bibs, an' the clats an'
the clouts,
n' their masbin' their toys to pieäces
an' maäkin' ma deäf wi' their
shouts,
n' hallus a-joompin' about ma as if
they was set upo' springs,
n' a haxin' ma hawkard questions,
an' saäyin' ondecent things,
n' a-callin' ma 'hugly' mayhap to my
faäce, or a-teärin' my gown —
ear! dear! dear! I mun part them
Tommies — Steevie, git down.

XIV

e be wuss nor the men-tommies, you.
I tell'd ya, na moor o' that!
om, lig theere o' the cushion, an'
tother Tom 'ere o' the mat.

XV

heere! I ha' master'd *them!* Hed I
married the Tommies — O Lord,
o loove an' obaäy the Tommies! I
could n't 'a stuck by my word.
o be horder'd about, an' waäked,
when Molly 'd put out the light,
a man coomin' in wi' a hiccup at
ony hour o' the night!
n' the taäble staäin'd wi' 'is aäle, an'
the mud o' 'is boots o' the stairs,
n' the stink o' 'is pipe i' the 'ouse, an'
the mark o' 'is 'eäd o' the chairs!
n' noän o' my four sweet-arts 'ud 'a
let me 'a hed my oän waäy,
I likes 'em best wi' taäils when
they 'ev n't a word to saäy.

XVI

n' I sits i' my oän little parlor, an'
sarved by my oän little lass,
i' my oän little garden outside, an'
my oän bed o' sparrow-grass,
n' my oän door-poorch wi' the wood-
bine an' jessmine a-dressin' it
greeän,
An' my oän fine Jackman i' purple a
roäbin' the 'ouse like a queeän.

XVII

An' the little gells bobs to ma hoffens
es I be abroad i' the laänes,
When I goäs fur to coomfurt the poor
es be down wi' their haäches
an' their paäins:
An' a haäf-pot o' jam, or a mossel o'
meät when it beänt too dear,
They maäkes ma a graäter lady nor
'er i' the mansion theer,
Hes 'es hallus to hax of a man how
much to spare or to spend;
An' a spinster I be an' I will be, if
soä pleäse God, to the hend.

XVIII

Mew! mew! — Bess wi' the milk! what
ha maäde our Molly sa laäte?
It should 'a been 'ere by seven, an'
theere — it be strikin' height —
'Cushie wur craäzed fur 'er cauf,' well
— I 'eärd 'er a-maäkin' 'er moän,
An' I thowt to mysen, 'thank God that
I hev n't naw cauf o' my oän.'
Theere!
Set it down!
Now, Robby!
You Tommies shall waäit to-night
Till Robby an' Steevie 'es 'ed their lap
— an' it sarves ye right.

PROLOGUE

TO GENERAL HAMLEY

Our birches yellowing and from each
The light leaf falling fast,
While squirrels from our fiery beech
Were bearing off the mast,
You came, and look'd and loved the
view
Long-known and loved by me,
Green Sussex fading into blue
With one gray glimpse of sea;
And, gazing from this height alone,
We spoke of what had been
Most marvellous in the wars your own
Crimean eyes had seen;
And — now like old-world inns that
take
Some warrior for a sign

That therewithin a guest may make
True cheer with honest wine—
Because you heard the lines I read
Nor utter'd word of blame,
I dare without your leave to head
These rhymings with your name,
Who know you but as one of those
I fain would meet again,
Yet know you, as your England knows
That you and all your men
Were soldiers to her heart's desire,
When, in the vanish'd year,
You saw the league-long rampart-fire
Flare from Tel-el-Kebir
Thro' darkness, and the foe was driven,
And Wolseley overthrew
Arâbi, and the stars in heaven
Paled, and the glory grew.

THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE AT BALACLAVA

OCTOBER 25, 1854

I

THE charge of the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade!
Down the hill, down the hill, thousands of Russians,
Thousands of horsemen, drew to the valley—and stay'd;
For Scarlett and Scarlett's three hundred were riding by
When the points of the Russian lances arose in the sky;
And he call'd, 'Left wheel into line!' and they wheel'd and obey'd.
Then he look'd at the host that had halted he knew not why,
And he turn'd half round, and he bade his trumpeter sound
To the charge, and he rode on ahead, as he waved his blade
To the gallant three hundred whose glory will never die—
'Follow,' and up the hill, up the hill, up the hill,
Follow'd the Heavy Brigade.

II

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and the might of the fight!
Thousands of horsemen had gather'd there on the height,
With a wing push'd out to the left and a wing to the right,
And who shall escape if they close? but he dash'd up alone
Thro' the great gray slope of men,
Sway'd his sabre, and held his own
Like an Englishman there and then.
All in a moment follow'd with force
Three that were next in their fiery course,
Wedged themselves in between horse and horse,
Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they had made—
Four amid thousands! and up the hill, up the hill, up the hill,
Gallopt the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade.

III

Fell like a cannon-shot,
Burst like a thunderbolt,
Crash'd like a hurricane,
Broke thro' the mass from below,
Drove thro' the midst of the foe,
Plunged up and down, to and fro,
Rode flashing blow upon blow,
Brave Inniskillens and Greys
Whirling their sabres in circles of light!
And some of us, all in amaze,
Who were held for a while from the fight,
And were only standing at gaze,
When the dark-muffled Russian crow
Folded its wings from the left and th right,
And roll'd them around like a cloud,—
O, mad for the charge and the batt were we,
When our own good redcoats sank from sight,
Like drops of blood in a dark-gray se
And we turn'd to each other, whispering, all dismay'd,
'Lost are the gallant three hundred Scarlett's Brigade!'

IV

'Lost one and all' were the words
Mutter'd in our dismay;
But they rode like victors and lords
Thro' the forest of lances and sword
In the heart of the Russian hordes,
They rode, or they stood at bay
Struck with the sword-hand and sle

'The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and the might of the fight'

wn with the bridle-hand drew
e foe from the saddle and threw
derfoot there in the fray —
nged like a storm or stood like a rock
he wave of a stormy day;
suddenly shock upon shock
gger'd the mass from without,
ve it in wild disarray,
our men gallopt up with a cheer
and a shout,
d the foeman surged, and waver'd,
and reel'd
the hill, up the hill, up the hill,
out of the field,
d over the brow and away.

V

ry to each and to all, and the
charge that they made!
ry to all the three hundred, and all
the Brigade!

NOTE. — The 'three hundred' of the 'Heavy Brigade' who made this famous charge were the Scots Greys and the 2d squadron of Inniskillens; the remainder of the 'Heavy Brigade' subsequently dashing up to their support.

The 'three' were Scarlett's aide-de-camp, Elliot, and the trumpeter, and Shegog the orderly, who had been close behind him.

EPILOGUE

IRENE.

NOT this way will you set your name
A star among the stars.

POET.

What way?

IRENE.

You praise when you should blame
The barbarism of wars.
A juster epoch has begun.

POET.

Yet tho' this cheek be gray,
And that bright hair the modern sun,
Those eyes the blue to-day,
You wrong me, passionate little friend.
I would that wars should cease,
I would the globe from end to end
And some new Spirit o'erbear the old,
Might sow and reap in peace,
Or Trade re-frain the Powers
From war with kindly links of gold,
Or Love with wreaths of flowers.
Slav, Teuton, Kelt, I count them all
My friends and brother souls,
With all the peoples, great and small,
That wheel between the poles.
But since our mortal shadow, Ill,
To waste this earth began —
Perchance from some abuse of Will
In worlds before the man
Involving ours — he needs must fight
To make true peace his own,
He needs must combat might with might,
Or Might world rule alone;
And who loves war for war's own sake
Is fool, or crazed, or worse;
But let the patriot-soldier take
His meed of fame in verse;
Nay — tho' that realm were in the wrong
For which her warriors bleed,
It still were right to crown with song
The warrior's noble deed —
A crown the Singer hopes may last,
For so the deed endures;
But Song will vanish in the Vast;
And that large phrase of yours
'A star among the stars,' my dear,
Is girlish talk at best;
For dare we dally with the sphere
As he did half in jest,
Old Horace? 'I will strike,' said he,
'The stars with head sublime,'
But scarce could see, as now we see,
The man in space and time,
So drew perchance a happier lot
Than ours, who rhyme to-day.
The fires that arch this dusky dot —
Yon myriad-worlded way —
The vast sun-clusters' gather'd blaze,
World-isles in lonely skies,
Whole heavens within themselves, amaze
Our brief humanities.
And so does Earth; for Homer's fame,
Tho' carved in harder stone —
The falling drop will make his name
As mortal as my own.

IRENE.

No!

POET.

Let it live then — ay, till when?
Earth passes, all is lost
In what they prophesy, our wisest men,
Sun-flame or sunless frost,
And deed and song alike are swept
Away, and all in vain
As far as man can see, except
The man himself remain;
And tho', in this lean age forlorn,
Too many a voice may cry
That man can have no after-morn,
Not yet of those am I.
The man remains, and whatsoe'er
He wrought of good or brave
Will mould him thro' the cycle-year
That dawns behind the grave.

And here the Singer for his art
Not all in vain may plead
'The song that nerves a nation's heart
Is in itself a deed.'

TO VIRGIL

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE MANTUANS FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTENARY OF VIRGIL'S DEATH

I

Roman Virgil, thou that singest
Ilion's lofty temples robed in fire
Ilion falling, Rome arising,
wars, and filial faith, and Dido's pyre.

II

Landscape-lover, lord of language
more than he that sang the 'Works and Days,'
All the chosen coin of fancy
flashing out from many a golden phrase;

III

ıou that singest wheat and wood-
land,
tilth and vineyard, hive and horse
and herd;
l the charm of all the Muses
often flowering in a lonely word;

IV

ɔet of the happy Tityrus
piping underneath his beechen
bowers;
ɔet of the poet-satyr
whom the laughing shepherd
bound with flowers;

V

ıanter of the Pollio, glorying
in the blissful years again to be,
mmers of the snakeless meadow,
unlaborious earth and oarless sea;

VI

ıou that seest Universal
Nature moved by Universal Mind;
ıou majestic in thy sadness
at the doubtful doom of human
kind;

VII

ght among the vanish'd ages;
star that gildest yet this phantom
shore;
lden branch amid the shadows,
kings and realms that pass to rise
no more;

VIII

w thy Forum roars no longer,
fallen every purple Cæsar's dome—
o' thine ocean-roll of rhythm
sound forever of Imperial Rome—

IX

w the Rome of slaves hath perish'd,
and the Rome of freemen holds
her place,
rom out the Northern Island
sunder'd once from all the human
race,

X

ılute thee, Mantovano,
I that loved thee since my day
began,
elder of the stateliest measure
ever moulded by the lips of man.

THE DEAD PROPHET

182–

I

Dead!
And the Muses cried with a stormy
cry,
'Send them no more, for evermore.
Let the people die.'

II

Dead!
'Is it *he* then brought so low?'
And a careless people flock'd from the
fields
With a purse to pay for the show.

III

Dead, who had served his time,
Was one of the people's kings,
Had labor'd in lifting them out of
slime,
And showing them, souls have
wings!

IV

Dumb on the winter heath he lay.
His friends had stript him bare,
And roll'd his nakedness everyway
That all the crowd might stare.

V

A storm-worn signpost not to be read.
And a tree with a moulder'd nest
On its barkless bones, stood stark
by the dead;
And behind him, low in the West,

VI

With shifting ladders of shadow and
light,
And blurr'd in color and form,
The sun hung over the gates of night,
And glared at a coming storm.

VII

Then glided a vulturous beldam forth,
That on dumb death had thriven;
They call'd her 'Reverence' here upon
earth,
And 'The Curse of the Prophet' in
heaven.

VIII

She knelt—'We worship him'—all
but wept—

'So great, so noble, was he!'
She clear'd her sight, she arose, she swept
The dust of earth from her knee.

IX

'Great! for he spoke and the people heard,
And his eloquence caught like a flame
From zone to zone of the world, till his word
Had won him a noble name.

X

'Noble! he sung, and the sweet sound ran
Thro' palace and cottage door,
For he touch'd on the whole sad planet of man,
The kings and the rich and the poor;

XI

'And he sung not alone of an old sun set,
But a sun coming up in his youth!
Great and noble — O, yes — but yet —
For man is a lover of truth,

XII

'And bound to follow, wherever she go
Stark-naked, and up or down,
Thro' her high hill-passes of stainless snow,
Or the foulest sewer of the town —

XIII

'Noble and great — O, ay — but then,
Tho' a prophet should have his due,
Was he noblier-fashion'd than other men?
Shall we see to it, I and you?

XIV

'For since he would sit on a prophet's seat,
As a lord of the human soul,
We needs must scan him from head to feet,
Were it but for a wart or a mole?'

XV

His wife and his child stood by him in tears,
But she — she push'd them aside.
'Tho' a name may last for a thousand years,
Yet a truth is a truth,' she cried.

XVI

And she that had haunted his path way still,
Had often truckled and cower'd
When he rose in his wrath, and had yielded her will
To the master, as overpower'd,

XVII

She tumbled his helpless corpse about.
'Small blemish upon the skin!
But I think we know what is fair without
Is often as foul within.'

XVIII

She crouch'd, she tore him part from part,
And out of his body she drew
The red 'blood-eagle'[1] of liver and heart;
She held them up to the view;

XIX

She gabbled, as she groped in the dead,
And all the people were pleased;
'See, what a little heart,' she said,
'And the liver is half-diseased!'

XX

She tore the prophet after death,
And the people paid her well.
Lightnings flicker'd along the heath
One shriek'd, 'The fires of hell!'

EARLY SPRING

I

Once more the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And domes the red-plow'd hills
With loving blue;
The blackbirds have their wills,
The throstles too.

[1] Old Viking term for lungs, liver, et when torn by the conqueror out of the bo of the conquered.

II

Opens a door in heaven;
From skies of glass
A Jacob's ladder falls
On greening grass.
And o'er the mountain-walls
Young angels pass.

III

Before them fleets the shower,
And burst the buds,
And shine the level lands,
And flash the floods;
The stars are from their hands
Flung thro' the woods,

IV

The woods with living airs
How softly fann'd,
Light airs from where the deep,
All down the sand,
Is breathing in his sleep,
Heard by the land.

V

O, follow, leaping blood,
The season's lure!
O heart, look down and up
Serene, secure,
Warm as the crocus cup,
Like snowdrops, pure!

VI

Past, Future glimpse and fade
Thro' some slight spell,
A gleam from yonder vale,
Some far blue fell,
And sympathies, how frail,
In sound and smell!

VII

Till at thy chuckled note,
Thou twinkling bird,
The fairy fancies range,
And, lightly stirr'd,
Ring little bells of change
From word to word.

VIII

For now the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And thaws the cold, and fills
The flower with dew;
The blackbirds have their wills,
The poets too.

PREFATORY POEM TO MY BROTHER'S SONNETS

MIDNIGHT, JUNE 30, 1879

I

MIDNIGHT — in no midsummer tune
The breakers lash the shores;
The cuckoo of a joyless June
Is calling out of doors.

And thou hast vanish'd from thine own
To that which looks like rest,
True brother, only to be known
By those who love thee best.

II

Midnight — and joyless June gone by,
And from the deluged park
The cuckoo of a worse July
Is calling thro' the dark;

But thou art silent underground,
And o'er thee streams the rain,
True poet, surely to be found
When Truth is found again.

III

And, now to these unsummer'd skies
The summer bird is still,
Far off a phantom cuckoo cries
From out a phantom hill;

And thro' this midnight breaks the sun
Of sixty years away,
The light of days when life begun,
The days that seem to-day,

When all my griefs were shared with thee,
As all my hopes were thine —
As all thou wert was one with me,
May all thou art be mine!

'FRATER AVE ATQUE VALE'

Row us out from Desenzano, to your Sirmione row!
So they row'd, and there we landed — 'O venusta Sirmio!'
There to me thro' all the groves of olive in the summer glow,
There beneath the Roman ruin where the purple flowers grow,

Came that 'Ave atque Vale' of the Poet's hopeless woe,
Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen hundred years ago,
'Frater Ave atque Vale'—as we wander'd to and fro
Gazing at the Lydian laughter of the Garda Lake below
Sweet Catullus's all-but-island, olive-silvery Sirmio!

HELEN'S TOWER

[Written at the request of my friend, Lord Dufferin.]

Helen's Tower, here I stand,
Dominant over sea and land.
Son's love built me, and I hold
Mother's love in letter'd gold.
Love is in and out of time,
I am mortal stone and lime.
Would my granite girth were strong
As either love, to last as long!
I should wear my crown entire
To and from the Doomsday fire,
And be found of angel eyes
In earth's recurring Paradise.

EPITAPH ON LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Thou third great Canning, stand among our best
And noblest, now thy long day's work hath ceased,
Here silent in our Minster of the West
Who wert the voice of England in the East.

EPITAPH ON GENERAL GORDON

IN THE GORDON BOYS' NATIONAL MEMORIAL HOME NEAR WOKING

Warrior of God, man's friend, and tyrant's foe,
Now somewhere dead far in the waste Soudan,
Thou livest in all hearts, for all men know
This earth has never borne a nobler man.

EPITAPH ON CAXTON

IN ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER

Fiat Lux (his motto)

Thy prayer was 'Light—more Light—while Time shall last!'
Thou sawest a glory growing on the night,
But not the shadows which that light would cast,
Till shadows vanish in the Light of Light.

TO THE DUKE OF ARGYLL

O Patriot Statesman, be thou wise to know
The limits of resistance, and the bound
Determining concession; still be bold
Not only to slight praise but suffer scorn;
And be thy heart a fortress to maintain
The day against the moment, and the year
Against the day; thy voice, a music heard
Thro' all the yells and counter-yells of feud
And faction, and thy will, a power to make
This ever-changing world of circumstance,
In changing, chime with never-changing Law.

HANDS ALL ROUND[1]

First pledge our Queen this solemn night,
Then drink to England, every glass
That man's the best Cosmopolite
Who loves his native country best
May freedom's oak for ever live
With stronger life from day to day.

[1] Written after the Queen's escape from assassination, 1882.

t man 's the true Conservative
Who lops the moulder'd branch away.
Hands all round!
od the traitor's hope confound!
this great cause of Freedom drink, my friends,
nd the great name of England, round and round.

all the loyal hearts who long
o keep our English Empire whole!
all our noble sons, the strong
ew England of the Southern Pole!
England under Indian skies,
o those dark millions of her realm!
Canada whom we love and prize,
Whatever statesman hold the helm.
Hands all round!
od the traitor's hope confound!
this great name of England drink, my friends,
nd all her glorious empire, round and round.

all our statesmen so they be
rue leaders of the land's desire!
both our Houses, may they see
eyond the borough and the shire!
sail'd wherever ship could sail,
Ve founded many a mighty state;
y God our greatness may not fail
hro' craven fears of being great!
Hands all round!
od the traitor's hope confound!
this great cause of Freedom drink, my friends,
nd the great name of England, round and round.

FREEDOM

I

ou so fair in summers gone,
hile yet thy fresh and virgin soul
rm'd the pillar'd Parthenon,
he glittering Capitol;

II

air in southern sunshine bathed,
ut scarce of such majestic mien
ere with forehead vapor-swathed
meadows ever green;

III

For thou — when Athens reign'd and Rome,
Thy glorious eyes were dimm'd with pain
To mark in many a freeman's home
The slave, the scourge, the chain;

IV

O follower of the Vision, still
In motion to the distant gleam,
Howe'er blind force and brainless will
May jar thy golden dream

V

Of Knowledge fusing class with class,
Of civic Hate no more to be,
Of Love to leaven all the mass,
Till every soul be free;

VI

Who yet, like Nature, wouldst not mar
By changes all too fierce and fast
This order of her Human Star,
This heritage of the past;

VII

O scorner of the party cry
That wanders from the public good,
Thou — when the nations rear on high
Their idol smear'd with blood,

VIII

And when they roll their idol down—
Of saner worship sanely proud;
Thou loather of the lawless crown
As of the lawless crowd;

IX

How long thine ever-growing mind
Hath still'd the blast and strown the wave,
Tho' some of late would raise a wind
To sing thee to thy grave,

X

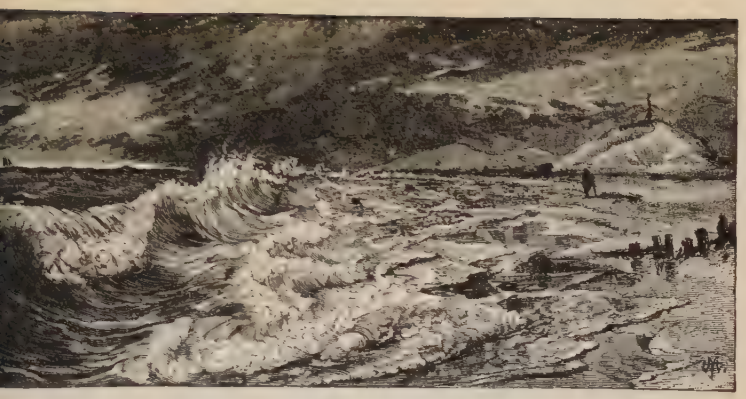
Men loud against all forms of power—
Unfurnish'd brows, tempestuous tongues,
Expecting all things in an hour—
Brass mouths and iron lungs!

POETS AND THEIR BIBLIOGRAPHIES

Old poets foster'd under friendlier skies,
Old Virgil who would write ten lines, they say,
At dawn, and lavish all the golden day
To make them wealthier in his readers' eyes;
And you, old popular Horace, you the wise
Adviser of the nine-years-ponder'd lay,
And you, that wear a wreath of sweeter bay,
Catullus, whose dead songster never dies;
If, glancing downward on the kindly sphere
That once had roll'd you round and round the sun,
You see your Art still shrined in human shelves,
You should be jubilant that you flourish'd here
Before the Love of Letters, overdone,
Had swampt the sacred poets with themselves.

TO H. R. H. PRINCESS BEATRICE

Two Suns of Love make day of human life,
Which else with all its pains, and griefs, and deaths,
Were utter darkness — one, the S
of dawn
That brightens thro' the Mothe
tender eyes,
And warms the child's awakeni
world — and one
The later-rising Sun of spousal Lo
Which from her household orbit dra
the child
To move in other spheres. The M
ther weeps
At that white funeral of the sin
life,
Her maiden daughter's marriage ; a
her tears
Are half of pleasure, half of pain
the child
Is happy — even in leaving *her!* Y
thou,
True daughter, whose all-faithf
filial eyes
Have seen the loneliness of earth
thrones,
Wilt neither quit the widow'd Crov
nor let
This later light of Love have risen
vain,
But moving thro' the Mother's hon
between
The two that love thee, lead a sumn
life,
Sway'd by each Love, and swaying
each Love,
Like some conjectured planet in n
heaven
Between two suns, and drawing do
from both
The light and genial warmth of dou
day.



'Late, my grandson! half the morning have I paced these sandy tracts'

LOCKSLEY HALL SIXTY YEARS AFTER, ETC.

TO MY WIFE

DEDICATE THIS DRAMATIC MONOLOGUE AND THE POEMS WHICH FOLLOW

CKSLEY HALL SIXTY YEARS AFTER

TE, my grandson! half the morning
have I paced these sandy tracts,
tch'd again the hollow ridges roar-
ing into cataracts,

nder'd back to living boyhood
while I heard the curlews call,
yself so close on death, and death
itself in Locksley Hall.

—your happy suit was blasted—
she the faultless, the divine;
l you liken—boyish babble—this
boy-love of yours with mine.

yself have often babbled doubtless
of a foolish past;
ble, babble; our old England may
go down in babble at last.

rse him!' curse your fellow-vic-
tim? call him dotard in your
rage?
s that lured a doting boyhood well
might fool a dotard's age.

Jilted for a wealthier! wealthier? yet
perhaps she was not wise;
I remember how you kiss'd the minia-
ture with those sweet eyes.

In the hall there hangs a painting—
Amy's arms about my neck—
Happy children in a sunbeam sitting
on the ribs of wreck.

In my life there was a picture, she
that clasp'd my neck had flown;
I was left within the shadow sitting
on the wreck alone.

Yours has been a slighter ailment,
will you sicken for her sake?
You, not you! your modern amorist
is of easier, earthlier make.

Amy loved me, Amy fail'd me, Amy
was a timid child;
But your Judith—but your world-
ling—*she* had never driven me
wild.

She that holds the diamond necklace
dearer than the golden ring,

She that finds a winter sunset fairer
than a morn of spring.

She that in her heart is brooding on
his briefer lease of life,
While she vows 'till death shall part
us,' she the would-be-widow
wife.

She the worldling born of worldlings—
father, mother—be content,
Even the homely farm can teach us
there is something in descent.

Yonder in that chapel, slowly sinking
now into the ground,
Lies the warrior, my forefather, with
his feet upon the hound.

Cross'd! for once he sail'd the sea to
crush the Moslem in his pride;
Dead the warrior, dead his glory, dead
the cause in which he died.

Yet how often I and Amy in the
mouldering aisle have stood,
Gazing for one pensive moment on
that founder of our blood.

There again I stood to-day, and where
of old we knelt in prayer,
Close beneath the casement crimson
with the shield of Locksley—
there,

All in white Italian marble, looking
still as if she smiled,
Lies my Amy dead in childbirth, dead
the mother, dead the child.

Dead—and sixty years ago, and dead
her aged husband now—
I, this old white-headed dreamer,
stoopt and kiss'd her marble
brow.

Gone the fires of youth, the follies,
furies, curses, passionate tears,
Gone like fires and floods and earth-
quakes of the planet's dawning
years.

Fires that shook me once, but now to
silent ashes fallen away.
Cold upon the dead volcano sleeps the
gleam of dying day.

Gone the tyrant of my youth, a
mute below the chancel ston
All his virtues—I forgive them
black in white above his bon

Gone the comrades of my bivou
some in fight against the foe,
Some thro' age and slow disease
gone as all on earth will go.

Gone with whom for forty years
life in golden sequence ran,
She with all the charm of woman,
with all the breadth of man,

Strong in will and rich in wisdo
Edith, yet so lowly-sweet,
Woman to her inmost heart, and
man to her tender feet,

Very woman of very woman, nurse
ailing body and mind,
She that link'd again the broken ch
that bound me to my kind.

Here to-day was Amy with me, wh
I wander'd down the coast,
Near us Edith's holy shadow, smili
at the slighter ghost.

Gone our sailor son thy father, Leon
early lost at sea;
Thou alone, my boy, of Amy's
and mine art left to me.

Gone thy tender-natured moth
wearying to be left alone,
Pining for the stronger heart that o
had beat beside her own.

Truth, for truth is truth, he worshi
being true as he was brave;
Good, for good is good, he
low'd, yet he look'd beyond
grave,

Wiser there than you, that crown
barren Death as lord of all,
Deem this over-tragic drama's clos
curtain is the pall!

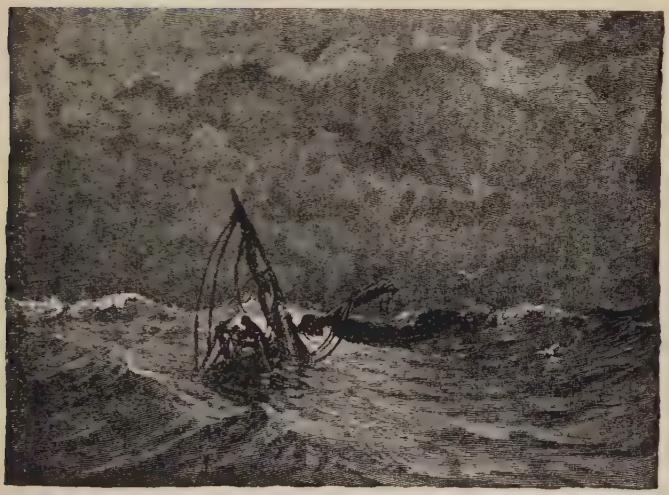
Beautiful was death in him,
saw the death, but kept
deck,
Saving women and their babes,
sinking with the sinking wr

one for ever! Ever? no—for since
our dying race began,
ver, ever, and for ever was the lead-
ing light of man.
those that in barbarian burials kill'd
the slave, and slew the wife
lt within themselves the sacred pas-
sion of the second life.

dian warriors dream of ampler hunt-
ing grounds beyond the night;
ven the black Australian dying hopes
he shall return, a white.

'Forward' rang the voices then, and
of the many mine was one.
Let us hush this cry of 'Forward' till
ten thousand years have gone.

Far among the vanish'd races, old As-
syrian kings would flay
Captives whom they caught in battle
— iron-hearted victors they.
Ages after, while in Asia, he that led
the wild Moguls,
Timur built his ghastly tower of eighty
thousand human skulls;



'Sinking with the sinking wreck'

uth for truth, and good for good!
The good, the true, the pure,
the just—
ke the charm 'For ever' from them,
and they crumble into dust.

ne the cry of 'Forward, Forward,'
lost within a growing gloom;
st, or only heard in silence from
the silence of a tomb.

lf the marvels of my morning, tri-
umphs over time and space,
led by frequence, shrunk by usage
into commonest commonplace!

Then, and here in Edward's time, an
age of noblest English names,
Christian conquerors took and flung
the conquer'd Christian into
flames.

Love your enemy, bless your haters,
said the Greatest of the great;
Christian love among the Churches
look'd the twin of heathen hate.

From the golden alms of Blessing man
had coin'd himself a curse:
Rome of Cæsar, Rome of Peter, which
was crueller? which was worse?

France had shown a light to all men, preach'd a Gospel, all men's good;
Celtic Demos rose a Demon, shriek'd and slaked the light with blood.

Hope was ever on her mountain, watching till the day begun —
Crown'd with sunlight — over darkness — from the still unrisen sun.

Have we grown at last beyond the passions of the primal clan?
'Kill your enemy, for you hate him,' still, 'your enemy' was a man.

Have we sunk below them? peasants maim the helpless horse, and drive
Innocent cattle under thatch, and burn the kindlier brutes alive.

Brutes, the brutes are not your wrongers — burnt at midnight, found at morn,
Twisted hard in mortal agony with their offspring, born-unborn,

Clinging to the silent mother! Are we devils? are we men?
Sweet Saint Francis of Assisi, would that he were here again,

He that in his Catholic wholeness used to call the very flowers
Sisters, brothers — and the beasts — whose pains are hardly less than ours!

Chaos, Cosmos! Cosmos, Chaos! who can tell how all will end?
Read the wide world's annals, you and take their wisdom for your friend.

Hope the best, but hold the Present fatal daughter of the Past,
Shape your heart to front the hour, but dream not that the hour will last.

Ay, if dynamite and revolver leave you courage to be wise —
When was age so cramm'd with menace? madness? written, spoken lies?

Envy wears the mask of Love, and laughing sober fact to scorn,
Cries to weakest as to strongest, 'Ye are equals, equal-born.'

Equal-born? O, yes, if yonder hill be level with the flat.
Charm us, orator, till the lion look no larger than the cat,

Till the cat thro' that mirage of overheated language loom
Larger than the lion, — Demos end in working its own doom.

Russia bursts our Indian barrier, shall we fight her? shall we yield?
Pause! before you sound the trumpet, hear the voices from the field.

Those three hundred millions under one Imperial sceptre now,
Shall we hold them? shall we loose them? take the suffrage of the plow.

Nay, but these would feel and follow Truth if only you and you,
Rivals of realm-ruining party, when you speak were wholly true.

Plowmen, shepherds, have I found and more than once, and still could find,
Sons of God, and kings of men in utter nobleness of mind,

Truthful, trustful, looking upward to the practised hustings-liar;
So the higher wields the lower, while the lower is the higher.

Here and there a cotter's babe is royal born by right divine;
Here and there my lord is lower than his oxen or his swine.

Chaos, Cosmos! Cosmos, Chaos! once again the sickening game;
Freedom, free to slay herself, and dying while they shout her name.

Step by step we gain'd a freedom known to Europe, known to all;
Step by step we rose to greatness, — thro' the tongueters we may fall.

knocks the cheating, hypocrisy + politicians

ou that woo the Voices — tell them
old experience is a fool,
ach your flatter'd kings that only
those who cannot read can rule.

uck the mighty from their seat, but
set no meek ones in their place;
llory Wisdom in your markets, pelt
your offal at her face.

umble Nature heel o'er head, and,
yelling with the yelling street,
t the feet above the brain and swear
the brain is in the feet.

ing the old dark ages back without
the faith, without the hope,
eak the State, the Church, the
Throne, and roll their ruins
down the slope.

thors — essayist, atheist, novelist,
realist, rhymester, play your
part,
int the mortal shame of nature with
— the living hues of art.

p your brothers' vices open, strip
your own foul passions bare;
wn with Reticence, down with
Reverence — forward — naked
— let them stare.

ed the budding rose of boyhood with
the drainage of your sewer;
id the drain into the fountain, lest
the stream should issue pure.

the maiden fancies wallowing in
the troughs of Zolaism, —
rward, forward, ay, and backward,
downward too into the abysm!

your best to charm the worst, to
lower the rising race of men;
ve we risen from out the beast,
then back into the beast again?

y 'dust to dust' for me that sicken
at your lawless din,
st in wholesome old-world dust be-
fore the newer world begin.

ted am I? you — you wonder —
well, it scarce becomes mine
age —

Patience! let the dying actor mouth
his last upon the stage.

Cries of unprogressive dotage ere the
dotard fall asleep?
Noises of a current narrowing, not the
music of a deep?

Ay, for doubtless I am old, and think
gray thoughts, for I am gray;
After all the stormy changes shall we
find a changeless May?

After madness, after massacre, Jaco-
binism and Jacquerie,
Some diviner force to guide us thro'
the days I shall not see?

When the schemes and all the systems,
kingdoms and republics fall,
Something kindlier, higher, holier —
all for each and each for all?

All the full-brain, half-brain races, led
by Justice, Love, and Truth;
All the millions one at length with all
the visions of my youth?

All diseases quench'd by Science, no
man halt, or deaf, or blind;
Stronger ever born of weaker, lustier
body, larger mind?

Earth at last a warless world, a single
race, a single tongue —
I have seen her far away — for is not
Earth as yet so young? —

Every tiger madness muzzled, every
serpent passion kill'd,
Every grim ravine a garden, every
blazing desert till'd,

Robed in universal harvest up to
either pole she smiles,
Universal ocean softly washing all her
warless isles.

Warless? when her tens are thou-
sands, and her thousands mil-
lions, then —
All her harvest all too narrow — who
can fancy warless men?

Warless? war will die out late then.
Will it ever? late or soon?

Can it, till this outworn earth be
dead as yon dead world the
moon?

Dead the new astronomy calls her.—
On this day and at this hour,
In this gap between the sandhills,
whence you see the Locksley
tower,

Here we met, our latest meeting—
Amy—sixty years ago—
She and I—the moon was falling
greenish thro' a rosy glow,

Just above the gateway tower, and
even where you see her now—
Here we stood and clasp't each other,
swore the seeming-deathless
vow.—

Dead, but how her living glory lights
the hall, the dune, the grass!
Yet the moonlight is the sunlight, and
the sun himself will pass.

Venus near her! smiling downward at
this earthlier earth of ours,
Closer on the sun, perhaps a world of
never fading flowers.

Hesper, whom the poet call'd the
Bringer home of all good
things—
All good things may move in Hesper,
perfect peoples, perfect kings.

Hesper—Venus—were we native to
that splendor or in Mars,
We should see the globe we groan in,
fairest of their evening stars.

Could we dream of wars and carnage,
craft and madness, lust and
spite,
Roaring London, raving Paris, in that
point of peaceful light?

Might we not in glancing heavenward
on a star so silver-fair,
Yearn, and clasp the hands and mur-
mur, 'Would to God that we
were there'?

Forward, backward, backward, for-
ward, in the immeasurable sea,

Sway'd by vaster ebbs and flows tha
can be known to you or me.

All the suns—are these but symbo
of innumerable man,
Man or Mind that sees a shadow of th
planner or the plan?

Is there evil but on earth? or pain i
every peopled sphere?
Well, be grateful for the soundin
watchword 'Evolution' here,

Evolution ever climbing after som
ideal good,
And Reversion ever dragging Evol
tion in the mud.

What are men that He should heed us
cried the king of sacred song;
Insects of an hour, that hourly wo
their brother insect wrong,

While the silent heavens roll, and su
along their fiery way,
All their planets whirling round ther
flash a million miles a day.

Many an æon moulded earth befo
her highest, man, was born,
Many an æon too may pass when ear
is manless and forlorn,

Earth so huge, and yet so bounded
pools of salt, and plots of land
Shallow skin of green and azure
chains of mountain, grains
sand!

Only That which made us meant us
be mightier by and by,
Set the sphere of all the boundle
heavens within the human ey

Sent the shadow of Himself, t
boundless, thro' the human so
Boundless inward in the atom, bou
less outward in the Whole.

. . . . . .

Here is Locksley Hall, my grandso
here the lion-guarded gate.
Not to-night in Locksley Hall—
morrow—you, you come
late.

'In this gap between the sandhills, whence you see the Locksley tower,
Here we met, our latest meeting — Amy — sixty years ago'

reck'd — your train — or all but
wreck'd ? a shatter'd wheel ? a
vicious boy ! -
od, this forward, you that preach
it, is it well to wish you joy ?

it well that while we range with
Science, glorying in the Time,
y children soak and blacken soul
and sense in city slime ?

ere among the glooming alleys Pro
gress halts on palsied feet,
me and hunger cast our maidens by
the thousand on the street.

There the master scrimps his haggard
sempstress of her daily bread,
There a single sordid attic holds the
living and the dead.

There the smouldering fire of fever
creeps across the rotted floor,
And the crowded couch of incest in
the warrens of the poor.

Nay, your pardon, cry your 'For-
ward,' yours are hope and
youth, but I —
Eighty winters leave the dog too lame
to follow with the cry,

Lame and old, and past his time, and passing now into the night;
Yet I would the rising race were half as eager for the light.

Light the fading gleam of even? light the glimmer of the dawn?
Aged eyes may take the growing glimmer for the gleam withdrawn.

Far away beyond her myriad coming changes earth will be
Something other than the wildest modern guess of you and me.

Earth may reach her earthly-worst, or if she gain her earthly-best,
Would she find her human offspring this ideal man at rest?

Forward then, but still remember how the course of Time will swerve,
Crook and turn upon itself in many a backward streaming curve.

Not the Hall to-night, my grandson! Death and Silence hold their own.
Leave the master in the first dark hour of his last sleep alone.

Worthier soul was he than I am, sound and honest, rustic Squire,
Kindly landlord, boon companion—youthful jealousy is a liar.

Cast the poison from your bosom, oust the madness from your brain.
Let the trampled serpent show you that you have not lived in vain.

Youthful! youth and age are scholars yet but in the lower school,
Nor is he the wisest man who never proved himself a fool.

Yonder lies our young sea-village—Art and Grace are less and less:
Science grows and Beauty dwindles—roofs of slated hideousness!

There is one old hostel left us where they swing the Locksley shield,
Till the peasant cow shall butt th
'lion passant' from his field.

Poor old Heraldry, poor old History
poor old Poetry, passing hence
In the common deluge drowning ol
political common-sense!

Poor old voice of eighty crying afte
voices that have fled!
All I loved are vanish'd voices, all m
steps are on the dead.

All the world is ghost to me, and
the phantom disappears,
Forward far and far from here is a
the hope of eighty years.

In this hostel—I remember—I repe
it o'er his grave—
Like a clown—by chance he met n
—I refused the hand he gave

From that casement where the trail
mantles all the moulderin
bricks—
I was then in early boyhood, Edi
but a child of six—

While I shelter'd in this archway fro
a day of driving showers—
Peept the winsome face of Edith li
a flower among the flowers.

Here to-night! the Hall to-morro
when they toll the chapel bel
Shall I hear in one dark room a wa
ing, 'I have loved thee well'

Then a peal that shakes the portal
one has come to claim h
bride,
Her that shrank, and put me fro
her, shriek'd, and started fro
my side—

Silent echoes! You, my Leonard, u
and not abuse your day,
Move among your people, know the
follow him who led the way,

Strove for sixty widow'd years
help his homelier brother me

erved the poor, and built the cottage, raised the school, and drain'd the fen.

ears he now the voice that wrong'd him? who shall swear it cannot be?
arth would never touch her worst, were one in fifty such as he.

re she gain her heavenly-best, a God must mingle with the game.
ay, there may be those about us whom we neither see nor name,

elt within us as ourselves, the Powers of Good, the Powers of Ill,
rowing balm, or shedding poison in the fountains of the will.

ollow you the star that lights a desert pathway, yours or mine.
orward, till you see the Highest Human Nature is divine.

llow Light, and do the Right—
for man can half-control his doom—
ll you find the deathless Angel seated in the vacant tomb.

orward, let the stormy moment fly and mingle with the past.
that loathed have come to love him. Love will conquer at the last.

one at eighty, mine own age, and I and you will bear the pall;
hen I leave thee lord and master, latest lord of Locksley Hall.

THE FLEET

I

ou, you, *if* you shall fail to understand
What England is, and what her all-in-all,
you will come the curse of all the land,
Should this old England fall
Which Nelson left so great.

II

His isle, the mightiest Ocean-power on earth,
Our own fair isle, the lord of every sea—
Her fuller franchise—what would that be worth—
Her ancient fame of Free—
Were she . . . a fallen state?

III

Her dauntless army scatter'd, and so small,
Her island-myriads fed from alien lands—
The fleet of England is her all-in-all;
Her fleet is in your hands,
And in her fleet her fate.

IV

You, you, that have the ordering of her fleet,
If you should only compass her disgrace,
When all men starve, the wild mob's million feet
Will kick you from your place,
But then too late, too late.

OPENING OF THE INDIAN AND COLONIAL EXHIBITION BY THE QUEEN

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE PRINCE OF WALES

I

Welcome, welcome with one voice!
In your welfare we rejoice,
Sons and brothers that have sent,
From isle and cape and continent,
Produce of your field and flood,
Mount and mine, and primal wood;
Works of subtle brain and hand,
And splendors of the morning land,
Gifts from every British zone;
Britons, hold your own!

II

May we find, as ages run,
The mother featured in the son;
And may yours for ever be
That old strength and constancy

Which has made your fathers great
In our ancient island State,
And wherever her flag fly,
Glorying between sea and sky,
Makes the might of Britain known;
Britons, hold your own!

III

Britain fought her sons of yore—
Britain fail'd; and never more,
Careless of our growing kin,
Shall we sin our fathers' sin,
Men that in a narrower day—
Unprophetic rulers they—
Drove from out the mother's nest
That young eagle of the West
To forage for herself alone;
Britons, hold your own!

IV

Sharers of our glorious past,
Brothers, must we part at last?
Shall we not thro' good and ill
Cleave to one another still?
Britain's myriad voices call,
'Sons, be welded each and all
Into one imperial whole,
One with Britain, heart and soul!
One life, one flag, one fleet, one throne!'
Britons, hold your own!

TO W. C. MACREADY

1851

FAREWELL, Macready, since to-night we part;
Full-handed thunders often have confessed
Thy power, well-used to move the public breast.
We thank thee with our voice, and from the heart.
Farewell, Macready, since this night we part,
Go, take thine honors home; rank with the best,
Garrick and statelier Kemble, and the rest
Who made a nation purer through their art.
Thine is it that our drama did not die
Nor flicker down to brainless pantomime,
And those gilt gauds men-children swarm to see.
Farewell, Macready, moral, grave sublime;
Our Shakespeare's bland and universal eye
Dwells pleased, through twice hundred years, on thee.

QUEEN VICTORIA

DEMETER AND OTHER POEMS

THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA

I

times our Britain cannot rest,
t times her steps are swift and rash;
he moving, at her girdle clash
golden keys of East and West.

II

Not swift or rash, when late she lent
The sceptres of her West, her East,
To one that ruling has increased
Her greatness and her self-content.

III

Your rule has made the people love
Their ruler. Your viceregal days

Have added fulness to the phrase
Of 'Gauntlet in the velvet glove.'

IV

But since your name will grow with time,
Not all, as honoring your fair fame
Of Statesman, have I made the name
A golden portal to my rhyme;

V

But more, that you and yours may know
From me and mine, how dear a debt
We owed you, and are owing yet
To you and yours, and still would owe.

VI

For he — your India was his Fate,
And drew him over sea to you —
He fain had ranged her thro' and thro',
To serve her myriads and the State, —

VII

A soul that, watch'd from earliest youth,
And on thro' many a brightening year,
Had never swerved for craft or fear,
By one side-path, from simple truth;

VIII

Who might have chased and claspt Renown
And caught her chaplet here — and there
In haunts of jungle-poison'd air
The flame of life went wavering down;

IX

But ere he left your fatal shore,
And lay on that funereal boat,
Dying, 'Unspeakable,' he wrote,
'Their kindness,' and he wrote no more;

X

And sacred is the latest word;
And now the Was, the Might-have-been,
And those lone rites I have not seen,
And one drear sound I have not heard,

XI

Are dreams that scarce will let me be
Not there to bid my boy farewell,
When That within the coffin fell,
Fell — and flash'd into the Red Sea,

XII

Beneath a hard Arabian moon
And alien stars. To question why
The sons before the fathers die,
Not mine! and I may meet him soon;

XIII

But while my life's late eve endures,
Nor settles into hueless gray,
My memories of his briefer day
Will mix with love for you and yours

ON THE JUBILEE OF QUEEN VICTORIA

I

Fifty times the rose has flower'd and faded,
Fifty times the golden harvest fallen,
Since our Queen assumed the globe, the sceptre.

II

She beloved for a kindliness
Rare in fable or history,
Queen, and Empress of India,
Crown'd so long with a diadem
Never worn by a worthier,
Now with prosperous auguries
Comes at last to the bounteous
Crowning year of her Jubilee.

III

Nothing of the lawless, of the despot,
Nothing of the vulgar, or vainglorious,
All is gracious, gentle, great and queenly.

IV

You then joyfully, all of you,
Set the mountain aflame to-night,
Shoot your stars to the firmament,
Deck your houses, illuminate
All your towns for a festival,
And in each let a multitude
Loyal, each, to the heart of it,
One full voice of allegiance,
Hail the fair Ceremonial
Of this year of her Jubilee.

V

Queen, as true to womanhood as Queenhood,
Glorying in the glories of her people,
Sorrowing with the sorrows of the lowest!

VI

You, that wanton in affluence,
Spare not now to be bountiful,
Call your poor to regale with you,
All the lowly, the destitute,
Make their neighborhood healthfuller,
Give your gold to the hospital,
Let the weary be comforted,
Let the needy be banqueted,
Let the maim'd in his heart rejoice
At this glad Ceremonial,
And this year of her Jubilee.

VII

Henry's fifty years are all in shadow,
Gray with distance Edward's fifty summers,
Even her Grandsire's fifty half forgotten.

VIII

You, the Patriot Architect,
You that shape for eternity,
Raise a stately memorial,
Make it regally gorgeous,
Some Imperial Institute,
Rich in symbol, in ornament,
Which may speak to the centuries,
All the centuries after us,
Of this great Ceremonial,
And this year of her Jubilee.

IX

Fifty years of ever-broadening Commerce!
Fifty years of ever-brightening Science!
Fifty years of ever-widening Empire!

X

You, the Mighty, the Fortunate,
You, the Lord-territorial,
You, the Lord-manufacturer,
You, the hardy, laborious,
Patient children of Albion,
You, Canadian, Indian,
Australasian, African,
All your hearts be in harmony,
All your voices in unison,
Singing, 'Hail to the glorious
Golden year of her Jubilee!'

XI

Are there thunders moaning in the distance?
Are there spectres moving in the darkness?
Trust the Hand of Light will lead her people,
Till the thunders pass, the spectres vanish,
And the Light is Victor, and the darkness
Dawns into the Jubilee of the Ages.

TO PROFESSOR JEBB

WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM

Fair things are slow to fade away,
Bear witness you, that yesterday[1]
From out the Ghost of Pindar in you
Roll'd an Olympian; and they say[2]

That here the torpid mummy wheat
Of Egypt bore a grain as sweet
As that which gilds the glebe of England,
Sunn'd with a summer of milder heat.

So may this legend for awhile,
If greeted by your classic smile,
Tho' dead in its Trinacrian Enna,
Blossom again on a colder isle.

DEMETER AND PERSEPHONE

(IN ENNA)

Faint as a climate-changing bird that flies
All night across the darkness, and at dawn
Falls on the threshold of her native land,
And can no more, thou camest, O my child,
Led upward by the God of ghosts and dreams,

[1] In Bologna.
[2] They say, for the fact is doubtful.

Who laid thee at Eleusis, dazed and dumb
With passing thro' at once from state to state,
Until I brought thee hither, that the day,
When here thy hands let fall the gather'd flower,
Might break thro' clouded memories once again
On thy lost self. A sudden nightingale
Saw thee, and flash'd into a frolic of song
And welcome; and a gleam as of the moon,
When first she peers along the tremulous deep,
Fled wavering o'er thy face, and chased away
That shadow of a likeness to the king
Of shadows, thy dark mate. Persephone!
Queen of the dead no more — my child! Thine eyes
Again were human-godlike, and the Sun
Burst from a swimming fleece of winter gray,
And robed thee in his day from head to feet —
'Mother!' and I was folded in thine arms.

Child, those imperial, disimpassion'd eyes
Awed even me at first, thy mother — eyes
That oft had seen the serpent-wanded power
Draw downward into Hades with his drift
Of flickering spectres, lighted from below
By the red race of fiery Phlegethon;
But when before have Gods or men beheld
The Life that had descended re-arise,
And lighted from above him by the Sun?
So mighty was the mother's childless cry,
A cry that rang thro' Hades, Earth, and Heaven!

So in this pleasant vale we stand again,
The field of Enna, now once more ablaze
With flowers that brighten as thy footstep falls,
All flowers — but for one black blur of earth
Left by that closing chasm, thro' which the car
Of dark Aïdoneus rising rapt thee hence.
And here, my child, tho' folded in thine arms,
I feel the deathless heart of motherhood
Within me shudder, lest the naked glebe
Should yawn once more into the gulf, and thence
The shrilly whinnyings of the team of Hell,
Ascending, pierce the glad and songful air,
And all at once their arch'd necks, midnight-maned,
Jet upward thro' the midday blossom. No!
For, see, thy foot has touch'd it; all the space
Of blank earth-baldness clothes itself afresh,
And breaks into the crocus-purple hour
That saw thee vanish.

Child, when thou wert gone,
I envied human wives, and nested birds,
Yea, the cubb'd lioness; went in search of thee
Thro' many a palace, many a cot, and gave
Thy breast to ailing infants in the night,
And set the mother waking in amaze
To find her sick one whole; and forth again
Among the wail of midnight winds, and cried,
'Where is my loved one? Wherefore do ye wail?'
And out from all the night an answer shrill'd,
'We know not, and we know not why we wail.'
I climb'd on all the cliffs of all the seas,
And ask'd the waves that moan about the world,

Where? do ye make your moaning
for my child?'
nd round from all the world the
voices came,
Ve know not, and we know not why
we moan.'
Where?' and I stared from every
eagle-peak,
thridded the black heart of all the
woods,
peer'd thro' tomb and cave, and in
the storms
f autumn swept across the city, and
heard
ne murmur of their temples chanting
me,
e, me, the desolate mother! 'Where?'
— and turn'd,
nd fled by many a waste, forlorn of
man,
nd grieved for man thro' all my grief
for thee, —
ne jungle rooted in his shatter'd
hearth,
ne serpent coil'd about his broken
shaft,
ne scorpion crawling over naked
skulls; —
saw the tiger in the ruin'd fane
ring from his fallen God, but trace
of thee
saw not; and far on, and, following
out
league of labyrinthine darkness,
came
three gray heads beneath a gleam-
ing rift.
Where?' and I heard one voice from
all the three,
Ve know not, for we spin the lives
of men,
nd not of Gods, and know not why
we spin!
ere is a Fate beyond us.' Nothing
knew.

Last as the likeness of a dying
man,
ithout his knowledge, from him flits
to warn
far-off friendship that he comes no
more,
he, the God of dreams, who heard
my cry,
ew from thyself the likeness of thy-
self
Without thy knowledge, and thy
shadow past
Before me, crying, 'The Bright one in
the highest
Is brother of the Dark one in the low-
est,
And Bright and Dark have sworn that
I, the child
Of thee, the great Earth-Mother, thee,
the Power
That lifts her buried life from gloom
to bloom,
Should be for ever and for evermore
The Bride of Darkness.'

So the Shadow wail'd.
Then I, Earth-Goddess, cursed the
Gods of heaven.
I would not mingle with their feasts;
to me
Their nectar smack'd of hemlock on
the lips,
Their rich ambrosia tasted aconite.
The man, that only lives and loves an
hour,
Seem'd nobler than their hard eterni-
ties.
My quick tears kill'd the flower, my
ravings hush'd.
The bird, and lost in utter grief I
fail'd
To send my life thro' olive-yard and
vine
And golden-grain, my gift to helpless
man.
Rain-rotten died the wheat, the barley-
spears
Were hollow-husk'd, the leaf fell, and
the Sun,
Pale at my grief, drew down before
his time
Sickening, and Ætna kept her winter
snow.

Then He, the brother of this Dark-
ness, He
Who still is highest, glancing from his
height
On earth a fruitless fallow, when he
miss'd
The wonted steam of sacrifice, the
praise
And prayer of men, decreed that thou
shouldst dwell
For nine white moons of each whole
year with me.

Three dark ones in the shadow with thy king.

Once more the reaper in the gleam of dawn
Will see me by the landmark far away,
Blessing his field, or seated in the dusk
Of even, by the lonely threshing-floor,
Rejoicing in the harvest and the grange.

Yet I, Earth-Goddess, am but ill-content
With them who still are highest. Those gray heads,
What meant they by their 'Fate beyond the Fates'
But younger kindlier Gods to bear us down,
As we bore down the Gods before us? Gods,
To quench, not hurl the thunderbolt, to stay,
Not spread the plague, the famine; Gods indeed,
To send the noon into the night and break
The sunless halls of Hades into Heaven?
Till thy dark lord accept and love the Sun,
And all the Shadow die into the Light,
When thou shalt dwell the whole bright year with me,
And souls of men, who grew beyond their race,
And made themselves as Gods against the fear
Of Death and Hell; and thou that hast from men,
As Queen of Death, that worship which is Fear,
Henceforth, as having risen from out the dead,
Shalt ever send thy life along with mine
From buried grain thro' springing blade, and bless
Their garner'd autumn also, reap with me,
Earth-mother, in the harvest hymns of Earth
The worship which is Love, and see no more
The Stone, the Wheel, the dimly-glimmering lawns
Of that Elysium, all the hateful fires
Of torment, and the shadowy warrior glide
Along the silent field of Asphodel.

OWD ROÄ [1]

Naay, noä mander [2] o' use to be calli
'im Roä, Roä, Roä,
Fur the dog 's stoän-deäf, an' 'e 's blin
'e can naither stan' nor goä.

But I meäns fur to maäke 'is owd ää
as 'appy as iver I can,
Fur I owäs owd Roäver moor nor
iver owäd mottal man.

Thou 's rode of 'is back when a babb
afoor thou was gotten too ow
Fur 'e 'd fetch an' carry like owt,
was allus as good as gowd.

Eh, but 'e 'd fight wi' a will *when*
fowt; 'e could howd [3] 'is oän,
An' Roä was the dog as knaw'd wh
an' wheere to bury his boäne.

An' 'e kep his heäd hoop like a kin
an' 'e 'd niver not down wi'
taäil,
Fur 'e 'd niver done nowt to
shaämed on, when we was
Howlaby Daäle.

An' 'e sarved me sa well when
lived, that, Dick, when 'e coo
to be deäd,
I thinks as I'd like fur to hev so
soort of a sarvice reäd.

Fur 'e 's moor good sense na the P
liament man 'at stans fur
'ere,
An' I 'd voät fur 'im, my oän sen, if
could but stan' for the Shere.

'Faäithful an' True' — them words
i' Scriptur — an' Faäithful
True
Ull be fun' upo' four short legs
times fur one upo' two.

[1] Old Rover. [2] Manner.
[3] Hold. [4] Found.

n' maäybe they'll walk upo' two,
but I knaws they runs upo'
four,[1]—
edtime, Dicky! but waäit till tha
'eärs it be strikin' the hour.

ur I wants to tell tha o' Roä when
we lived i' Howlaby Daäle,
en year sin'—Naäy—naäy 'tha mun
nobbut hev' one glass of aäle.

raänge an' owd-farran'd[2] the 'ouse,
an' belt[3] long afoor my daäy,
i' haäfe o' the chimleys a-twizzen'd[4]
an' twined like a band o' haäy.

he fellers as maäkes them picturs,
'ud coom at the fall o' the year,
n' sattle their ends upo' stools to
pictur the door-poorch theere,

n' the Heagle 'as hed two heäds
stannin' theere o' the brokken
stick;[5]
n' they niver 'ed seed sich ivin'[6] as
graw'd hall ower the brick;

n' theere i' the 'ouse one night—but
it 's down, an' all on it now
oän into mangles an' tonups,[7] an'
raäved slick thruf by the plow—

heere, when the 'ouse wur a house,
one night I wur sittin' aloän,
i' Roäver athurt my feeät, an'
sleeäpin' still as a stoän,

f a Christmas Eäve, an' as cowd as
this, an' the midders[8] as white,
n' the fences all on 'em bolster'd oop
wi' the windle[9] that night;

n' the cat wur a-sleeäpin' alongside
Roäver, but I wur awaäke,
n' smoäkin' an' thinkin' o' things—
Doänt maäke thysen sick wi'
the caäke.

ır the men ater supper 'ed sung their
songs an' 'ed 'ed their beer,

An' 'ed goän their waäys; ther was
nobbut three, an noän on 'em
theere.

They was all on 'em fear'd o' the
Ghoäst an' duss n't not sleeäp i'
the 'ouse,
But, Dicky, the Ghoäst moästlins[1]
was nobbut a rat or a mouse.

An' I looökt out wonst[2] at the night,
an' the daäle was all of a thaw,
Fur I seed the beck coomin' down like
a long black snaäke i' the snaw,

An' I heärd greät heäps o' the snaw
slushin' down fro' the bank to
the beck,
An' then as I stood i' the doorwaäy, I
feeäld it drip o' my neck.

Saw I turn'd in ageän, an' I thowt o'
the good owd times 'at was goan,
An' the munney they maäde by the
war, an' the times 'at was
coomin' on;

Fur I thowt if the Staäte was a-gawin'
to let in furriners' wheät,
Howiver was British farmers to stan'
ageän o' their feeät?

Howiver was I fur to find my rent an'
to paäy my men?
An' all along o' the feller[3] as turn'd
'is back of hissen.

Thou slep i' the chaumber above us,
we could n't ha' 'eärd tha call,
Sa moother 'ed tell'd ma to bring tha
down, an' thy craädle an' all;

Fur the gell o' the farm 'at slep wi'
tha then 'ed gotten wer leäve,
Fur to goä that night to 'er foälk by
cause o' the Christmas Eäve;

But I cleän forgot tha, my lad, when
moother 'ed gotten to bed,
An' I slep i' my chair hup-on-end, an'
the Freeä Traäde runn'd i' my
'ead,

ou as in 'house.'
'Owd-farran'd,' old-fashioned.
Built.
On a staff *ragulé*.
Mangolds and turnips.
Meadows.
'Twizzen'd,' twisted.
Ivy.
Drifted snow.

1 'Moästlins,' for the most part, generally.
2 Once.
3 Peel.

Till I dreäm'd 'at Squire walkt in, an' I says to him, 'Squire, ya 're laäte,'
Then I seed 'at 'is faäce wur as red as the Yule-block theere i' the graäte.

An' 'e says, 'Can ya paäy me the rent to-night?' an' I says to 'im, 'Noä,'
An' 'e cotch'd howd hard o' my hairm,[1] 'Then hout to-night tha shall goä.'

'Tha 'll niver,' says I, 'be a-turnin' ma hout upo' Christmas Eäve?'
Then I waäked an' I fun it was Roäver a-tuggin' an' teärin' my sleäve.

An' I thowt as 'e 'd goän cleän-wud,[2] fur I noäwaäys knaw'd 'is intent;
An' I says, 'Git awaäy, ya beast,' an' I fetcht 'im a kick, an' 'e went.

Then 'e tummled up stairs, fur I 'eärd 'im, as if 'e 'd 'a brokken 'is neck,
An' I 'd cleär forgot, little Dicky, thy chaumber door would n't sneck;[3]

An' I slep i' my chair ageän wi' my hairm hingin' down to the floor,
An' I thowt it was Roäver a-tuggin' an' teärin' me wuss nor afoor,

An' I thowt 'at I kick'd 'im ageän, but I kick'd thy moother istead.
'What arta snorin' theere fur? the house is afire,' she said.

Thy moother 'ed beän a-naggin' about the gell o' the farm,
She offens 'ud spy summut wrong when there warn't not a mossel o' harm;

An' she did n't not solidly meän I wur gawin' that waäy to the bad,
Fur the gell[4] was as howry a trollope as iver traäpes'd i' the squad.

But moother was free of 'er tongue as I offens 'ev tell'd 'er mysen,
Sa I kep i' my chair, fur I thowt she was nobbut a-rilin' ma then.

An' I says, 'I 'd be good to tha, Bess if tha'd onywaäys let ma be good,'
But she skelpt ma haäfe ower i' the chair, an' screeäd like a how gone wud[1]—

'Ya mun run fur the lether.[2] Gi oop, if ya 're onywaäys good for owt.'
And I says, 'If I beänt noäwaäys —not nowadaäys— good fur nowt —

'Yit I beänt sich a nowt[3] of all nowts as 'ull hallus do as 'e 's bid.'
'But the stairs is afire,' she said; then I seed 'er a-cryin', I did.

An' she beäld, 'Ya mun saäve little Dick, an' be sharp about it an' all,'
Sa I runs to the yard fur a lether, an' sets 'im ageän the wall,

An' I claums an' I mashes the winder hin, when I gits to the top,
But the heät druv hout i' my heyes till I feäld mysen ready to drop

Thy moother was howdin' the lether an' tellin' me not to be skeärd,
An' I was n't afeärd, or I thinks leäs waäys as I was n't afeärd;

But I could n't see fur the smoäk wheere thou was a-liggin, my lad,
An' Roäver was theere i' the chaumber a-yowlin' an' yaupin' like mad

An' thou was a-beälin' likewise, an' a-squeälin', as if tha was bit,
An' it was n't a bite but a burn, fur the merk 's[4] o' thy shou'der yit;

[1] Arm. [2] Mad. [3] Latch.
[4] 'The girl was as dirty a slut as ever trudged in the mud,' but there is a sense of slatternliness in 'traäpes'd' which is not expressed in 'trudged.'

[1] 'She half overturned me and shriek like an owl gone mad.'
[2] Ladder.
[3] A thoroughly insignificant or worthless person.
[4] Mark.

hen I call'd out, 'Roä, Roä, Roä,'
thaw I did n't haäfe think as 'e
'd 'ear,
ut 'e coom'd thruf the fire wi' my bairn
i' 'is mouth to the winder theere!

e coom'd like a hangel o' marcy as
soon as 'e 'eärd 'is naäme,
r like tother hangel i' Scriptur 'at
summun seed i' the flaäme,

hen summun 'ed hax'd fur a son,
an' 'e promised a son to she,
n' Roä was as good as the hangel i'
saävin' a son fur me.

I browt tha down, an' I says, 'I mun
gaw up ageän fur Roä.'
aw up ageän fur the varmint?' I
tell'd 'er, 'Yeäs, I mun goä.'

n' I claumb'd up ageän to the win-
der, an' clemm'd[1] owd Roä by
the 'eäd,
n' 'is 'air coom'd off i' my 'ands an' I
taäked 'im at fust fur deäd;

ır 'e smell'd like a herse a-singein',
an' seeäm'd as blind as a poop,
n' haäfe on 'im bare as a bublin'.[2] I
could n't wakken 'im oop,

ıt I browt 'im down, an' we got to
the barn, fur the barn would n't
burn
i' the wind blawin' hard tother waäy,
an' the wind was n't like to turn.

n' *I* kep a-callin' o' Roä till 'e wag-
gled 'is taäil fur a bit,
ıt the cocks kep a-crawin' an' craw-
in' all night, an' I 'ears 'em yit;

n' the dogs was a-yowlin' all round,
and thou was a-squeälin' thysen,
n' moother was naggin' an' groänin'
an' moänin' an' naggin' ageän;

n' I 'eärd the bricks an' the baulks[3]
rummle down when the roof
gev waäy,
r the fire was a-raägin' an' raävin'
an' roarin' like judgment daäy.

Warm enew theere sewer-ly, but the
barn was as cowd as owt,
An' we cuddled and huddled togither,
an' happt[1] wersens oop as we
mowt.

An' I browt Roä round, but moother
'ed beän sa soäk'd wi' the thaw
'At she cotch'd 'er death o' cowd that
night, poor soul, i' the straw.

Haäfe o' the parish runn'd oop when
the rig-tree[2] was tummlin' in —
Too laäte — but it 's all ower now —
hall hower — an' ten year sin';

Too laäte, tha mun git tha to bed,
but I 'll coom an' I 'll squench
the light,
Fur we moänt 'ev naw moor fires —
and soä, little Dick, good-night.

VASTNESS

I

Many a hearth upon our dark globe
sighs after many a vanish'd
face,
Many a planet by many a sun may
roll with the dust of a vanish'd
race.

II

Raving politics, never at rest — as this
poor earth's pale history runs, —
What is it all but a trouble of ants in
the gleam of a million million
of suns?

III

Lies upon this side, lies upon that
side, truthless violence mourn'd
by the wise,
Thousands of voices drowning his own
in a popular torrent of lies upon
lies;

IV

Stately purposes, valor in battle, glo-
rious annals of army and fleet,
Death for the right cause, death for
the wrong cause, trumpets of
victory, groans of defeat;

[1] Clutched.
'Bubbling,' a young unfledged bird.
[3] Beams.

[1] Wrapt ourselves.
[2] The beam that runs along the roof of the house just beneath the ridge.

V

Innocence seethed in her mother's milk, and Charity setting the martyr aflame;
Thraldom who walks with the banner of Freedom, and recks not to ruin a realm in her name.

VI

Faith at her zenith, er all but lost in the gloom of doubts that darken the schools;
Craft with a bunch of all-heal in her hand, follow'd up by her vassal legion of fools;

VII

Trade flying over a thousand seas with her spice and her vintage, her silk and her corn;
Desolate offing, sailorless harbors, famishing populace, wharves forlorn;

VIII

Star of the morning, Hope in the sunrise; gloom of the evening, Life at a close;
Pleasure who flaunts on her wide downway with her flying robe and her poison'd rose;

IX

Pain, that has crawl'd from the corpse of Pleasure, a worm which writhes all day, and at night
Stirs up again in the heart of the sleeper, and stings him back to the curse of the light;

X

Wealth with his wines and his wedded harlots; honest Poverty, bare to the bone;
Opulent Avarice, lean as Poverty; Flattery gilding the rift in a throne;

XI

Fame blowing out from her golden trumpet a jubilant challenge to Time and to Fate;
Slander, her shadow, sowing the nettle on all the laurell'd graves of the great;

XII

Love for the maiden, crown'd wit marriage, no regrets for augl that has been,
Household happiness, gracious chi dren, debtless competence, gol en mean;

XIII

National hatreds of whole generation and pigmy spites of the villag spire;
Vows that will last to the last deat ruckle, and vows that are snaj in a moment of fire;

XIV

He that has lived for the lust of tl minute, and died in the doir it, flesh without mind;
He that has nail'd all flesh to tl Cross, till Self died out in tl love of his kind;

XV

Spring and Summer and Autumn a Winter, and all these old rev lutions of earth;
All new-old revolutions of Empire change of the tide — what is of it worth?

XVI

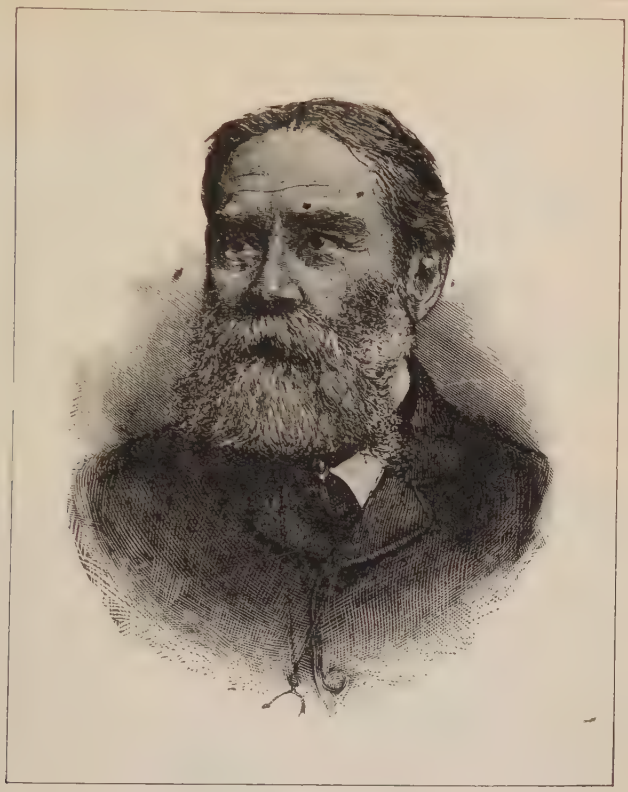
What the philosophies, all the science poesy, varying voices of praye
All that is noblest, all that is base all that is filthy with all that fair?

XVII

What is it all, if we all of us end b in being our own corpse-coffi at last?
Swallow'd in Vastness, lost in Silen drown'd in the deeps of a mer ingless Past?

XVIII

What but a murmur of gnats in t gloom, or a moment's anger bees in their hive? —
. . . . . .
Peace, let it be! for I loved him, a love him for ever: the de are not dead but alive.



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

THE RING

Dedicated to the Hon. J. Russell Lowell

MIRIAM AND HER FATHER

MIRIAM (*singing*).

Mellow moon of heaven,
Bright in blue,
Moon of married hearts,
Hear me, you!

Twelve times in the year
Bring me bliss,
Globing honey moons
Bright as this.

Moon, you fade at times
From the night.
Young again you grow
Out of sight.

Silver crescent-curve,
Coming soon,
Globe again, and make
Honey moon.

Shall not *my* love last,
Moon, with you,
For ten thousand years
Old and new?

FATHER.

And who was he with such love-drunken eyes

They made a thousand honey moons of one?

MIRIAM.

The prophet of his own, my Hubert — his
The words, and mine the setting. 'Air and words,'
Said Hubert, when I sang the song, 'are bride
And bridegroom.' Does it please you?

FATHER.

Mainly, child,
Because I hear your mother's voice in yours.
She —, why, you shiver tho' the wind is west
With all the warmth of summer.

MIRIAM.

Well, I felt
On a sudden I know not what, a breath that past
With all the cold of winter.

FATHER (*muttering to himself*).

Even so.
The Ghost in Man, the Ghost that once was Man,
But cannot wholly free itself from Man,
Are calling to each other thro' a dawn
Stranger than earth has ever seen; the veil
Is rending, and the Voices of the day
Are heard across the Voices of the dark.
No sudden heaven, nor sudden hell, for man,
But thro' the Will of One who knows and rules —
And utter knowledge is but utter love —
Æonian Evolution, swift or slow,
Thro' all the spheres — an ever opening height,
An ever lessening earth — and she perhaps,
My Miriam, breaks her latest earthly link
With me to-day.

MIRIAM.

You speak so low; what is it?
Your 'Miriam breaks' — is making new link
Breaking an old one?

FATHER.

No, for we, my child
Have been till now each other's all-in all.

MIRIAM.

And you the lifelong guardian of th child.

FATHER.

I, and one other whom you have no known.

MIRIAM.

And who? what other?

FATHER.

Whither are you bound
For Naples which we only left i May?

MIRIAM.

No, father, Spain, but Hubert bring me home
With April and the swallow. Wis me joy!

FATHER.

What need to wish when Hubert wed in you
The heart of love, and you the sou of truth
In Hubert?

MIRIAM.

Tho' you used to call me one
The lonely maiden princess of th wood,
Who meant to sleep her hundred sum mers out
Before a kiss should wake her.

FATHER.

Ay, but no
Your fairy prince has found you, tak this ring.

MIRIAM.

'Io t' amo' — and these diamonds beautiful!
'From Walter,' and for me from yo then?

FATHER.

Well,
ıe way for Miriam.

MIRIAM.

Miriam am I not?

FATHER.

ıis ring bequeath'd you by your mother, child,
as to be given you — such her dying wish —
ven on the morning when you came of age
on the day you married. Both the days
ow close in one. The ring is doubly yours.
hy do you look so gravely at the tower?

MIRIAM.

ever saw it yet so all ablaze
ith creepers crimsoning to the pinnacles,
if perpetual sunset linger'd there,
d all ablaze too in the lake below!
d how the birds that circle round the tower
e cheeping to each other of their flight
summer lands!

FATHER.

And that has made you grave?
r — care not. Birds and brides must leave the nest.
ild, I am happier in your happiness
an in mine own.

MIRIAM.

It is not that!

FATHER.

What else?

MIRIAM.

at chamber in the tower.

FATHER.

What chamber, child?
ur nurse is here?

MIRIAM.

My mother's nurse and mine.
comes to dress me in my bridal veil.

FATHER.

What did she say?

MIRIAM.

She said that you and I
Had been abroad for my poor health so long
She fear'd I had forgotten her, and I ask'd
About my mother, and she said, 'Thy hair
Is golden like thy mother's, not so fine.'

FATHER.

What then? what more?

MIRIAM.

She said — perhaps indeed
She wander'd, having wander'd now so far
Beyond the common date of death — that you,
When I was smaller than the statuette
Of my dear mother on your bracket here —
You took me to that chamber in the tower,
The topmost — a chest there, by which you knelt —
And there were books and dresses — left to me,
A ring too which you kiss'd, and I, she said,
I babbled, 'Mother, mother' — as I used
To prattle to her picture — stretch'd my hands
As if I saw her; then a woman came
And caught me from my nurse. I hear her yet —
A sound of anger like a distant storm.

FATHER.

Garrulous old crone!

MIRIAM.

Poor nurse!

FATHER.

I bade her keep,
Like a seal'd book, all mention of the ring,
For I myself would tell you all to-day

MIRIAM.

'She too might speak to-day,' she mumbled. Still,
I scarce have learnt the title of your book,
But you will turn the pages.

FATHER.

Ay, to-day!
I brought you to that chamber on your third
September birthday with your nurse, and felt
An icy breath play on me, while I stoopt
To take and kiss the ring.

MIRIAM.

This very ring,
'Io t' amo?'

FATHER.

Yes, for some wild hope was mine
That, in the misery of my married life,
Miriam your mother might appear to me.
She came to you, not me. The storm you hear
Far-off is Muriel — your stepmother's voice.

MIRIAM.

Vext, that you thought my mother came to me?
Or at my crying, 'Mother'? or to find
My mother's diamonds hidden from her there,
Like worldly beauties in the cell, not shown
To dazzle all that see them?

FATHER.

Wait a while.
Your mother and stepmother — Miriam Erne
And Muriel Erne — the two were cousins — lived
With Muriel's mother on the down, that sees
A thousand squares of corn and meadow, far
As the gray deep, a landscape which your eyes
Have many a time ranged over when a babe.

MIRIAM.

I climb'd the hill with Hubert, yeste
day,
And from the thousand squares, o
silent voice
Came on the wind, and seem'd to sa
'Again.'
We saw far off an old forsaken hou
Then home, and past the ruin'd mil

FATHER.

And the
I found these cousins often by t
brook,
For Miriam sketch'd and Muriel thre
the fly;
The girls of equal age, but one w
fair,
And one was dark, and both we
beautiful.
No voice for either spoke within r
heart
Then, for the surface eye, that or
dotes
On outward beauty, glancing from t
one
To the other, knew not that whi
pleased it most,
The raven ringlet or the gold; b
both
Were dowerless, and myself, I used
walk
This terrace — morbid, melancho
mine
And yet not mine the hall, the far
the field;
For all that ample woodland whisper
'Debt,'
The brook that feeds this lakelet m
mur'd, 'Debt,'
And in yon arching avenue of
elms,
Tho' mine, not mine, I heard the so
rook
And carrion crow cry, 'Mortgage.'

MIRIAM.

Father's fa
Visited on the children!

FATHER.

Ay, but t
A kinsman, dying, summon'd me
Rome —
He left me wealth — and while I jo
ney'd hence,

d saw the world fly by me like a dream,
d while I communed with my truest self,
oke to all of truest in myself,
l, in the gleam of those midsummer dawns,
e form of Muriel faded, and the face
Miriam grew upon me, till I knew;
d past and future mixt in heaven and made
e rosy twilight of a perfect day.

MIRIAM.

glad? no tear for him who left you wealth,
ur kinsman?

FATHER.

I had seen the man but once; loved my name, not me; and then I pass'd
me, and thro' Venice, where a jeweller,
far gone down, or so far up in life,
at he was nearing his own hundred, sold
is ring to me, then laugh'd, 'The ring is weird.'
d weird and worn and wizard-like was he.
hy weird?' I ask'd him; and he said, 'The souls
two repentant lovers guard the ring;'
en with a ribald twinkle in his bleak eyes —
nd if you give the ring to any maid,
ey still remember what it cost them here,
d bind the maid to love you by the ring;
d if the ring were stolen from the maid,
e theft were death or madness to the thief,
sacred those ghost lovers hold the gift.'
d then he told their legend: 'Long ago
o lovers parted by a scurrilous tale
d quarrell'd, till the man repenting sent
s ring, "Io t' amo," to his best beloved,
And sent it on her birthday. She in wrath
Return'd it on her birthday, and that day
His death-day, when, half-frenzied by the ring,
He wildly fought a rival suitor, him
The causer of that scandal, fought and fell;
And she that came to part them all too late,
And found a corpse and silence, drew the ring
From his dead finger, wore it till her death,
Shrined him within the temple of her heart,
Made every moment of her after life
A virgin victim to his memory,
And dying rose, and rear'd her arms, and cried,
"I see him, Io t' amo, Io t' amo."'

MIRIAM.

Legend or true? so tender should be true!
Did *he* believe it? did you ask him?

FATHER.

Ay!
But that half skeleton, like a barren ghost
From out the fleshless world of spirits, laugh'd —
A hollow laughter!

MIRIAM.

Vile, so near the ghost
Himself, to laugh at love in death!
But you?

FATHER.

Well, as the bygone lover thro' this ring
Had sent his cry for her forgiveness, I
Would call thro' this 'Io t' amo' to the heart
Of Miriam; then I bade the man engrave
'From Walter' on the ring, and sent it — wrote
Name, surname, all as clear as noon, but he —
Some younger hand must have engraven the ring —
His fingers were so stiffen'd by the frost

Of seven and ninety winters, that he scrawl'd
A 'Miriam' that might seem a 'Muriel;'
And Muriel claim'd and open'd what I meant
For Miriam, took the ring, and flaunted it
Before that other whom I loved and love.

A mountain stay'd me here, a minster there,
A galleried palace, or a battle-field,
Where stood the sheaf of Peace: but — coming home —
And on your mother's birthday — all but yours —
A week betwixt — and when the tower as now
Was all ablaze with crimson to the roof,
And all ablaze too plunging in the lake
Head-foremost — who were those that stood between
The tower and that rich phantom of the tower?
Muriel and Miriam, each in white, and like
May-blossoms in mid-autumn — was it they?
A light shot upward on them from the lake.
What sparkled there? whose hand was that? they stood
So close together. I am not keen of sight,
But coming nearer — Muriel had the ring —
'O Miriam! have you given your ring to her?
O Miriam!' Miriam redden'd, Muriel clench'd
The hand that wore it, till I cried again:
'O Miriam, if you love me take the ring!'
She glanced at me, at Muriel, and was mute.
'Nay, if you cannot love me, let it be.'
Then — Muriel standing ever statue-like —
She turn'd, and in her soft imperial way
And saying gently, 'Muriel, by your leave,'
Unclosed the hand and from it dr the ring,
And gave it me, who pass'd it do her own,
'Io t' amo, all is well then.' Mu fled.

MIRIAM.

Poor Muriel!

FATHER.

Ay, poor Muriel, when you h
What follows! Miriam loved me fr the first,
Not thro' the ring; but on her m riage-morn
This birthday, death-day, and trothal ring,
Laid on her table overnight, was go
And after hours of search and do and threats,
And hubbub, Muriel enter'd with 'See! —
Found in a chink of that old m der'd floor!'
My Miriam nodded with a pity smile,
As who should say that 'those v lose can find.'
Then I and she were married f year,
One year without a storm, or eve cloud;
And you, my Miriam, born within year;
And she, my Miriam, dead within year.
I sat beside her dying, and gaspt:
'The books, the miniature, the are hers,
My ring too when she comes of or when
She marries; you — you loved kept your word.
You love me still, "Io t' amo." Muriel — no —
She cannot love; she loves her hard self,
Her firm will, her fix'd purpose. mise me,
Miriam, not Muriel — she shall b the ring.'
And there the light of other life, wl lives
Beyond our burial and our buried e

eam'd for a moment in her own on earth.
wore the vow, then with my latest kiss
on them, closed her eyes, which would not close,
t kept their watch upon the ring and you.
ur birthday was her death-day.

MIRIAM.

O poor mother!
d you, poor desolate father, and poor me,
s little senseless, worthless, wordless babe,
ed when your life was wreck'd!

FATHER.

Desolate? yes!
olate as that sailor whom the storm
d parted from his comrade in the boat,
d dash'd half dead on barren sands, was I.
, you were my one solace; only —you
re always ailing. Muriel's mother, sent,
d sure am I, by Muriel, one day came
d saw you, shook her head, and patted yours,
d smiled, and making with a kindly pinch
h poor pale cheek a momentary rose —
at should be fix'd,' she said; 'your pretty bud,
blighted here, would flower into full health
ong our heath and bracken. Let her come!
d we will feed her with our mountain air,
d send her home to you rejoicing.'
No —
could not part. And once, when you, my girl,
le on my shoulder home — the tiny fist
d grasp't a daisy from your mother's grave —
the lych-gate was Muriel. 'Ay,' she said,
'Among the tombs in this damp vale of yours!
You scorn my mother's warning, but the child
Is paler than before. We often walk
In open sun, and see beneath our feet
The mist of autumn gather from your lake,
And shroud the tower; and once we only saw
Your gilded vane, a light above the mist' —
Our old bright bird that still is veering there
Above his four gold letters — 'and the light,'
She said, 'was like that light' — and there she paused,
And long; till I, believing that the girl's
Lean fancy, groping for it, could not find
One likeness, laugh'd a little and found her two —
'A warrior's crest above the cloud of war' —
'A fiery phœnix rising from the smoke,
The pyre he burnt in.' — 'Nay,' she said, 'the light
That glimmers on the marsh and on the grave.'
And spoke no more, but turn'd and past away.
Miriam, I am not surely one of those
Caught by the flower that closes on the fly,
But after ten slow weeks her fix'd intent,
In aiming at an all but hopeless mark
To strike it, struck. I took, I left you there;
I came, I went, was happier day by day;
For Muriel nursed you with a mother's care;
Till on that clear and heather-scented height
The rounder cheek had brighten'd into bloom.
She always came to meet me carrying you,
And all her talk was of the babe she loved;
So, following her old pastime of the brook,

She threw the fly for me; but oftener left
That angling to the mother. 'Muriel's health
Had weaken'd, nursing little Miriam. Strange!
She used to shun the wailing babe, and dotes
On this of yours.' But when the matron saw
That hinted love was only wasted bait,
Not risen to, she was bolder. 'Ever since
You sent the fatal ring'—I told her 'sent
To Miriam,' 'Doubtless—ay, but ever since
In all the world my dear one sees but you—
In your sweet babe she finds but you—she makes
Her heart a mirror that reflects but you.'
And then the tear fell, the voice broke. *Her* heart!
I gazed into the mirror, as a man
Who sees his face in water, and a stone,
That glances from the bottom of the pool,
Strike upward thro' the shadow; yet at last,
Gratitude—loneliness—desire to keep
So skilled a nurse about you always—nay!
Some half remorseful kind of pity too—
Well! well, you know I married Muriel Erne.
'I take thee Muriel for my wedded wife'—
I had forgotten it was your birthday, child—
When all at once with some electric thrill
A cold air pass'd between us, and the hands
Fell from each other, and were join'd again.
No second cloudless honeymoon was mine.
For by and by she sicken'd of the farce,
She dropt the gracious mask of motherhood,

She came no more to meet me, car
ing you,
Nor ever cared to set you on her kn
Nor ever let you gambol in her sig
Nor ever cheer'd you with a kin
smile,
Nor ever ceased to clamor for
ring;
Why had I sent the ring at first
her?
Why had I made her love me thro'
ring,
And then had changed? so fickle
men—the best!
Not she—but now my love was h
again,
The ring by right, she said, was h
again.
At times too shrilling in her ang
moods,
'That weak and watery nature l
you? No!
"*Io* t' amo, *Io* t' amo"!' flung h
self
Against my heart, but often while
lips
Were warm upon my cheek, an
breath,
As from the grating of a sepulchre
Past over both. I told her of my v
No pliable idiot I to break my vow
But still she made her outcry for
ring;
For one monotonous fancy madde
her,
Till I myself was madden'd with
cry,
And even that 'Io t' amo,' those th
sweet
Italian words, became a weariness.
My people too were scared w
eerie sounds,
A footstep, a low throbbing in
walls,
A noise of falling weights that ne
fell,
Weird whispers, bells that rang w
out a hand,
Door-handles turn'd when none
at the door,
And bolted doors that open'd of th
selves;
And one betwixt the dark and li
had seen
Her, bending by the cradle of
babe.

MIRIAM.

d I remember once that being waked
noises in the house — and no one
near —
ried for nurse, and felt a gentle
hand
l on my forehead, and a sudden
face
ok'd in upon me like a gleam and
pass'd,
d I was quieted, and slept again.
is it some half memory of a dream?

FATHER.

ur fifth September birthday.

MIRIAM.

And the face,
e hand, — my mother.

FATHER.

Miriam, on that day
o lovers parted by no scurrilous
tale —
re want of gold — and still for
twenty years
nd by the golden cord of their
first love —
l ask'd us to their marriage, and
to share
eir marriage-banquet. Muriel, paler
then
n ever you were in your cradle,
moan'd,
am fitter for my bed, or for my
grave,
nnot go, go you.' And then she
rose,
clung to me with such a hard em-
brace,
ingeringly long, that half-amazed
rted from her, and I went alone.
l when the bridegroom murmur'd,
'With this ring,'
lt for what I could not find, the
key,
guardian of her relics, of *her* ring.
pt it as a sacred amulet
ut me, — gone! and gone in that
embrace!
n, hurrying home, I found her
not in house
garden — up the tower — an icy
air
l by me. — There, the chest was
open — all
The sacred relics tost about the
floor —
Among them Muriel lying on her
face —
I raised her, call'd her, 'Muriel, Mu-
riel, wake!'
The fatal ring lay near her; the glazed
eye
Glared at me as in horror. Dead! I
took
And chafed the freezing hand. A red
mark ran
All round one finger pointed straight,
the rest
Were crumpled inwards. Dead! —
and maybe stung
With some remorse, had stolen, worn
the ring —
Then torn it from her finger, or as
if —
For never had I seen her show re-
morse
As if —

MIRIAM.

— those two ghost lovers —

FATHER.

Lovers yet —

MIRIAM.

Yes, yes!

FATHER.

— but dead so long, gone up so far,
That now their ever-rising life has
dwarf'd
Or lost the moment of their past on
earth,
As we forget our wail at being born —
As if —

MIRIAM.

— a dearer ghost had —

FATHER.

— wrench'd it away.

MIRIAM.

Had floated in with sad reproachful
eyes,
Till from her own hand she had torn
the ring
In fright, and fallen dead. And I
myself
Am half afraid to wear it.

FATHER.

Well, no more!
No bridal music this! but fear not you!
You have the ring she guarded; that poor link
With earth is broken, and has left her free,
Except that, still drawn downward for an hour,
Her spirit hovering by the church, where she
Was married too, may linger, till she sees
Her maiden coming like a queen, who leaves
Some colder province in the North to gain
Her capital city, where the loyal bells
Clash welcome — linger, till her own, the babe
She lean'd to from her spiritual sphere,
Her lonely maiden princess, crowned with flowers,
Has enter'd on the larger woman-world
Of wives and mothers.
But the bridal veil —
Your nurse is waiting. Kiss me, child, and go.

FORLORN

I

'He is fled — I wish him dead —
He that wrought my ruin —
O, the flattery and the craft
Which were my undoing —
In the night, in the night,
When the storms are blowing.

II

'Who was witness of the crime?
Who shall now reveal it?
He is fled, or he is dead,
Marriage will conceal it —
In the night, in the night,
While the gloom is growing.'

III

Catherine, Catherine, in the night,
What is this you're dreaming?
There is laughter down in hell
At your simple scheming —
In the night, in the night,
When the ghosts are fleeting.

IV

You to place a hand in his
Like an honest woman's,
You that lie with wasted lungs
Waiting for your summons —
In the night, O, the night!
O, the deathwatch beating!

V

There will come a witness soon
Hard to be confuted,
All the world will hear a voice
Scream you are polluted —
In the night! O, the night,
When the owls are wailing!

VI

Shame and marriage, shame and m
riage,
Fright and foul dissembling,
Bantering bridesman, reddening pri
Tower and altar trembling —
In the night, O, the night,
When the mind is failing!

VII

Mother, dare you kill your child?
How your hand is shaking!
Daughter of the seed of Cain,
What is this you're taking? —
In the night, O, the night,
While the house is sleeping.

VIII

Dreadful! has it come to this,
O unhappy creature?
You that would not tread on a wo
For your gentle nature —
In the night, O, the night,
O, the night of weeping!

IX

Murder would not veil your sin,
Marriage will not hide it,
Earth and Hell will brand your na
Wretch, you must abide it —
In the night, O, the night,
Long before the dawning.

X

Up, get up, and tell him all,
Tell him you were lying!
Do not die with a lie in your mou
You that know you're dying —
In the night, O, the night,
While the grave is yawning.

XI

—you will not die before,
'ho' you 'll ne'er be stronger;
ı will live till *that* is born,
'hen a little longer —
ı the night, O, the night,
Vhile the Fiend is prowling.

XII

ıth and marriage, death and marriage!
'uneral hearses rolling!
ck with bridal favors mixt!
ridal bells with tolling! —
ı the night, O, the night,
Vhen the wolves are howling.

XIII

get up, the time is short,
ell him now or never!
him all before you die,
est you die for ever —
ı the night, O, the night,
Vhere there 's no forgetting.

XIV

she got, and wrote him all,
ll her tale of sadness,
ter'd every word with tears,
nd eased her heart of madness —
ı the night, and nigh the dawn,
nd while the moon was setting.

HAPPY

THE LEPER'S BRIDE

I

Y wail you, pretty plover? and what is it that you fear?
he sick, your mate, like mine?
have you lost him, is he fled?
there — the heron rises from his watch beside the mere,
nd flies above the leper's hut, where lives the living-dead.

II

ıe back, nor let me know it! would he live and die alone?
nd has he not forgiven me yet, his over-jealous bride,
ı am, and was, and will be his, his own and only own,
ı share his living death with him, die with him side by side?

III

Is that the leper's hut on the solitary moor,
Where noble Ulric dwells forlorn, and wears the leper's weed?
The door is open. He! is he standing at the door,
My soldier of the Cross? it is he, and he indeed!

IV

My roses — will he take them *now* — mine, his — from off the tree
We planted both together, happy in our marriage morn?
O God, I could blaspheme, for he fought Thy fight for Thee,
And Thou hast made him leper to compass him with scorn —

V

Hast spared the flesh of thousands, the coward and the base,
And set a crueller mark than Cain's on him, the good and brave!
He sees me, waves me from him. I will front him face to face.
You need not wave me from you. I would leap into your grave.

. . . . . .

VI

My warrior of the Holy Cross and of the conquering sword,
The roses that you cast aside — once more I bring you these.
No nearer? do you scorn me when you tell me, O my lord,
You would not mar the beauty of your bride with your disease?

VII

You say your body is so foul — then here I stand apart,
Who yearn to lay my loving head upon your leprous breast.
The leper plague may scale my skin, but never taint my heart;
Your body is not foul to me, and body is foul at best.

VIII

I loved you first when young and fair, but now I love you most;
The fairest flesh at last is filth on which the worm will feast;

This poor rib-grated dungeon of the holy human ghost,
This house with all its hateful needs no cleaner than the beast,

IX

This coarse diseaseful creature which in Eden was divine,
This Satan-haunted ruin, this little city of sewers,
This wall of solid flesh that comes between your soul and mine,
Will vanish and give place to the beauty that endures,

X

The beauty that endures on the Spiritual height,
When we shall stand transfigured, like Christ on Hermon hill,
And moving each to music, soul in soul and light in light,
Shall flash thro' one another in a moment as we will.

XI

Foul! foul! the word was yours not mine, I worship that right hand
Which fell'd the foes before you as the woodman fells the wood,
And sway'd the sword that lighten'd back the sun of Holy Land,
And clove the Moslem crescent moon, and changed it into blood.

XII

And once I worshipt all too well this creature of decay,
For age will chink the face, and death will freeze the supplest limbs—
Yet you in your mid manhood—O, the grief when yesterday
They bore the Cross before you to the chant of funeral hymns!

XIII

Libera me, Domine!' you sang the Psalm, and when
The priest pronounced you dead, and flung the mould upon your feet,
A beauty came upon your face, not that of living men,
But seen upon the silent brow when life has ceased to beat.

XIV

'Libera *nos*, Domine'—you knew
one was there
Who saw you kneel beside yo
bier, and weeping scarce cou
see;
May I come a little nearer, I th
heard, and changed the pray
And sang the married 'nos' for t
solitary 'me'?

XV

My beauty marred by you? by yo
so be it. All is well
If I lose it and myself in the high
beauty, yours.
My beauty lured that falcon from
eyry on the fell,
Who never caught one gleam of t
beauty which endures—

XVI

The Count who sought to snap t
bond that link'd us life to lif
Who whisper'd me, 'Your Ul
loves'—a little nearer still—
He hiss'd, 'Let us revenge ourselv
your Ulric woos my wife'—
A lie by which he thought he co
subdue me to his will.

XVII

I knew that you were near me wh
I let him kiss my brow;
Did he touch me on the lips? I w
jealous, anger'd, vain,
And I meant to make *you* jealous.
you jealous of me now?
Your pardon, O my love, if I e
gave you pain!

XVIII

You never once accused me, bu
wept alone, and sigh'd
In the winter of the present for
summer of the past;
That icy winter silence—how it fr
you from your bride,
Tho' I made one barren effort
break it at the last!

XIX

I brought you, you remember, th
roses, when I knew
You were parting for the war,
you took them tho' you frow

ı frown'd and yet you kiss'd them.
All at once the trumpet blew,
ınd you spurr'd your fiery horse,
and you hurl'd them to the ground.

XX

ı parted for the Holy War without a word to me,
ınd clear myself unask'd — not I.
My nature was too proud.
ł him I saw but once again, and far away was he,
Vhen I was praying in a storm — the crash was long and loud —

XXI

ıt God would ever slant His bolt from falling on your head — 81
'hen I lifted up my eyes, he was coming down the fell —
lapt my hands. The sudden fire from heaven had dash'd him dead,
ınd sent him charr'd and blasted to the deathless fire of hell.

XXII

, I sinn'd but for a moment. I repented and repent,
ınd trust myself forgiven by the God to whom I kneel.
ttle nearer? Yes. I shall hardly be content
'ill I be leper like yourself, my love, from head to heel.

XXIII

foolish dreams, that you, that I, would slight our marriage oath!
held you at that moment even dearer than before; 90
v God has made you leper in His loving care for both,
hat we might cling together, never doubt each other more.

XXIV

priest, who join'd you to the dead, has join'd our hands of old;
man and wife be but one flesh, let mine be leprous too,
As dead from all the human race as if beneath the mould;
If you be dead, then I am dead, who only live for you.

XXV

Would Earth tho' hid in cloud not be follow'd by the Moon?
The leech forsake the dying bed for terror of his life?
The shadow leave the Substance in the brooding light of noon?
Or if *I* had been the leper would you have left the wife? 100

XXVI

Not take them? Still you wave me off — poor roses — must I go —
I have worn them year by year — from the bush we both had set —
What? fling them to you? — well — that were hardly gracious. No!
Your plague but passes by the touch. A little nearer yet!

XXVII

There, there! he buried you, the priest; the priest is not to blame,
He joins us once again, to his either office true.
I thank him. I am happy, happy. Kiss me. In the name
Of the everlasting God, I will live and die with you!

[Dean Milman has remarked that the protection and care afforded by the Church to this blighted race of lepers was among the most beautiful of its offices during the Middle Ages. The leprosy of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries was supposed to be a legacy of the Crusades, but was in all probability the offspring of meagre and unwholesome diet, miserable lodging and clothing, physical and moral degradation. The services of the Church in the seclusion of these unhappy sufferers were most affecting. The stern duty of looking to the public welfare is tempered with exquisite compassion for the victims of this loathsome disease. The ritual for the sequestration of the leprous differed little from the burial service. After the leper had been sprinkled with holy water, the priest con-

ducted him into the church, the leper singing the psalm 'Libera me, Domine,' and the crucifix and bearer going before. In the church a black cloth was stretched over two trestles in front of the altar, and the leper leaning at its side devoutly heard mass. The priest, taking up a little earth in his cloak, threw it on one of the leper's feet, and put him out of the church, if it did not rain too heavily; took him to his hut in the midst of the fields, and then uttered the prohibitions: 'I forbid you entering the church . . . or entering the company of others. I forbid you quitting your home without your leper's dress.' He concluded: 'Take this dress, and wear it in token of humility; take these gloves, take this clapper, as a sign that you are forbidden to speak to any one. You are not to be indignant at being thus separated from others, and as to your little wants, good people will provide for you, and God will not desert you.' Then in this old ritual follow these sad words: 'When it shall come to pass that the leper shall pass out of this world, he shall be buried in his hut, and not in the churchyard.' At first there was a doubt whether wives should follow their husbands who had been leprous, or remain in the world and marry again. The Church decided that the marriage-tie was indissoluble, and so bestowed on these unhappy beings this immense source of consolation. With a love stronger than this living death, lepers were followed into banishment from the haunts of men by their faithful wives. Readers of Sir J. Stephen's 'Essays on Ecclesiastical Biography' will recollect the description of the founder of the Franciscan order, how, controlling his involuntary disgust, Saint Francis of Assisi washed the feet and dressed the sores of the lepers, once at least reverently applying his lips to their wounds. — BOURCHIER-JAMES.]

This ceremony of *quasi*-burial varied considerably at different times and in different places. In some cases a grave was dug, and the leper's face was often covered during the service.

TO ULYSSES

I

ULYSSES, much-experienced man,
Whose eyes have known this globe of ours,
Her tribes of men, and trees, and flowers,
From Corrientes to Japan,

II

To you that bask below the Line,
I soaking here in winter wet —
The century's three strong eig
have met
To drag me down to seventy-nine

III

In summer if I reach my day —
To you, yet young, who breathe
balm
Of summer-winters by the palm
And orange grove of Paraguay,

IV

I, tolerant of the colder time,
Who love the winter woods, to tr
On paler heavens the branch
grace
Of leafless elm, or naked lime,

V

And see my cedar green, and there
My giant ilex keeping leaf
When frost is keen and days
brief —
Or marvel how in English air

VI

My yucca, which no winter quells,
Altho' the months have scarce
gun,
Has push'd toward our faintest
A spike of half-accomplish'd bells

VII

Or watch the waving pine which l
The warrior of Caprera set, [1]
A name that earth will not forg
Till earth has roll'd her latest yea

VIII

I, once half-crazed for larger light
On broader zones beyond the fo
But chaining fancy now at hom
Among the quarried downs of Wi

IX

Not less would yield full thanks to
For your rich gift, your tale of l
I know not, [2] your Arabian sand
Your cane, your palm, tree-fern, b
boo,

[1] Garibaldi said to me, alluding t
barren island, 'I wish I had your trees
[2] The tale of Nejd.

X

le wealth of tropic bower and brake;
Your Oriental Eden-isles,[1]
Where man, nor only Nature smiles;
our wonder of the boiling lake;[2]

XI

ra-Chai, the Shadow of the Best,[3]
Phra-bat[4] the step; your Pontic coast;
Crag-cloister;[5] Anatolian Ghost;[6]
ng-Kong,[7] Karnac,[8] and all the rest:

XII

rc' which I follow'd line by line
Your leading hand, and came, my friend,
To prize your various book, and send
gift of slenderer value, mine.

TO MARY BOYLE

WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM

I

PRING-FLOWERS'! While you still delay to take
Your leave of town,
r elm-tree's ruddy-hearted blossom-flake
Is fluttering down.

II

truer to your promise. There! I heard
Our cuckoo call.
needle to the magnet of your word,
Nor wait, till all

III

Our vernal bloom from every vale and plain
And garden pass,
And all the gold from each laburnum chain
Drop to the grass.

IV

Is memory with your Marian gone to rest,
Dead with the dead?
For ere she left us, when we met, you prest
My hand, and said

V

'I come with your spring-flowers.'
You came not, friend;
My birds would sing,
You heard not. Take then this spring flower I send,
This song of spring,

VI

Found yesterday — forgotten mine own rhyme
By mine old self,
As I shall be forgotten by old Time,
Laid on the shelf —

VII

A rhyme that flower'd betwixt the whitening sloe
And kingcup blaze,
And more than half a hundred years ago,
In rick-fire days,

VIII

When Dives loathed the times, and paced his land
In fear of worse,
And sanguine Lazarus felt a vacant hand
Fill with *his* purse.

IX

For lowly minds were madden'd to the height
By tonguester tricks,
And once — I well remember that red night
When thirty ricks,

[1] The Philippines. [2] In Dominica.
[3] The Shadow of the Lord. Certain obre markings on a rock in Siam, which press the image of Buddha to the Budst more or less distinctly according to faith and his moral worth.
[4] The footstep of the Lord on another k.
[5] The monastery of Sumelas.
[6] Anatolian spectre stories.
[7] The three cities.
[8] Travels in Egypt.

X

All flaming, made an English homestead hell —
These hands of mine
Have helpt to pass a bucket from the well
Along the line,

XI

When this bare dome had not begun to gleam
Thro' youthful curls,
And you were then a lover's fairy dream,
His girl of girls;

XII

And you, that now are lonely, and with Grief
Sit face to face,
Might find a flickering glimmer of relief
In change of place.

XIII

What use to brood? This life of mingled pains
And joys to me,
Despite of every Faith and Creed, remains
The Mystery.

XIV

Let golden youth bewail the friend, the wife,
For ever gone.
He dreams of that long walk thro' desert life
Without the one.

XV

The silver year should cease to mourn and sigh —
Not long to wait —
So close are we, dear Mary, you and I,
To that dim gate.

XVI

Take, read! and be the faults your Poet makes
Or many or few,
He rests content, if his young music wakes
A wish in you

XVII

To change our dark Queen-city, all h
realm
Of sound and smoke,
For his clear heaven, and these fe
lanes of elm
And whispering oak.

THE PROGRESS OF SPRING

I

THE ground-flame of the crocus brea
the mould,
Fair Spring slides hither o'er t
Southern sea,
Wavers on her thin stem the snowdr
cold
That trembles not to kisses of t
bee.
Come, Spring, for now from all t
dripping eaves
The spear of ice has wept its
away,
And hour by hour unfolding woodbi
leaves
O'er his uncertain shadow droo
the day.
She comes! The loosen'd rivul
run;
The frost-bead melts upon her gold
hair;
Her mantle, slowly greening in t
Sun,
Now wraps her close, now archi
leaves her bare
To breaths of balmier air;

II

Up leaps the lark, gone wild to w
come her,
About her glance the tits, and shri
the jays,
Before her skims the jubilant woo
pecker,
The linnet's bosom blushes at l
gaze,
While round her brows a woodla
culver flits,
Watching her large light eyes a
gracious looks,
And in her open palm a halcy
sits
Patient — the secret splendor of t
brooks.

ome, Spring! She comes on waste and wood,
On farm and field; but enter also here,
iffuse thyself at will thro' all my blood,
And, tho' thy violet sicken into sere,
Lodge with me all the year!

III

ace more a downy drift against the brakes,
Self-darken'd in the sky, descending slow!
ut gladly see I thro' the wavering flakes
Yon blanching apricot like snow in snow.
hese will thine eyes not brook in forest-paths,
On their perpetual pine, nor round the beech;
They fuse themselves to little spicy baths,
Solved in the tender blushes of the peach;
They lose themselves and die
On that new life that gems the hawthorn line;
Thy gay lent-lilies wave and put them by,
And out once more in varnish'd glory shine
Thy stars of celandine.

IV

She floats across the hamlet. Heaven lours,
But in the tearful splendor of her smiles
I see the slowly-thickening chestnut towers
Fill out the spaces by the barren tiles.

'She comes on waste and wood.
On farm and field'

Now past her feet the swallow circling flies,
A clamorous cuckoo stoops to meet her hand;
Her light makes rainbows in my closing eyes,
I hear a charm of song thro' all the land..
Come, Spring! She comes, and Earth is glad
To roll her North below thy deepening dome,
But ere thy maiden birk be wholly clad,
And these low bushes dip their twigs in foam,
Make all true hearths thy home.

V

Across my garden! and the thicket stirs,
The fountain pulses high in sunnier jets,
The blackcap warbles, and the turtle purrs,
The starling claps his tiny castanets.
Still round her forehead wheels the woodland dove,
And scatters on her throat the sparks of dew,
The kingcup fills her footprint, and above
Broaden the glowing isles of vernal blue.
Hail, ample presence of a Queen,
Bountiful, beautiful, apparell'd gay,
Whose mantle, every shade of glancing green,
Flies back in fragrant breezes to display
A tunic white as May!

VI

She whispers, 'From the South I bring you balm,
For on a tropic mountain was I born,
While some dark dweller by the cocopalm
Watch'd my far meadow zoned with airy morn;
From under rose a muffled moan of floods;
I sat beneath a solitude of snow;

There no one came, the turf w
fresh, the woods
Plunged gulf on gulf thro' all th
vales below.
I saw beyond their silent tops
The steaming marshes of the scarl
cranes,
The slant seas leaning on the ma
grove copse,
And summer basking in the sult
plains
About a land of canes.

VII

'Then from my vapor-girdle soari
forth
I scaled the buoyant highway
the birds,
And drank the dews and drizzle
the North,
That I might mix with men, a
hear their words
On pathway'd plains; for — while n
hand exults
Within the bloodless heart of low
flowers
To work old laws of Love to fre
results,
Thro' manifold effect of simp
powers —
I too would teach the man
Beyond the darker hour to see t
bright,
That his fresh life may close as it b
gan,
The still-fulfilling promise of a lig
Narrowing the bounds of night.'

VIII

So wed thee with my soul, that I m
mark
The coming year's great good a
varied ills,
And new developments, whatev
spark
Be struck from out the clash
warring wills;
Or whether, since our nature cann
rest,
The smoke of war's volcano bu
again
From hoary deeps that belt the chan
ful West,
Old Empires, dwellings of the kin
of men;

should those fail that hold the helm,
While the long day of knowledge grows and warms,
d in the heart of this most ancient realm
A hateful voice be utter'd, and alarms
Sounding 'To arms! to arms!'

IX

simpler, saner lesson might he learn
Who reads thy gradual process, Holy Spring.
y leaves possess the season in their turn,
And in their time thy warblers rise on wing.
w surely glidest thou from March to May,
And changest, breathing it, the sullen wind,
y scope of operation, day by day,
Larger and fuller, like the human mind!
y warmths from bud to bud
Accomplish that blind model in the seed,
d men have hopes, which race the restless blood,
That after many changes may succeed
Life which is Life indeed.

MERLIN AND THE GLEAM

I

O YOUNG Mariner,
You from the haven
Under the sea-cliff,
You that are watching
The gray Magician
With eyes of wonder,
I am Merlin,
And *I* am dying,
I am Merlin
Who follow the Gleam.

II

Mighty the Wizard
Who found me at sunrise
Sleeping, and woke me
And learn'd me Magic!
Great the Master,
And sweet the Magic,
When over the valley,
In early summers,
Over the mountain,
On human faces,
And all around me,
Moving to melody,
Floated the Gleam.

III

Once at the croak of a Raven who crost it,
A barbarous people,
Blind to the magic
And deaf to the melody,
Snarl'd at and cursed me.
A demon vext me,
The light retreated,
The landskip darken'd,
The melody deaden'd,
The Master whisper'd,
'Follow the Gleam.'

IV

Then to the melody,
Over a wilderness
Gliding, and glancing at
Elf of the woodland,
Gnome of the cavern,
Griffin and Giant,
And dancing of Fairies
In desolate hollows,
And wraiths of the mountain,
And rolling of dragons
By warble of water,
Or cataract music
Of falling torrents,
Flitted the Gleam.

V

Down from the mountain
And over the level,
And streaming and shining on
Silent river,
Silvery willow,
Pasture and plowland,
Innocent maidens,
Garrulous children,
Homestead and harvest,
Reaper and gleaner,
And rough-ruddy faces
Of lowly labor,
Slided the Gleam —

VI

Then, with a melody
Stronger and statelier,
Led me at length
To the city and palace
Of Arthur the King;
Touch'd at the golden
Cross of the churches,
Flash'd on the tournament,
Flicker'd and bicker'd
From helmet to helmet,
And last on the forehead
Of Arthur the blameless
Rested the Gleam.

VII

Clouds and darkness
Closed upon Camelot;
Arthur had vanish'd
I knew not whither,
The king who loved me,
And cannot die;
For out of the darkness
Silent and slowly
The Gleam, that had waned to a wintry glimmer
On icy fallow
And faded forest,
Drew to the valley
Named of the shadow,
And slowly brightening
Out of the glimmer,
And slowly moving again to a melody
Yearningly tender,
Fell on the shadow,
No longer a shadow,
But clothed with the Gleam.

VIII

And broader and brighter
The Gleam flying onward,
Wed to the melody,
Sang thro' the world;
And slower and fainter,
Old and weary,
But eager to follow,
I saw, whenever
In passing it glanced upon
Hamlet or city,
That under the Crosses
The dead man's garden,
The mortal hillock,
Would break into blossom·
And so to the land's
Last limit I came—
And can no longer,
But die rejoicing,
For thro' the Magic
Of Him the Mighty,
Who taught me in childhood,
There on the border
Of boundless Ocean,
And all but in Heaven
Hovers the Gleam.

IX

Not of the sunlight,
Not of the moonlight,
Not of the starlight!
O young Mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the Gleam.

ROMNEY'S REMORSE

'BEAT, little heart—I give you t
and this.'
Who are you? What! the La
Hamilton?
Good, I am never weary painti
you.
To sit once more? Cassandra, He
Joan,
Or spinning at your wheel beside
vine—
Bacchante, what you will; and i
fail
To conjure and concentrate into fo
And color all you are, the fault
less
In me than Art. What artist e
yet
Could make pure light live on
canvas? Art!
Why should I so disrelish that sh
word?
Where am I? snow on all the hi
so hot,
So fever'd! never colt would m
delight
To roll himself in meadow g
than I
To wallow in that winter of the hi

urse, were you hired? or came of your own will
wait on one so broken, so forlorn?
re I not met you somewhere long ago?
n all but sure I have — in Kendal church —
es! I hired you for a season there,
l then we parted; but you look so kind
t you will not deny my sultry throat
draught of icy water. There — you spill
drops upon my forehead. Your hand shakes.
n ashamed. I am a trouble to you,
ld kneel for your forgiveness. Are they tears?
me — they do me too much grace — for me?
Iary, Mary!
Vexing you with words!
rds only, born of fever, or the fumes
hat dark opiate dose you gave me, — words,
d babble. I have stumbled back again
the common day, the sounder self.
stay me there, if only for your sake,
truest, kindliest, noblest-hearted wife
t ever wore a Christian marriage-ring.
y curse upon the Master's apothegm,
t wife and children drag an artist down!
seem'd my lodestar in the heaven of Art,
lured me from the household fire on earth.
ou my days have been a lifelong lie,
ted on half a truth; and tho' you say,
ke comfort you have won the painter's fame,'
best in me that sees the worst in me,
groans to see it, finds no comfort there.
hat fame? I am not Raphael, Titian, — no,
Nor even a Sir Joshua, some will cry.
Wrong there! The painter's fame? but mine, that grew
Blown into glittering by the popular breath,
May float awhile beneath the sun, may roll
The rainbow hues of heaven about it —
There!
The color'd bubble bursts above the abyss
Of Darkness, utter Lethe.

Is it so?
Her sad eyes plead for my own fame with me
To make it dearer.

Look, the sun has risen
To flame along another dreary day.
Your hand. How bright you keep your marriage-ring!
Raise me. I thank you.

Has your opiate then
Bred this black mood? or am I conscious, more
Than other Masters, of the chasm between
Work and Ideal? Or does the gloom of age
And suffering cloud the height I stand upon
Even from myself? stand? stood — no more.
And yet
The world would lose, if such a wife as you
Should vanish unrecorded. Might I crave
One favor? I am bankrupt of all claim
On your obedience, and my strongest wish
Falls flat before your least unwillingness.
Still, would you — if it please you — sit to me?
I dream'd last night of that clear summer noon,
When seated on a rock, and foot to foot
With your own shadow in the placid lake,
You clasp't our infant daughter, heart to heart.

I had been among the hills, and brought you down
A length of staghorn-moss, and this you twined
About her cap. I see the picture yet,
Mother and child. A sound from far away,
No louder than a bee among the flowers,
A fall of water lull'd the noon asleep.
You still'd it for the moment with a song
Which often echo'd in me, while I stood
Before the great Madonna-masterpieces
Of ancient Art in Paris, or in Rome.

Mary, my crayons! if I can, I will.
You should have been — I might have made you once,
Had I but known you as I know you now —
The true Alcestis of the time. Your song —
Sit, listen! I remember it, a proof
That I — even I — at times remember'd *you*.

'Beat upon mine, little heart! beat, beat!
Beat upon mine! you are mine, my sweet!
All mine from your pretty blue eyes to your feet,
My sweet.'

Less profile! turn to me — three-quarter face.

'Sleep, little blossom, my honey, my bliss!
For I give you this, and I give you this!
And I blind your pretty blue eyes with a kiss!
Sleep!'

Too early blinded by the kiss of death —

'Father and Mother will watch you grow'—

You watch'd, not I; she did not grow, she died.

'Father and Mother will watch you grow,
And gather the roses whenever they blow,
And find the white heather wherever you go,
My sweet.'

Ah, my white heather only blooms heaven
With Milton's amaranth. There, the there! a child
Had shamed me at it — Down, you i tools,
Stampt into dust — tremulous, awry,
Blurr'd like a landskip in a ruff pool, —
Not one stroke firm. This Art, th harlot-like
Seduced me from you, leaves me h lot-like,
Who love her still, and whimper, i potent
To win her back before I die — a then —
Then, in the loud world's bastard ju ment-day,
One truth will damn me with the mi less mob,
Who feel no touch of my temptati more
Than all the myriad lies that black round
The corpse of every man that gain name;
'This model husband, this fine artis Fool,
What matters? Six foot deep of rial mould
Will dull their comments! Ay, when the shout
Of His descending peals from heav and throbs
Thro' earth and all her graves, if should ask,
'Why left you wife and children? my sake,
According to my word?' and I plied,
'Nay, Lord, for *Art*,' why, that wo sound so mean
That all the dead, who wait the do of hell
For bolder sins than mine, adulteri
Wife-murders, — nay, the ruth Mussulman
Who flings his bowstrung harem the sea,
Would turn, and glare at me, point and jeer,
And gibber at the worm who, livi made

e wife of wives a widow-bride, and lost
vation for a sketch.
I am wild again!
e coals of fire you heap upon my head
ve crazed me. Some one knocking there without?
! Will my Indian brother come? to find
or my coffin? Should I know the man?
s worn-out Reason dying in her house
y leave the windows blinded, and if so,
him farewell for me, and tell him—
Hope!
near a death-bed angel whisper, 'Hope.'
ne miserable have no medicine—only hope!' He said it—in the play.
crime was of the senses; of the mind
e—worse, cold, calculated.
Tell my son—
let me lean my head upon your breast.
at, little heart' on this fool brain of mine.
ce had friends—and many—none like you.
ve you more than when we married. Hope!
ves, I hope, or fancy that, perhaps,
nan forgiveness touches heaven, and thence—
you forgive me, you are sure of that—
ected, sends a light on the forgiven.

PARNASSUS

gi monumentum . . .
l non . . .
it diruere . . .
. . . innumerabilis
orum series et fuga temporum.
HORACE.

I

AT be those crown'd forms high over the sacred fountain?
Bards, that the mighty Muses have raised to the heights of the mountain,
And over the flight of the Ages! O Goddesses, help me up thither!
Lightning may shrivel the laurel of Cæsar, but mine would not wither.
Steep is the mountain, but you, you will help me to overcome it,
And stand with my head in the zenith, and roll my voice from the summit,
Sounding for ever and ever thro' Earth and her listening nations,
And mixt with the great sphere-music of stars and of constellations.

II

What be those two shapes high over the sacred fountain,
Taller than all the Muses, and huger than all the mountain?
On those two known peaks they stand ever spreading and heightening;
Poet, that evergreen laurel is blasted by more than lightning!
Look, in their deep double shadow the crown'd ones all disappearing!
Sing like a bird and be happy, nor hope for a deathless hearing!
'Sounding for ever and ever?' pass on! the sight confuses—
These are Astronomy and Geology, terrible Muses!

III

If the lips were touch'd with fire from off a pure Pierian altar,
Tho' their music here be mortal need the singer greatly care?
Other songs for other worlds! the fire within him would not falter;
Let the golden Iliad vanish, Homer here is Homer there.

BY AN EVOLUTIONIST

THE Lord let the house of a brute to the soul of a man,
And the man said, 'Am I your debtor?'

And the Lord — 'Not yet; but make it as clean as you can,
And then I will let you a better.'

I

If my body come from brutes, my soul uncertain or a fable,
Why not bask amid the senses while the sun of morning shines,
I, the finer brute rejoicing in my hounds, and in my stable,
Youth and health, and birth and wealth, and choice of women and of wines?

II

What hast thou done for me, grim Old Age, save breaking my bones on the rack?
Would I had past in the morning that looks so bright from afar!

OLD AGE

Done for thee? starved the wild beast that was linkt with thee eighty years back.
Less weight now for the ladder-of-heaven that hangs on a star.

I

If my body come from brutes, tho' somewhat finer than their own,
I am heir, and this my kingdom. Shall the royal voice be mute?
No, but if the rebel subject seek to drag me from the throne,
Hold the sceptre, Human Soul, and rule thy province of the brute.

II

I have climb'd to the snows of Age, and I gaze at a field in the Past,
Where I sank with the body at times in the sloughs of a low desire,
But I hear no yelp of the beast, and the Man is quiet at last,
As he stands on the heights of his life with a glimpse of a height that is higher.

FAR—FAR—AWAY

(FOR MUSIC)

WHAT sight so lured him thro' t
fields he knew
As where earth's green stole into h
ven's own hue,
Far—far—away

What sound was dearest in his nat
dells?
The mellow lin-lan-lone of eveni
bells
Far—far—away.

What vague world-whisper, mys
pain or joy,
Thro' those three words would ha
him when a boy,
Far—far—away

A whisper from his dawn of life
breath
From some fair dawn beyond
doors of death
Far—far—away

Far, far, how far? from o'er the g
of birth,
The faint horizons, all the bounds
earth,
Far—far—away

What charm in words, a charm
words could give?
O dying words, can Music make
live
Far—far—away

POLITICS

WE move, the wheel must alw
move,
Nor always on the plain,
And if we move to such a goal
As Wisdom hopes to gain,
Then you that drive, and know y
craft,
Will firmly hold the rein,
Nor lend an ear to random cries,
Or you may drive in vain;
For some cry 'Quick' and some
'Slow.'

But, while the hills remain,
hill 'Too-slow' will need the whip,
Down hill 'Too-quick' the chain.

BEAUTIFUL CITY

AUTIFUL city, the centre and crater
of European confusion,
you with your passionate shriek
for the rights of an equal humanity,
w often your Re-volution has proven but E-volution
l'd again back on itself in the tides
of a civic insanity!

E ROSES ON THE TERRACE

SE, on this terrace fifty years ago,
When I was in my June, you in your May,
o words, '*My* Rose,' set all your face aglow,
And now that I am white and you are gray,
at blush of fifty years ago, my dear,
looms in the past, but close to me to-day,
this red rose, which on our terrace here
lows in the blue of fifty miles away.

THE PLAY

first, this Earth, a stage so gloom'd with woe
ou all but sicken at the shifting scenes.
l yet be patient. Our Playwright may show
some fifth act what this wild Drama means.

ONE WHO AFFECTED AN EFFEMINATE MANNER

ILE man and woman still are incomplete,
rize that soul where man and woman meet,
Which types all Nature's male and female plan,
But, friend, man-woman is not woman man.

TO ONE WHO RAN DOWN THE ENGLISH

You make our faults too gross, and thence maintain
Our darker future. May your fears be vain!
At times the small black fly upon the pane
May seem the black ox of the distant plain.

THE SNOWDROP

Many, many welcomes,
February fair-maid,
Ever as of old time,
Solitary firstling,
Coming in the cold time,
Prophet of the gay time,
Prophet of the May time,
Prophet of the roses,
Many, many welcomes,
February fair-maid!

THE THROSTLE

'Summer is coming, summer is coming.
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again!'
Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue.
Last year you sang it as gladly.
'New, new, new, new!' Is it then *so* new
That you should carol so madly?

'Love again, song again, nest again, young again,'
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

'Here again, here, here, here, happy year!'

O warble unchidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

THE OAK

Live thy Life,
Young and old,
Like yon oak,
Bright in spring,
Living gold;

Summer-rich
Then; and then
Autumn-changed,
Soberer-hued
Gold again.

All his leaves
Fallen at length,
Look, he stands,
Trunk and bough,
Naked strength.

IN MEMORIAM

W. G. WARD

Farewell, whose like on earth
shall not find,
Whose Faith and Work were be
of full accord,
My friend, the most unworldly
mankind,
Most generous of all Ultramontan
Ward,
How subtle at tierce and quart
mind with mind,
How loyal in the following of t
Lord!

Queen Mary

QUEEN MARY

A DRAMA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Queen Mary.
Philip, *King of Naples and Sicily, afterwards King of Spain.*
The Princess Elizabeth.
Reginald Pole, *Cardinal and Papal Legate.*
Simon Renard, *Spanish Ambassador.*
Le Sieur de Noailles, *French Ambassador.*
Thomas Cranmer, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*
Sir Nicholas Heath, *Archbishop of York; Lord Chancellor after Gardiner.*
Edward Courtenay, *Earl of Devon.*
Lord William Howard, *afterwards Lord Howard, and Lord High Admiral.*
Lord Williams of Thame.
Lord Paget.
Lord Petre.
Stephen Gardiner, *Bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor.*
Edmund Bonner, *Bishop of London.*
Thomas Thirlby, *Bishop of Ely.*
Sir Thomas Wyatt } *Insurrectionary Leaders.*
Sir Thomas Stafford }

SIR RALPH BAGENHALL.
SIR ROBERT SOUTHWELL.
SIR HENRY BEDINGFIELD.
SIR WILLIAM CECIL.
SIR THOMAS WHITE, *Lord Mayor of London.*
THE DUKE OF ALVA, THE COUNT DE FERIA } *attending on Philip.*
PETER MARTYR.
FATHER COLE.
FATHER BOURNE.
VILLA GARCIA.
SOTO.
CAPTAIN BRETT, ANTHONY KNYVETT } *Adherents of Wyatt.*
PETERS, *Gentleman of Lord Howard.*
ROGER, *Servant to Noailles.*
WILLIAM, *Servant to Wyatt.*
STEWARD OF HOUSEHOLD *to the Princess Elizabeth.*
OLD NOKES *and* NOKES.
MARCHIONESS OF EXETER, *Mother of Courtenay.*
LADY CLARENCE, LADY MAGDALEN DACRES, ALICE } *Ladies in Waiting to the Queen.*
MAID OF HONOR *to the Princess Elizabeth.*
JOAN, TIB } *two Country Wives.*

Lords and other Attendants, Members of the Privy Council, Members of Parliame
Two Gentlemen, Aldermen, Citizens, Peasants, Ushers, Messengers, Guards, Pages, G
pellers, Marshalmen, etc.

QUEEN MARY

ACT I

SCENE I. — ALDGATE RICHLY DECORATED

CROWD. MARSHALMEN

Marshalman. Stand back, keep a clear lane! When will her Majesty pass, say'st thou? why now, even now; wherefore draw back your heads and your horns before I break them, and make what noise you will with your tongues, so it be not treason. Long live Queen Mary, the lawful and legitimate daughter of Harry the Eighth! Shout, knaves!

Citizens. Long live Queen Mary!

First Citizen. That's a hard word, legitimate; what does it mean?

Second Citizen. It means a bastard.

Third Citizen. Nay, it means true-born.

First Citizen. Why, did n't the Parliament make her a bastard?

Second Citizen. No; it was the Lady Elizabeth.

Third Citizen. That was aft
man; that was after.

First Citizen. Then which is
bastard?

Second Citizen. Troth, they
both bastards by Act of Parliam
and Council.

Third Citizen. Ay, the Parliam
can make every true-born man of
a bastard. Old Nokes, can't it m
thee a bastard? thou shouldst kn
for thou art as white as three Chr
mases.

Old Nokes (*dreamily*). Who's
passing? King Edward or K
Richard?

Third Citizen. No, old Nokes.

Old Nokes. It's Harry!

Third Citizen. It's Queen Mary

Old Nokes. The blessed Mary's
passing! [*Falls on his kn*

Nokes. Let father alone, my m
ters! he's past your questioning.

Third Citizen. Answer thou
him, then! thou 'rt no such cock
thyself, for thou was born i' the
end of old Harry the Seventh.

Nokes. Eh! that was afore

l-making began. I was born true
n at five in the forenoon, i' the tail
ld Harry, and so they can't make
a bastard.
Third Citizen. But if Parliament
make the Queen a bastard, why,
llows all the more that they can
ke thee one, who art fray'd i' the
es, and out at elbow, and bald o'
back, and bursten at the toes, and
n at heels.
Jokes. I was born of a true man
a ring'd wife, and I can't argue
n it; but I and my old woman 'ud
n upon it, that would we.
Marshalman. What are you cack-
of bastardy under the Queen's
nose? I'll have you flogg'd and
nt too, by the rood I will.
First Citizen. He swears by the
l. Whew!
Second Citizen. Hark! the trum-
s.

[*The Procession passes,* Mary *and* Elizabeth *riding side by side, and disappears under the gate.*

Citizens. Long live Queen Mary!
n with all traitors! God save her
ce; and death to Northumber-
l! [*Exeunt.*

Manent Two Gentlemen.

First Gentleman. By God's light a
le creature, right royal!
Second Gentleman. She looks come-
than ordinary to-day; but to my
d the Lady Elizabeth is the more
e and royal.
First Gentleman. I mean the Lady
abeth. Did you hear (I have a
ghter in her service who reported
hat she met the Queen at Wan-
d with five hundred horse, and
Queen (tho' some say they be
h divided) took her hand, call'd
sweet sister, and kiss'd not her
e, but all the ladies of her follow-

Second Gentleman. Ay, that was in
nour of joy. There will be plenty
under and unsister them again;
Gardiner for one, who is to be
e Lord Chancellor, and will pounce
a wild beast out of his cage to
y Cranmer.
First Gentleman. And, furthermore,
daughter said that when there
rose a talk of the late rebellion, she spoke even of Northumberland pitifully, and of the good Lady Jane as a poor innocent child who had but obeyed her father; and, furthermore, she said that no one in her time should be burnt for heresy.

Second Gentleman. Well, sir, I look for happy times.

First Gentleman. There is but one thing against them. I know not if you know.

Second Gentleman. I suppose you touch upon the rumor that Charles, the master of the world, has offer'd her his son Philip, the Pope and the devil. I trust it is but a rumor.

First Gentleman. She is going now to the Tower to loose the prisoners there, and among them Courtenay, to be made Earl of Devon, of royal blood, of splendid feature, whom the council and all her people wish her to marry. May it be so, for we are many of us Catholics, but few Papists, and the Hot Gospellers will go mad upon it.

Second Gentleman. Was she not betroth'd in her babyhood to the Great Emperor himself?

First Gentleman. Ay, but he 's too old.

Second Gentleman. And again to her cousin Reginald Pole, now Cardinal; but I hear that he too is full of aches and broken before his day.

First Gentleman. Oh, the Pope could dispense with his cardinalate, and his achage, and his breakage, if that were all. Will you not follow the procession?

Second Gentleman. No; I have seen enough for this day.

First Gentleman. Well, I shall follow; if I can get near enough I shall judge with my own eyes whether her Grace incline to this splendid scion of Plantagenet. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A Room in Lambeth Palace

Cranmer. To Strasburg, Antwerp, Frankfort, Zurich, Worms, Geneva, Basle — our bishops from their sees

Or fled, they say, or flying—Poinet, Barlow,
Bale, Scory, Coverdale; besides the deans
Of Christchurch, Durham, Exeter, and Wells—
Ailmer and Bullingham, and hundreds more;
So they report. I shall be left alone.
No; Hooper, Ridley, Latimer, will not fly.
Enter PETER MARTYR.
Peter Martyr. Fly, Cranmer! were there nothing else, your name
Stands first of those who sign'd the letters patent
That gave her royal crown to Lady Jane.
Cranmer. Stand first it may, but it was written last.
Those that are now her privy council sign'd
Before me; nay, the judges had pronounced
That our young Edward might bequeath the crown
Of England, putting by his father's will.
Yet I stood out, till Edward sent for me.
The wan boy-king, with his fast-fading eyes
Fixt hard on mine, his frail transparent hand,
Damp with the sweat of death, and griping mine,
Whisper'd me, if I loved him, not to yield
His Church of England to the Papal wolf
And Mary; then I could no more—I sign'd.
Nay, for bare shame of inconsistency,
She cannot pass her traitor council by,
To make me headless.
Peter Martyr. That might be forgiven.
I tell you, fly, my lord. You do not own
The bodily presence in the Eucharist,
Their wafer and perpetual sacrifice:
Your creed will be your death.
Cranmer. Step after step,
Thro' many voices crying right and left,
Have I climb'd back into the prima church,
And stand within the porch, and Chris with me.
My flight were such a scandal to th faith,
The downfall of so many simple souls
I dare not leave my post.
Peter Martyr. But you divorce
Queen Catharine and her father; hence her hate
Will burn till you are burn'd.
Cranmer. I cannot help i
The Canonists and Schoolmen wer with me.
'Thou shalt not wed thy brother wife.'—'T is written,
'They shall be childless.' True, Mar was born,
But France would not accept her fo a bride
As being born from incest; and th wrought
Upon the King; and child by chil you know,
Were momentary sparkles, out as quic
Almost as kindled; and he brough his doubts
And fears to me. Peter, I 'll swe for him
He *did* believe the bond incestuous.
But wherefore am I trenching on th time
That should already have seen yo steps a mile
From me and Lambeth? God be wi you! Go.
Peter Martyr. Ah, but how fierce letter you wrote against
Their superstition when they slander you
For setting up a mass at Canterbury
To please the Queen!
Cranmer. It was a wheedling mo
Set up the mass.
Peter Martyr. I know it, my go lord.
But you so bubbled over with h terms
Of Satan, liars, blasphemy, Antichri
She never will forgive you. Fly, m lord, fly!
Cranmer. I wrote it, and God gra me power to burn!
Peter Martyr. They have given m a safe conduct; for all that

dare not stay. I fear, I fear, I see you,
ear friend, for the last time; farewell, and fly.
Cranmer. Fly and farewell, and let me die the death.
[*Exit* Peter Martyr.
Enter OLD SERVANT.
kind and gentle master, the Queen's Officers
e here in force to take you to the Tower.
Cranmer. Ay, gentle friend, admit them. I will go.
hank my God it is too late to fly.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

ST. PAUL'S CROSS

ATHER BOURNE *in the pulpit. A crowd.* MARCHIONESS OF EXETER, COURTENAY. *The* SIEUR DE NOAILLES *and his man* ROGER *in front of the stage. Hubbub.*

Noailles. Hast thou let fall those papers in the palace?
Roger. Ay, sir.
Noailles. 'There will be no peace Mary till Elizabeth lose her head.'
Roger. Ay, sir.
Noailles. And the other, 'Long live izabeth the Queen!'
Roger. Ay, sir; she needs must tread upon them.
Noailles. Well.
ese beastly swine make such a grunting here,
annot catch what Father Bourne is saying.
Roger. Quiet a moment, my mas-s; hear what the shaveling has to for himself.
Crowd. Hush — hear!
Bourne. — and so this unhappy d, long divided in itself, and sev-d from the faith, will return into one true fold, seeing that our gra-us Virgin Queen hath —
Crowd. No pope! no pope!
Roger (*to those about him, mimicking* urne). — hath sent for the holy le-e of the holy father the Pope, Cardinal Pole, to give us all that holy absolution which —
First Citizen. Old Bourne to the life!
Second Citizen. Holy absolution! holy Inquisition!
Third Citizen. Down with the Papist! [*Hubbub.*
Bourne. — and now that your good bishop, Bonner, who hath lain so long under bonds for the faith — [*Hubbub.*
Noailles. Friend Roger, steal thou in among the crowd,
And get the swine to shout 'Elizabeth.'
Yon gray old Gospeller, sour as midwinter,
Begin with him.
Roger (*goes*). By the mass, old friend, we'll have no pope here while the Lady Elizabeth lives.
Gospeller. Art thou of the true faith, fellow, that swearest by the mass?
Roger. Ay, that am I, new converted, but the old leaven sticks to my tongue yet.
First Citizen. He says right; by the mass, we'll have no mass here.
Voices of the Crowd. Peace! hear him; let his own words damn the Papist. From thine own mouth I judge thee — tear him down!
Bourne. — and since our gracious Queen, let me call her our second Virgin Mary, hath begun to re-edify the true temple —
First Citizen. Virgin Mary! we'll have no virgins here — we'll have the Lady Elizabeth!
[*Swords are drawn, a knife is hurled and sticks in the pulpit. The mob throng to the pulpit stairs.*
Marchioness of Exeter. Son Courtenay, wilt thou see the holy father
Murdered before thy face? up, son, and save him!
They love thee, and thou canst not come to harm.
Courtenay (*in the pulpit*). Shame, shame, my masters! are you English-born,
And set yourselves by hundreds against one?

Crowd. A Courtenay! a Courtenay!

[*A train of Spanish servants crosses at the back of the stage.*

Noailles. These birds of passage come before their time.
Stave off the crowd upon the Spaniard there.

Roger. My masters, yonder's fatter game for you
Than this old gaping gurgoyle; look you there —
The Prince of Spain coming to wed our Queen!
After him, boys! and pelt him from the city.

[*They seize stones and follow the Spaniards. Exeunt on the other side* Marchioness of Exeter *and* Attendants.

Noailles (*to* Roger). Stand from me. If Elizabeth lose her head —
That makes for France.
And if her people, anger'd thereupon,
Arise against her and dethrone the Queen —
That makes for France.
And if I breed confusion any way —
That makes for France.
Good-day, my Lord of Devon;
A bold heart yours to beard that raging mob!

Courtenay. My mother said, Go up; and up I went.
I knew they would not do me any wrong,
For I am mighty popular with them, Noailles.

Noailles. You look'd a king.

Courtenay. Why not? I am king's blood.

Noailles. And in the whirl of change may come to be one.

Courtenay. Ah!

Noailles. But does your gracious Queen entreat you kinglike?

Courtenay. 'Fore God, I think she entreats me like a child.

Noailles. You've but a dull life in this maiden court,
I fear, my lord?

Courtenay. A life of nods and yawns.

Noailles. So you would honor my poor house to-night,
We might enliven you. Divers honest fellows,
The Duke of Suffolk lately freed from prison,
Sir Peter Carew and Sir Thomas Wyatt,
Sir Thomas Stafford, and some more — we play.

Courtenay. At what?

Noailles. The game of chess.

Courtenay. The game of chess
I can play well, and I shall beat you there.

Noailles. Ay, but we play with Henry, King of France,
And certain of his court.
His Highness makes his moves across the Channel,
We answer him with ours, and there are messengers
That go between us.

Courtenay. Why, such a game, sir, were whole years a-playing.

Noailles. Nay; not so long I trust. That all depends
Upon the skill and swiftness of the players.

Courtenay. The King is skilful at it?

Noailles. Very, my Lord.

Courtenay. And the stakes high?

Noailles. But not beyond your means.

Courtenay. Well, I'm the first of players. I shall win.

Noailles. With our advice and in our company,
And so you well attend to the King's moves,
I think you may.

Courtenay. When do you meet?

Noailles. To-night.

Courtenay (*aside*). I will be there; the fellow's at his tricks —
Deep — I shall fathom him. (*Aloud*) Good morning, Noailles.

[*Exit* Courtenay.

Noailles. Good-day, my Lord. Strange game of chess! a king
That with her own pawns plays against a queen,
Whose play is all to find herself a king.
Ay; but this fine blue-blooded Courtenay seems
Too princely for a pawn. Call him knight,

hat, with an ass's, not a horse's head,
kips every way, from levity or from fear.
Vell, we shall use him somehow, so that Gardiner
nd Simon Renard spy not out our game
oo early. Roger, thinkest thou that any one
ispected thee to be my man?
Roger. Not one, sir.
Noailles. No! the disguise was perfect. Let's away. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

ONDON. A Room in the Palace

Elizabeth. *Enter* Courtenay.

Courtenay. So yet am I,
nless my friends and mirrors lie to me,
goodlier-looking fellow than this Philip.
ah!
ne Queen is ill advised. Shall I turn traitor?
ney 've almost talked me into it; yet the word
frights me somewhat; to be such a one
s Harry Bolingbroke hath a lure in it.
ood now, my Lady Queen, tho' by your age
id by your looks you are not worth the having,
et by your crown you are.
[*Seeing* Elizabeth.
The Princess there?
I tried her, and la — she 's amorous.
ave we not heard of her in Edward's time,
r freaks and frolics with the late Lord Admiral?
lo believe she'd yield. I should be still
party in the State; and then, who knows —
Elizabeth. What are you musing on, my Lord of Devon?
Courtenay. Has not the Queen —
Elizabeth. Done what, Sir?
Courtenay. — made you follow
The Lady Suffolk and the Lady Lennox? — you,
The heir presumptive.
Elizabeth. Why do you ask? you know it.
Courtenay. You needs must bear it hardly.
Elizabeth. No, indeed!
I am utterly submissive to the Queen.
Courtenay. Well, I was musing upon that; the Queen
Is both my foe and yours; we should be friends.
Elizabeth. My Lord, the hatred of another to us
Is no true bond of friendship.
Courtenay. Might it not
Be the rough preface of some closer bond?
Elizabeth. My lord, you late were loosed from out the Tower,
Where, like a butterfly in a chrysalis,
You spent your life; that broken, out you flutter
Thro' the new world, go zigzag, now would settle
Upon this flower, now that. But all things here
At court are known; you have solicited
The Queen, and been rejected.
Courtenay. Flower, she!
Half faded! but you, cousin, are fresh and sweet
As the first flower no bee has ever tried.
Elizabeth. Are you the bee to try me? why, but now
I called you butterfly.
Courtenay. You did me wrong,
I love not to be called a butterfly.
Why do you call me butterfly?
Elizabeth. Why do you go so gay then?
Courtenay. Velvet and gold.
This dress was made me as the Earl of Devon
To take my seat in; looks it not right royal?
Elizabeth. So royal that the Queen forbade you wearing it.
Courtenay. I wear it then to spite her.
Elizabeth. My lord, my lord;
I see you in the Tower again. Her Majesty

Hears you affect the Prince — prelates kneel to you. —
Courtenay. I am the noblest blood in Europe, Madam,
A Courtenay of Devon, and her cousin.
Elizabeth. She hears you make your boast that after all
She means to wed you. Folly, my good lord.
Courtenay. How folly? a great party in the State
Wills me to wed her.
Elizabeth. Failing her, my lord,
Doth not as great a party in the State
Will you to wed me?
Courtenay. Even so, fair lady.
Elizabeth. You know to flatter ladies.
Courtenay. Nay, I meant
True matters of the heart.
Elizabeth. *My* heart, my lord,
Is no great party in the State as yet.
Courtenay. Great, said you? nay, you shall be great. I love you,
Lay my life in your hands. Can you be close?
Elizabeth. Can you, my lord?
Courtenay. Close as a miser's casket. Listen:
The King of France, Noailles the Ambassador,
The Duke of Suffolk and Sir Peter Carew,
Sir Thomas Wyatt, I myself, some others,
Have sworn this Spanish marriage shall not be.
If Mary will not hear us — well — conjecture —
Were I in Devon with my wedded bride,
The people there so worship me — your ear;
You shall be Queen.
Elizabeth. You speak too low, my lord;
I cannot hear you.
Courtenay. I'll repeat it.
Elizabeth. No!
Stand further off, or you may lose your head.
Courtenay. I have a head to lose for your sweet sake.
Elizabeth. Have you, my lord? Best keep it for your own.
Nay, pout not, cousin.
Not many friends are mine, except indeed
Among the many. I believe you mine;
And so you may continue mine, farewell,
And that at once.

Enter MARY, *behind.*

Mary. Whispering — leagued together
To bar me from my Philip.
Courtenay. Pray — consider —
Elizabeth (*seeing the* Queen). Well, that's a noble horse of yours, my lord.
I trust that he will carry you well today,
And heal your headache.
Courtenay. You are wild; what headache?
Heartache, perchance; not headache
Elizabeth (*aside to* Courtenay). Are you blind?
[Courtenay *sees the* Queen *and exit.*
Exit Mary.

Enter LORD WILLIAM HOWARD.

Howard. Was that my Lord of Devon do not you
Be seen in corners with my Lord of Devon.
He hath fallen out of favor with the Queen.
She fears the lords may side with you and him
Against her marriage; therefore is he dangerous.
And if this Prince of fluff and feather come
To woo you, niece, he is dangerous everyway.
Elizabeth. Not very dangerous that way, my good uncle.
Howard. But your own state is full of danger here.
The disaffected, heretics, reformers,
Look to you as the one to crown their ends.
Mix not yourself with any plot I pray you;
Nay, if by chance you hear of any such,
Speak not thereof — no, not to your best friend,
Lest you should be confounded with it. Still —
Perinde ac cadaver — as the priest says,

u know your Latin — quiet as a dead body.
at was my Lord of Devon telling you?
Elizabeth. Whether he told me anything or not,
ollow your good counsel, gracious uncle.
iet as a dead body.
Howard. You do right well.
lo not care to know; but this I charge you,
l Courtenay nothing. The Lord Chancellor —
ount it as a kind of virtue in him,
hath not many — as a mastiff dog y love a puppy cur for no more reason
an that the twain have been tied up together,
us Gardiner — for the two were fellow-prisoners
many years in yon accursed Tower —
th taken to this Courtenay. Look to it, niece,
hath no fence when Gardiner questions him;
oozes out; yet him — because they know him
e last White Rose, the last Plantagenet —
y, there is Cardinal Pole, too — the people
im as their natural leader — ay, some say
t you shall marry him, make him king belike.
lizabeth. Do they say so, good uncle?
oward. Ay, good niece!
u should be plain and open with me, niece.
u should not play upon me.
lizabeth. No, good uncle.

Enter GARDINER.

ardiner. The Queen would see your Grace upon the moment.
lizabeth. Why, my lord bishop?
ardiner. I think she means to counsel your withdrawing
Ashridge, or some other country house.
lizabeth. Why, my lord bishop?
Gardiner. I do but bring the message, know no more.
Your Grace will hear her reasons from herself.
Elizabeth. 'T is mine own wish fulfill'd before the word
Was spoken, for in truth I had meant to crave
Permission of her Highness to retire
To Ashridge, and pursue my studies there.
Gardiner. Madam, to have the wish before the word
Is man's good fairy — and the Queen is yours.
I left her with rich jewels in her hand,
Whereof 't is like enough she means to make
A farewell present to your Grace.
Elizabeth. My lord,
I have the jewel of a loyal heart.
Gardiner. I doubt it not, madam, most loyal. [*Bows low and exit.*
Howard. See,
This comes of parleying with my Lord of Devon.
Well, well, you must obey; and I myself
Believe it will be better for your welfare.
Your time will come.
Elizabeth. I think my time will come.
Uncle,
I am of sovereign nature, that I know,
Not to be quell'd; and I have felt within me
Stirrings of some great doom when God's just hour
Peals — but this fierce old Gardiner — his big baldness,
That irritable forelock which he rubs,
His buzzard beak and deep-incavern'd eyes
Half fright me.
Howard. You 've a bold heart; keep it so.
He cannot touch you save that you turn traitor;
And so take heed I pray you — you are one
Who love that men should smile upon you, niece.
They 'd smile you into treason — some of them.

Elizabeth. I spy the rock beneath the smiling sea.
But if this Philip, the proud Catholic prince,
And this bald priest, and she that hates me, seek
In that lone house to practise on my life,
By poison, fire, shot, stab —
Howard. They will not, niece.
Mine is the fleet and all the power at sea —
Or will be in a moment. If they dared
To harm you, I would blow this Philip and all
Your trouble to the dog-star and the devil.
Elizabeth. To the Pleiads, uncle; they have lost a sister.
Howard. But why say that? what have you done to lose her?
Come, come, I will go with you to the Queen. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

A Room in the Palace

Mary *with* Philip's *miniature.* Alice.

Mary (*kissing the miniature*). Most goodly, kinglike, and an emperor's son, —
A king to be, — is he not noble, girl?
Alice. Goodly enough, your Grace, and yet, methinks,
I have seen goodlier.
Mary. Ay; some waxen doll
Thy baby eyes have rested on, belike;
All red and white, the fashion of our land.
But my good mother came — God rest her soul! —
Of Spain, and I am Spanish in myself,
And in my likings.
Alice. By your Grace's leave,
Your royal mother came of Spain, but took
To the English red and white. Your royal father —
For so they say — was all pure lily and rose
In his youth, and like a lady.
Mary. O just God!
Sweet mother, you had time and caus enough
To sicken of his lilies and his roses.
Cast off, betray'd, defamed, divorced forlorn!
And then the King — that traitor pas forgiveness,
The false archbishop fawning on him married
The mother of Elizabeth — a heretic
Even as *she* is; but God hath sent m here
To take such order with all heretics
That it shall be, before I die, as tho'
My father and my brother had nc lived.
What wast thou saying of this Lad Jane,
Now in the Tower?
Alice. Why madam, she was passin
Some chapel down in Essex, and wit her
Lady Anne Wharton, and the Lad Anne
Bow'd to the pyx; but Lady Jan stood up
Stiff as the very backbone of heresy.
And wherefore bow ye not, says Lad Anne,
To him within there who made heave and earth?
I cannot, and I dare not, tell you Grace
What Lady Jane replied.
Mary. But I will have i
Alice. She said — pray pardon m and pity her —
She hath hearken'd evil counsel — al she said
The baker made him.
Mary. Monstrous! blasphemous
She ought to burn. Hence, thou [*Exit* Alic
No — being trait
Her head will fall. Shall it? she but a child.
We do not kill the child for doing th
His father whipt him into doing — head
So full of grace and beauty! wou that mine
Were half as gracious! O, my lord be,
My love, for thy sake only!
I am eleven years older than he is.
But will he care for that?

, by the holy Virgin, being noble,
t love me only. Then the bastard sprout,
sister, is far fairer than myself.
ll he be drawn to her?
, being of the true faith with myself.
get is for him — for to wed with Spain
uld treble England — Gardiner is against him;
e Council, people, Parliament against him;
t I will have him! My hard father hated me;
brother rather hated me than loved;
sister cowers and hates me. Holy Virgin,
ad with thy blessed Son; grant me my prayer.
e me my Philip; and we two will lead
e living waters of the Faith again
k thro' their widow'd channel here, and watch
e parch'd banks rolling incense, as of old,
heaven, and kindled with the palms of Christ!

Enter USHER.

o waits, sir?
Usher. Madam, the Lord Chancellor.
Mary. Bid him come in. (*Enter* GARDINER.) Good morning, my good lord. [*Exit* Usher.
Gardiner. That every morning of your Majesty
y be most good, is every morning's prayer
your most loyal subject, Stephen Gardiner.
Mary. Come you to tell me this, my lord?
Gardiner. And more.
ur people have begun to learn your worth.
ur pious wish to pay King Edward's debts,
ur lavish household curb'd, and the remission
alf that subsidy levied on the people,
e all tongues praise and all hearts beat for you.

I'd have you yet more loved. The realm is poor,
The exchequer at neap-tide; we might withdraw
Part of our garrison at Calais.
Mary. Calais!
Our one point on the main, the gate of France!
I and Queen of England; take mine eyes, mine heart,
But do not lose me Calais.
Gardiner. Do not fear it.
Of that hereafter. I say your Grace is loved.
That I may keep you thus, who am your friend
And ever faithful counsellor, might I speak?
Mary. I can forespeak your speaking. Would I marry
Prince Philip, if all England hate him? That is
Your question, and I front it with another:
Is it England, or a party? Now, your answer.
Gardiner. My answer is, I wear beneath my dress
A shirt of mail; my house hath been assaulted,
And when I walk abroad the populace,
With fingers pointed like so many daggers,
Stab me in fancy, hissing Spain and Philip;
And when I sleep a hundred men-at-arms
Guard my poor dreams for England. Men would murder me,
Because they think me favorer of this marriage.
Mary. And that were hard upon you, my Lord Chancellor.
Gardiner. But our young Earl of Devon —
Mary. Earl of Devon?
I freed him from the Tower, placed him at Court;
I made him Earl of Devon, and — the fool —
He wrecks his health and wealth on courtesans,
And rolls himself in carrion like a dog.
Gardiner. More like a school-boy that hath broken bounds
Sickening himself with sweets.

Mary. I will not hear of him.
Good, then, they will revolt; but I am Tudor,
And shall control them.
Gardiner. I will help you, madam,
Even to the utmost. All the church is grateful.
You have ousted the mock priest, repulpited
The shepherd of Saint Peter, raised the rood again,
And brought us back the mass. I am all thanks
To God and to your Grace; yet I know well,
Your people, and I go with them so far,
Will brook nor Pope nor Spaniard here to play
The tyrant, or in commonwealth or church.
Mary (*showing the picture*). Is this the face of one who plays the tyrant?
Peruse it; is it not goodly, ay, and gentle?
Gardiner. Madam, methinks a cold face and a haughty.
And when your Highness talks of Courtenay —
Ay, true — a goodly one. I would his life
Were half as goodly (*aside*).
Mary. What is that you mutter?
Gardiner. O, madam, take it bluntly; marry Philip,
And be stepmother of a score of sons!
The prince is known in Spain, in Flanders, ha!
For Philip —
Mary. You offend us; you may leave us.
You see thro' warping glasses.
Gardiner. If your Majesty —
Mary. I have sworn upon the body and blood of Christ
I'll none but Philip.
Gardiner. Hath your Grace so sworn?
Mary. Ay, Simon Renard knows it.
Gardiner. News to me!
It then remains for your poor Gardiner,
So you still care to trust him somewhat less
Than Simon Renard, to compose th event
In some such form as least may har your Grace.
Mary. I'll have the scandal sounde to the mud.
I know it a scandal.
Gardiner. All my hope is no
It may be found a scandal.
Mary. You offend u
Gardiner (*aside*). These princes a like children, must be ph sick'd,
The bitter in the sweet. I have lo mine office,
It may be, thro' mine honesty, like fool. [*Ex*
Enter USHER.
Mary. Who waits?
Usher. The ambassador fro France, your Grace.
Mary (*sits down*). Bid him come i Good morning, Sir de Noaille
[*Exit* Ushe
Noailles (*entering*). A happy mor ing to your Majesty.
Mary. And I should some tir have a happy morning;
I have had none yet. What says t King your master?
Noailles. Madam, my master hea with much alarm
That you may marry Philip, Prin of Spain —
Foreseeing, with whate'er unwillin ness,
That if this Philip be the titular Ki
Of England, and at war with hi your Grace
And kingdom will be suck'd into t war,
Ay, tho' you long for peace; whe fore, my master,
If but to prove your Majesty's go will,
Would fain have some fresh trea drawn between you.
Mary. Why some fresh treat wherefore should I do it?
Sir, if we marry, we shall still ma tain
All former treaties with his Majest
Our royal word for that! and y good master,
Pray God he do not be the first break them,

PHILIP

st be content with that; and so, farewell.
oailles (*going, returns*). I would your answer had been other, madam,
I foresee dark days.
ary. And so do I, sir; ir master works against me in the dark.
believe he help Northumberland inst me.
oailles. Nay, pure phantasy, your Grace.
y should he move against you?
ary. Will you hear why?
y of Scotland, — for I have not own'd
sister, and I will not, — after me
eir of England; and my royal father,
nake the crown of Scotland one with ours.
Had mark'd her for my brother Edward's bride;
Ay, but your king stole her a babe from Scotland
In order to betroth her to your Dauphin.
See then:
Mary of Scotland, married to your Dauphin,
Would make our England, France;
Mary of England, joining hands with Spain,
Would be too strong for France.
Yea, were there issue born to her, Spain and we,
One crown, might rule the world. There lies your fear.
That is your drift. You play at hide and seek.
Show me your faces!
Noailles. Madam, I am amazed.
French, I must needs wish all good things for France.

That must be pardon'd me; but I protest
Your Grace's policy hath a farther flight
Than mine into the future. We but seek
Some settled ground for peace to stand upon.
Mary. Well, we will leave all this, sir, to our council.
Have you seen Philip ever?
Noailles. Only once.
Mary. Is this like Philip?
Noailles. Ay, but nobler-looking.
Mary. Hath he the large ability of the Emperor?
Noailles. No, surely.
Mary. I can make allowance for thee,
Thou speakest of the enemy of thy king.
Noailles. Make no allowance for the naked truth.
He is every way a lesser man than Charles;
Stone-hard, ice-cold — no dash of daring in him.
Mary. If cold, his life is pure.
Noailles. Why (*smiling*), no, indeed.
Mary. Say'st thou?
Noailles. A very wanton life indeed (*smiling*).
Mary. Your audience is concluded, sir. (*Exit* Noailles.) You cannot
Learn a man's nature from his natural foe.

Enter USHER.

Who waits?
Usher. The ambassador of Spain, your Grace. [*Exit.*

Enter SIMON RENARD.

Mary (*rising to meet him*). Thou art ever welcome, Simon Renard. Hast thou
Brought me the letter which thine Emperor promised
Long since, a formal offer of the hand
Of Philip?
Renard. Nay, your Grace, it hath not reach'd me.
I know not wherefore — some mischance of flood,
And broken bridge, or spavin'd horse, or wave
And wind at their old battle; he mus
have written.
Mary. But Philip never writes m
one poor word,
Which in his absence had been all m
wealth.
Strange in a wooer!
Renard. Yet I know the Princ
So your king-parliament suffer him t
land,
Yearns to set foot upon your islan
shore.
Mary. God change the pebbl
which his kingly foot
First presses into some more costl
stone
Than ever blinded eye! I'll have on
mark it
And bring it me. I'll have it bu
nish'd firelike;
I'll set it round with gold, with pear
with diamond.
Let the great angel of the Churc
come with him,
Stand on the deck and spread h
wings for sail!
God lay the waves and strow th
storms at sea,
And here at land among the peopl
O Renard,
I am much beset, I am almost in d
spair.
Paget is ours. Gardiner perchan
is ours;
But for our heretic Parliament —
Renard. O madar
You fly your thoughts like kites. M
master, Charles,
Bade you go softly with your hereti
here,
Until your throne had ceased to trer
ble. Then
Spit them like larks for aught I ca
Besides,
When Henry broke the carcase
your church
To pieces, there were many wolv
among you
Who dragg'd the scatter'd limbs in
their den.
The Pope would have you make the
render these;
So would your cousin, Cardinal P
— ill counsel!
These let them keep at present; s
not yet

is matter of the Church lands. At his coming
ur star will rise.
Mary. My star! a baleful one.
ee but the black night, and hear the wolf.
hat star?
Renard. Your star will be your princely son,
ir of this England and the Netherlands!
d if your wolf the while should howl for more,
e'll dust him from a bag of Spanish gold.
o believe — I have dusted some already —
at, soon or late, your Parliament is ours.
Mary. Why do they talk so foully of your Prince,
nard?
Renard. The lot of princes. To sit high
to be lied about.
Mary. They call him cold,
ughty, ay, worse.
Renard. Why, doubtless, Philip shows
me of the bearing of your blue blood — still
within measure — nay, it well becomes him.
Mary. Hath he the large ability of his father?
Renard. Nay, some believe that he will go beyond him.
Mary. Is this like him?
Renard. Ay, somewhat; but your Philip
he most princelike prince beneath the sun.
is is a daub to Philip.
Mary. Of a pure life?
Renard. As an angel among angels. Yea, by Heaven,
e text — Your Highness knows it, 'Whosoever
oketh after a woman,' would not graze
e Prince of Spain. You are happy in him there,
aste as your Grace!
Mary. I am happy in him there.
Renard. And would be altogether happy, madam,
So that your sister were but look'd to closer.
You have sent her from the court, but then she goes,
I warrant, not to hear the nightingales,
But hatch you some new treason in the woods.
Mary. We have our spies abroad to catch her tripping,
And then, if caught, to the Tower.
Renard. The Tower! the block!
The word has turn'd your Highness pale; the thing
Was no such scarecrow in your father's time.
I have heard, the tongue yet quiver'd with the jest
When the head leapt — so common! I do think,
To save your crown, that it must come to this.
Mary. No, Renard; it must never come to this.
Renard. Not yet; but your old traitors of the Tower —
Why, when you put Northumberland to death,
The sentence having passed upon them all,
Spared you the Duke of Suffolk, Guildford Dudley,
Even that young girl who dared to wear your crown?
Mary. Dared? nay, not so; the child obey'd her father.
Spite of her tears her father forced it on her.
Renard. Good madam, when the Roman wish'd to reign,
He slew not him alone who wore the purple,
But his assessor in the throne, perchance
A child more innocent than Lady Jane.
Mary. I am English Queen, not Roman Emperor.
Renard. Yet too much mercy is a want of mercy,
And wastes more life. Stamp out the fire, or this
Will smoulder and re-flame, and burn the throne
Where you should sit with Philip. He will not come
Till she be gone.
Mary. Indeed, if that were true —

For Philip comes, one hand in mine, and one
Steadying the tremulous pillars of the Church —
But no, no, no! Farewell. I am somewhat faint
With our long talk. Tho' Queen, I am not Queen
Of mine own heart, which every now and then
Beats me half dead. Yet stay, this golden chain —
My father on a birthday gave it me,
And I have broken with my father — take
And wear it as memorial of a morning
Which found me full of foolish doubts, and leaves me
As hopeful.

Renard (*aside*). Whew — the folly of all follies
Is to be lovesick for a shadow. (*Aloud.*) Madam,
This chains me to your service, not with gold,
But dearest links of love. Farewell, and trust me,
Philip is yours. [*Exit.*

Mary. Mine — but not yet all mine.

Enter USHER.

Usher. Your Council is in session, please your Majesty.

Mary. Sir, let them sit. I must have time to breathe.
No, say I come. (*Exit* Usher.) I won by boldness once.
The Emperor counsell'd me to fly to Flanders.
I would not; but a hundred miles I rode,
Sent out my letters, call'd my friends together,
Struck home and won.
And when the Council would not crown me — thought
To bind me first by oaths I could not keep,
And keep with Christ and conscience — was it boldness
Or weakness that won there? when I, their Queen,
Cast myself down upon my knees before them,
And those hard men brake into wo
man-tears,
Even Gardiner, all amazed, and in th
passion
Gave me my Crown.

Enter ALICE.

Girl, hast thou ever hear
Slanders against Prince Philip in ou
Court?

Alice. What slanders? I, you
Grace? no, never.

Mary. Nothing?

Alice. Never, your Grace.

Mary. See that you neither hea
them nor repeat!

Alice (*aside*). Good Lord! but
have heard a thousand such —
Ay, and repeated them as often-
mum!
Why comes that old fox-Fleming bac
again?

Enter RENARD.

Renard. Madam, I scarce had le
your Grace's presence
Before I chanced upon the messe
ger
Who brings that letter which w
waited for —
The formal offer of Prince Philip
hand.
It craves an instant answer, Ay or N

Mary. An instant Ay or No! th
Council sits.
Give it me quick.

Alice (*stepping before her*). You
Highness is all trembling.

Mary. Make way.
[*Exit into the Council Chambe*

Alice. O Master Renard, Mast
Renard,
If you have falsely painted your fi
Prince,
Praised where you should ha
blamed him, I pray God
No woman ever love you, Master R
nard!
It breaks my heart to hear her mo
at night
As tho' the nightmare never left h
bed.

Renard. My pretty maiden, tell m
did you ever
Sigh for a beard?

Alice. That 's not a pretty questio

enard. Not prettily put? I mean, my pretty maiden,
retty man for such a pretty maiden.
lice. My Lord of Devon is a pretty man.
ate him. Well, but if I have, what then?
enard. Then, pretty maiden, you should know that whether
vind be warm or cold, it serves to fan
indled fire.
lice. According to the song.

friends would praise him, I believed 'em,
is foes would blame him, and I scorn'd 'em,
friends — as angels I received 'em,
is foes — the devil had suborn'd 'em.

enard. Peace, pretty maiden.
ear them stirring in the Council Chamber.
d Paget's 'Ay' is sure — who else? and yet,
y are all too much at odds to close at once
one full-throated No! Her Highness comes.

Enter MARY.

lice. How deathly pale! — a chair, your Highness.
[*Bringing one to the* Queen.
enard. Madam,
Council?
lary. Ay! My Philip is all mine.
[*Sinks into chair, half fainting.*

ACT II

SCENE I. — ALINGTON CASTLE

Sir Thomas Wyatt. I do not hear from Carew or the Duke
Suffolk, and till then I should not move.
Duke hath gone to Leicester; Carew stirs
Devon; that fine porcelain Courtenay,
e that he fears he might be crack'd in using —
ve known a semi-madman in my time
ancy-ridden — should be in Devon too.

Enter WILLIAM.

News abroad, William?
William. None so new, Sir Thomas, and none so old, Sir Thomas. No new news that Philip comes to wed Mary, no old news that all men hate it. Old Sir Thomas would have hated it. The bells are ringing at Maidstone. Does n't your worship hear?
Wyatt. Ay, for the Saints are come to reign again.
Most like it is a Saint's-day. There 's no call
As yet for me; so in this pause, before
The mine be fired, it were a pious work
To string my father's sonnets, left about
Like loosely-scatter'd jewels, in fair order,
And head them with a lamer rhyme of mine,
To grace his memory.
William. Ay, why not, Sir Thomas? He was a fine courtier, he; Queen Anne loved him. All the women loved him. I loved him, I was in Spain with him. I could n't eat in Spain, I could n't sleep in Spain. I hate Spain, Sir Thomas.
Wyatt. But thou couldst drink in Spain if I remember.
William. Sir Thomas, we may grant the wine. Old Sir Thomas always granted the wine.
Wyatt. Hand me the casket with my father's sonnets.
William. Ay — sonnets — a fine courtier of the old Court, old Sir Thomas. [*Exit.*
Wyatt. Courtier of many courts, he loved the more
His own gray towers, plain life, and letter'd peace,
To read and rhyme in solitary fields,
The lark above, the nightingale below,
And answer them in song. The sire begets
Not half his likeness in the son. I fail
Where he was fullest. Yet — to write it down. [*He writes.*

Re-enter WILLIAM.

William. There *is* news, there *is* news, and no call for sonnet-sorting now, nor for sonnet-making either,

but ten thousand men on Penenden Heath all calling after your worship, and your worship's name heard into Maidstone market, and your worship the first man in Kent and Christendom, for the Queen 's down, and the world's up, and your worship a-top of it.

Wyatt. Inverted Æsop — mountain out of mouse.

Say for ten thousand ten — and pot-house knaves,
Brain-dizzied with a draught of morning ale.

Enter ANTONY KNYVETT.

William. Here 's Antony Knyvett.

Knyvett. Look you, Master Wyatt,
Tear up that woman's work there.

Wyatt. No; not these,
Dumb children of my father, that will speak
When I and thou and all rebellions lie
Dead bodies without voice. Song flies, you know,
For ages.

Knyvett. Tut, your sonnet 's a flying ant,
Wing'd for a moment.

Wyatt. Well, for mine own work,
[*Tearing the paper.*
It lies there in six pieces at your feet;
For all that, I can carry it in my head.

Knyvett. If you can carry your head upon your shoulders.

Wyatt. I fear you come to carry it off my shoulders,
And sonnet-making 's safer.

Knyvett. Why, good lord,
Write you as many sonnets as you will.
Ay, but not now; what, have you eyes, ears, brains?
This Philip and the black-faced swarms of Spain,
The hardest, cruellest people in the world,
Come locusting upon us, eat us up,
Confiscate lands, goods, money — Wyatt, Wyatt,
Wake, or the stout old island will become
A rotten limb of Spain. They roar for you
On Penenden Heath, a thousand of them — more —
All arm'd, waiting a leader; there no glory
Like his who saves his country. Ar you sit
Sing-songing here; but, if I 'm ar judge,
By God, you are as poor a poe Wyatt,
As a good soldier.

Wyatt. You as poor a crit
As an honest friend; you stroke n on one cheek,
Buffet the other. Come, you bluste Antony!
You know I know all this. I mu not move
Until I hear from Carew and the Duk
I fear the mine is fired before t time.

Knyvett (*showing a paper*). B here 's some Hebrew. Faith, half forgot it.
Look — can you make it English? strange youth
Suddenly thrust it on me, whisper 'Wyatt,'
And whisking round a corner, show his back
Before I read his face.

Wyatt. Ha! Courtenay's ciph [*Rea*

'Sir Peter Carew fled to France; is thought the Duke will be taken. am with you still; but, for appearan sake, stay with the Queen. Gardin knows, but the Council are all odds, and the Queen hath no fo for resistance. Move, if you move, once.'

Is Peter Carew fled? Is the Du taken?
Down scabbard, and out sword! a let Rebellion
Roar till throne rock, and crown f No, not that;
But we will teach Queen Mary h to reign.
Who are those that shout below the *Knyvett.* Why, some fi
That follow'd me from Penen Heath in hope
To hear you speak.

Wyatt. Open the window, Knyv
The mine is fired, and I will speak them.

len of Kent, England of England,
that have kept your old customs
ight, while all the rest of England
ed theirs to the Norman, the cause
hath brought us together is not
cause of a county or a shire, but
his England, in whose crown our
t is the fairest jewel. Philip shall
wed Mary; and ye have called me
e your leader. I know Spain. I
e been there with my father; I
e seen them in their own land,
e marked the haughtiness of their
les, the cruelty of their priests. If
man marry our Queen, however
Council and the Commons may
e round his power with restriction,
will be King, King of England,
masters; and the Queen, and the
s, and the people, his slaves.
at? shall we have Spain on the
ne and in the parliament; Spain
he pulpit and on the law-bench;
in in all the great offices of state;
in our ships, in our forts, in
houses, in our beds?
rowd. No! no! no Spain!
Villiam. No Spain in our beds—
were worse than all. I have been
e with old Sir Thomas, and the
I know. I hate Spain.
Peasant. But, Sir Thomas, must
levy war against the Queen's
ce?
Yyatt. No, my friend; war *for* the
en's Grace—to save her from her-
and Philip—war against Spain.
think not we shall be alone—
sands will flock to us. The Coun-
the Court itself, is on our side.
Lord Chancellor himself is on
side. The King of France is with
the King of Denmark is with us;
world is with us—war against
n! And if we move not now, yet
ll be known that we have moved;
if Philip come to be King, O my
! The rope, the rack, the thumb-
v, the stake, the fire. If we move
now, Spain moves, bribes our
es with her gold, and creeps,
os snake-like about our legs till
annot move at all; and ye know,
my masters, that wherever Spain hath
ruled she hath wither'd all beneath
her. Look at the New World—a
paradise made hell; the red man, that
good helpless creature, starved,
maim'd, flogg'd, flay'd, burn'd, boil'd,
buried alive, worried by dogs; and
here, nearer home, the Netherlands,
Sicily, Naples, Lombardy. I say no
more—only this, their lot is yours.
Forward to London with me! forward
to London! If ye love your liberties
or your skins, forward to London!
Crowd. Forward to London! A
Wyatt! a Wyatt!
Wyatt. But first to Rochester, to
take the guns
From out the vessels lying in the
river.
Then on.
A Peasant. Ay, but I fear we be
too few, Sir Thomas.
Wyatt. Not many yet. The world
as yet, my friend,
Is not half-waked; but every parish
tower
Shall clang and clash alarum as we
pass,
And pour along the land, and, swollen
and fed
With indraughts and side-currents, in
full force
Roll upon London.
Crowd. A Wyatt! a Wyatt! For-
ward!
Knyvett. Wyatt, shall we proclaim
Elizabeth?
Wyatt. I'll think upon it, Knyvett.
Knyvett. Or Lady Jane?
Wyatt. No, poor soul, no.
Ah, gray old castle of Alington, green
field
Beside the brimming Medway, it may
chance
That I shall never look upon you
more.
Knyvett. Come, now, you're son-
netting again.
Wyatt. Not I.
I'll have my head set higher in the
State;
Or—if the Lord God will it—on the
stake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

GUILDHALL

SIR THOMAS WHITE (*The Lord Mayor*), LORD WILLIAM HOWARD, SIR RALPH BAGENHALL, ALDERMEN *and* CITIZENS.

White. I trust the Queen comes hither with her guards.
Howard. Ay, all in arms.
[*Several of the citizens move hastily out of the hall.*
Why do they hurry out there?
White. My lord, cut out the rotten from your apple,
Your apple eats the better. Let them go.
They go like those old Pharisees in John
Convicted by their conscience, arrant cowards,
Or tamperers with that treason out of Kent.
When will her Grace be here?
Howard. In some few minutes.
She will address your guilds and companies.
I have striven in vain to raise a man for her.
But help her in this exigency, make
Your city loyal, and be the mightiest man
This day in England.
White. I am Thomas White.
Few things have fail'd to which I set my will.
I do my most and best.
Howard. You know that after
The Captain Brett, who went with your train bands
To fight with Wyatt, had gone over to him
With all his men, the Queen in that distress
Sent Cornwallis and Hastings to the traitor,
Feigning to treat with him about her marriage —
Know too what Wyatt said.
White. He'd sooner be,
While this same marriage question was being argued,
Trusted than trust — the scoundrel — and demanded
Possession of her person and t
Tower.
Howard. And four of her poor Cou
cil too, my Lord,
As hostages.
White. I know it. What do a
say
Your Council at this hour?
Howard. I will trust yo
We fling ourselves on you, my lo
The Council,
The Parliament as well, are troubl
waters;
And yet like waters of the fen th
know not
Which way to flow. All hands on l
address,
And upon you, Lord Mayor.
White. How look'd the c
When now you past it? Quiet?
Howard. Like our Counc
Your city is divided. As we past,
Some hail'd, some hiss'd us. Th
were citizens
Stood each before his shut-up boo
and look'd
As grim and grave as from a funer
And here a knot of ruffians all
rags,
With execrating execrable eyes,
Glared at the citizen. Here was
young mother,
Her face on flame, her red hair
blown back,
She shrilling 'Wyatt,' while the l
she held
Mimick'd and piped her 'Wyatt,'
red as she
In hair and cheek; and almost elb
ing her,
So close they stood, another, mute
death,
And white as her own milk; her b
in arms
Had felt the faltering of his moth
heart,
And look'd as bloodless. Here a p
Catholic,
Mumbling and mixing up in his sc
prayers
Heaven and earth's Maries; over
bow'd shoulder
Scowl'd that world-hated and wo
hating beast,
A haggard Anabaptist. Many
groups.

e names of Wyatt, Elizabeth, Courtenay,.
y, the Queen's right to reign — 'fore God, the rogues! —
re freely buzz'd among them. So I say
ur city is divided, and I fear
e scruple, this or that way, of success
uld turn it thither. Wherefore now the Queen,
this low pulse and palsy of the state,
le me to tell you that she counts on you
d on myself as her two hands; on you,
your own city, as her right, my lord,
you are loyal.
White. Am I Thomas White?
e word before she comes. Elizabeth —
r name is much abused among these traitors.
ere is she? She is loved by all of us.
carce have heart to mingle in this matter,
he should be mishandled.
Howard. No, she shall not.
e Queen had written her word to come to court:
thought I smelt out Renard in the letter
d fearing for her, sent a secret missive,
ich told her to be sick. Happily or not,
ound her sick indeed.
White. God send her well!
e comes her Royal Grace.

ter GUARDS, MARY *and* GARDINER.
IR THOMAS WHITE *leads her to a aised seat on the dais.*

White. I, the Lord Mayor, and these our companies
d guilds of London, gathered here, beseech
ur Highness to accept our lowliest thanks
your most princely presence; and we pray
at we, your true and loyal citizens,
m your own royal lips, at once may know
The wherefore of this coming, and so learn
Your royal will, and do it. — I, Lord Mayor
Of London, and our guilds and companies.
Mary. In mine own person am I come to you,
To tell you what indeed ye see and know,
How traitorously these rebels out of Kent
Have made strong head against ourselves and you.
They would not have me wed the Prince of Spain;
That was their pretext — so they spake at first —
But we sent divers of our Council to them,
And by their answers to the question ask'd,
It doth appear this marriage is the least
Of all their quarrel.
They have betrayed the treason of their hearts,
Seek to possess our person, hold our Tower,
Place and displace our councillors, and use
Both us and them according as they will.
Now what I am ye know right well — your Queen;
To whom, when I was wedded to the realm
And the realm's laws — the spousal ring whereof,
Not ever to be laid aside, I wear
Upon this finger — ye did promise full
Allegiance and obedience to the death.
Ye know my father was the rightful heir
Of England, and his right came down to me,
Corroborate by your acts of Parliament.
And as ye were most loving unto him,
So doubtless will ye show yourselves to me.
Wherefore, ye will not brook that any one
Should seize our person, occupy our state,

More specially a traitor so presumptuous
As this same Wyatt, who hath tamper'd with
A public ignorance, and, under color
Of such a cause as hath no color, seeks
To bend the laws to his own will, and yield
Full scope to persons rascal and forlorn,
To make free spoil and havoc of your goods.
Now, as your Prince, I say,
I, that was never mother, cannot tell
How mothers love their children; yet, methinks,
A prince as naturally may love his people
As these their children; and be sure your Queen
So loves you, and so loving, needs must deem
This love by you return'd as heartily;
And thro' this common knot and bond of love,
Doubt not they will be speedily overthrown.
As to this marriage, ye shall understand
We made thereto no treaty of ourselves,
And set no foot theretoward unadvised
Of all our Privy Council; furthermore,
This marriage had the assent of those to whom
The King, my father, did commit his trust;
Who not alone esteem'd it honorable,
But for the wealth and glory of our realm,
And all our loving subjects, most expedient.
As to myself,
I am not so set on wedlock as to choose
But where I list, nor yet so amorous
That I must needs be husbanded; I thank God,
I have lived a virgin, and I noway doubt
But that, with God's grace, I can live so still.
Yet if it might please God that I should leave
Some fruit of mine own body after me,
To be your king, ye would rejoi thereat,
And it would be your comfort, as trust;
And truly, if I either thought knew
This marriage should bring loss or da ger to you,
My subjects, or impair in any way
This royal state of England, I wou never
Consent thereto, nor marry while live.
Moreover, if this marriage should n seem,
Before our own High Court of Parli ment,
To be of rich advantage to our realr
We will refrain, and not alone fro this,
Likewise from any other, out of whi
Looms the least chance of peril to o realm.
Wherefore be bold, and with yo lawful Prince
Stand fast against our enemies a yours,
And fear them not. I fear them n My lord,
I leave Lord William Howard in yo city,
To guard and keep you whole a safe from all
The spoil and sackage aim'd at these rebels,
Who mouth and foam against t Prince of Spain.

Voices. Long live Queen Mary!
Down with Wyatt!
The Quee

White. Three voices from our guil and companies!
You are shy and proud like Englis men, my masters,
And will not trust your voices. Und stand,
Your lawful Prince hath come to c herself
On loyal hearts and bosoms, hoped fall
Into the wide-spread arms of fealty,
And finds you statues. Speak at on —and all!
For whom?
Our Sovereign Lady by King Harr will,

e Queen of England — or the Kentish Squire ?
ıow you loyal. Speak ! in the name of God !
e Queen of England or the rabble of Kent ?
e reeking dungfork master of the mace !
ır havings wasted by the scythe and spade —
ır rights and charters hobnail'd into slush —
ır houses fired — your gutters bubbling blood —
lcclamation. No! No! The Queen! the Queen !
White. Your Highness hears
s burst and bass of loyal harmony,
l how we each and all of us abhor
e venomous, bestial, devilish revolt
Thomas Wyatt. Hear us now make oath
raise your Highness thirty thousand men,
l arm and strike as with one hand, and brush
s Wyatt from our shoulders, like a flea
ıt might have leapt upon us unawares.
ear with me, noble fellow-citizens, all,
h all your trades, and guilds, and companies.
itizens. We swear !
lary. We thank your lordship and your loyal city.
[*Exit* Mary, *attended.*
White. I trust this day, thro' God, I have saved the crown.
irst Alderman. Ay, so my Lord of Pembroke in command
ll her force be safe ; but there are doubts.
econd Alderman. I hear that Gardiner, coming with the Queen,
l meeting Pembroke, bent to his saddle-bow,
f to win the man by flattering him.
e so safe to fight upon her side ?
irst Alderman. If not, there 's no man safe.
White. Yes, Thomas White.
ı safe enough ; no man need flatter me.

Second Alderman. Nay, no man need ; but did you mark our Queen ?
The color freely play'd into her face,
And the half sight which makes her look so stern
Seem'd thro' that dim dilated world of hers
To read our faces ; I have never seen her
So queenly or so goodly.
White. Courage, sir,
That makes or man or woman look their goodliest.
Die like the torn fox dumb, but never whine
Like that poor heart, Northumberland, at the block.
Bagenhall. The man had children, and he whined for those.
Methinks most men are but poor-hearted, else
Should we so dote on courage, were it commoner ?
The Queen stands up, and speaks for her own self ;
And all men cry, She is queenly, she is goodly.
Yet she 's no goodlier ; tho' my Lord Mayor here,
By his own rule, he hath been so bold to-day,
Should look more goodly than the rest of us.
White. Goodly? I feel most goodly, heart and hand,
And strong to throw ten Wyatts and all Kent.
Ha ! ha ! sir ; but you jest ; I love it. A jest
In time of danger shows the pulses even.
Be merry ! yet, Sir Ralph, you look but sad.
I dare avouch you 'd stand up for yourself,
Tho' all the world should bay like winter wolves.
Bagenhall. Who knows ? the man is proven by the hour.
White. The man should make the hour, not this the man ;
And Thomas White will prove this Thomas Wyatt,
And he will prove an Iden to this Cade,

And he will play the Walworth to this Wat.
Come, sirs, we prate; hence all — gather your men —
Myself must bustle. Wyatt comes to Southwark;
I'll have the drawbridge hewn into the Thames,
And see the citizens arm'd. Good day; good day. [*Exit* White.
Bagenhall. One of much outdoor bluster.
Howard. For all that,
Most honest, brave, and skilful; and his wealth
A fountain of perennial alms — his fault
So thoroughly to believe in his own self.
Bagenhall. Yet thoroughly to believe in one's own self,
So one's own self be thorough, were to do
Great things, my lord.
Howard. It may be.
Bagenhall. I have heard
One of your Council fleer and jeer at him.
Howard. The nursery-cocker'd child will jeer at aught
That may seem strange beyond his nursery.
The statesman that shall jeer and fleer at men,
Makes enemies for himself and for his king;
And if he jeer, not seeing the true man
Behind his folly, he is thrice the fool;
And if he see the man and still will jeer,
He is child and fool, and traitor to the State.
Who is he? let me shun him.
Bagenhall. Nay, my lord,
He is damn'd enough already.
Howard. I must set
The guard at Ludgate. Fare you well, Sir Ralph.
Bagenhall. 'Who knows?' I am for England. But who knows,
That knows the Queen, the Spaniard, and the Pope,
Whether I be for Wyatt, or the Queen?
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

London Bridge

Enter Sir Thomas Wyatt *and* Brett.

Wyatt. Brett, when the Duke of Norfolk moved against us
Thou criedst 'A Wyatt!' and flying to our side
Left his all bare, for which I love thee, Brett.
Have for thine asking aught that I can give,
For thro' thine help we are come to London Bridge;
But how to cross it balks me. I fear we cannot.
Brett. Nay, hardly, save by boat or swimming, or wings.
Wyatt. Last night I climb'd in at the gate-house, Brett,
And scared the gray old porter and his wife.
And then I crept along the gloom and saw
They had hewn the drawbridge down into the river.
It roll'd as black as death; and the same tide
Which, coming with our coming seem'd to smile
And sparkle like our fortune as the saidest,
Ran sunless down, and moan'd again the piers.
But o'er the chasm I saw Lord William Howard
By torchlight, and his guard; four guns gaped at me,
Black, silent mouths. Had Howard spied me there
And made them speak, as well might have done,
Their voice had left me none to tell you this.
What shall we do?
Brett. On somehow. To go back Were to lose all.
Wyatt. On over London Bridge We cannot; stay we cannot; there ordnance
On the White Tower and on the Devil's Tower,

d pointed full at Southwark. We must round
Kingston Bridge.
Brett. Ten miles about.
Wyatt. Even so.
t I have notice from our partisans
thin the city that they will stand by us
Ludgate can be reach'd by dawn to-morrow.
Enter one of WYATT'S *men.*
Man. Sir Thomas, I've found this per; pray your worship read it; I ow not my letters; the old priests ght me nothing.
Wyatt (*reads*). 'Whosoever will apprehend the traitor Thomas Wyatt ll have a hundred pounds for reward.'
Man. Is that it? That 's a big lot of money.
Wyatt. Ay, ay, my friend; not read it? 'tis not written
lf plain enough. Give me a piece of paper!
[*Writes* 'THOMAS WYATT' *large.*
ere, any man can read that.
[*Sticks it in his cap.*
Brett. But that 's foolhardy.
Wyatt. No! boldness, which will give my followers boldness.
Enter MAN *with a prisoner.*
Man. We found him, your worp, a-plundering o' Bishop Winster's house; he says he's a poor ntleman.
Wyatt. Gentleman! a thief! Go hang him. Shall we make ose that we come to serve our sharpest foes?
Brett. Sir Thomas —
Wyatt. Hang him, I say.
Brett. Wyatt, but now you promised me a boon.
Wyatt. Ay, and I warrant this fine fellow's life.
Brett. Even so; he was my neighbor once in Kent.
's poor enough, has drunk and gambled out
that he had, and gentleman he was.
have been glad together; let him live.
Wyatt. He has gambled for his life and lost, he hangs.

No, no, my word's my word. Take thy poor gentleman!
Gamble thyself at once out of my sight,
Or I will dig thee with my dagger. Away!
Women and children!
Enter a CROWD *of* WOMEN *and* CHILDREN.
First Woman. O Sir Thomas, Sir Thomas, pray you go away, Sir Thomas, or you 'll make the White Tower a black 'un for us this blessed day. He 'll be the death on us; and you 'll set the Divil's Tower a-spitting, and he 'll smash all our bits o' things worse than Philip o' Spain.
Second Woman. Don't ye now go to think that we be for Philip o' Spain.
Third Woman. No, we know that ye be come to kill the Queen, and we 'll pray for you all on our bended knees. But o' God's mercy don't ye kill the Queen here, Sir Thomas; look ye, here 's little Dickon, and little Robin, and little Jenny — though she 's but a side-cousin — and all on our knees, we pray you to kill the Queen further off, Sir Thomas.
Wyatt. My friends, I have not come to kill the Queen
Or here or there; I come to save you all,
And I'll go further off.
Crowd. Thanks, Sir Thomas, we be beholden to you, and we 'll pray for you on our bended knees till our lives' end.
Wyatt. Be happy, I am your friend. To Kingston, forward!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

ROOM IN THE GATE-HOUSE OF WESTMINSTER PALACE

MARY, ALICE, GARDINER, RENARD, LADIES.

Gardiner. Their cry is, Philip never shall be king.
Mary. Lord Pembroke in command of all our force
Will front their cry and shatter them into dust.

Alice. Was not Lord Pembroke with Northumberland?
O madam, if this Pembroke should be false!
Mary. No, girl; most brave and loyal, brave and loyal.
His breaking with Northumberland broke Northumberland.
At the park gate he hovers with our guards.
These Kentish plowmen cannot break the guards.

Enter MESSENGER.

Messenger. Wyatt, your Grace, hath broken thro' the guards
And gone to Ludgate.
Gardiner. Madam, I much fear
That all is lost; but we can save your Grace.
The river still is free. I do beseech you,
There yet is time, take boat and pass to Windsor.
Mary. I pass to Windsor and I lose my crown.
Gardiner. Pass, then, I pray your Highness, to the Tower.
Mary. I shall but be their prisoner in the Tower.
Cries without. The traitor! treason! Pembroke!
Ladies. Treason! treason!
Mary. Peace.
False to Northumberland, is he false to me?
Bear witness, Renard, that I live and die
The true and faithful bride of Philip —A sound
Of feet and voices thickening hither —blows—
Hark, there is battle at the palace gates,
And I will out upon the gallery.
Ladies. No, no, your Grace; see there the arrows flying.
Mary. I am Harry's daughter, Tudor, and not Fear.
[*Goes out on the gallery.*
The guards are all driven in, skulk into corners
Like rabbits to their holes. A gracious guard
Truly; shame on them! they have shut the gates!

Enter SIR ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

Southwell. The porter, please yo Grace, hath shut the gates
On friend and foe. Your gentleme at-arms,
If this be not your Grace's ord cry
To have the gates set wide again, a they
With their good battle-axes will you right
Against all traitors.
Mary. They are the flower of En land; set the gates wide.
[*Exit* Southwe

Enter COURTENAY.

Courtenay. All lost, all lost, yielded! A barge, a barge!
The Queen must to the Tower.
Mary. Whence come you, s
Courtenay. From Charing Cro the rebels broke us there,
And I sped hither with what hast might
To save my royal cousin.
Mary. Where is Pembrok
Courtenay. I left him somewh in the thick of it.
Mary. Left him and fled; and th that wouldst be King,
And hast nor heart nor honor! I r self
Will down into the battle and th bide
The upshot of my quarrel, or die w those
That are no cowards and no Cou nays.
Courtenay. I do not love your Gr should call me coward.

Enter another MESSENGER.

Messenger. Over, your Grace, crush'd; the brave Lord Will
Thrust him from Ludgate, and traitor flying
To Temple Bar, there by Sir Mau Berkeley
Was taken prisoner.
Mary. To the Tower with h
Messenger. 'T is said he told Maurice there was one
Cognizant of this, and party thereu
My Lord of Devon.
Mary. To the Tower with h

GATE-HOUSE, WESTMINSTER

urtenay. O la, the Tower, the Tower, always the Tower,
ll grow into it — I shall be the Tower.
ury. Your lordship may not have so long to wait.
ove him!
urtenay. La, to whistle out my life,
carve my coat upon the walls again!
[*Exit* Courtenay, *guarded.*

Messenger. Also this Wyatt did confess the Princess
Cognizant thereof, and party thereunto.
Mary. What? whom — whom did you say?
Messenger. Elizabeth,
Your royal sister.
Mary. To the Tower with *her!*
My foes are at my feet, and I am Queen.
[Gardiner *and her* Ladies *kneel to her*

Gardiner (*rising*). There let them lie, your footstool! (*Aside.*) Can I strike
Elizabeth?—not now and save the life
Of Devon. If I save him, he and his
Are bound to me—may strike hereafter. (*Aloud.*) Madam,
What Wyatt said, or what they said he said,
Cries of the moment and the street—
Mary. He said it.
Gardiner. Your courts of justice will determine that.
Renard (*advancing*). I trust by this your Highness will allow
Some spice of wisdom in my telling you,
When last we talk'd, that Philip would not come
Till Guildford Dudley and the Duke of Suffolk
And Lady Jane had left us.
Mary. They shall die.
Renard. And your so loving sister?
Mary. She shall die.
My foes are at my feet, and Philip King. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III

Scene I.—The Conduit in Gracechurch

Painted with the Nine Worthies, among them King Henry VIII. holding a book, on it inscribed 'Verbum Dei.'

Enter Sir Ralph Bagenhall *and* Sir Thomas Stafford.

Bagenhall. A hundred here and hundreds hang'd in Kent.
The tigress had unsheath'd her nails at last,
And Renard and the Chancellor sharpen'd them.
In every London street a gibbet stood.
They are down to-day. Here by this house was one;
The traitor husband dangled at the door,
And when the traitor wife came out for bread
To still the petty treason therewithin,
Her cap would brush his heels.
Stafford. It is Sir Ralph,
And muttering to himself as heret
fore.
Sir, see you aught up yonder?
Bagenhall. I miss somethin
The tree that only bears dead fruit
gone.
Stafford. What tree, sir?
Bagenhall. Well, the tree in Virgi
sir,
That bears not its own apples.
Stafford. What! the gallow
Bagenhall. Sir, this dead fruit w
ripening overmuch,
And had to be removed lest livi
Spain
Should sicken at dead England.
Stafford. Not so de
But that a shock may rouse her.
Bagenhall. I belie
Sir Thomas Stafford?
Stafford. I am ill disguise
Bagenhall. Well, are you not
peril here?
Stafford. I think so.
I came to feel the pulse of Englan
whether
It beats hard at this marriage. D
you see it?
Bagenhall. Stafford, I am a s
man and a serious.
Far liefer had I in my country hall
Been reading some old book, wi
mine old hound
Couch'd at my hearth, and mine o
flask of wine
Beside me, than have seen it; yet
saw it.
Stafford. Good, was it splendid?
Bagenhall. Ay, if dukes, and ear
And counts, and sixty Spanish ca
liers,
Some six or seven bishops, diamon
pearls,
That royal commonplace too, cloth
gold,
Could make it so.
Stafford. And what was Mar
dress?
Bagenhall. Good faith, I was
sorry for the woman
To mark the dress. She wore
shoes!
Stafford. Red shoes!
Bagenhall. Scarlet, as if her f
were wash'd in blood,
As if she had waded in it.

Stafford. Were your eyes
bashful that you look'd no higher?
Bagenhall. A diamond,
id Philip's gift, as proof of Philip's love,
ho hath not any for any, — tho' a true one,
azed false upon her heart.
Stafford. But this proud Prince —
Bagenhall. Nay, he is King, you know, the King of Naples.
ie father ceded Naples that the son,
ing a King, might wed a Queen — O, he
amed in brocade — white satin his trunk-hose,
wrought with silver, — on his neck a collar,
ld, thick with diamonds; hanging down from this
ie Golden Fleece — and round his knee, misplaced,
ir English Garter, studded with great emeralds,
ubies, I know not what. Have you had enough
all this gear?
Stafford. Ay, since you hate the telling it.
ow look'd the Queen?
Bagenhall. No fairer for her jewels.
id I could see that as the new-made couple
me from the Minster, moving side by side
neath one canopy, ever and anon
e cast on him a vassal smile of love,
hich Philip with a glance of some distaste,
so methought, return'd. I may be wrong, sir.
is marriage will not hold.
Stafford. I think with you.
ie King of France will help to break it.
Bagenhall. France!
e once had half of France, and hurl'd our battles
o the heart of Spain; but England now
but a ball chuck'd between France and Spain,
s in whose hand she drops. Harry of Bolingbroke
d holpen Richard's tottering throne to stand,
Could Harry have foreseen that all our nobles
Would perish on the civil slaughter-field,
And leave the people naked to the Crown,
And the Crown naked to the people; the Crown
Female, too! Sir, no woman's regimen
Can save us. We are fallen, and, as I think,
Never to rise again.
Stafford. You are too black-blooded.
I'd make a move myself to hinder that;
I know some lusty fellows there in France.
Bagenhall. You would but make us weaker, Thomas Stafford.
Wyatt was a good soldier, yet he fail'd,
And strengthen'd Philip.
Stafford. Did not his last breath
Clear Courtenay and the Princess from the charge
Of being his co-rebels?
Bagenhall. Ay, but then
What such a one as Wyatt says is nothing;
We have no men among us. The new lords
Are quieted with their sop of Abbey-lands,
And even before the Queen's face Gardiner buys them
With Philip's gold. All greed, no faith, no courage!
Why, even the haughty prince, Northumberland,
The leader of our Reformation, knelt
And blubber'd like a lad, and on the scaffold
Recanted, and resold himself to Rome.
Stafford. I swear you do your country wrong, Sir Ralph.
I know a set of exiles over there,
Dare-devils, that would eat fire and spit it out
At Philip's beard; they pillage Spain already.
The French King winks at it. An hour will come
When they will sweep her from the seas. No men?
Did not Lord Suffolk die like a true man?

Is not Lord William Howard a true man?
Yea, you yourself, altho' you are black-blooded;
And I, by God, believe myself a man.
Ay, even in the church there is a man —
Cranmer.
Fly would he not, when all men bade him fly.
And what a letter he wrote against the Pope!
There 's a brave man, if any.
Bagenhall. Ay; if it hold.
Crowd (*coming on*). God save their Graces!
Stafford. Bagenhall, I see
The Tudor green and white. (*Trumpets.*) They are coming now.
And here 's a crowd as thick as herring-shoals.
Bagenhall. Be limpets to this pillar, or we are torn
Down the strong wave of brawlers.
Crowd. God save their Graces!

Procession of Trumpeters, Javelinmen, etc.; then Spanish and Flemish Nobles intermingled.

Stafford. Worth seeing, Bagenhall! These black dog-Dons
Garb themselves bravely. Who 's the long-face there,
Looks very Spain of very Spain?
Bagenhall. The Duke
Of Alva, an iron soldier.
Stafford. And the Dutchman,
Now laughing at some jest?
Bagenhall. William of Orange,
William the Silent.
Stafford. Why do they call him so?
Bagenhall. He keeps, they say, some secret that may cost
Philip his life.
Stafford. But then he looks so merry.
Bagenhall. I cannot tell you why they call him so.

[*The* King *and* Queen *pass, attended by Peers of the Realm, Officers of State, etc. Cannon shot off.*

Crowd. Philip and Mary, Philip and Mary!
Long live the King and Queen, Philip and Mary!

Stafford. They smile as if conten with one another.
Bagenhall. A smile abroad is oft scowl at home.
[King *and* Queen *pass on. Proce sion.*
First Citizen. I thought this Phili had been one of those black devils Spain, but he hath a yellow beard.
Second Citizen. Not red like Iscar ot's.
First Citizen. Like a carrot's, thou say'st, and English carrot's be ter than Spanish licorice; but thought he was a beast.
Third Citizen. Certain I had hear that every Spaniard carries a tail lik a devil under his trunk-hose.
Tailor. Ay, but see what trunk hoses! Lord! they be fine; I neve stitch'd none such. They mak amends for the tails.
Fourth Citizen. Tut! every Spa ish priest will tell you that all En lish heretics have tails.
Fifth Citizen. Death and the dev —if he find I have one —
Fourth Citizen. Lo! thou ha call'd them up! here they come — pale horse for Death, and Gardin for the devil.

Enter GARDINER (*turning back fro the procession.*)

Gardiner. Knave, wilt thou we thy cap before the Queen?
Man. My lord, I stand so squeez among the crowd
I cannot lift my hands unto m head.
Gardiner. Knock off his cap the some of you about him!
See there be others that can use th hands.
Thou art one of Wyatt's men?
Man. No, my lord, n
Gardiner. Thy name, thou knav
Man. I am nobody, my lor
Gardiner (*shouting*). God's passio knave, thy name?
Man. I have ears to hea
Gardiner. Ay, rascal, if I lea thee ears to hear.
Find out his name and bring it me (*Attendant*).
Attendant. Ay, my lord.

ardiner. Knave, thou shalt lose thine ears and find thy tongue, l shalt be thankful if I leave thee that.

[*Coming before the Conduit.*

conduit painted — the Nine Worthies — ay!

then what 's here? King Harry with a scroll.

— Verbum Dei — verbum — Word of God!

l's passion! do you know the knave that painted it?

ttendant. I do, my lord.

ardiner. Tell him to paint it out, l put some fresh device in lieu of it —

air of gloves, a pair of gloves, sir; ha? re is no heresy there.

ttendant. I will, my lord; man shall paint a pair of gloves. I am sure —

owing the man — he wrought it ignorantly,

l not from any malice.

ardiner. Word of God English! over this the brainless loons

t cannot spell Esaias from Saint Paul,

e themselves drunk and mad, fly out and flare

rebellions. I'll have their Bibles burnt.

Bible is the priest's. Ay! fellow, what!

nd staring at me! shout, you gaping rogue!

an. I have, my lord, shouted till I am hoarse.

ardiner. What hast thou shouted, knave?

an. Long live Queen Mary!

ardiner. Knave, there be two. There be both King and Queen, ip and Mary. Shout!

an. Nay, but, my lord, Queen comes first, Mary and Philip.

ardiner. Shout, then,

y and Philip!

an. Mary and Philip!

rdiner. Now, ı hast shouted for thy pleasure, shout for mine!

ip and Mary!

Man. Must it be so, my lord?

Gardiner. Ay, knave.

Man. Philip and Mary.

Gardiner. I distrust thee. Thine is a half voice and a lean assent.

What is thy name?

Man. Sanders.

Gardiner. What else?

Man. Zerubbabel

Gardiner. Where dost thou live?

Man. In Cornhill.

Gardiner. Where, knave, where?

Man. Sign of the Talbot.

Gardiner. Come to me to-morrow. —

Rascal! — this land is like a hill of fire,

One crater opens when another shuts.

But so I get the laws against the heretic,

Spite of Lord Paget and Lord William Howard,

And others of our Parliament, revived,

I will show fire on my side — stake and fire —

Sharp work and short. The knaves are easily cow'd.

Follow their Majesties.

[*Exit. The crowd following.*

Bagenhall. As proud as Becket

Stafford. You would not have him murder'd as Becket was?

Bagenhall. No — murder fathers murder; but I say

There is no man — there was one woman with us —

It was a sin to love her married, dead

I cannot choose but love her.

Stafford. Lady Jane?

Crowd (going off). God save their Graces!

Stafford. Did you see her die?

Bagenhall. No, no; her innocent blood had blinded me.

You call me too black-blooded — true enough,

Her dark, dead blood is in my heart with mine.

If ever I cry out against the Pope

Her dark, dead blood that ever moves with mine

Will stir the living tongue and make the cry.

Stafford. Yet doubtless you can tell me how she died ?

Bagenhall. Seventeen — and knew eight languages — in music
Peerless — her needle perfect, and her learning
Beyond the churchmen ; yet so meek, so modest,
So wife-like humble to the trivial boy
Mismatch'd with her for policy ! I have heard
She would not take a last farewell of him ;
She fear'd it might unman him for his end.
She could not be unmann'd — no, nor outwoman'd —
Seventeen — a rose of grace !
Girl never breathed to rival such a rose ;
Rose never blew that equall'd such a bud.

Stafford. Pray you go on.

Bagenhall. She came upon the scaffold,
And said she was condemn'd to die for treason ;
She had but follow'd the device of those
Her nearest kin ; she thought they knew the laws.
But for herself, she knew but little law,
And nothing of the titles to the crown ;
She had no desire for that, and wrung her hands,
And trusted God would save her thro' the blood
Of Jesus Christ alone.

Stafford. Pray you go on.

Bagenhall. Then knelt and said the Miserere Mei —
But all in English, mark you ; rose again,
And, when the headsman pray'd to be forgiven,
Said, 'You will give me my true crown at last,
But do it quickly ;' then all wept but she,
Who changed not color when she saw the block,
But ask'd him, childlike, 'Will you take it off
Before I lay me down ?' 'No, madam he said,
Gasping ; and when her innocent ey were bound,
She, with her poor blind hands feelin — 'Where is it ?
Where is it ?' — You must fancy th which follow'd,
If you have heart to do it !

Crowd (in the distance). God sa their Graces !

Stafford. Their Graces, our d graces ! God confound them
Why, she 's grown bloodier ! when last was here,
This was against her conscience would be murder !

Bagenhall. The 'Thou shalt do murder,' which God's hand
Wrote on her conscience, Mary rubb out pale —
She could not make it white — a over that,
Traced in the blackest text of hell 'Thou shalt !'
And sign'd it — Mary !

Stafford. Philip and the Po
Must have sign'd too. I hear this gate 's coming
To bring us absolution from the Pop
The Lords and Commons will bo down before him —
You are of the house ? what will y do, Sir Ralph ?

Bagenhall. And why should I bolder than the rest,
Or honester than all ?

Stafford. But, sir, if I
And over-sea they say this State yours
Hath no more mortise than a tower cards ;
And that a puff would do it — th if I
And others made that move I touch upon,
Back'd by the power of France, a landing here,
Came with a sudden splendor, sho and show,
And dazzled men and deafen'd by so bright
Loud venture, and the people so u quiet —
And I the race of murder'd Buckin ham —

ot for myself, but for the kingdom
— Sir,
trust that you would fight along
with us.
Bagenhall. No; you would fling
your lives into the gulf.
Stafford. But if this Philip, as he 's
like to do,
ft Mary a wife-widow here alone,
t up a viceroy, sent his myriads
hither
seize upon the forts and fleet, and
make us
Spanish province; would you not
fight then?
Bagenhall. I think I should fight
then.
Stafford. I am sure of it.
st! there 's the face coming on here
of one
ho knows me. I must leave you.
Fare you well,
u'll hear of me again.
Bagenhall. Upon the scaffold.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Room in Whitehall Palace

ARY. *Enter* Philip *and* Cardinal Pole.

Pole. Ave Maria, gratia plena,
benedicta tu in mulieribus!
Mary. Loyal and royal cousin, hum-
blest thanks.
d you a pleasant voyage up the
river?
Pole. We had your royal barge, and
that same chair,
rather throne of purple, on the
deck.
r silver cross sparkled before the
prow,
e ripples twinkled at their diamond-
dance,
e boats that follow'd were as glow-
ing-gay
regal gardens, and your flocks of
swans
fair and white as angels; and your
shores
re in mine eyes the green of Para-
dise.
My foreign friends, who dream'd us
blanketed
In ever-closing fog, were much amazed
To find as fair a sun as might have
flash'd
Upon their lake of Garda fire the
Thames;
Our voyage by sea was all but mir-
acle;
And here the river flowing from the
sea,
Not toward it — for they thought not
of our tides —
Seem'd as a happy miracle to make
glide —
In quiet — home your banish'd coun-
tryman.
Mary. We heard that you were sick
in Flanders, cousin.
Pole. A dizziness.
Mary. And how came you round
again?
Pole. The scarlet thread of Rahab
saved her life;
And mine, a little letting of the blood.
Mary. Well? now?
Pole. Ay, cousin, as the heathen
giant
Had but to touch the ground, his force
return'd —
Thus, after twenty years of banish-
ment,
Feeling my native land beneath my
foot,
I said thereto: 'Ah, native land of
mine,
Thou art much beholden to this foot
of mine,
That hastes with full commission from
the Pope
To absolve thee from thy guilt of her-
esy.
Thou hast disgraced me and attainted
me,
And mark'd me even as Cain, and I
return
As Peter, but to bless thee; make me
well.'
Methinks the good land heard me, for
to-day
My heart beats twenty, when I see
you, cousin.
Ah, gentle cousin, since your Herod's
death,
How oft hath Peter knock'd at Mary's
gate!

And Mary would have risen and let him in,
But, Mary, there were those within the house
Who would not have it.
Mary. True, good cousin Pole;
And there were also those without the house
Who would not have it.
Pole. I believe so, cousin.
State-policy and church-policy are conjoint,
But Janus-faces looking diverse ways.
I fear the Emperor much misvalued me.
But all is well; 't was even the will of God,
Who, waiting till the time had ripen'd, now
Makes me His mouth of holy greeting. 'Hail,
Daughter of God, and saver of the faith.
Sit benedictus fructus ventris tui!'
Mary. Ah, heaven!
Pole. Unwell, your Grace?
Mary. No, cousin, happy — Happy to see you; never yet so happy Since I was crown'd.
Pole. Sweet cousin, you forget That long low minster where you gave your hand To this great Catholic King.
Philip. Well said, Lord Legate.
Mary. Nay, not well said; I thought of you, my liege, Even as I spoke.
Philip. Ay, madam; my Lord Paget Waits to present our Council to the legate.
Sit down here, all; madam, between us you.
Pole. Lo, now you are enclosed with boards of cedar, Our little sister of the Song of Songs! You are doubly fenced and shielded sitting here Between the two most high-set thrones on earth, The Emperor's highness happily symboll'd by The King your husband, the Pope's holiness By mine own self.
Mary. True, cousin, I am happy. When will you that we summon bo our houses To take this absolution from your lip And be re-gather'd to the Papal fol
Pole. In Britain's calendar t brightest day Beheld our rough forefathers bre their gods, And clasp the faith in Christ; b after that Might not Saint Andrew's be her hi piest day?
Mary. Then these shall meet up Saint Andrew's Day.

Enter PAGET, *who presents the Coun Dumb show.*

Pole. I am an old man wearied wi my journey, Even with my joy. Permit me to wi draw. To Lambeth?
Philip. Ay, Lambeth has oust Cranmer. It was not meet the heretic swi should live In Lambeth.
Mary. There or anywhere, or at s
Philip. We have had it swept a garnish'd after him.
Pole. Not for the seven devils enter in?
Philip. No, for we trust they par in the swine.
Pole. True, and I am the Angel the Pope. Farewell, your Graces.
Philip. Nay, not here — to n I will go with you to the waterside
Pole. Not be my Charon to counter-side?
Philip. No, my Lord Legate, Lord Chancellor goes.
Pole. And unto no dead world, Lambeth Palace, Henceforth a centre of the living fai

[*Exeunt* Philip, Pole, Paget,

Manet MARY.

Mary. He hath awaked! he h awaked! He stirs within the darkness! O Philip, husband! now thy love mine Will cling more close, and those bl manners thaw,

at make me shamed and tongue-tied in my love.
e second Prince of Peace —
e great unborn defender of the Faith,
ho will avenge me of mine enemies — comes, and my star rises.
e stormy Wyatts and Northumberlands,
e proud ambitions of Elizabeth,
l all her fieriest partisans — are pale fore my star!
e light of this new learning wanes and dies;
e ghosts of Luther and Zuinglius fade
o the deathless hell which is their doom
fore my star!
sceptre shall go forth from Ind to Ind!
sword shall hew the heretic peoples down!
faith shall clothe the world that will be his,
e universal air and sunshine! Open, everlasting gates! The King is here! —
star, my son!

ter PHILIP, DUKE OF ALVA, *etc.*

O, Philip, come with me!
d news have I to tell you, news to make
h of us happy — ay, the kingdom too.
, come with me — one moment!
hilip (*to Alva*). More than that;
re was one here of late — William the Silent
y call him — he is free enough in talk,
tells me nothing. You will be, we trust,
netime the viceroy of those provinces —
must deserve his surname better.
lva. Ay, sir;
erit the Great Silence.
hilip. True; the provinces
hard to rule and must be hardly ruled;
t fruitful, yet, indeed, an empty rind,
hollow'd out with stinging heresies;
And for their heresies, Alva, they will fight;
You must break them or they break you.
Alva (*proudly*). The first.
Philip. Good!
Well, Madam, this new happiness of mine? [*Exeunt.*

Enter THREE PAGES.

First Page. News, mates! a miracle, a miracle! news!
The bells must ring; Te Deums must be sung;
The Queen hath felt the motion of her babe!
Second Page. Ay; but see here!
First Page. See what?
Second Page. This paper, Dickon.
I found it fluttering at the palace gates: —
'The Queen of England is delivered of a dead dog!'
Third Page. These are the things that madden her. Fie upon it!
First Page. Ay; but I hear she hath a dropsy, lad,
Or a high-dropsy, as the doctors call it.
Third Page. Fie on her dropsy, so she have a dropsy!
I know that she was ever sweet to me.
First Page. For thou and thine are Roman to the core.
Third Page. So thou and thine must be. Take heed!
First Page. Not I;
And whether this flash of news be false or true,
So the wine run, and there be revelry,
Content am I. Let all the steeples clash,
Till the sun dance, as upon Easter Day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

GREAT HALL IN WHITEHALL

At the far end a dais. On this three chairs, two under one canopy for MARY *and* PHILIP, *another on the right of these for* POLE. *Under the dais on* POLE'S *side, ranged along the wall, sit all the Spiritual Peers, and along the wall opposite all the*

Temporal. The Commons on cross benches in front, a line of approach to the dais between them. In the foreground, SIR RALPH BAGENHALL *and other* MEMBERS *of the* COMMONS.

First Member. Saint Andrew's Day; sit close, sit close, we are friends.
Is reconciled the word? the Pope again?
It must be thus; and yet, cocksbody! how strange
That Gardiner, once so one with all of us
Against this foreign marriage, should have yielded
So utterly!—strange! but stranger still that he,
So fierce against the headship of the Pope,
Should play the second actor in this pageant
That brings him in; such a chameleon he!
Second Member. This Gardiner turn'd his coat in Henry's time;
The serpent that hath slough'd will slough again.
Third Member. Tut, then we all are serpents.
Second Member. Speak for yourself.
Third Member. Ay, and for Gardiner! being English citizen,
How should he bear a bridegroom out of Spain?
The Queen would have him! being English churchman,
How should he bear the headship of the Pope?
The Queen would have it! Statesmen that are wise
Shape a necessity, as a sculptor clay,
To their own model.
Second Member. Statesmen that are wise
Take truth herself for model. What say you?
[*To* Sir Ralph Bagenhall.
Bagenhall. We talk and talk.
First Member. Ay, and what use to talk?
Philip 's no sudden alien—the Queen's husband,
He 's here, and King, or will be—yet, cocksbody!
So hated here! I watch'd a hive late;
My seven-years' friend was with my young boy;
Out crept a wasp, with half the swar behind.
'Philip!' says he. I had to cuff th rogue
For infant treason.
Third Member. But they say th bees,
If any creeping life invade their hiv
Too gross to be thrust out, will bui him round,
And bind him in from harming their combs.
And Philip by these articles is boun
From stirring hand or foot to wron the realm.
Second Member. By bonds of bee wax, like your creeping thing
But your wise bees had stung hi first to death.
Third Member. Hush, hush!
You wrong the Chancellor. Th clauses added
To that same treaty which the Em peror sent us
Were mainly Gardiner's: that no fo eigner
Hold office in the household, flee forts, army;
That if the Queen should die witho a child,
The bond between the kingdoms dissolved;
That Philip should not mix us any w
With his French wars—
Second Member. Ay, ay, but wh security,
Good sir, for this, if Philip—
Third Member. Peace—the Quee
Philip, and Pole. [*All rise, and stan*

Enter MARY, PHILIP, *and* POLE.

[Gardiner *conducts them to three chairs of state.* Philip *on the* Queen's *left,* Pole *on right.*
Gardiner. Our short-lived sun, fore his winter plunge,
Laughs at the last red leaf, and A drew's Day.
Mary. Should not this day be h in after years
More solemn than of old?

Philip. Madam, my wish
does your Majesty's.
Pole. It shall be so.
Gardiner. Mine echoes both your
Graces'; (*aside*) but the Pope —
n we not have the Catholic Church
as well
thout as with the Italian? if we
cannot,
y, then the Pope.
My lords of the upper house,
d ye, my masters, of the lower
house,

Presenting the whole body of this
realm
Of England, and dominions of the
same,
Do make most humble suit unto your
Majesties,
In our own name and that of all the
State,
That by your gracious means and in-
tercession
Our supplication be exhibited
To the Lord Cardinal Pole, sent here
as legate

WHITEHALL

ye stand fast by that which ye
resolved?
ices. We do.
ardiner. And be you all one mind
to supplicate
legate here for pardon, and ac-
knowledge
primacy of the Pope?
ices. We are all one mind.
ardiner. Then must I play the
vassal to this Pole. [*Aside.*

[*He draws a paper from under his robes and presents it to the* King *and* Queen, *who look through it and return it to him; then ascends a tribune, and reads.*

the Lords Spiritual and Tem-
poral,
Commons here in Parliament as-
sembled,

From our most Holy Father Julius,
Pope,
And from the Apostolic See of Rome;
And do declare our penitence and grief
For our long schism and disobedience,
Either in making laws and ordinances
Against the Holy Father's primacy,
Or else by doing or by speaking aught
Which might impugn or prejudice
the same;
By this our supplication promising,
As well for our own selves as all the
realm,
That now we be and ever shall be
quick,
Under and with your Majesties' au-
thorities,
To do to the utmost all that in us lies
Towards the abrogation and repeal
Of all such laws and ordinances made;
Whereon we humbly pray your Ma-
jesties,

As persons undefiled with our offence,
So to set forth this humble suit of ours
That we the rather by your intercession
May from the Apostolic See obtain,
Thro' this most reverend father, absolution,
And full release from danger of all censures
Of Holy Church that we be fallen into,
So that we may, as children penitent,
Be once again received into the bosom
And unity of Universal Church;
And that this noble realm thro' after years
May in this unity and obedience
Unto the holy see and reigning Pope
Serve God and both your Majesties.

Voices. Amen. [*All sit.*

[*He again presents the petition to the* King *and* Queen, *who hand it reverentially to* Pole.

Pole (*sitting*). This is the loveliest day that ever smiled
On England. All her breath should, incense-like,
Rise to the heavens in grateful praise of Him
Who now recalls her to His ancient fold.
Lo! once again God to this realm hath given
A token of His more especial grace;
For as this people were the first of all
The islands call'd into the dawning church
Out of the dead, deep night of heathendom,
So now are these the first whom God hath given
Grace to repent and sorrow for their schism;
And if your penitence be not mockery,
O, how the blessed angels who rejoice
Over one saved do triumph at this hour
In the re-born salvation of a land
So noble! [*A pause.*
For ourselves we do protest
That our commission is to heal, not harm;
We come not to condemn, but reconcile;
We come not to compel, but 'call again;
We come not to destroy, but edify;
Nor yet to question things alrea
done;
These are forgiven — matters of t
past —
And range with jetsam and with of
thrown
Into the blind sea of forgetfulness.
[*A pau*
Ye have reversed the attainder laid
us
By him who sack'd the house of Go
and we,
Amplier than any field on our pe
earth
Can render thanks in fruit for bei
sown,
Do here and now repay you six
fold,
A hundred, yea, a thousand thousa
fold,
With heaven for earth.
[*Rising and stretching forth hands. All kneel but* Sir Ral
Bagenhall, *who rises and mains standing.*
The Lord who hath redeem'd
With His own blood, and wash'd
from our sins,
To purchase for Himself a stainl
bride;
He, whom the Father hath appoin
Head
Of all His church, He by His me
absolve you. [*A pa*
And we by that authority Apostoli
Given unto us, his legate, by the Po
Our Lord and Holy Father, Julius,
God's Vicar and Vicegerent u
earth,
Do here absolve you and deliver y
And every one of you, and all
realm
And its dominions from all heresy,
All schism, and from all and ev
censure,
Judgment, and pain accruing th
upon;
And also we restore you to the bos
And unity of Universal Church.
[*Turning to* Gardi
Our letters of commission will dec
this plainlier.
[Queen *heard sobbing. Cries*
Amen! Amen! *Some of*
Members *embrace one anot*

All but Sir Ralph Bagenhall *pass out into the neighboring chapel, whence is heard the Te Deum.*

Bagenhall. We strove against the papacy from the first,
William's time, in our first Edward's time,
d in my master Henry's time; but now,
e unity of Universal Church,
ry would have it; and this Gardiner follows.
e unity of Universal Hell,
ilip would have it; and this Gardiner follows!
Parliament of imitative apes!
eep at the gap which Gardiner takes, who not
lieves the Pope, nor any of them believe —
ese spaniel-Spaniard English of the time,
o rub their fawning noses in the dust,
: that is Philip's gold-dust, and adore
is Vicar of their Vicar. Would I had been
n Spaniard! I had held my head up then.
n ashamed that I am Bagenhall,
glish.

Enter Officer.

Officer. Sir Ralph Bagenhall!
Bagenhall. What of that?
Officer. You were the one sole man in either house
o stood upright when both the houses fell.
Bagenhall. The houses fell!
Officer. I mean the houses knelt ore the legate.
Bagenhall. Do not scrimp your phrase,
stretch it wider; say when England fell.
Officer. I say you were the one sole man who stood.
Bagenhall. I am the one sole man in either house,
chance in England, loves her like a son.
Officer. Well, you one man, because you stood upright,
Her Grace the Queen commands you to the Tower.
Bagenhall. As traitor, or as heretic, or for what?
Officer. If any man in any way would be
The one man, he shall be so to his cost.
Bagenhall. What! will she have my head?
Officer. A round fine likelier.
Your pardon. [*Calling to Attendant.*
By the river to the Tower.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Whitehall. A Room in the Palace

Mary, Gardiner, Pole, Paget, Bonner, *etc.*

Mary. The King and I, my lords, now that all traitors
Against our royal state have lost the heads
Wherewith they plotted in their treasonous malice,
Have talk'd together, and are well agreed
That those old statutes touching Lollardism
To bring the heretic to the stake, should be
No longer a dead letter, but re-quicken'd.
One of the Council. Why, what hath fluster'd Gardiner? how he rubs
His forelock!
Paget. I have changed a word with him
In coming, and may change a word again.
Gardiner. Madam, your Highness is our sun, the King
And you together our two suns in one;
And so the beams of both may shine upon us,
The faith that seem'd to droop will feel your light,
Lift head, and flourish; yet not light alone,
There must be heat — there must be heat enough
To scorch and wither heresy to the root.

For what saith Christ? 'Compel them to come in.'
And what saith Paul? 'I would they were cut off
That trouble you.' Let the dead letter live!
Trace it in fire, that all the louts to whom
Their A B C is darkness, clowns and grooms
May read it! so you quash rebellion too,
For heretic and traitor are all one;
Two vipers of one breed — an amphisbæna,
Each end a sting. Let the dead letter burn!

Paget. Yet there be some disloyal Catholics,
And many heretics loyal; heretic throats
Cried no God-bless-her to the Lady Jane,
But shouted in Queen Mary. So there be
Some traitor-heretic, there is axe and cord.
To take the lives of others that are loyal,
And by the churchman's pitiless doom of fire,
Were but a thankless policy in this crown,
Ay, and against itself; for there are many.

Mary. If we could burn out heresy, my Lord Paget,
We reck not tho' we lost this crown of England —
Ay! tho' it were ten Englands!

Gardiner. Right, your Grace.
Paget, you are all for this poor life of ours,
And care but little for the life to be.

Paget. I have some time, for curiousness, my lord,
Watch'd children playing at *their* life to be,
And cruel at it, killing helpless flies;
Such is our time — all times for aught I know.

Gardiner. We kill the heretics that sting the soul —
They, with right reason, flies that prick the flesh.

Paget. They had not reach'd ri
reason, little children!
They kill'd but for their pleasure
the power
They felt in killing.

Gardiner. A spice of Satan,
Why, good! what then? granted
we are fallen creatures;
Look to your Bible, Paget! we
fallen.

Paget. I am but of the laity,
lord bishop,
And may not read your Bible, ye
found
One day a wholesome scripture, 'l
tle children,
Love one another.'

Gardiner. Did you find a script
'I come not to bring peace bu
sword'? The sword
Is in her Grace's hand to smite wi
Paget,
You stand up here to fight for here
You are more than guess'd at as a h
tic,
And on the steep-up track of the t
faith
Your lapses are far seen.

Paget. The faultless Gardin

Mary. You brawl beyond
question; speak, lord legate

Pole. Indeed, I cannot follow w
your Grace;
Rather would say — the shepherd d
not kill
The sheep that wander from his flo
but sends
His careful dog to bring them to
fold.
Look to the Netherlands, whe
have been
Such holocausts of heresy! to w
end?
For yet the faith is not establis
there.

Gardiner. The end 's not come.

Pole. No — nor this way
come,
Seeing there lie two ways to ev
end,
A better and a worse — the wors
here
To persecute, because to persecute
Makes a faith hated, and is furt
more
No perfect witness of a perfect fai

im who persecutes. When men are tost
tides of strange opinion, and not sure
heir own selves, they are wroth with their own selves,
thence with others; then, who lights the faggot?
the full faith, no, but the lurking doubt.
Rome, that first made martyrs in the Church,
nbled for her own gods, for these were trembling —
when did our Rome tremble?
iget. Did she not
lenry's time and Edward's?
le. What, my lord! Church on Peter's rock? never! I have seen
ne in Italy that cast its shadow
wart a cataract; firm stood the pine —
cataract shook the shadow. To my mind,
cataract typed the headlong plunge and fall
neresy to the pit; the pine was Rome.
see, my lords,
as the shadow of the Church that trembled;
r church was but the shadow of a church,
ting the Papal mitre.
rdiner (*muttering*). Here be tropes.
le. And tropes are good to clothe a naked truth,
make it look more seemly.
rdiner. Tropes again!
le. You are hard to please. Then without tropes, my lord,
vermuch severeness, I repeat,
n faith is wavering makes the waverer pass
more settled hatred of the doctrines
hose who rule, which hatred by and by
lves the ruler — thus there springs to light
Centaur of a monstrous Commonweal,
traitor-heretic; — then tho' some may quail,
Yet others are that dare the stake and fire,
And their strong torment bravely borne begets
An admiration and an indignation,
And hot desire to imitate; so the plague
Of schism spreads. Were there but three or four
Of these misleaders, yet I would not say
Burn! and we cannot burn whole towns; they are many,
As my Lord Paget says.
Gardiner. Yet, my Lord Cardinal —
Pole. I am your legate; please you let me finish.
Methinks that under our Queen's regimen
We might go softlier than with crimson rowel
And streaming lash. When Herod-Henry first
Began to batter at your English Church,
This was the cause, and hence the judgment on her.
She seethed with such adulteries, and the lives
Of many among your churchmen were so foul
That heaven wept and earth blush'd. I would advise
That we should thoroughly cleanse the Church within
Before these bitter statutes be re-quicken'd.
So after that when she once more is seen
White as the light, the spotless bride of Christ,
Like Christ himself on Tabor, possibly
The Lutheran may be won to her again;
Till when, my lords, I counsel tolerance.
Gardiner. What, if a mad dog bit your hand, my lord,
Would you not chop the bitten finger off,
Lest your whole body should madden with the poison?
I would not, were I Queen, tolerate the heretic,
No, not an hour. The ruler of a land

Is bounden by his power and place to see
His people be not poison'd. Tolerate them!
Why? do they tolerate you? Nay, many of them
Would burn — have burnt each other; call they not
The one true faith a loathsome idol-worship?
Beware, lord legate, of a heavier crime
Than heresy is itself; beware, I say,
Lest men accuse you of indifference
To all faiths, all religion; for you know
Right well that you yourself have been supposed
Tainted with Lutheranism in Italy.
Pole (*angered*). But you, my lord, beyond all supposition,
In clear and open day were congruent
With that vile Cranmer in the accursed lie
Of good Queen Catharine's divorce — the spring
Of all those evils that have flow'd upon us;
For you yourself have truckled to the tyrant,
And done your best to bastardize our Queen,
For which God's righteous judgment fell upon you
In your five years of imprisonment, my lord,
Under young Edward. Who so bolster'd up
The gross King's headship of the Church, or more
Denied the Holy Father?
Gardiner. Ha! what! eh?
But you, my lord, a polish'd gentleman,
A bookman, flying from the heat and tussle,
You lived among your vines and oranges,
In your soft Italy yonder! You were sent for,
You were appeal'd to, but you still preferr'd
Your learned leisure. As for what I did,
I suffer'd and repented. You, lo legate
And cardinal-deacon, have not now learn
That even Saint Peter in his time fear
Denied his Master, ay, and thrice, r lord.
Pole. But not for five-and-twer years, my lord.
Gardiner. Ha! good! it seems th I was summon'd hither
But to be mock'd and baited. Spea friend Bonner,
And tell this learned legate he lac zeal.
The Church's evil is not as the King
Cannot be heal'd by stroking. T mad bite
Must have the cautery — tell him and at once.
What wouldst thou do hadst thou power, thou
That layest so long in heretic bos with me?
Wouldst thou not burn and blast th root and branch?
Bonner. Ay, after you, my lord
Gardiner. Nay, God's passion, fore me! speak!
Bonner. I am on fire until I them flame.
Gardiner. Ay, the psalm-singi weavers, cobblers, scum —
But this most noble prince Planta net,
Our good Queen's cousin — dallyi over-seas
Even when his brother's, nay, noble mother's,
Head fell —
Pole. Peace, madman!
Thou stirrest up a grief thou canst fathom.
Thou Christian bishop, thou L Chancellor
Of England! no more rein upon th anger
Than any child! Thou mak'st much ashamed
That I was for a moment wroth thee.
Mary. I come for counsel and give me feuds,
Like dogs that, set to watch th master's gate,

, when the thief is even within the walls,
vorrying one another. My Lord Chancellor,
have an old trick of offending us; but that you are art and part with us
urging heresy, well we might, for this
r violence and much roughness to the legate,
e shut you from our counsels. Cousin Pole,
are fresh from brighter lands. Retire with me.
Highness and myself — so you allow us —
let you learn in peace and privacy
t power this cooler sun of England hath
breeding godless vermin. And pray Heaven
you may see according to our sight!
e, cousin.
[*Exeunt* Queen *and* Pole, *etc.*
rdiner. Pole has the Plantagenet face,
not the force made them our mightiest kings.
eyes — but melancholy, irresolute —
e beard, Bonner, a very full fine beard.
a weak mouth, an indeterminate — ha?
nner. Well, a weak mouth, perchance.
rdiner. And not like thine
orge a heretic whole, roasted or raw.
nner. I'd do my best, my Lord; but yet the legate
ere as Pope and Master of the Church,
if he go not with you —
rdiner. Tut, Master Bishop,
bashful legate, saw'st not how he flush'd?
h him upon his old heretical talk,
burn a diocese to prove his orthodoxy.
let him call me truckler. In those times,
knowest we had to dodge, or duck, or die;
I kept my head for use of Holy Church;
And see you, we shall have to dodge again,
And let the Pope trample our rights, and plunge
His foreign fist into our island Church
To plump the leaner pouch of Italy.
For a time, for a time.
Why? that these statutes may be put in force,
And that his fan may thoroughly purge his floor.
Bonner. So then you hold the Pope —
Gardiner. I hold the Pope!
What do I hold him? what do I hold the Pope?
Come, come, the morsel stuck — this Cardinal's fault —
I have gulpt it down. I am wholly for the Pope,
Utterly and altogether for the Pope,
The Eternal Peter of the changeless chair,
Crown'd slave of slaves, and mitred king of kings,
God upon earth! what more? what would you have?
Hence, let 's be gone.

Enter USHER.

Usher. Well that you be not gone,
My lord. The Queen, most wroth at first with you,
Is now content to grant you full forgiveness,
So that you crave full pardon of the legate.
I am sent to fetch you.
Gardiner. Doth Pole yield, sir, ha?
Did you hear 'em? were you by?
Usher. I cannot tell you,
His bearing is so courtly-delicate;
And yet methinks he falters; their two Graces
Do so dear-cousin and royal-cousin him,
So press on him the duty which as legate
He owes himself, and with such royal smiles —
Gardiner. Smiles that burn men. Bonner, it will be carried.
He falters, ha? 'fore God, we change and change;

Men now are bow'd and old, the doctors tell you,
At three-score years; then if we change at all
We needs must do it quickly; it is an age
Of brief life, and brief purpose, and brief patience,
As I have shown to-day. I am sorry for it
If Pole be like to turn. Our old friend Cranmer,
Your more especial love, hath turn'd so often
He knows not where he stands, which, if this pass,
We two shall have to teach him; let 'em look to it,
Cranmer and Hooper, Ridley and Latimer,
Rogers and Ferrar, for their time is come,
Their hour is hard at hand, their 'dies Iræ,'
Their 'dies Illa,' which will test their sect.
I feel it but a duty — you will find in it
Pleasure as well as duty, worthy Bonner, —
To test their sect. Sir, I attend the Queen
To crave most humble pardon — of her most
Royal, Infallible, Papal Legate-cousin.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Woodstock

Elizabeth, Lady in Waiting.

Elizabeth. So they have sent poor Courtenay over-sea.
Lady. And banish'd us to Woodstock, and the fields.
The colors of our Queen are green and white;
These fields are only green, they make me gape.
Elizabeth. There 's white-thorn, girl.
Lady. Ay, for an hour in May.
But court is always May, buds out in masques,
Breaks into feather'd merriments, flowers
In silken pageants. Why do t keep us here?
Why still suspect your Grace?
Elizabeth. Hard upon b
[*Writes on the window with a mond.*

Much suspected, of me
Nothing proven can be.
Quoth Elizabeth, prisone

Lady. What hath your High written?
Elizabeth. A true rhyme.
Lady. Cut with a diamond; s last like truth.
Elizabeth. Ay, if truth last.
Lady. But truth, they say, out;
So it must last. It is not like a w
That comes and goes in uttering.
Elizabeth. Truth, a wo
The very Truth and very Word one.
But truth of story, which I glanced girl,
Is like a word that comes from o days,
And passes thro' the peoples; e tongue
Alters it passing, till it spells speaks
Quite other than at first.
Lady. I do not fol
Elizabeth. How many names the long sweep of time
That so foreshortens greatness, but hang
On the chance mention of some that once
Brake bread with us, perhaps; my poor chronicle
Is but of glass. Sir Henry Bed field
May split it for a spite.
Lady. God grant it
And witness to your Grace's i cence,
Till doomsday melt it!
Elizabeth. Or a second
Like that which lately crackled derfoot
And in this very chamber, fuse glass,
And char us back again into the

spring from. Never peacock against rain
am'd as you did for water.
dy. And I got it.
ke Sir Henry — and he's true to you —
d his honest horror in his eyes.
izabeth. Or true to you?
dy. Sir Henry Bedingfield!
l have no man true to me, your Grace,
one that pares his nails; to me? the clown!
izabeth. Out, girl! you wrong a noble gentleman.
dy. For, like his cloak, his manners want the nap
gloss of court; but of this fire he says,
swears, it was no wicked wilfulness,
a natural chance.
izabeth. A chance — perchance
of those wicked wilfuls that men make,
shame to call it nature. Nay, I know
hunt my blood. Save for my daily range
ng the pleasant fields of Holy Writ
ght despair. But there hath some one come;
nouse is all in movement. Hence, and see. [*Exit* Lady.

MILKMAID (*singing without*).

e upon you, Robin,
hame upon you now!
ne would you? with my hands
lilking the cow?
aisies grow again,
ingcups blow again,
you came and kiss'd me milking the cow.

came behind me,
iss'd me well, I vow.
im could I? with my hands
lilking the cow?
wallows fly again,
uckoos cry again,
rou came and kiss'd me milking the cow.

Robin, Robin,
ome and kiss me now;
Help it can I? with my hands
Milking the cow?
Ringdoves coo again,
All things woo again.
Come behind and kiss me milking the cow!

Elizabeth. Right honest and red-cheek'd; Robin was violent,
And she was crafty — a sweet violence,
And a sweet craft. I would I were a milkmaid,
To sing, love, marry, churn, brew, bake, and die,
Then have my simple headstone by the church,
And all things lived and ended honestly.
I could not if I would. I am Harry's daughter.
Gardiner would have my head. They are not sweet,
The violence and the craft that do divide
The world of nature; what is weak must lie.
The lion needs but roar to guard his young;
The lapwing lies, says 'here' when they are there.
Threaten the child, 'I'll scourge you if you did it;'
What weapon hath the child, save his soft tongue,
To say 'I did not'? and my rod's the block.
I never lay my head upon the pillow
But that I think, 'Wilt thou lie there to-morrow?'
How oft the falling axe, that never fell,
Hath shock'd me back into the daylight truth
That it may fall to-day! Those damp, black, dead
Nights in the Tower; dead — with the fear of death
Too dead even for a death-watch! Toll of a bell,
Stroke of a clock, the scurrying of a rat
Affrighted me, and then delighted me,
For there was life — And there was life in death —
The little murder'd princes, in a pale light,

Rose hand in hand, and whisper'd, 'Come away!
The civil wars are gone for evermore;
Thou last of all the Tudors, come away!
With us is peace!' The last? It was a dream;
I must not dream, not wink, but watch. She has gone,
Maid Marian to her Robin — by and by
Both happy! a fox may filch a hen by night,
And make a morning outcry in the yard;
But there 's no Renard here to 'catch her tripping.'
Catch me who can; yet, sometime I have wish'd
That I were caught, and kill'd away at once
Out of the flutter. The gray rogue, Gardiner,
Went on his knees, and pray'd me to confess
In Wyatt's business, and to cast myself
Upon the good Queen's mercy; ay, when, my lord?
God save the Queen! My jailor —

Enter Sir Henry Bedingfield.

Bedingfield. One, whose bolts,
That jail you from free life, bar you from death.
There haunt some Papist ruffians hereabout
Would murder you.

Elizabeth. I thank you heartily, sir,
But I am royal, tho' your prisoner,
And God hath blest or cursed me with a nose —
Your boots are from the horses.

Bedingfield. Ay, my lady.
When next there comes a missive from the Queen
It shall be all my study for one hour
To rose and lavender my horsiness,
Before I dare to glance upon your Grace.

Elizabeth. A missive from the Queen! last time she wrote,
I had like to have lost my life. It takes my breath —
O God, sir, do you look upon your boots,
Are you so small a man? Help me what think you,
Is it life or death?

Bedingfield. I thought not on boots;
The devil take all boots were e made
Since man went barefoot! See, I it here,
For I will come no nearer to y Grace;
[*Laying down the let*
And, whether it brings you bitter n or sweet,
And God hath given your Grace a r or not,
I 'll help you, if I may.

Elizabeth. Your pardon, th
It is the heat and narrowness of cage
That makes the captive testy; v free wing
The world were all one Araby. Le me now,
Will you, companion to myself, si

Bedingfield. Wil
With most exceeding willingnes will;
You know I never come till I be ca
[*E*

Elizabeth. It lies there folded there venom in it?
A snake — and if I touch it, it r sting.
Come, come, the worst!
Best wisdom is to know the wors once. [*Re*
'It is the King's wish that should wed Prince Philibert of Sav
You are to come to Court on the stant; and think of this in your c ing. 'Mary the Queen
Think! I have many thoughts;
I think there may be bird-lime here me;
I think they fain would have me f the realm;
I think the Queen may never be child;
I think that I may be some time Queen,
Then, Queen indeed; no foreign pr or priest
Should fill my throne, myself upon steps.
I think I will not marry any one,

cially not this landless Philibert of
Savoy; but, if Philip menace me,
think that I will play with Philibert, —
once the Holy Father did with mine,
ore my father married my good mother, —
fear of Spain.

Enter Lady.

dy. O Lord! your Grace, your Grace,
el so happy. It seems that we shall fly
se bald, blank fields, and dance into the sun
t shines on princes.

izabeth. Yet, a moment since,
sh'd myself the milkmaid singing here,
kiss and cuff among the birds and flowers —
ght rough life and healthful.

dy. But the wench
n her own troubles; she is weeping now;
the wrong Robin took her at her word.
n the cow kick'd, and all her milk was spilt.
r Highness such a milkmaid?

izabeth. I had kept
Robins and my cows in sweeter order
I been such.

dy (*slyly*). And had your Grace a Robin?

izabeth. Come, come, you are chill here; you want the sun
shines at court; make ready for the journey.
God, we 'scape the sunstroke!
Ready at once. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI

DON. A Room in the Palace

D Petre *and* Lord William Howard.

tre. You cannot see the Queen.
Renard denied her
n now to me.

ward. Their Flemish go-between
And all-in-all. I came to thank her Majesty
For freeing my friend Bagenhall from the Tower;
A grace to me! Mercy, that herb-of-grace,
Flowers now but seldom.

Petre. Only now, perhaps,
Because the Queen hath been three days in tears
For Philip's going — like the wild hedge-rose
Of a soft winter, possible, not probable,
However you have proven it.

Howard. I must see her.

Enter Renard.

Renard. My lords, you cannot see her Majesty.

Howard. Why, then the King! for I would have him bring it
Home to the leisure wisdom of his Queen,
Before he go, that since these statutes past,
Gardiner out-Gardiners Gardiner in his heat,
Bonner cannot out-Bonner his own self —
Beast! — but they play with fire as children do,
And burn the house. I know that these are breeding
A fierce resolve and fixt heart-hate in men
Against the King, the Queen, the Holy Father,
The faith itself. Can I not see him?

Renard. Not now.
And in all this, my lord, her Majesty
Is flint of flint; you may strike fire from her,
Not hope to melt her. I will give your message.

[*Exeunt* Petre *and* Howard.

Enter Philip (*musing*).

Philip. She will not have Prince Philibert of Savoy,
I talk'd with her in vain — says she will live
And die true maid — a goodly creature too.
Would *she* had been the Queen! yet she must have him.
She troubles England; that she breathes in England

Is life and lungs to every rebel birth
That passes out of embryo.
Simon Renard!—
This Howard, whom they fear, what was he saying?
Renard. What your imperial father said, my liege,
To deal with heresy gentlier. Gardiner burns,
And Bonner burns; and it would seem this people
Care more for our brief life in their wet land
Than yours in happier Spain. I told my lord
He should not vex her Highness; she would say
These are the means God works with, that His church
May flourish.
Philip. Ay, sir, but in statesmanship
To strike too soon is oft to miss the blow.
Thou knowest I bade my chaplain, Castro, preach
Against these burnings.
Renard. And the Emperor
Approved you, and, when last he wrote, declared
His comfort in your Grace that you were bland
And affable to men of all estates,
In hope to charm them from their hate of Spain.
Philip. In hope to crush all heresy under Spain.
But, Renard, I am sicker staying here
Than any sea could make me passing hence,
Tho' I be ever deadly sick at sea;
So sick am I with biding for this child.
Is it the fashion in this clime for women
To go twelve months in bearing of a child?
The nurses yawn'd, the cradle gaped, they led
Processions, chanted litanies, clash'd their bells,
Shot off their lying cannon, and her priests
Have preach'd, the fools, of this fair prince to come,
Till, by Saint James, I find myself a fool.
Why do you lift your eyebrow at me thus?
Renard. I never saw your Highness moved till now.
Philip. So weary am I of this land of theirs,
And every soul of man that breathes therein.
Renard. My liege, we must drop the mask before
The masquerade is over—
Philip. Have I dropt
I have but shown a loathing face to you,
Who knew it from the first.
Enter MARY.
Mary (*aside*). With Renard.
Parleying with Renard, all the day with Renard,
And scarce a greeting all the day to me—
And goes to-morrow. [*Exit M*
Philip (*to* Renard, *who advances to him*). Well, sir, is there m
Renard (*who has perceived the Qu*
May Simon Renard speak a gle word?
Philip. Ay.
Renard. And be forgiven fo
Philip. Simon Re
Knows me too well to speak a s word
That could not be forgiven.
Renard. Well, my l
Your Grace hath a most chaste loving wife.
Philip. Why not? The Que Philip should be chaste.
Renard. Ay, but, my lord, know what Virgil sings,
Woman is various and most ble.
Philip. She play the harlot! n
Renard. No, sir
Not dream'd of by the rabidest peller.
There was a paper thrown int palace,
'The King hath wearied of his b bride.'
She came upon it, read it, and rent it,
With all the rage of one who h truth

annot but allow. Sire, I would have you —
t should I say, I cannot pick my words —
omewhat less — majestic to your Queen.
ilip. Am I to change my manners, Simon Renard,
use these islanders are brutal beasts?
ould you have me turn a sonneteer,
warble those brief-sighted eyes of hers?
ard. Brief-sighted tho' they be, I have seen them, sire,
n you perchance were trifling royally
some fair dame of court, suddenly fill
such fierce fire — had it been fire indeed
uld have burnt both speakers.
ilip. Ay, and then?
ard. Sire, might it not be policy in some matter
nall importance now and then to cede
nt to her demand?
ilip. Well, I am going.
ard. For should her love when you are gone, my liege,
ess these papers, there will not be wanting
that will urge her injury — should her love —
I have known such women more than one —
to the counterpoint, and jealousy in it an alchemic force to fuse
st into one metal love and hate, —
he impress her wrongs upon her Council,
these again upon her Parliament —
re not loved here, and would be then perhaps
o well holpen in our wars with France,
e we might be — here she comes.

Enter MARY.

y. O Philip!
must you go indeed?
lip. Madam, I must.
y. The parting of a husband and a wife
Is like the cleaving of a heart; one half
Will flutter here, one there.
Philip. You say true, Madam.
Mary. The Holy Virgin will not have me yet
Lose the sweet hope that I may bear a prince.
If such a prince were born, and you not here!
Philip. I should be here if such a prince were born.
Mary. But must you go?
Philip. Madam, you know my father,
Retiring into cloistral solitude
To yield the remnant of his years to heaven,
Will shift the yoke and weight of all the world
From off his neck to mine. We meet at Brussels.
But since mine absence will not be for long,
Your Majesty shall go to Dover with me,
And wait my coming back.
Mary. To Dover? no,
I am too feeble. I will go to Greenwich,
So you will have me with you; and there watch
All that is gracious in the breath of heaven
Draw with your sails from our poor land and pass
And leave me, Philip, with my prayers for you.
Philip. And doubtless I shall profit by your prayers.
Mary. Methinks that would you tarry one day more —
The news was sudden — I could mould myself
To bear your going better; will you do it?
Philip. Madam, a day may sink or save a realm.
Mary. A day may save a heart from breaking too.
Philip. Well, Simon Renard, shall we stop a day?
Renard. Your Grace's business will not suffer, sire,
For one day more, so far as I can tell.

Philip. Then one day more to please her Majesty.
Mary. The sunshine sweeps across my life again.
O, if I knew you felt this parting, Philip,
As I do!
Philip. By Saint James I do protest,
Upon the faith and honor of a Spaniard,
I am vastly grieved to leave your Majesty.
Simon, is supper ready?
Renard. Ay, my liege,
I saw the covers laying.
Philip. Let us have it.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

Scene I.—A Room in the Palace

Mary, Cardinal Pole.

Mary. What have you there?
Pole. So please your Majesty,
A long petition from the foreign exiles
To spare the life of Cranmer. Bishop Thirlby,
And my Lord Paget and Lord William Howard,
Crave, in the same cause, hearing of your Grace.
Hath he not written himself—infatuated—
To sue you for his life?
Mary. His life? O, no;
Not sued for that—he knows it were in vain.
But so much of the anti-papal leaven
Works in him yet, he hath pray'd me not to sully
Mine own prerogative, and degrade the realm
By seeking justice at a stranger's hand
Against my natural subject. King and Queen,
To whom he owes his loyalty after God,
Shall these accuse him to a foreign prince?
Death would not grieve him more. I cannot be
True to this realm of England and the Pope
Together, says the heretic.
Pole. And there
As he hath ever err'd thro' vanity.
A secular kingdom is but as the b
Lacking a soul; and in itself a be
The Holy Father in a secular king
Is as the soul descending out of hea
Into a body generate.
Mary. Write to him, t
Pole. I will.
Mary. And sharply, Pole.
Pole. Here come the Cranmeri
Enter Thirlby, Lord Paget, L
William Howard.
Howard. Health to your Gr
Good morrow, my Lord C
na!;
We make our humble prayer
your Grace
That Cranmer may withdraw to
eign parts,
Or into private life within the rea
In several bills and declarati
madam,
He hath recanted all his heresies.
Paget. Ay, ay; if Bonner have
forged the bills. [*A*
Mary. Did not More die, and Fis
he must burn.
Howard. He hath recanted, Mad
Mary. The better for
He burns in purgatory, not in hel
Howard. Ay, ay, your Grace;
it was never seen
That any one recanting thus at fu
As Cranmer hath, came to the fi
earth.
Mary. It will be seen now, the
Thirlby. O madam, mad
I thus implore you, low upon
knees,
To reach the hand of mercy to
friend.
I have err'd with him; with h
have recanted.
What human reason is there why
friend
Should meet with lesser mercy
myself?
Mary. My Lord of Ely, this.
a riot
We hang the leaders, let their fol
ing go.
Cranmer is head and father of
heresies,
New learning as they call it;
may God

et me at most need when I forget
foul divorce — my sainted mother
— No! —
ward. Ay, ay, but mighty doctors doubted there.
Pope himself waver'd; and more than one
d in that galley — Gardiner to wit,
m truly I deny not to have been
faithful friend and trusty councillor.
not your Highness ever read his book,
ractate upon True Obedience,
by himself and Bonner?
ry. I will take order with all bad, heretical books
none shall hold them in his house and live,
eforward. No, my lord.
ward. Then never read it. truth is here. Your father was a man
uch colossal kinghood, yet so courteous,
pt when wroth, you scarce could meet his eye
hold your own; and were he wroth indeed,
held it less, or not at all. I say, father had a will that beat men down;
father had a brain that beat men down —
e. Not me, my lord.
ward. No, for you were not here; sit upon this fallen Cranmer's throne;
it would more become you, my Lord Legate,
in a voice, so potent with her Highness,
rs in plea for Cranmer than to stand
ked self-assertion.
ry. All your voices
aves on flint. The heretic must burn.
ward. Yet once he saved your Majesty's own life;
out against the King in your behalf,
own peril.
ry. I know not if he did;
And if he did I care not, my Lord Howard.
My life is not so happy, no such boon,
That I should spare to take a heretic priest's,
Who saved it or not saved. Why do you vex me?
Paget Yet to save Cranmer were to serve the Church,
Your Majesty's I mean; he is effaced,
Self-blotted out; so wounded in his honor,
He can but creep down into some dark hole
Like a hurt beast, and hide himself and die;
But if you burn him, — well, your Highness knows
The saying, 'Martyr's blood — seed of the Church.'
Mary. Of the true Church; but his is none, nor will be.
You are too politic for me, my Lord Paget.
And if he have to live so loath'd a life,
It were more merciful to burn him now.
Thirlby. O, yet relent! O, madam, if you knew him
As I do, ever gentle, and so gracious,
With all his learning —
Mary. Yet a heretic still.
His learning makes his burning the more just.
Thirlby. So worshipt of all those that came across him;
The stranger at his hearth, and all his house —
Mary. His children and his concubine, belike.
Thirlby. To do him any wrong was to beget
A kindness from him, for his heart was rich,
Of such fine mould that if you sow'd therein
The seed of Hate, it blossom'd Charity.
Pole. 'After his kind it costs him nothing,' there 's
An old world English adage to the point.
These are but natural graces, my good bishop,
Which in the Catholic garden are as flowers,

But on the heretic dunghill only weeds.
Howard. Such weeds make dunghills gracious.
Mary. Enough, my lords.
It is God's will, the Holy Father's will,
And Philip's will, and mine, that he should burn.
He is pronounced anathema.
Howard. Farewell, madam,
God grant you ampler mercy at your call
Than you have shown to Cranmer.
[*Exeunt* Lords.
Pole. After this,
Your Grace will hardly care to overlook
This same petition of the foreign exiles
For Cranmer's life.
Mary. Make out the writ to-night.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Oxford. Cranmer in Prison

Cranmer. Last night I dream'd the fagots were alight,
And that myself was fasten'd to the stake,
And found it all a visionary flame,
Cool as the light in old decaying wood;
And then King Harry look'd from out a cloud,
And bade me have good courage; and I heard
An angel cry, 'There is more joy in Heaven,' —
And after that, the trumpet of the dead.
[*Trumpets without.*
Why, there are trumpets blowing now; what is it?
Enter Father Cole.
Cole. Cranmer, I come to question you again.
Have you remain'd in the true Catholic faith
I left you in?
Cranmer. In the true Catholic faith,
By Heaven's grace, I am more and more confirm'd.
Why are the trumpets blowing, Father Cole?
Cole. Cranmer, it is decided by Council
That you to-day should read you cantation
Before the people in Saint M Church.
And there be many heretics in town,
Who loath you for your late retu Rome,
And might assail you passing thr the street,
And tear you piecemeal; so you a guard.
Cranmer. Or seek to rescue m thank the Council.
Cole. Do you lack any money
Cranmer. Nay, why shou
The prison fare is good enoug me.
Cole. Ay, but to give the poo
Cranmer. Hand it me, then!
I thank you.
Cole. For a little space, fare
Until I see you in Saint Mary's Ch
[*Exit*
Cranmer. It is against all p dent to burn
One who recants; they mean to don me.
To give the poor — they give the who die.
Well, burn me or not burn me fixt;
It is but a communion, not a mas
A holy supper, not a sacrifice;
No man can make his Maker — Garcia.
Enter Villa Garcia.
Villa Garcia. Pray you writ this paper for me, Cranme
Cranmer. Have I not writ en to satisfy you?
Villa Garcia. It is the last.
Cranmer. Give it me, then.
[*He w*
Villa Garcia. Now
Cranmer. I have sign'd en and I will sign no more.
Villa Garcia. It is no more what you have sign'd alre
The public form thereof.
Cranmer. It may b
I sign it with my presence, if I re
Villa Garcia. But this is ic you. Well, sir, well,

are to beg the people to pray for
you;
rt them to a pure and virtuous
life;
are the Queen's right to the
throne; confess
faith before all hearers; and
retract
Eucharistic doctrine in your
book.
you not sign it now?
anmer. No, Villa Garcia,
n no more. Will they have mercy
on me?

Villa Garcia. Have you good hopes
of mercy! So, farewell.
[*Exit.*
Cranmer. Good hopes, not theirs,
have I that I am fixt,
Fixt beyond fall; however, in strange
hours,
After the long brain-dazing colloquies,
And thousand-times recurring argu-
ment
Of those two friars ever in my prison,
When left alone in my despondency,
Without a friend, a book, my faith
would seem

CRANMER

Dead or half-drown'd, or else swam heavily
Against the huge corruptions of the Church,
Monsters of mistradition, old enough
To scare me into dreaming. 'What am I,
Cranmer, against whole ages?' was it so,
Or am I slandering my most inward friend,
To veil the fault of my most outward foe —
The soft and tremulous coward in the flesh?
O higher, holier, earlier, purer church,
I have found thee and not leave thee any more.
It is but a communion, not a mass —
No sacrifice, but a life-giving feast!
(*Writes.*) So, so; this will I say — thus will I pray.
[*Puts up the paper.*

Enter BONNER.

Bonner. Good day, old friend; what, you look somewhat worn;
And yet it is a day to test your health
Even at the best. I scarce have spoken with you
Since when? — your degradation. At your trial
Never stood up a bolder man than you;
You would not cap the Pope's commissioner —
Your learning, and your stoutness, and your heresy,
Dumbfounded half of us. So, after that,
We had to dis-archbishop and unlord,
And make you simple Cranmer once again.
The common barber clipt your hair, and I
Scraped from your finger-points the holy oil;
And worse than all, you had to kneel to *me*;
Which was not pleasant for you, Master Cranmer.
Now you, that would not recognize the Pope,'
And you, that would not own the Real Presence,
Have found a real presence in the stake,
Which frights you back into the cient faith;
And so you have recanted to Pope.
How are the mighty fallen, Ma Cranmer!

Cranmer. You have been m fierce against the Pope than

But why fling back the stone he stri me with? [*As*

O Bonner, if I ever did you kindnes
Power hath been given you to faith by fire —
Pray you, remembering how yc self have changed,
Be somewhat pitiful, after I h gone,
To the poor flock — to women and children —
That when I was archbishop held v me.

Bonner. Ay — gentle as they you — live or die!

Pitiful to this pitiful heresy?
I must obey the Queen and Cou man.
Win thro' this day with honor to y self,
And I'll say something for you- — good-bye. [*A*

Cranmer. This hard coarse ma old hath crouch'd to me
Till I myself was half ashamed him.

Enter THIRLBY.

Weep not, good Thirlby.

Thirlby. O, my lord, my lc

My heart is no such block as Bon is:
Who would not weep?

Cranmer. Why do you so my- me,
Who am disgraced?

Thirlby. On earth; but save heaven
By your recanting.

Cranmer. Will they burn Thirlby?

Thirlby. Alas! they will! t burnings will not help
The purpose of the faith; but poor voice
Against them is a whisper to the
Of a spring-tide.

Cranmer. And they will sv burn me?

irlby. Ay; and besides will have
you in the church
eat your recantation in the ears
ll men, to the saving of their souls,
re your execution. May God
help you
' that hard hour!
anmer. And may God bless you,
Thirlby!
l, they shall hear my recantation
there. [*Exit* Thirlby.
rac'd, dishonor'd! — not by them,
indeed,
mine own self — by mine own
hand!
in-skinn'd hand and jutting veins,
't was you
t sign'd the burning of poor Joan
of Kent;
then she was a witch. You have
written much,
you were never raised to plead
for Frith,
se dogmas I have reach'd. He
was deliver'd
he secular arm to burn; and three
was Lambert;
can foresee himself? truly these
burnings,
Thirlby says, are profitless to the
burners,
help the other side. You shall
burn too,
first when I am burnt.
— inch by inch to die in agony!
Latimer
a brief end — not Ridley. Hooper
burn'd
e-quarters of an hour. Will my
fagots
vet as his were? It is a day of
rain.
ll not muse upon it.
fancy takes the burner's part, and
makes
fire seem even crueller than it
is.
I not doubt that God will give me
strength,
it I have denied Him.
ter Soto *and* Villa Garcia.
lla Garcia. We are ready
ake you to Saint Mary's, Master
Cranmer.
mer. And I. Lead on; ye loose
me from my bonds. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

St. Mary's Church

Cole *in the Pulpit,* Lord Williams of Thame *presiding.* Lord William Howard, Lord Paget, *and others.* Cranmer *enters between* Soto *and* Villa Garcia, *and the whole Choir strike up,* 'Nunc Dimittis.' Cranmer *is set upon a Scaffold before the people.*

Cole. Behold him —
[*A pause: people in the foreground.*
People. O, unhappy sight!
First Protestant. See how the tears run down his fatherly face.
Second Protestant. James, didst thou ever see a carrion crow
Stand watching a sick beast before he dies?
First Protestant. Him perch'd up there? I wish some thunderbolt
Would make this Cole a cinder, pulpit and all.
Cole. Behold him, brethren; he hath cause to weep! —
So have we all. Weep with him if ye will,
Yet —
It is expedient for one man to die,
Yea, for the people, lest the people die.
Yet wherefore should he die that hath return'd
To the one Catholic Universal Church,
Repentant of his errors?
Protestant Murmurs. Ay, tell us that.
Cole. Those of the wrong side will despise the man,
Deeming him one that thro' the fear of death
Gave up his cause, except he seal his faith
In sight of all with flaming martyrdom.
Cranmer. Ay.
Cole. Ye hear him, and albeit there may seem
According to the canons pardon due
To him that so repents, yet are there causes
Wherefore our Queen and Council at this time

Adjudge him to the death. He hath been a traitor,
A shaker and confounder of the realm;
And when the King's divorce was sued at Rome,
He here, this heretic metropolitan,
As if he had been the Holy Father, sat
And judged it. Did I call him heretic?
A huge heresiarch? never was it known
That any man so writing, preaching so,
So poisoning the Church, so long continuing,
Hath found his pardon; therefore he must die,
For warning and example.
Other reasons
There be for this man's ending, which our Queen
And Council at this present deem it not
Expedient to be known.
Protestant Murmurs. I warrant you.
Cole. Take therefore, all, example by this man,
For if our Holy Queen not pardon him,
Much less shall others in like cause escape,
That all of you, the highest as the lowest,
May learn there is no power against the Lord.
There stands a man, once of so high degree,
Chief prelate of our Church, archbishop, first
In Council, second person in the realm,
Friend for so long time of a mighty King;
And now ye see downfallen and debased
From councillor to caitiff — fallen so low,
The leprous flutterings of the byway, scum
And offal of the city, would not change
Estates with him; in brief, so miserable
There is no hope of better left for him,
No place for worse.

Yet, Cranmer, be thou gl
This is the work of God. He is g
rified
In thy conversation; lo! thou art
claim'd;
He brings thee home; nor fear
that to-day
Thou shalt receive the penitent thie
award,
And be with Christ the Lord in Pa
dise.
Remember how God made the fie
fire seem
To those three children like a pleas
dew.
Remember, too,
The triumph of Saint Andrew on
cross,
The patience of Saint Lawrence in
fire.
Thus, if thou call on God and all
Saints
God will beat down the fury of
flame,
Or give thee saintly strength to
dergo.
And for thy soul shall masses here
sung
By every priest in Oxford. Pray
him.
Cranmer. Ay, one and all, d
brothers, pray for me;
Pray with one breath, one heart,
soul for me.
Cole. And now, lest any one am
you doubt
The man's conversation and remo
of heart,
Yourselves shall hear him spe
Speak, Master Cranmer,
Fulfil your promise made me, and
claim
Your true undoubted faith, that
may hear.
Cranmer. And that I will. O G
Father of Heaven!
O Son of God, Redeemer of the wo
O Holy Ghost, proceeding from t
both!
Three persons and one God, h
mercy on me,
Most miserable sinner, wretched m
I have offended against heaven
earth
More grievously than any tongue
tell.

n whither should I flee for any help?
n ashamed to lift my eyes to heaven,
I can find no refuge upon earth.
ll I despair then?— God forbid! O God,
Thou art merciful, refusing none
t come to Thee for succor, unto Thee,
refore, I come; humble myself to Thee;
ing, O Lord God, although my sins be great,
Thy great mercy have mercy! O God the Son,
for slight faults alone, when Thou becamest
in the flesh, was the great mystery wrought;
od the Father, not for little sins
st Thou yield up Thy Son to human death!
for the greatest sin that can be sinn'd,
, even such as mine, incalculable,
ardonable, — sin against the light,
truth of God, which I had proven and known.
mercy must be greater than all sin.
give me, Father, for no merit of mine,
that Thy name by man be glorified,
Thy most blessed Son's, who died for man.
d people, every man at time of death
uld fain set forth some saying that may live
r his death and better humankind;
death gives life's last word a power to live,
, like the stone-cut epitaph, remain
r the vanish'd voice, and speak to men.
grant me grace to glorify my God!
first I say it is a grievous case,
y so dote upon this bubble world,
se colors in a moment break and fly,
y care for nothing else. What saith Saint John?
'Love of this world is hatred against God.'
Again, I pray you all that, next to God,
You do unmurmuringly and willingly
Obey your King and Queen, and not for dread
Of these alone, but from the fear of Him
Whose ministers they be to govern you.
Thirdly, I pray you all to live together
Like brethren; yet what hatred Christian men
Bear to each other, seeming not as brethren,
But mortal foes! But do you good to all
As much as in you lieth. Hurt no man more
Than you would harm your loving natural brother
Of the same roof, same breast. If any do,
Albeit he think himself at home with God,
Of this be sure, he is whole worlds away.
Protestant Murmurs. What sort of brothers then be those that lust
To burn each other?
Williams. Peace among you, there!
Cranmer. Fourthly, to those that own exceeding wealth,
Remember that sore saying spoken once
By Him that was the truth, 'How hard it is
For the rich man to enter into heaven!'
Let all rich men remember that hard word.
I have not time for more; if ever, now
Let them flow forth in charity, seeing now
The poor so many, and all food so dear.
Long have I lain in prison, yet have heard
Of all their wretchedness. Give to the poor,
Ye give to God. He is with us in the poor.
And now, and forasmuch as I have come
To the last end of life, and thereupon
Hangs all my past, and all my life to be.

Either to live with Christ in heaven with joy,
Or to be still in pain with devils in hell;
And, seeing in a moment I shall find
[*Pointing upwards.*
Heaven or else hell ready to swallow me,
[*Pointing downwards.*
I shall declare to you my very faith
Without all color.
Cole. Hear him, my good brethren.
Cranmer. I do believe in God, Father of all;
In every article of the Catholic faith,
And every syllable taught us by our Lord,
His prophets, and apostles, in the Testaments,
Both Old and New.
Cole. Be plainer, Master Cranmer.
Cranmer. And now I come to the great cause that weighs
Upon my conscience more than anything
Or said or done in all my life by me;
For there be writings I have set abroad
Against the truth I knew within my heart,
Written for fear of death, to save my life,
If that might be; the papers by my hand
Sign'd since my degradation — by this hand
[*Holding out his right hand.*
Written and sign'd — I here renounce them all;
And, since my hand offended, having written
Against my heart, my hand shall first be burnt,
So I may come to the fire.
[*Dead silence.*
PROTESTANT MURMURS.
First Protestant. I knew it would be so.
Second Protestant. Our prayers are heard!
Third Protestant. God bless him!
CATHOLIC MURMURS.
Out upon him! out upon him!
Liar! dissembler! traitor! to the fire!
Williams (*raising his voice*). You know that you recanted all you said
Touching the sacrament in that sa book
You wrote against my Lord of W chester;
Dissemble not; play the plain Ch tian man.
Cranmer. Alas, my lord,
I have been a man loved plainness my life;
I *did* dissemble, but the hour has co
For utter truth and plainness; wh fore, I say,
I hold by all I wrote within that bo
Moreover,
As for the Pope, I count him A christ,
With all his devil's doctrines, and fuse,
Reject him, and abhor him. I h said.
[*Cries on all sides.* 'Pull him do Away with him!'
Cole. Ay, stop the heretic's mou Hale him away!
Williams. Harm him not, harm not! have him to the fire!
[Cranmer *goes out between Friars, smiling; hands reached to him from the cro* Lord William Howard *and* L Paget *are left alone in church.*
Paget. The nave and aisles all em as a fool's jest!
No, here's Lord William How What, my lord,
You have not gone to see the burni
Howard.
To stand at ease, and stare as show,
And watch a good man burn. N again.
I saw the deaths of Latimer and ley.
Moreover, tho' a Catholic, I would
For the pure honor of our com nature,
Hear what I might — another reca tion
Of Cranmer at the stake.
Paget. You 'd not hear t
He pass'd out smiling, and he wa upright;
His eye was like a soldier's, whom general
He looks to and he leans on as his

rated for some backwardness and
bidden him
ge one against a thousand, and
the man
s his soil'd life against the pikes
and dies.
ward. Yet that he might not after
all those papers
recantation yield again, who
knows?
get. Papers of recantation! Think
you then
Cranmer read all papers that he
sign'd?
gn'd all those they tell us that he
sign'd?
I trow not; and you shall see,
my Lord,
howsoever hero-like the man
in the fire, this Bonner or an-
other
in some lying fashion misreport
nding to the glory of their church.
you saw Latimer and Ridley die?
ner was eighty, was he not? his
best
fe was over then.
ward. His eighty years
'd somewhat crooked on him in
his frieze;
after they had stript him to his
shroud,
tood upright, a lad of twenty-
one,
gather'd with his hands the start-
ing flame,
wash'd his hands and all his face
therein,
the powder suddenly blew him
dead.
y was longer burning; but he
died
anfully and boldly, and, 'fore
God,
w them heretics, but right Eng-
lish ones.
r, as heaven grant, we clash with
Spain,
Ridley-soldiers and our Latimer-
sailors
teach her something.
et. Your mild legate Pole
ell you that the devil helpt them
thro' it.
*murmur of the Crowd in the dis-
tance.*

Hark, how those Roman wolf-dogs
howl and bay him!
Howard. Might it not be the other
side rejoicing
In his brave end?
Paget. They are too crush'd, too
broken,
They can but weep in silence.
Howard. Ay, ay, Paget,
They have brought it in large measure
on themselves.
Have I not heard them mock the
blessed Host
In songs so lewd the beast might roar
his claim
To being in God's image, more than
they?
Have I not seen the gamekeeper, the
groom,
Gardener, and huntsman, in the par-
son's place,
The parson from his own spire swung
out dead,
And Ignorance crying in the streets,
and all men
Regarding her? I say they have drawn
the fire
On their own heads; yet, Paget, I do
hold
The Catholic, if he have the greater
right,
Hath been the crueller.
Paget. Action and reaction,
The miserable see-saw of our child-
world,
Make us despise it at odd hours, my
lord.
Heaven help that this reaction not re-
act
Yet fiercelier under Queen Elizabeth
So that she come to rule us.
Howard. The world 's mad.
Paget. My Lord, the world is like a
drunken man,
Who cannot move straight to his end,
but reels
Now to the right, then as far to the
left,
Push'd by the crowd beside — and un-
derfoot
An earthquake; for since Henry for a
doubt —
Which a young lust had clapt upon
the back,
Crying, 'Forward!' — set our old
church rocking, men

Have hardly known what to believe, or whether
They should believe in anything; the currents
So shift and change, they see not how they are borne,
Nor whither. I conclude the King a beast;
Verily a lion if you will — the world
A most obedient beast and fool — myself
Half beast and fool as appertaining to it;
Altho' your lordship hath as little of each
Cleaving to your original Adam-clay
As may be consonant with mortality.

Howard. We talk and Cranmer suffers.

The kindliest man I ever knew; see, see,
I speak of him in the past. Unhappy land!
Hard-natured Queen, half-Spanish in herself,
And grafted on the hard-grain'd stock of Spain —
Her life, since Philip left her, and she lost
Her fierce desire of bearing him a child,
Hath, like a brief and bitter winter's day,
Gone narrowing down and darkening to a close.
There will be more conspiracies, I fear.

Paget. Ay, ay, beware of France.

Howard. O Paget, Paget!
I have seen heretics of the poorer sort,
Expectant of the rack from day to day,
To whom the fire were welcome, lying chain'd
In breathless dungeons over steaming sewers,
Fed with rank bread that crawl'd upon the tongue,
And putrid water, every drop a worm,
Until they died of rotted limbs; and then
Cast on the dunghill naked, and become
Hideously alive again from head heel,
Made even the carrion-nosing mong vomit
With hate and horror.

Paget. Nay, you sicken
To hear you.

Howard. Fancy-sick; these thi are done,
Done right against the promise of Queen
Twice given.

Paget. No faith with heretics, lord!
Hist! there be two old gossips — pellers,
I take it; stand behind the pillar h
I warrant you they talk about burning.

Enter TWO OLD WOMEN. JOAN, *after her* TIB.

Joan. Why, it be Tib!

Tib. I cum behind tha, gall, could n't make tha hear. Eh, wind and the wet! What a d what a day! nigh upo' judgm daay loike. Pwoaps be pretty thi Joan, but they wunt set i' the Lo cheer o' that daay.

Joan. I must set down myself, it be a var waay vor my owld legs vro' Islip. Eh, my rheumatizy that bad howiver be I to win to burnin'?

Tib. I should saay 't wur ower now. I 'd ha' been here avore, Dumble wur blow'd wi' the w and Dumble 's the best milche Islip.

Joan. Our Daisy 's as good 'z h

Tib. Noa, Joan.

Joan. Our Daisy's butter 's as g 'z hern.

Tib. Noa, Joan.

Joan. Our Daisy's cheeses be bet

Tib. Noa, Joan.

Joan. Eh, then ha' thy waay me, Tib; ez thou hast wi' thy o man.

Tib. Ay, Joan, and my owld wur up and awaay betimes wi' hard eggs for a good pleace at burnin'; and barrin' the wet, H 'ud ha' been a-harrowin' o' w peasen i' the outfield — and barrin' wind, Dumble wur blow'd wi'

l, so 'z we was forced to stick
but we fetched her round at last.
nk the Lord therevore. Dumble 's
est milcher in Islip.
an. Thou 's thy way wi' man and
t, Tib. I wonder at tha, it beats
Eh, but I do know ez Pwoaps
vires be bad things; tell 'ee now,
erd summat as summun towld
mun o' owld Bishop Gardiner's
there wur an owld lord a-cum to
wi' un, and a wur so owld a
d n't bide vor his dinner, but a
to bide howsomiver, vor 'I wunt
' says my Lord Bishop, says he,
till I hears ez Latimer and Ridley
vire;' and so they bided on and
ill vour o' the clock, till his man
in post vro' here, and tells un ez
vire has tuk holt. 'Now,' says
Bishop, says he, 'we 'll gwo to
er;' and the owld lord fell to 's
wi' a will, God bless un! but
liner wur struck down like by
nand o' God avore a could taste a
el, and a set un all a-vire, so 'z
ongue on un cum a-lolluping out
mouth as black as a rat. Thank
Lord therevore!
get. The fools!
b. Ay, Joan; and Queen Mary
es on a-burnin' and a-burnin', to
ier baaby born; but all her burn-
ill never burn out the hypocrisy
makes the water in her. There 's
ht but the vire of God's hell ez
urn out that.
an. Thank the Lord therevore!
get. The fools!
b. A-burnin', and a-burnin', and
kin' o' volk madder and madder;
ek thou my word vor 't, Joan, —
I bean't wrong not twice i' ten
— the burnin' o' the owld arch-
p'll burn the Pwoap out o' this
and vor iver and iver.
ward. Out of the church, you
brace of cursed crones,
will have you duck'd! (*Women hurry out.*) Said I not right?
how should reverend prelate or
throned prince
k for an hour such brute malig-
nity?
what an acrid wine has Luther
brew'd!

Paget. Pooh, pooh, my lord! poor garrulous country-wives.
Buy you their cheeses, and they 'll side with you;
You cannot judge the liquor from the lees.
Howard. I think that in some sort we may. But see,
Enter PETERS.
Peters, my gentleman, an honest Catholic,
Who follow'd with the crowd to Cranmer's fire.
One that would neither misreport nor lie,
Not to gain paradise; no, nor if the Pope
Charged him to do it — he is white as death.
Peters, how pale you look! you bring the smoke
Of Cranmer's burning with you.
Peters. Twice or thrice
The smoke of Cranmer's burning wrapt me round.
Howard. Peters, you know me Catholic, but English.
Did he die bravely? Tell me that, or leave
All else untold.
Peters. My lord, he died most bravely.
Howard. Then tell me all.
Paget. Ay, Master Peters, tell us.
Peters. You saw him how he past among the crowd;
And ever as he walk'd the Spanish friars
Still plied him with entreaty and reproach;
But Cranmer, as the helmsman at the helm
Steers, ever looking to the happy haven
Where he shall rest at night, moved to his death;
And I could see that many silent hands
Came from the crowd and met his own; and thus,
When we had come where Ridley burnt with Latimer,
He, with a cheerful smile, as one whose mind
Is all made up, in haste put off the rags

They had mock'd his misery with, and all in white,
His long white beard, which he had never shaven
Since Henry's death, down-sweeping to the chain
Wherewith they bound him to the stake, he stood
More like an ancient father of the Church
Than heretic of these times; and still the friars
Plied him, but Cranmer only shook his head,
Or answer'd them in smiling negatives;
Whereat Lord Williams gave a sudden cry:—
'Make short! make short!' and so they lit the wood.
Then Cranmer lifted his left hand to heaven,
And thrust his right into the bitter flame;
And crying, in his deep voice, more than once,
'This hath offended—this unworthy hand!'
So held it till it all was burn'd, before
The flame had reach'd his body; I stood near—
Mark'd him—he never uttered moan of pain.
He never stirr'd or writhed, but, like a statue,
Unmoving in the greatness of the flame,
Gave up the ghost; and so past martyr-like—
Martyr I may not call him—past—but whither?

Paget. To purgatory, man, to purgatory.

Peters. Nay, but, my lord, he denied purgatory.

Paget. Why then to heaven, and God ha' mercy on him!

Howard. Paget, despite his fearful heresies,
I loved the man, and needs must moan for him;
O Cranmer!

Paget. But your moan is useless now.
Come out, my lord, it is a world of fools. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V

Scene I. — London. Hall in the Palace

Queen, Sir Nicholas Heath.

Heath. Madam,
I do assure you that it must be look'd to.
Calais is but ill-garrison'd, in Guisnes
Are scarce two hundred men, and the French fleet
Rule in the narrow seas. It must look'd to,
If war should fall between yours and France;
Or you will lose your Calais.

Mary. It shall be look'd
I wish you a good morning, good Nicholas.
Here is the King. [*Exit* Hea

Enter Philip.

Philip. Sir Nicholas tells you tr
And you must look to Calais whe go.

Mary. Go? must you go, ind — again — so soon?
Why, nature's licensed vagabond, swallow,
That might live always in the s warm heart,
Stays longer here in our poor N than you—
Knows where he nested—ever co again.

Philip. And, Madam, so shall

Mary. O, will you? will y
I am faint with fear that you come no more.

Philip. Ay, ay; but many vo call me hence.

Mary. Voices—I hear unha rumors—nay,
I say not, I believe. What vo call you
Dearer than mine that should be d est to you?
Alas, my lord! what voices and many?

Philip. The voices of Castile Aragon,
Granada, Naples, Sicily, and Mila
The voices of Franche-Comté, and Netherlands,
The voices of Peru and Mexico,

is, and Oran, and the Philippines,
l all the fair spice-islands of the East.
Mary (*admiringly*). You are the mightiest monarch upon earth,
t a little Queen ; and so, indeed, you the more.
Philip. A little Queen ! but when me to wed your majesty, Lord Howard,
ding an insolent shot that dash'd the seas
on us, made us lower our kingly flag
yours of England.
Mary. Howard is all English !
re is no king, not were he ten times king,
times our husband, but must lower his flag
that of England in the seas of England.
Philip. Is that your answer ?
Mary. Being Queen of England,
ve none other.
Philip. So.
Mary. But wherefore not
m the huge vessel of your State, my liege,
e by the side of her who loves you most ?
Philip. No, madam, no ! a candle in the sun
l but smoke — a star beside the moon
l but lost ; your people will not crown me —
r people are as cheerless as your clime,
e me and mine ; witness the brawls, the gibbets.
e swings a Spaniard — there an Englishman ;
peoples are unlike as their complexion ;
will I be your swallow and return —
now I cannot bide.
Mary. Not to help *me?*
y hate *me* also for my love to you,
Philip ; and these judgments on the land —
restless autumns, horrible agues, plague —
Philip. The blood and sweat of heretics at the stake
Is God's best dew upon the barren field.
Burn more !
Mary. I will, I will ; and you will stay ?
Philip. Have I not said ? Madam, I came to sue
Your Council and yourself to declare war.
Mary. Sir, there are many English in your ranks
To help your battle.
Philip. So far, good. I say
I came to sue your Council and yourself
To declare war against the King of France.
Mary. Not to see me ?
Philip. Ay, madam, to see you.
Unalterably and pesteringly fond !
[*Aside.*
But soon or late you must have war with France ;
King Henry warms your traitors at his hearth.
Carew is there, and Thomas Stafford there.
Courtenay, belike —
Mary. A fool and featherhead !
Philip. Ay, but they use his name. In brief, this Henry
Stirs up your land against you to the intent
That you may lose your English heritage.
And then, your Scottish namesake marrying
The Dauphin, he would weld France, England, Scotland,
Into one sword to hack at Spain and me.
Mary. And yet the Pope is now colleagued with France ;
You make your wars upon him down in Italy —
Philip, can that be well ?
Philip. Content you, madam ;
You must abide my judgment, and my father's,
Who deems it a most just and holy war.
The Pope would cast the Spaniard out of Naples ;
He calls us worse than Jews, Moors, Saracens.
The Pope has push'd his horns beyond his mitre —

Beyond his province. Now,
Duke Alva will but touch him on the horns,
And he withdraws; and of his holy head —
For Alva is true son of the true Church —
No hair is harm'd. Will you not help me here?
Mary. Alas! the Council will not hear of war.
They say your wars are not the wars of England.
They will not lay more taxes on a land
So hunger-nipt and wretched; and you know
The crown is poor. We have given the church-lands back.
The nobles would not; nay, they clapt their hands
Upon their swords when ask'd; and therefore God
Is hard upon the people. What 's to be done?
Sir, I will move them in your cause again,
And we will raise us loans and subsidies
Among the merchants; and Sir Thomas Gresham
Will aid us. There is Antwerp and the Jews.
Philip. Madam, my thanks.
Mary. And you will stay your going?
Philip. And further to discourage and lay lame
The plots of France, altho' you love her not,
You must proclaim Elizabeth your heir.
She stands between you and the Queen of Scots.
Mary. The Queen of Scots at least is Catholic.
Philip. Ay, madam, Catholic; but I will not have
The King of France the King of England too.
Mary. But she 's a heretic, and, when I am gone,
Brings the new learning back.
Philip. It must be done.
You must proclaim Elizabeth your heir.

Mary. Then it is done; but yo
will stay your going
Somewhat beyond your settled pu
pose?
Philip. No!
Mary. What, not one day?
Philip. You beat upon the roc
Mary. And I am broken there.
Philip. Is this a pla
To wail in, madam? what! a publ
hall?
Go in, I pray you.
Mary. Do not seem so change
Say go; but only say it lovingly.
Philip. You do mistake. I am n
one to change.
I never loved you more.
Mary. Sire, I obey yo
Come quickly.
Philip. Ay. [*Exit* Mar

Enter Count de Feria.

Feria (*aside*). The Queen in tear
Philip. Feri
Hast thou not mark'd — come clos
to mine ear —
How doubly aged this Queen of ou
hath grown
Since she lost hope of bearing us
child?
Feria. Sire, if your Grace ha
mark'd it, so have I.
Philip. Hast thou not likewi
mark'd Elizabeth,
How fair and royal — like a quee
indeed?
Feria. Allow me the same answ
as before —
That if your Grace hath mark'd h
so have I.
Philip. Good, now; methinks n
Queen is like enough
To leave me by and by.
Feria. To leave you, sir
Philip. I mean not like to liv
Elizabeth —
To Philibert of Savoy, as you know
We meant to wed her; but I am n
sure
She will not serve me better — so n
Queen
Would leave me — as — my wife.
Feria. Sire, even s
Philip. She will not have Prin
Philibert of Savoy.
Feria. No, sire.

ilip. I have to pray you, some odd time,
ound the Princess carelessly on this;
as from me, but as your phantasy;
tell me how she takes it.
ria. Sire, I will.
ilip. I am not certain but that Philibert
l be the man; and I shall urge his suit
n the Queen, because I am not certain.
understand, Feria.
ria. Sire, I do.
ilip. And if you be not secret in this matter,
understand me there, too?
ria. Sire, I do.
ilip. You must be sweet and supple, like a Frenchman.
is none of those who loathe the honeycomb.

[*Exit* Feria.

Enter Renard.

nard. My liege, I bring you goodly tidings.
ilip. Well?
nard. There *will* be war with France, at last, my liege;
Thomas Stafford, a bull-headed ass,
ng from France, with thirty Englishmen,
taken Scarboro' Castle, north of York;
laims himself protector, and affirms
Queen has forfeited her right to reign
marriage with an alien — other things
lle; a weak Wyatt! Little doubt buzz will soon be silenced; but the Council —
e talk'd with some already — are for war.
is the fifth conspiracy hatch'd in France;
show their teeth upon it; and your Grace,
ou will take advice of mine, should stay
for a while, to shape and guide the event.
ilip. Good! Renard, I will stay then.

Renard. Also, sire,
Might I not say — to please your wife, the Queen?
Philip. Ay, Renard, if you care to put it so.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A Room in the Palace

Mary, *sitting: a rose in her hand.* Lady Clarence. Alice *in the background.*

Mary. Look! I have play'd with this poor rose so long
I have broken off the head.
Lady Clarence. Your Grace hath been
More merciful to many a rebel head
That should have fallen, and may rise again.
Mary. There were not many hang'd for Wyatt's rising.
Lady Clarence. Nay, not two hundred.
Mary. I could weep for them
And her, and mine own self and all the world.
Lady Clarence. For her? for whom, your Grace?

Enter Usher.

Usher. The Cardinal.

Enter Cardinal Pole (Mary *rises*).

Mary. Reginald Pole, what news hath plagued thy heart?
What makes thy favor like the bloodless head
Fallen on the block, and held up by the hair?
Philip? —
Pole. No, Philip is as warm in life
As ever.
Mary. Ay, and then as cold as ever.
Is Calais taken?
Pole. Cousin, there hath chanced
A sharper harm to England and to Rome
Than Calais taken. Julius the Third
Was ever just, and mild, and father-like;
But this new Pope Caraffa, Paul the Fourth,
Not only reft me of that legateship

Which Julius gave me, and the legateship
Annex'd to Canterbury — nay, but, worse —
And yet I must obey the Holy Father,
And so must you, good cousin; — worse than all,
A passing bell toll'd in a dying ear —
He hath cited me to Rome, for heresy,
Before his Inquisition.
Mary. I knew it, cousin.
But held from you all papers sent by Rome,
That you might rest among us, till the Pope,
To compass which I wrote myself to Rome,
Reversed his doom, and that you might not seem
To disobey his Holiness.
Pole. He hates Philip;
He is all Italian, and he hates the Spaniard;
He cannot dream that *I* advised the war;
He strikes thro' me at Philip and yourself.
Nay, but I know it of old, he hates me too;
So brands me in the stare of Christendom
A heretic!
Now, even now, when bow'd before my time,
The house half-ruin'd ere the lease be out;
When I should guide the Church in peace at home,
After my twenty years of banishment,
And all my lifelong labor to uphold
The primacy — a heretic! Long ago,
When I was ruler in the patrimony,
I was too lenient to the Lutheran,
And I and learned friends among ourselves
Would freely canvass certain Lutheranisms.
What then, he knew I was no Lutheran.
A heretic!
He drew this shaft against me to the head,
When it was thought I might be chosen Pope,
But then withdrew it. In full consistory,
When I was made archbishop, he proved me.
And how should he have sent legate hither,
Deeming me heretic? and what her since?
But he was evermore mine enemy,
And hates the Spaniard — fiery-cheeric,
A drinker of black, strong, volca wines,
That ever make him fierier. I, a he tic?
Your Highness knows that in pur ing heresy
I have gone beyond your late L Chancellor, —
He cried 'Enough! enough!' bef his death, —
Gone beyond him and mine own na ral man —
It was God's cause — so far they me now
The scourge and butcher of their E lish church.
Mary. Have courage, your rew is heaven itself.
Pole. They groan amen; they sw into the fire
Like flies — for what? no dog They know nothing;
They burn for nothing.
Mary. You have done y best.
Pole. Have done my best, and faithful son,
That all day long hath wrought father's work,
When back he comes at evening l the door
Shut on him by the father whom loved,
His early follies cast into his teeth
And the poor son turn'd out into street
To sleep, to die — I shall die of it, sin.
Mary. I pray you be not so disc solate;
I still will do mine utmost with Pope.
Poor cousin!
Have not I been the fast friend of y life
Since mine began, and it was thou we two

t make one flesh, and cleave unto
each other
an and wife?
le. Ah, cousin, I remember
I would dandle you upon my
knee
sping-age. I watch'd you dancing
once
your huge father; he look'd the
Great Harry,
but his cockboat; prettily you did
it,
innocently. No — we were not
made
flesh in happiness, no happiness
here;
now we are made one flesh in mis-
ery;
bridesmaids are not lovely — Dis-
appointment,
titude, Injustice, Evil-tongue,
r-in-vain.
ry. Surely, not all in vain.
e, cousin, peace! I am sad at
heart myself.
le. Our altar is a mound of dead
men's clay,
from the grave that yawns for us
beyond;
there is one Death stands behind
the groom,
there is one Death stands behind
the bride —
ry. Have you been looking at the
'Dance of Death'?
e. No; but these libellous papers
which I found
n in your palace. Look you here
— the Pope
ing at me with 'Pole, the her-
etic,
hast burnt others, do thou burn
thyself,
will burn thee;' and this other;
see! —
pray continually for the death
r accursed Queen and Cardinal
Pole.'
last — I dare not read it her.
[*Aside.*
ry. Away!
do you bring me these?
ight you knew me better. I never
read,
them; they come back upon my
dreams.

The hands that write them should be
burnt clean off
As Cranmer's, and the fiends that utter
them
Tongue-torn with pincers, lash'd to
death, or lie
Famishing in black cells, while fam
ish'd rats
Eat them alive. Why do they bring
me these?
Do you mean to drive me mad?
Pole. I had forgotten
How these poor libels trouble you.
Your pardon,
Sweet cousin, and farewell! 'O bub-
ble world,
Whose colors in a moment break and
fly!'
Why, who said that? I know not —
true enough!
[*Puts up the papers, all but the
last, which falls. Exit* Pole.
Alice. If Cranmer's spirit were a
mocking one,
And heard these two, there might be
sport for him. [*Aside.*
Mary. Clarence, they hate me; even
while I speak
There lurks a silent dagger, listening
In some dark closet, some long gal-
lery, drawn,
And panting for my blood as I go by.
Lady Clarence. Nay, madam, there
be loyal papers too,
And I have often found them.
Mary. Find me one!
Lady Clarence. Ay, madam: but
Sir Nicholas Heath, the Chan-
cellor,
Would see your Highness.
Mary. Wherefore should I see him?
Lady Clarence. Well, Madam, he
may bring you news from
Philip.
Mary. So, Clarence.
Lady Clarence. Let me first put up
your hair;
It tumbles all abroad.
Mary. And the gray dawn
Of an old age that never will be mine
Is all the clearer seen. No, no; what
matters?
Forlorn I am, and let me look forlorn.
Enter Sir Nicholas Heath.
Heath. I bring your Majesty such
grievous news

I grieve to bring it. Madam, Calais is taken.
Mary. What traitor spoke? Here, let my cousin Pole
Seize him and burn him for a Lutheran.
Heath. Her Highness is unwell. I will retire.
Lady Clarence. Madam, your Chancellor, Sir Nicholas Heath.
Mary. Sir Nicholas! I am stunn'd — Nicholas Heath?
Methought some traitor smote me on the head.
What said you, my good lord, that our brave English
Had sallied out from Calais and driven back
The Frenchmen from their trenches?
Heath. Alas! no.
That gateway to the mainland over which
Our flag hath floated for two hundred years
Is France again.
Mary. So; but it is not lost —
Not yet. Send out; let England as of old
Rise lionlike, strike hard and deep into
The prey they are rending from her — ay, and rend
The renders too. Send out, send out, and make
Musters in all the counties; gather all
From sixteen years to sixty; collect the fleet;
Let every craft that carries sail and gun
Steer toward Calais. Guisnes is not taken yet?
Heath. Guisnes is not taken yet.
Mary. There yet is hope.
Heath. Ah, madam, but your people are so cold;
I do much fear that England will not care.
Methinks there is no manhood left among us.
Mary. Send out; I am too weak to stir abroad.
Tell my mind to the Council — to the Parliament;
Proclaim it to the winds. Thou art cold thyself
To babble of their coldness. O, would I were
My father for an hour! Away now quick! [*Exit* Hea
I hoped I had served God with all might!
It seems I have not. Ah! much here
Shelter'd in Calais. Saints, I have built
Your shrines, set up your broken ages;
Be comfortable to me. Suffer not
That my brief reign in England defamed
Thro' all her angry chronicles hereaf
By loss of Calais. Grant me Cala Philip,
We have made war upon the H Father
All for your sake. What good co come of that?
Lady Clarence. No, Madam, against the Holy Father;
You did but help King Philip's with France,
Your troops were never down in Ita
Mary. I am a byword. Heretic rebel
Point at me and make merry. Phi gone!
And Calais gone! Time that I w gone too!
Lady Clarence. Nay, if the fe gutter had a voice
And cried I was not clean, what sho I care?
Or you, for heretic cries? And I lieve,
Spite of your melancholy Sir Nicho
Your England is as loyal as mysel
Mary (*seeing the paper dropt by* Po There! there! another pap Said you not
Many of these were loyal? Shall I
If this be one of such?
Lady Clarence. Let it be, let it
God pardon me! I have never found one. [*As*
Mary (*reads*). 'Your people h you as your husband hates y
Clarence, Clarence, what have I do what sin
Beyond all grace, all pardon? ther of God,
Thou knowest never woman mean well,
And fared so ill in this disastr world.

people hate me and desire my death.
dy Clarence. No, madam, no.
ry. My husband hates me, and desires my death.
dy Clarence. No, madam; these are libels.
ry. I hate myself, and I desire my death.
dy Clarence. Long live your Majesty! Shall Alice sing you of her pleasant songs? Alice, my child,
g us your lute (Alice *goes*). They say the gloom of Saul
lighten'd by young David's harp.
ry. Too young! never knew a Philip.
Re-enter ALICE.
Give *me* the lute.
ates me!
(*She sings.*)
ss doom of woman happy in betrothing!
y passes like a breath, and love is lost in loathing.
my lute; speak low, my lute, but say the world is nothing—
Low, lute, low!
will hover round the flowers when they first awaken;
will fly the fallen leaf, and not be overtaken.
my lute! O, low, my lute! we fade and are forsaken—
Low, dear lute, low!
it away! not low enough for me!
ice. Your Grace hath a low voice.
ry. How dare you say it? for that he hates me. A low voice
in a wilderness where none can hear!
ice of shipwreck on a shoreless sea!
w voice from the dust and from the grave!
ng on the ground.) There, am I low enough now?
ice. Good Lord! how grim and ghastly looks her Grace,
both her knees drawn upward to her chin.
e was an old-world tomb beside my father's,
And this was open'd, and the dead were found
Sitting, and in this fashion; she looks a corpse.
Enter LADY MAGDALEN DACRES.
Lady Magdalen. Madam, the Count de Feria waits without,
In hopes to see your Highness.
Lady Clarence (*pointing to* Mary). Wait he must—
Her trance again. She neither sees nor hears,
And may not speak for hours.
Lady Magdalen. Unhappiest Of queens and wives and women!
Alice (*in the foreground with* Lady Magdalen). And all along Of Philip.
Lady Magdalen. Not so loud! Our Clarence there
Sees ever such an aureole round the Queen,
It gilds the greatest wronger of her peace,
Who stands the nearest to her.
Alice. Ay, this Philip;
I used to love the Queen with all my heart—
God help me, but methinks I love her less
For such a dotage upon such a man.
I would I were as tall and strong as you.
Lady Magdalen. I seem half-shamed at times to be so tall.
Alice. You are the stateliest deer in all the herd—
Beyond his aim—but I am small and scandalous,
And love to hear bad tales of Philip.
Lady Magdalen. Why? I never heard him utter worse of you
Than that you were low-statured.
Alice. Does he think Low stature is low nature, or all women's
Low as his own?
Lady Magdalen. There you strike in the nail.
This coarseness is a want of phantasy.
It is the low man thinks the woman low;
Sin is too dull to see beyond himself.
Alice. Ah, Magdalen, sin is bold as well as dull.
How dared he?

Lady Magdalen. Stupid soldiers oft are bold.
Poor lads, they see not what the general sees,
A risk of utter ruin. I am *not*
Beyond his aim, or was not.
Alice. Who? Not you?
Tell, tell me; save my credit with myself.
Lady Magdalen. I never breathed it to a bird in the eaves,
Would not for all the stars and maiden moon
Our drooping Queen should know! In Hampton Court
My window look'd upon the corridor;
And I was robing; this poor throat of mine
Barer than I should wish a man to see it —
When he we speak of drove the window back,
And, like a thief, push'd in his royal hand;
But by God's providence a good stout staff
Lay near me, and you know me strong of arm.
I do believe I lamed his Majesty's
For a day or two, tho', give the devil his due,
I never found he bore me any spite.
Alice. I would she could have wedded that poor youth,
My Lord of Devon, — light enough, God knows,
And mixt with Wyatt's rising, — and the boy
Not out of him — but neither cold, coarse, cruel,
And more than all — no Spaniard.
Lady Clarence. Not so loud.
Lord Devon, girls! what are you whispering here?
Alice. Probing an old state-secret — how it chanced
That this young earl was sent on foreign travel,
Not lost his head.
Lady Clarence. There was no proof against him.
Alice. Nay, madam; did not Gardiner intercept
A letter which the Count de Noailles wrote
To that dead traitor Wyatt, with f
proof
Of Courtenay's treason? What
came of that?
Lady Clarence. Some say that G
diner, out of love for him,
Burnt it, and some relate that it w
lost
When Wyatt sack'd the Chancell
house in Southwark.
Let dead things rest.
Alice. Ay, and with him who d
Alone in Italy.
Lady Clarence. Much changed
hear,
Had put off levity and put graven
on.
The foreign courts report him in
manner
Noble as his young person and an
shield.
It might be so — but all is over no
He caught a chill in the lagoons
Venice,
And died in Padua.
Mary (*looking up suddenly*). D
in the true faith?
Lady Clarence. Ay, madam, happ
Mary. Happier he tha
Lady Magdalen. It seems her Hi
ness hath awaken'd. Th
you
That I might dare to tell her that
count —
Mary. I will see no man hence
evermore,
Saving my confessor and my cou
Pole.
Lady Magdalen. It is the Count
Feria, my dear lady.
Mary. What count?
Lady Magdalen. The Count
Feria, from his Majesty
King Philip.
Mary. Philip! quick! loop up
hair!
Throw cushions on that seat, and m
it thronelike.
Arrange my dress — the gorgeous
dian shawl
That Philip brought me in our ha
days! —
That covers all. So — am I so
what queenlike,
Bride of the mightiest sovereign u
earth?

dy Clarence. Ay, so your Grace would bide a moment yet.
ry. No, no, he brings a letter. I may die
re I read it. Let me see him at once.
nter COUNT DE FERIA (*kneels*).
ria. I trust your Grace is well,
(*Aside.*) How her hand burns!
ry. I am not well, but it will better me,
Count, to read the letter which you bring.
ria. Madam, I bring no letter.
ry. How! no letter?
ria. His Highness is so vex'd with strange affairs—
ry. That his own wife is no affair of his.
ria. Nay, madam, nay! he sends his veriest love,
says he will come quickly.
ry. Doth he, indeed?
sir, do *you* remember what *you* said
n last you came to England?
ria. Madam, I brought
King's congratulations; it was hoped
Highness was once more in happy state
ive him an heir male.
ry. Sir, you said more;
said he would come quickly. I had horses
ll the road from Dover, day and night;
ll the road from Harwich, night and day;
the child came not, and the husband came not;
yet he will come quickly. — Thou hast learnt
lesson, and I mine. There is no need
Philip so to shame himself again.
rn,
tell him that I know he comes no more.
him at last I know his love is dead,
that I am in state to bring forth death —
art commission'd to Elizabeth, not to me!

Feria. Mere compliments and wishes.
But shall I take some message from your Grace?
Mary. Tell her to come and close my dying eyes,
And wear my crown, and dance upon my grave.
Feria. Then I may say your Grace will see your sister?
Your Grace is too low-spirited. Air and sunshine.
I would we had you, madam, in our warm Spain.
You droop in your dim London.
Mary. Have him away!
I sicken of his readiness.
Lady Clarence. My Lord Count,
Her Highness is too ill for colloquy.
Feria (*kneels and kisses her hand*). I wish her Highness better. (*Aside.*) How her hand burns!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

A HOUSE NEAR LONDON

ELIZABETH, STEWARD OF THE HOUSEHOLD, ATTENDANTS.

Elizabeth. There 's half an angel wrong'd in your account;
Methinks I am all angel, that I bear it
Without more ruffling. Cast it o'er again.
Steward. I were whole devil if I wrong'd you, madam.
[*Exit* Steward.
Attendant. The Count de Feria, from the King of Spain.
Elizabeth. Ah! — let him enter. Nay, you need not go:
[*To her* Ladies
Remain within the chamber, but apart.
We 'll have no private conference. Welcome to England!
Enter FERIA.
Feria. Fair island star!
Elizabeth. I shine! What else, Sir Count?
Feria. As far as France, and into Philip's heart.
My King would know if you be fairly served,
And lodged, and treated.

Elizabeth. You see the lodging, sir. I am well-served, and am in everything
Most loyal and most grateful to the Queen.
Feria. You should be grateful to my master, too.
He spoke of this; and unto him you owe
That Mary hath acknowledged you her heir.
Elizabeth. No, not to her nor him; but to the people,
Who know my right, and love me, as I love
The people! whom God aid!
Feria. You will be Queen,
And, were I Philip—
Elizabeth. Wherefore pause you—what?
Feria. Nay, but I speak from mine own self, not him.
Your royal sister cannot last; your hand
Will be much coveted! What a delicate one!
Our Spanish ladies have none such—and there,
Were you in Spain, this fine fair gossamer gold—
Like sun-gilt breathings on a frosty dawn—
That hovers round your shoulder—
Elizabeth. Is it so fine?
Troth, some have said so.
Feria. —would be deemed a miracle.
Elizabeth. Your Philip hath gold hair and golden beard;
There must be ladies many with hair like mine.
Feria. Some few of Gothic blood have golden hair,
But none like yours.
Elizabeth. I am happy you approve it.
Feria. But as to Philip and your Grace,—consider,—
If such a one as you should match with Spain,
What hinders but that Spain and England join'd
Should make the mightiest empire earth has known.
Spain would be England on her seas, and England
Mistress of the Indies.
Elizabeth. It may chance that E land
Will be the Mistress of the Ind yet,
Without the help of Spain.
Feria. Impossib
Except you put Spain down.
Wide of the mark even for a m man's dream.
Elizabeth. Perhaps; but we h seamen. Count de Feria,
I take it that the King hath spol to you;
But is Don Carlos such a goo match?
Feria. Don Carlos, Madam, is twelve years old.
Elizabeth. Ay, tell the King tha will muse upon it;
He is my good friend, and I wo keep him so;
But—he would have me Catholic Rome,
And that I scarce can be; and, sir, now
My sister's marriage, and my fath marriages,
Make me full fain to live and di maid.
But I am much beholden to your Ki
Have you aught else to tell me?
Feria. Nothing, mad
Save that methought I gather'd f the Queen
That she would see your Grace be she—died.
Elizabeth. God's death! and wh fore spake you not before?
We dally with our lazy moments h
And hers are number'd. Horses th without!
I am much beholden to the Ki your master.
Why did you keep me prati Horses, there!
[*Exit* Elizabeth,
Feria. So from a clear sky falls thunderbolt!
Don Carlos? Madam, if you ma Philip,
Then I and he will snaffle your 'G death,'
And break your paces in, and m you tame.
God's death, forsooth—you do know King Philip! [*E*

QUEEN ELIZABETH

SCENE IV

DON. BEFORE THE PALACE

burning within. Voices *of the night passing.*

. Is not yon light in the Queen's chamber?
d. Ay,
ay she 's dying.
. So is Cardinal Pole.
e great angels join their wings, nd make
for their heads to heaven!
d. Amen. Come on.
[*Exeunt.*

TWO OTHERS.

First. There 's the Queen's light. I hear she cannot live.
Second. God curse her and her legate! Gardiner burns
Already; but to pay them full in kind,
The hottest hold in all the devil's den
Were but a sort of winter. Sir, in Guernsey,
I watch'd a woman burn; and in her agony
The mother came upon her — a child was born —
And, sir, they hurl'd it back into the fire,
That, being but baptized in fire, the babe

Might be in fire for ever. Ah, good neighbor,
There should be something fierier than fire
To yield them their deserts.
First. Amen to all
Your wish, and further!
A Third Voice. Deserts! Amen to what? Whose deserts? Yours? You have a gold ring on your finger, and soft raiment about your body; and is not the woman up yonder sleeping after all she has done, in peace and quietness, on a soft bed, in a closed room, with light, fire, physic, tendance; and I have seen the true men of Christ lying famine-dead by scores, and under no ceiling but the cloud that wept on them, not for them.
First. Friend, tho' so late, it is not safe to preach.
You had best go home. What are you?
Third. What am I? One who cries continually with sweat and tears to the Lord God that it would please Him out of His infinite love to break down all kingship and queenship, all priesthood and prelacy; to cancel and abolish all bonds of human allegiance, all the magistracy, all the nobles, and all the wealthy; and to send us again, according to His promise, the one King, the Christ, and all things in common, as in the day of the first church, when Christ Jesus was King.
First. If ever I heard a madman, — let 's away!
Why, you long-winded — Sir, you go beyond me.
I pride myself on being moderate.
Good night! Go home! Besides, you curse so loud,
The watch will hear you. Get you home at once. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

London. A Room in the Palace

A Gallery on one side. The moonlight streaming through a range of windows on the wall opposite. Mary, Lady Clarence, Lady Magdalen [illegible] cres, Alice. Queen *pacing Gallery. A writing-table in fr* Queen *comes to the table and wr and goes again, pacing the Galle*

Lady Clarence. Mine eyes are di what hath she written? rea
Alice. 'I am dying, Philip; co to me.'
Lady Magdalen. There — up down, poor lady, up and do
Alice. And how her shadow cro one by one
The moonlight casements pattern'd the wall,
Following her like her sorrow! turns again.
[Queen *sits and writes, and again.*
Lady Clarence. What hath she w ten now?
Alice. Nothing; but 'come, co come,' and all awry,
And blotted by her tears. This not last. [Queen *retu*
Mary. I whistle to the bird broken cage,
And all in vain. [*Sitting do*
Calais gone — Guisnes gone, too — Philip gone!
Lady Clarence. Dear mad Philip is but at the wars;
I cannot doubt but that he co again;
And he is with you in a measure s
I never look'd upon so fair a liken
As your great King in armor th his hand
Upon his helmet.
[*Pointing to the portrait* Philip *on the wall.*
Mary. Doth he not look no
I had heard of him in battle over s
And I would have my warrior a arms.
He said it was not courtly to st helmeted
Before the Queen. He had his cious moment,
Altho' you 'll not believe me. he smiles
As if he loved me yet!
Lady Clarence. And so he d
Mary. He never loved me — he could not love me.

as his father's policy against France.
eleven years older than he,
boy! [*Weeps.*
ce. That was a lusty boy of twenty-seven; [*Aside.*
enough in God's grace!
ry. And all in vain!
Queen of Scots is married to the Dauphin,
Charles, the lord of this low world, is gone;
all his wars and wisdoms past away;
in a moment I shall follow him.
ly Clarence. Nay, dearest lady, see your good physician.
ry. Drugs — but he knows they cannot help me — says
rest is all — tells me I must not think —
I must rest — I shall rest by and by.
the wild cat, cage him, and when he springs
naims himself against the bars, say 'rest.'
you must kill him if you would have him rest —
or alive, you cannot make him happy.
ly Clarence. Your Majesty has lived so pure a life,
lone such mighty things by Holy Church,
t that God will make you happy yet.
ry. What is the strange thing happiness? Sit down here.
ıe thine happiest hour.
ly Clarence. I will, if that nake your Grace forget yourself a little.
runs a shallow brook across our field
wenty miles, where the black crow flies five,
oth so bound and babble all the way
itself were happy. It was May-time,
was walking with the man I loved.
d him, but I thought I was not loved.

And both were silent, letting the wild brook
Speak for us — till he stoop'd and gather'd one
From out a bed of thick forget-me-nots,
Look'd hard and sweet at me, and gave it me.
I took it, tho' I did not know I took it,
And put it in my bosom, and all at once
I felt his arms about me, and his lips —
Mary. O God! I have been too slack, too slack;
There are Hot Gospellers even among our guards —
Nobles we dared not touch. We have but burnt
The heretic priest, workmen, and women and children.
Wet, famine, ague, fever, storm, wreck, wrath, —
We have so play'd the coward; but by God's grace,
We'll follow Philip's leading, and set up
The Holy Office here — garner the wheat,
And burn the tares with unquenchable fire!
Burn! —
Fie, what a savor! tell the cooks to close
The doors of all the offices below.
Latimer!
Sir, we are private with our women here —
Ever a rough, blunt, and uncourtly fellow —
Thou light a torch that never will go out!
'T is out — mine flames. Women, the Holy Father
Has ta'en the legateship from our cousin Pole —
Was that well done? and poor Pole pines of it,
As I do, to the death. I am but a woman,
I have no power. — Ah, weak and meek old man,
Sevenfold dishonor'd even in the sight
Of thine own sectaries — No, no. No pardon! —

Why, that was false; there is the right hand still
Beckons me hence.
Sir, you were burnt for heresy, not for treason,
Remember that! 't was I and Bonner did it,
And Pole; we are three to one — Have you found mercy there,
Grant it me here — and see, he smiles and goes,
Gentle as in life.
Alice. Madam, who goes? King Philip?
Mary. No, Philip comes and goes, but never goes.
Women, when I am dead,
Open my heart, and there you will find written
Two names, Philip and Calais; open his, —
So that he have one, —
You will find Philip only, policy, policy, —
Ay, worse than that — not one hour true to me!
Foul maggots crawling in a fester'd vice!
Adulterous to the very heart of hell!
Hast thou a knife?
Alice. Ay, madam, but o' God's mercy —
Mary. Fool, think'st thou I would peril mine own soul
By slaughter of the body? I could not, girl,
Not this way — callous with a constant stripe,
Unwoundable. The knife!
Alice. Take heed, take heed!
The blade is keen as death.
Mary. This Philip shall not
Stare in upon me in my haggardness;
Old, miserable, diseased,
Incapable of children. Come thou down.
[*Cuts out the picture and throws it down.*
Lie there. (*Wails.*) O God, I have kill'd my Philip!
Alice. No,
Madam, you have but cut the canvas out;
We can replace it.

Mary. All is well then; re
I will to rest; he said I must have
[*Cries of* 'Elizabeth' *in the st*
A cry! What's that? Elizabeth
volt?
A new Northumberland, another
att?
I'll fight it on the threshold of grave.
Lady Clarence. Madam, your
sister comes to see you.
Mary. I will not see her.
Who knows if Boleyn's daughte
my sister?
I will see none except the p
Your arm. [*To* Lady Clar
O Saint of Aragon, with that s
worn smile
Among thy patient wrinkles —
me hence. [*Ex*
The PRIEST *passes.* *Enter* ELIZA
and SIR WILLIAM CECIL.
Elizabeth. Good counsel you
No one in waiting? still,
As if the chamberlain were
himself!
The room she sleeps in — is not
the way?
No, that way there are voices.
too late?
Cecil . . . God guide me lest
the way! [*Exit* Eliza
Cecil. Many points weather'd,
perilous ones,
At last a harbor opens; but there
Sunk rocks — they need fine ste
— much it is
To be nor mad nor bigot — h
mind —
Nor let priests' talk, or drea
worlds to be,
Miscolor things about her — s
touches
For him, or him — sunk rocks
passionate faith —
But — if let be — balance and
promise;
Brave, wary, sane to the heart o
— a Tudor
School'd by the shadow of deat
Boleyn, too,
Glancing across the Tudor — n
well.
Enter ALICE.
How is the good Queen now?
Alice. Away from P

in her childhood — prattling to her mother
er betrothal to the Emperor Charles,
childlike-jealous of him again — and once
ank'd her father sweetly for his book
st that godless German. Ah, those days
happy. It was never merry world
ngland since the Bible came among us.
il. And who says that?
ce. It is a saying among the Catholics.
il. It never will be merry world in England
Till all men have their Bible, rich and poor.
Alice. The Queen is dying, or you dare not say it.

Enter ELIZABETH.

Elizabeth. The Queen is dead.
Cecil. Then here she stands! my homage.
Elizabeth. She knew me, and acknowledged me her heir,
Pray'd me to pay her debts, and keep the Faith;
Then clasp the cross, and pass'd away in peace.
I left her lying still and beautiful,
More beautiful than in life. Why would you vex yourself,
Poor sister? Sir, I swear I have no heart

SIR WILLIAM CECIL

To be your Queen. To reign is restless fence,
Tierce, quart, and trickery. Peace is with the dead.
Her life was winter, for her spring was nipt;
And she loved much: pray God she be forgiven!

Cecil. Peace with the dead, who never were at peace!
Yet she loved one so much — I needs must say —
That never English monarch dying left
England so little.

Elizabeth. But with Cecil's
And others, if our person be secu
From traitor stabs — we will n
England great.

Enter PAGET, *and other* LORDS THE COUNCIL, SIR RALPH BA HALL, *etc.*

Lords. God save Elizabeth, Queen of England!
Bagenhall. God save the Cr the Papacy is no more.
Paget (*aside*). Are we so sur that?
Acclamation. God save the Qu

Lord Lytton

HAROLD

A DRAMA

To His Excellency

THE RIGHT HON. LORD LYTTON,

Viceroy and Governor-General of India.

DEAR Lord Lytton, — After old-world records — such as the Bayeux tapestry Roman de Rou, — Edward Freeman's History of the Norman Conquest, and your Historical Romance treating of the same times, have been mainly helpful to me ng this Drama. Your father dedicated his 'Harold' to my father's brother; al- to dedicate my 'Harold' to yourself.

A. Tennyson.

SHOW-DAY AT BATTLE ABBEY, 1876

A garden here — May breath and bloom of spring —
The cuckoo yonder from an English elm
Crying, 'With my false egg I overwhelm
The native nest;' and fancy hears the ring

Of harness, and that deathful arrow sing,
And Saxon battle-axe clang on Norman helm.
Here rose the dragon-banner of our realm;
Here fought, here fell, our Norman-slander'd king.
O Garden blossoming out of English blood!
O strange hate-healer Time! We stroll and stare
Where might made right eight hundred years ago;
Might, right? ay, good, so all things make for good—
But he and he, if soul be soul, are where
Each stands full face with all he did below.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.
STIGAND, *created Archbishop of Canterbury by the Antipope Benedict.*
ALDRED, *Archbishop of York.*
THE NORMAN BISHOP OF LONDON.
HAROLD, *Earl of Wessex, afterwards King of England* } *Sons of Godwin.*
TOSTIG, *Earl of Northumbria* }
GURTH, *Earl of East Anglia* }
LEOFWIN, *Earl of Kent and Essex* }
WULFNOTH }
COUNT WILLIAM OF NORMANDY.
WILLIAM RUFUS.
WILLIAM MALET, *a Norman Noble.*[1]
EDWIN, *Earl of Mercia* } *Sons of Alfgar of Mercia.*
MORCAR, *Earl of Northumbria after Tostig* }
GAMEL, *a Northumbrian Thane.*
GUY, *Count of Ponthieu.*
ROLF, *a Ponthieu Fisherman.*
HUGH MARGOT, *a Norman Monk.*
OSGOD *and* ATHELRIC, *Canons from Waltham.*
THE QUEEN, *Edward the Confessor's Wife, Daughter of Godwin.*
ALDWYTH, *Daughter of Alfgar and widow of Griffyth, King of Wales.*
EDITH, *Ward of King Edward.*

Courtiers, Earls and Thanes, Men-at-Arms, Canons of Waltham, Fishermen, et

HAROLD

ACT I

SCENE I. — LONDON. THE KING'S PALACE

(*A comet seen through the open window.*)

ALDWYTH, GAMEL, COURTIERS *talking together.*

First Courtier. Lo! there once more
— this is the seventh night!
Yon grimly-glaring, treble-brandish'd scourge
Of England!
Second Courtier. Horrible!
First Courtier. Look you, ther
star
That dances in it as mad with ag
Third Courtier. Ay, like a spir
hell who skips and flies
To right and left, and cannot scap
flame.
Second Courtier. Steam'd up
from the undescendible
Abysm.
First Courtier. Or floated down
from the throne
Of God Almighty.
Aldwyth. Gamel, son of
What thinkest thou this means?
Gamel. War, my dear l
Aldwyth. Doth this affright the
Gamel. Mightily, my dear l

[1] . . . quidam partim Normannus et Anglus
Compater Heraldi. (*Guy of Amiens*, 587.)

wyth. Stand by me then, and look upon my face,
n the comet.

Enter MORCAR.

Brother! why so pale?
ear. It glares in heaven, it flares upon the Thames,
eople are as thick as bees below, hum like bees, — they cannot speak — for awe;
to the skies, then to the river, strike
hearts, and hold their babies up to it.
k that they would Molochize them too,
ve the heavens clear.
wyth. They fright not me.
r LEOFWIN, *after him* GURTH.
ou Lord Leofwin what he thinks of this!
ear. Lord Leofwin, dost thou believe that these
rods of blood-red fire up yonder mean
oom of England and the wrath of Heaven?
op of London (passing). Did ye not cast with bestial violence
oly Norman bishops down from all
thrones in England? I alone remain.
should not Heaven be wroth?
win. With us, or thee?
op of London. Did ye not outlaw your archbishop Robert,
t of Jumièges — well-nigh murder him too?
re no reason for the wrath of Heaven?
win. Why, then the wrath of Heaven hath three tails,
vil only one.
[*Exit* Bishop of London.
nter ARCHBISHOP STIGAND.
Ask *our* archbishop.
d should know the purposes of Heaven.
nd. Not I. I cannot read the face of heaven;
s our vines will grow the better for it.
win (laughing). He can but read the King's face on his coins.

Stigand. Ay, ay, young lord, *there* the King's face is power.
Gurth. O father, mock not at a public fear,
But tell us, is this pendent hell in heaven
A harm to England?
Stigand. Ask it of King Edward!
And he may tell thee I am a harm to England.
Old uncanonical Stigand — ask of *me*
Who had my pallium from an Antipope!
Not he the man — for in our windy world
What 's up is faith, what 's down is heresy.
Our friends, the Normans, holp to shake his chair.
I have a Norman fever on me, son,
And cannot answer sanely. — What it means?
Ask our broad earl.
[*Pointing to* Harold, *who enters.*
Harold (seeing Gamel). Hail, Gamel, son of Orm!
Albeit no rolling stone, my good friend Gamel,
Thou hast rounded since we met. Thy life at home
Is easier than mine here. Look! am I not
Work-wan, flesh-fallen?
Gamel. Art thou sick, good earl?
Harold. Sick as an autumn swallow for a voyage,
Sick for an idle week of hawk and hound
Beyond the seas — a change! When camest thou hither?
Gamel. To-day, good earl.
Harold. Is the North quiet, Gamel?
Gamel. Nay, there be murmurs, for thy brother breaks us
With over-taxing — quiet, ay, as yet — Nothing as yet.
Harold. Stand by him, mine old friend,
Thou art a great voice in Northumberland!
Advise him; speak him sweetly, he will hear thee.
He is passionate, but honest. Stand thou by him!
More talk of this to-morrow, if yon weird sign

Not blast us in our dreams. — Well, father Stigand —
[*To* Stigand, *who advances to him.*
Stigand (*pointing to the comet*). War there, my son? is that the doom of England?
Harold. Why not the doom of all the world as well?
For all the world sees it as well as England.
These meteors came and went before our day,
Not harming any; it threatens us no more
Than French or Norman. War? the worst that follows
Things that seem jerk'd out of the common rut
Of Nature is the hot religious fool,
Who, seeing war in heaven, for heaven's credit
Makes it on earth — but look, where Edward draws
A faint foot hither, leaning upon Tostig.
He hath learnt to love our Tostig much of late.
Leofwin. And *he* hath learnt, despite the tiger in him,
To sleek and supple himself to the King's hand.
Gurth. I trust the kingly touch that cures the evil
May serve to charm the tiger out of him.
Leofwin. He hath as much of cat as tiger in him.
Our Tostig loves the hand and not the man.
Harold. Nay! Better die than lie!
Enter KING, QUEEN, *and* TOSTIG.
Edward. In heaven signs! Signs upon earth! signs everywhere! your priests
Gross, worldly, simoniacal, unlearn'd!
They scarce can read their Psalter; and your churches
Uncouth, unhandsome, while in Normanland
God speaks thro' abler voices, as He dwells
In statelier shrines. I say not this, as being
Half Norman-blooded, nor, as some have held,
Because I love the Norman bette no,
But dreading God's revenge upon realm
For narrowness and coldness; a say it
For the last time perchance, before
To find the sweet refreshment of Saints.
I have lived a life of utter purity
I have builded the great church Holy Peter;
I have wrought miracles — to God glory! —
And miracles will in my name wrought
Hereafter. — I have fought the f and go —
I see the flashing of the gate pearl —
And it is well with me, tho' som you
Have scorn'd me — ay — but aft am gone
Woe, woe to England! I have h vision;
The Seven Sleepers in the cav Ephesus
Have turn'd from right to left.
Harold. My most dear ma
What matters? let them turn left to right
And sleep again.
Tostig. Too hardy with thy K
A life of prayer and fasting well see
Deeper into the mysteries of heav
Than thou, good brother.
Aldwyth (*aside*). Sees he into t
That thou wouldst have his pro for the crown?
Edward. Tostig says true; my thou art too hard,
Not stagger'd by this ominous and heaven;
But heaven and earth are threa the same loom,
Play into one another, and weav web
That may confound thee yet.
Harold. Nay, I trust
For I have served thee long and estly.
Edward. I know it, son; I an thankless; thou

roken all my foes, lighten'd for
ne
eight of this poor crown, and
eft me time
ace for prayer to gain a better
one.
e years of service! England
oves thee for it.
rt the man to rule her! /
yth (*aside*). So, not Tostig!
ld. And after those twelve
years a boon, my King,
e, a holiday, — thyself wast
wont
e the chase, — thy leave to set
my feet
rd, and hunt and hawk beyond
he seas!
rd. What, with this flaming
horror overhead?
ld. Well, when it passes then.
rd. Ay, if it pass.
to Normandy — go not to Nor-
mandy.
ld. And wherefore not, my
King, to Normandy?
my brother Wulfnoth hostage
here
dead father's loyalty to thee?
thee, let me hence and bring
him home.
rd. Not thee, my son; some
other messenger.
ld. And why not me, my lord,
to Normandy?
the Norman Count thy friend
and mine?
rd. I pray thee, do not go to
Normandy.
ld. Because my father drove
the Normans out
gland? — That was many a
summer gone —
ten and forgiven by them and
thee.
rd. Harold, I will not yield
thee leave to go.
ld. Why, then to Flanders. I
will hawk and hunt
nders.
rd. Be there not fair woods
and fields
gland? Wilful, wilful! Go —
he Saints
nd prosper all thy wandering
out

And homeward! — Tostig, I am faint again.—
Son Harold, I will in and pray for thee.

[*Exit, leaning on* Tostig, *and followed by* Stigand, Morcar, *and* Courtiers.

Harold. What lies upon the mind of our good King,
That he should harp this way on Normandy?

Queen. Brother, the King is wiser than he seems;
And Tostig knows it; Tostig loves the King.

Harold. And love should know; and — be the King so wise, —
Then Tostig too were wiser than he seems.
I love the man, but not his phantasies.

Re-enter TOSTIG

Well, brother,
When didst thou hear from thy Northumbria?

Tostig. When did I hear aught but this '*When*' from thee?

Leave me alone, brother, with my Northumbria;
She is *my* mistress, let *me* look to her!
The King hath made me earl; make me not fool!
Nor make the King a fool, who made me earl!

Harold. No, Tostig — lest I make myself a fool
Who made the King who made thee make thee earl.

Tostig. Why chafe me then? Thou knowest I soon go wild.

Gurth. Come, come! as yet thou art not gone so wild
But thou canst hear the best and wisest of us.

Harold. So says old Gurth, not I; yet hear! thine earldom,
Tostig, hath been a kingdom. Their old crown
Is yet a force among them, a sun set
But leaving light enough for Alfgar's house
To strike thee down by — nay, this ghastly glare
May heat their fancies.

Tostig. My most worthy brother,
Thou art the quietest man in all the world —

Ay, ay, and wise in peace and great in war —
Pray God the people choose thee for their king!
But all the powers of the house of Godwin
Are not enframed in thee.
Harold. Thank the Saints, no!
But thou hast drain'd them shallow by thy tolls,
And thou art ever here about the King.
Thine absence well may seem a want of care.
Cling to their love; for, now the sons of Godwin
Sit topmost in the field of England, envy,
Like the rough bear beneath the tree, good brother,
Waits till the man let go.
Tostig. Good counsel truly!
I heard from my Northumbria yesterday.
Harold. How goes it then with thy Northumbria? Well?
Tostig. And wouldst thou that it went aught else than well?
Harold. I would it went as well as with mine earldom,
Leofwin's and Gurth's.
Tostig. Ye govern milder men.
Gurth. We have made them milder by just government.
Tostig. Ay, ever give yourselves your own good word.
Leofwin. An honest gift, by all the Saints, if giver
And taker be but honest! but they bribe
Each other, and so often, an honest world
Will not believe them.
Harold. I may tell thee, Tostig,
I heard from thy Northumberland today.
Tostig. From spies of thine to spy my nakedness
In my poor North.
Harold. There is a movement there,
A blind one — nothing yet.
Tostig. Crush it at once
With all the power I have! — I must — I will! —
Crush it half-born! Full still? or wisdom there,
My wise head-shaking Harold?
Harold. Make not
The nothing something. Wis
when in power
And wisest should not frown as Po
but smile
As kindness, watching all, till the
must
Shall make her strike as Power:
when to strike —
O Tostig, O dear brother — if
prance,
Rein in, not lash them, lest they
and run
And break both neck and axle.
Tostig. Good ag
Good counsel tho' scarce nee
Pour not water
In the full vessel running out at t
To swamp the house.
Leofwin. Nor thou be a wild t
Out of the waste, to turn and bit
hand
Would help thee from the trap.
Tostig. Thou playest in t
Leofwin. To the deaf adder
that wilt not dance
However wisely charm'd.
Tostig. No more, no m
Gurth. I likewise cry 'no m
Unwholesome talk
For Godwin's house! Leofwin,
hast a tongue!
Tostig, thou look'st as thou wo
spring upon him.
Saint Olaf, not while I am by! C
come,
Join hands, let brethren dwell in u
Let kith and kin stand close as
shield-wall,
Who breaks us then? I say,
hast a tongue,
And Tostig is not stout enough to
it.
Vex him not, Leofwin.
Tostig. No, I am not ve
Altho' ye seek to vex me, one an
I have to make report of my
earldom
To the good King who gave it —
to you —
Not any of you. — I am not vext
Harold. The King? the Ki
ever at his prayers;
In all that handles matter of the
I am the King.

ig. That shalt thou never be
n thwart thee.
old. Brother, brother !
ig. Away !
[*Exit* Tostig.
en. Spite of this grisly star ye
three must gall
Tostig.
Wain. Tostig, sister, galls him-
self ;
not smell a rose but pricks his
nose
st the thorn, and rails against
the rose.
en. I am the only rose of all
the stock
never thorn'd him ; Edward
loves him, so
te him. Harold always hated
him.
— how they fought when boys
— and, Holy Mary !
Harold used to beat him !
old. Why, boys will fight.
in would often fight me, and I
beat him.
old Gurth would fight. I had
much ado
d mine own against old Gurth.
Old Gurth,
ight like great States for grave
cause ; but Tostig —
udden — at a something — for a
nothing —
oy would fist me hard, and
when we fought
uer'd, and he loved me none
the less,
ou wouldst get him all apart,
and tell him
where he was but worsted he
was wrong'd.
hou hast taught the King to
spoil him too ;
the spoilt child sways both.
Take heed, take heed ;
rt the Queen ; ye are boy and
girl no more.
ot with Tostig in any violence,
ou be sideways guilty of the
violence.
n. Come, fall not foul on me.
I leave thee, brother.
ld. Nay, my good sister —
xeunt Queen, Harold, Gurth,
nd Leofwin.

Aldwyth. Gamel, son of Orm,
What thinkest thou this means ?
[*Pointing to the comet.*
Gamel. War, my dear lady,
War, waste, plague, famine, all ma-
lignities.
Aldwyth. It means the fall of Tos-
tig from his earldom.
Gamel. That were too small a mat-
ter for a comet !
Aldwyth. It means the lifting of
the house of Alfgar.
Gamel. Too small ! a comet would
not show for that !
Aldwyth. Not small for thee, if
thou canst compass it.
Gamel. Thy love ?
Aldwyth. As much as I can give
thee, man ;
This Tostig is, or like to be, a tyrant.
Stir up thy people ; oust him !
Gamel. And thy love ?
Aldwyth. As much as thou canst
bear.
Gamel. I can bear all,
And not be giddy.
Aldwyth. No more now ; to-mor-
row.

Scene II

In the Garden. The King's House near London. Sunset

Edith. Mad for thy mate, passion-
ate nightingale ! —
I love thee for it — ay, but stay a
moment ;
He can but stay a moment ; he is go-
ing.
I fain would hear him coming ! — near
me — near,
Somewhere — to draw him nearer with
a charm
Like thine to thine !

(*Singing.*)

Love is come with a song and a smile,
Welcome Love with a smile and a song.
Love can stay but a little while.
Why cannot he stay ? They call him away.
Ye do him wrong, ye do him wrong ;
Love will stay for a whole life long.

Enter Harold.

Harold. The nightingales in Ha-
vering-atte-Bower

Sang out their loves so loud that Edward's prayers
Were deafen'd and he pray'd them dumb, and thus
I dumb thee too, my wingless nightingale! [*Kissing her.*
Edith. Thou art my music! Would their wings were mine
To follow thee to Flanders! Must thou go?
Harold. Not must, but will. It is but for one moon.
Edith. Leaving so many foes in Edward's hall
To league against thy weal. The Lady Aldwyth
Was here to-day, and when she touch'd on thee
She stammer'd in her hate; I am sure she hates thee,
Pants for thy blood.
Harold. Well, I have given her cause—
I fear no woman.
Edith. Hate not one who felt
Some pity for thy hater! I am sure
Her morning wanted sunlight, she so praised
The convent and lone life—within the pale—
Beyond the passion. Nay—she held with Edward,
At least methought she held with holy Edward,
That marriage was half sin.
Harold. A lesson worth
Finger and thumb—thus (*snaps his fingers*).
And my answer to it—
See here—an interwoven H and E!
Take thou this ring; I will demand his ward
From Edward when I come again.
Ay, would she?
She to shut up my blossom in the dark!
Thou art *my* nun, thy cloister in mine arms.
Edith (*taking the ring*). Yea, but Earl Tostig—
Harold. That's a truer fear!
For if the North take fire, I should be back;
I shall be, soon enough.
Edith. Ay, but last night
An evil dream that ever came went—
Harold. A gnat that vext thy low! Had I been by,
I would have spoil'd his horn. girl, what was it?
Edith. O that thou wert not go
For so methought it was our marri morn,
And while we stood together, a man
Rose from behind the altar, tore a
My marriage ring, and rent my br veil;
And then I turn'd, and saw the ch all fill'd
With dead men upright from t graves, and all
The dead men made at thee to r der thee,
But thou didst back thyself again pillar,
And strike among them with thy tle-axe—
There, what a dream!
Harold. Well, well—a dream- more!
Edith. Did not Heaven speak men in dreams of old?
Harold. Ay—well—of old. tell thee what, my child;
Thou hast misread this merry dr of thine.
Taken the rifted pillars of the wo
For smooth stone columns of sanctuary,
The shadows of a hundred fat deer
For dead men's ghosts. True, the battle-axe
Was out of place; it should have the bow.—
Come, thou shalt dream no more dreams; I swear it,
By mine own eyes—and these sapphires—these
Twin rubies, that are amulets ag all
The kisses of all kind of wo kind
In Flanders, till the sea shall rol back
To tumble at thy feet.
Edith. That would but shame
Rather than make me vain. Th may roll

shingle, shore-weed, not the living rock
h guards the land.
old. Except it be a soft one,
under-eaten to the fall. Mine amulet —
ast — upon thine eyelids, to shut in
ppier dream. Sleep, sleep, and thou shalt see
eyhounds fleeting like a beam of light,
near my peregrine and her bells in heaven;
other bells on earth, which yet are heaven's;
what they be.
th. He cannot guess who knows.
ell, my king.
old. Not yet, but then — my queen. [*Exeunt.*

er ALDWYTH *from the thicket.*

wyth. The kiss that charms thine eyelids into sleep
old mine waking. Hate him? I could love him
tenfold, than this fearful child can do;
th I hated; why not hate the foe
gland? Griffyth, when I saw him flee,
d deer-like up his mountains, all the blood
should have only pulsed for Griffyth beat
s pursuer. I love him, or think I love him.
were King of England, I his queen,
t be sure of it. Nay, I do love him. —
ust be cloister'd somehow, lest the king
d yield his ward to Harold's will. What harm?
th but blood enough to live, not love. —
Harold goes and Tostig, shall I play
aftier Tostig with him? fawn upon him?
in with all? 'O thou more saint than king!'
And that were true enough. 'O blessed relics!'
'O Holy Peter!' If he found me thus,
Harold might hate me; he is broad and honest,
Breathing an easy gladness — not like Aldwyth —
For which I strangely love him. Should not England
Love Aldwyth, if she stay the feuds that part
The sons of Godwin from the sons of Alfgar
By such a marrying? Courage, noble Aldwyth!
Let all thy people bless thee! Our wild Tostig,
Edward hath made him earl; he would be king.
The dog that snapt the shadow dropt the bone.
I trust he may do well, this Gamel, whom
I play upon, that he may play the note
Whereat the dog shall howl and run, and Harold
Hear the King's music, all alone with him,
Pronounced his heir of England.
I see the goal and half the way to it. —
Peace-lover is our Harold for the sake
Of England's wholeness — so — to shake the North
With earthquake and disruption — some division —
Then fling mine own fair person in the gap
A sacrifice to Harold, a peace-offering,
A scapegoat marriage — all the sins of both
The houses on mine head — then a fair life
And bless the Queen of England!
Morcar (coming from the thicket). Art thou assured
By this, that Harold loves but Edith?
Aldwyth. Morcar!
Why creep'st thou like a timorous beast of prey
Out of the bush by night?
Morcar. I follow'd thee.
Aldwyth. Follow my lead, and I will make thee earl.
Morcar. What lead then?
Aldwyth. Thou shalt flash it secretly

Among the good Northumbrian folk, that I —
That Harold loves me — yea, and presently
That I and Harold are betroth'd — and last —
Perchance that Harold wrongs me; tho' I would not
That it should come to that.
Morcar. I will both flash
And thunder for thee.
Aldwyth. I said 'secretly;'
It is the flash that murders, the poor thunder
Never harm'd head.
Morcar. But thunder may bring down
That which the flash hath stricken.
Aldwyth. Down with Tostig!
That first of all. —And when doth Harold go?
Morcar. To-morrow — first to Bosham, then to Flanders.
Aldwyth. Not to come back till Tostig shall have shown
And redden'd with his people's blood the teeth
That shall be broken by us — yea, and thou
Chair'd in his place. Good-night, and dream thyself
Their chosen earl. [*Exit* Aldwyth.
Morcar. Earl first, and after that
Who knows I may not dream myself their king?

ACT II

Scene I. — Seashore. Ponthieu. Night.

Harold *and his* Men, *wrecked.*

Harold. Friends, in that last inhospitable plunge
Our boat hath burst her ribs; but ours are whole;
I have but bark'd my hands.
Attendant. I dug mine into
My old fast friend the shore, and clinging thus
Felt the remorseless outdraught of the deep
Haul like a great strong fellow at my legs,
And then I rose and ran. The b
that came
So suddenly hath fallen as suddenl
Put thou the comet and this blast
gether —
Harold. Put thou thyself and
ther-wit together.
Be not a fool!
Enter Fishermen *with torches,* H
old *going up to one of them,* Rol
Wicked sea-will-o'-the-w
Wolf of the shore! dog, with thy ly
lights
Thou hast betray'd us on these r
of thine!
Rolf. Ay, but thou liest as loud
the black herring-pond behind t
We be fishermen; I came to see a
my nets.
Harold. To drag us into them. F
ermen? devils!
Who, while ye fish for men with y
false fires,
Let the great devil fish for your
souls.
Rolf. Nay then, we be liker
blessed Apostles; *they* were fisher
men, Father Jean says.
Harold. I had liefer that the fish
swallowed me,
Like Jonah, than have known t
were such devils.
What's to be done?
[*To his* Men — *goes apart with th*
Fisherman. Rolf, what fish did s
low Jonah?
Rolf. A whale!
Fisherman. Then a whale to a w
we have swallowed the King of E
land. I saw him over there. Look t
Rolf, when I was down in the fe
she was down with the hunger,
thou didst stand by her and give
thy crabs, and set her up again,
now, by the patient Saints, she'
crabb'd as ever.
Rolf. And I'll give her my c
again, when thou art down again.
Fisherman. I thank thee, Rolf.
thou to Count Guy; he is har
hand. Tell him what hath crept
our creel, and he will fee thee as fr
as he will wrench this outlander's
som out of him — and why not?
what right had he to get hin
wrecked on another man's land?

f. Thou art the human-hearted-
Christian-charitiest of all crab-
ers. Share and share alike!
[*Exit.*
rold (*to* Fisherman). Fellow, dost
thou catch crabs?
herman. As few as I may in a
and less than I would in a calm.
rold. I have a mind that thou
shalt catch no more.
herman. How?
rold. I have a mind to brain thee
with mine axe.
herman. Ay, do, do, and our
count-crab will make his nippers
in thine heart; he 'll sweat it out
ee, he 'll sweat it out of thee!
he 's here! He 'll speak for
lf. Hold thine own, if thou
!
er GUY, COUNT OF PONTHIEU.
rold. Guy, Count of Ponthieu?
y. Harold, Earl of Wessex!
rold. Thy villains with their ly-
ing lights have wreck'd us!
y. Art thou not Earl of Wessex?
rold. In mine earldom
n may hang gold bracelets on a
bush,
eave them for a year, and com-
ing back
them again.
y. Thou art a mighty man
ne own earldom!
rold. Were such murderous liars
essex — if I caught them, they
should hang
gibbeted for sea-marks, our sea-
mew
ing their only wail!
y. Ay, but my men
that the shipwreckt are accursed
of God; —
hinders me to hold with mine
own men?
rold. The Christian manhood of
the man who reigns!
y. Ay, rave thy worst, but in
our oubliettes
shalt rot or ransom. — Hale him
hence!
[*To one of his* Attendants.
hou to William; tell him we
have Harold.

SCENE II

BAYEUX. PALACE

COUNT WILLIAM *and* WILLIAM MALET.

William. We hold our Saxon wood-
cock in the springe,
But he begins to flutter. As I think
He was thine host in England when I
went
To visit Edward.
Malet. Yea, and there, my lord,
To make allowance for their rougher
fashions,
I found him all a noble host should be.
William. Thou art his friend. Thou
know'st my claim on England
Thro' Edward's promise. We have
him in the toils;
And it were well if thou shouldst let
him feel
How dense a fold of danger nets him
round,
So that he bristle himself against my
will.
Malet. What would I do, my lord,
if I were you?
William. What wouldst thou do?
Malet. My lord, he is thy guest.
William. Nay, by the splendor of
God, no guest of mine.
He came not to see me, had past me by
To hunt and hawk elsewhere, save
for the fate
Which hunted *him* when that un-
Saxon blast,
And bolts of thunder moulded in high
heaven
To serve the Norman purpose, drave
and crack'd
His boat on Ponthieu beach; where
our friend Guy
Had wrung his ransom from him by
the rack,
But that I stept between and pur-
chased him,
Translating his captivity from Guy
To mine own hearth at Bayeux, where
he sits
My ransom'd prisoner.
Malet. Well, if not with gold,
With golden deeds and iron strokes
that brought

Thy war with Brittany to a goodlier close
Than else had been, he paid his ransom back.
William. So that henceforth they are not like to league
With Harold against *me.*
Malet. A marvel, how
He from the liquid sands of Coesnon
Haled thy shore-swallow'd, armor'd Normans up
To fight for thee again!
William. Perchance against
Their saver, save thou save him from himself.
Malet. But I should let him home again, my lord.
William. Simple! let fly the bird within the hand,
To catch the bird again within the bush!
No.
Smooth thou my way, before he clash with me;
I want his voice in England for the crown,
I want thy voice with him to bring him round;
And being brave he must be subtly cow'd,
And being truthful wrought upon to swear
Vows that he dare not break. England our own
Thro' Harold's help, he shall be my dear friend
As well as thine, and thou thyself shalt have
Large lordship there of lands and territory.
Malet. I knew thy purpose; he and Wulfnoth never
Have met, except in public; shall they meet
In private? I have often talk'd with Wulfnoth,
And stuff'd the boy with fears, that these may act
On Harold when they meet.
William. Then let them meet!
Malet. I can but love this noble, honest Harold.
William. Love him! why not? thine is a loving office,
I have commission'd thee to save the man.

Help the good ship, showing sunken rock,
Or he is wreckt for ever.
Enter WILLIAM RUFUS.
William Rufus. Father.
William. Well,
William Rufus. They have t away the toy thou gavest r
The Norman knight.
William. Why, boy?
William Rufus. Because I b
The horse's leg—it was mine ow break;
I like to have my toys, and b them too.
William. Well, thou shalt hav other Norman knight.
William Rufus. And may I b his legs?
William. Yea,—get thee g
William Rufus. I'll tell the have had my way with the [
Malet. I never knew thee check will for aught
Save for the prattling of thy ones.
William. Who shall be king England. I am heir
Of England by the promise of her l
Malet. But there the great As bly choose their king,
The choice of England is the voi England.
William. I will be King of Eng by the laws,
The choice, and voice of England
Malet. Can tha
William. The voice of any p is the sword
That guards them, or the sword beats them down.
Here comes the would-be what l be—kinglike . . .
Tho' scarce at ease; for, save meshes break,
More kinglike he than like to pr king.
Enter HAROLD, *musing, with hi on the ground.*
He sees me not—and yet he d of me.
Earl, wilt thou fly my falcons thi day?
They are of the best, strong-w against the wind.

old (*looking up suddenly, having caught but the last word*). *Which* way does it blow?
liam. Blowing for England, ha? et. Thou hast not learnt thy quarters here.
inds so cross and jostle among these towers.
old. Count of the Normans, thou hast ransom'd us,
ain'd, and entertain'd us royally!
liam. And thou for us hast fought as loyally,
binds us friendship-fast for ever!
old. Good!
est we turn the scale of courtesy much pressure on it, I would fain,
thou hast promised Wulfnoth home with us,
me again with Wulfnoth.
liam. Stay — as yet hast but seen how Norman hands can strike,
valk'd our Norman field, scarce touch'd or tasted
plendors of our court.
old. I am in no mood; ld be as the shadow of a cloud ng your light.
liam. Nay, rest a week or two, e will fill thee full of Norman sun,
end thee back among thine island mists
laughter.
old. Count, I thank thee, but had rather
ie the free wind from off our Saxon downs,
charged with all the wet of all the west.
liam. Why if thou wilt, so let it be — thou shalt.
were a graceless hospitality ain the free guest to the banquet-board;
rrow we will ride with thee to Harfleur,
ee thee shipt, and pray in thy behalf
appier homeward winds than that which crack'd
ark at Ponthieu, — yet to us, in faith,
A happy one — whereby we came to know
Thy valor and thy value, noble earl.
Ay, and perchance a happy one for thee,
Provided — I will go with thee to-morrow —
Nay — but there be conditions, easy ones,
So thou, fair friend, will take them easily.

Enter PAGE.

Page. My lord, there is a post from over seas
With news for thee. [*Exit* Page.
William. Come, Malet, let us hear!
[*Exeunt* Count William *and* Malet.
Harold. Conditions? What conditions? pay him back
His ransom? 'easy' — that were easy — nay —
No money-lover he! What said the king?
I pray you do not go to Normandy.'
And fate hath blown me hither, bound me too
With bitter obligation to the Count —
Have I not fought it out? What did he mean?
There lodged a gleaming grimness in his eyes,
Gave his shorn smile the lie. The walls oppress me,
And yon huge keep that hinders half the heaven.
Free air! free field!
Moves to go out. A Man at-arms *follows him.*
Harold (*to the* Man-at-arms). I need thee not. Why dost thou follow me?
Man-at-arms. I have the Count's commands to follow thee.
Harold. What then? Am I in danger in this court?
Man-at-arms. I cannot tell. I have the Count's commands.
Harold. Stand out of earshot then, and keep me still
In eyeshot.
Man-at-arms. Yea, lord Harold.
[*Withdraws.*
Harold. And arm'd men
Ever keep watch beside my chamber door,

And if I walk within the lonely wood,
There is an arm'd man ever glides behind !

Enter MALET.

Why am I follow'd, haunted, harass'd, watch'd ?
See yonder !

[*Pointing to the* Man-at-arms.

Malet. 'T is the good Count's care for thee !
The Normans love thee not, nor thou the Normans,
Or — so they deem.

Harold. But wherefore is the wind,
Which way soever the vane-arrow swing,
Not ever fair for England ? Why, but now
He said — thou heard'st him — that I must not hence
Save on conditions.

Malet. So in truth he said.

Harold. Malet, thy mother was an Englishwoman ;
There somewhere beats an English pulse in thee !

Malet. Well — for my mother's sake I love your England,
But for my father I love Normandy.

Harold. Speak for thy mother's sake, and tell me true.

Malet. Then for my mother's sake, and England's sake
That suffers in the daily want of thee,
Obey the Count's conditions, my good friend.

Harold. How, Malet, if they be not honorable !

Malet. Seem to obey them.

Harold. Better die than lie !

Malet. Choose therefore whether thou wilt have thy conscience
White as a maiden's hand, or whether England
Be shatter'd into fragments.

Harold. News from England?

Malet. Morcar and Edwin have stirr'd up the thanes
Against thy brother Tostig's governance ;
And all the North of Humber is one storm.

Harold. I should be there, Malet, I should be there !

Malet. And Tostig in his own hall on suspicion
Hath massacred the thane that his guest,
Gamel, the son of Orm ; and ther more
As villainously slain.

Harold. The wolf ! the b
Ill news for guests, ha, Malet ! M What more ?
What do they say ? did Edward k of this ?

Malet. They say his wife was k ing and abetting.

Harold. They say his wife ! - marry and have no husban
Makes the wife fool. My Gc should be there !
I'll hack my way to the sea.

Malet. Thou canst not, Ha
Our duke is all between thee and sea,
Our duke is all about thee like a
All passes block'd. Obey him, s him fair,
For he is only debonair to those
That follow where he leads, but as death
To those that cross him. — Look here is Wulfnoth !
I leave thee to thy talk with alone ;
How wan, poor lad ! how sick an for home ! [*Exit* M

Harold (*muttering*). Go not to mandy — go not to mandy !

Enter WULFNOTH.

Poor brother ! still a hostage !

Wulfnoth. Yea,
Shall see the dewy kiss of daw more
Make blush the maiden-white o tall cliffs,
Nor mark the sea-bird rouse hi and hover
Above the windy ripple, and fl sky
With free sea-laughter — never — indeed
Thou canst make yield this mooded duke
To let me go.

Harold. Why, brother, so he
But on conditions. Canst thou at them ?

Wulfnoth. Draw nearer, — I v the corridor,

him coming with his brother Odo
Bayeux bishop, and I hid myself.
rold. They did thee wrong who made thee hostage; thou ever fearful.
ulfnoth. And he spoke — I heard him —
Harold is not of the royal blood, ave no right to the crown;' and Odo said,
ne is the right, for thine the might; he is here,
yonder is thy keep.'
rold. No, Wulfnoth, no!
lfnoth. And William laugh'd and swore that might was right, s he knew in this poor world of ours —
:y, the Saints must go along with us,
brother, we will find a way,' said he —
yea, he would be King of England.
rold. Never!
lfnoth. Yea, but thou must not this way answer *him*.
rold. Is it not better still to speak the truth?
lfnoth. Not here, or thou wilt never hence nor I;
n the racing toward this golden goal
rns not right or left, but tramples flat
ever thwarts him; hast thou never heard
avagery at Alençon, — the town out raw hides along their walls, and cried,
k for the tanner.'
rold. That had anger'd *me* been William.
lfnoth. Nay, but he had prisoners,
re their eyes out, sliced their hands away,
flung them streaming o'er the battlements
the heads of those who walk'd within —
eak him fair, Harold, for thine own sake!
rold. Your Welshman says, 'The Truth against the World,'
Much more the truth against myself.
Wulfnoth. Thyself?
But for my sake, O brother! O, for my sake!
Harold. Poor Wulfnoth! do they not entreat thee well?
Wulfnoth. I see the blackness of my dungeon loom
Across their lamps of revel, and beyond
The merriest murmurs of their banquet clank
The shackles that will bind me to the wall.
Harold. Too fearful still.
Wulfnoth. O, no, no — speak him fair!
Call it to temporize, and not to lie;
Harold, I do not counsel thee to lie.
The man that hath to foil a murderous aim
May, surely, play with words.
Harold. Words are the man.
Not even for thy sake, brother, would I lie.
Wulfnoth. Then for thine Edith?
Harold. There thou prick'st me deep.
Wulfnoth. And for our Mother England?
Harold. Deeper still.
Wulfnoth. And deeper still the deep-down oubliette,
Down thirty feet below the smiling day —
In blackness — dogs' food thrown upon thy head.
And over thee the suns arise and set,
And the lark sings, the sweet stars come and go,
And men are at their markets, in their fields,
And woo their loves and have forgotten thee;
And thou art upright in thy living grave,
Where there is barely room to shift thy side,
And all thine England hath forgotten thee;
And he our lazy-pious Norman King,
With all his Normans round him once again,
Counts his old beads, and hath forgotten thee.

Harold. Thou art of my blood, and so methinks, my boy,
Thy fears infect me beyond reason. Peace!
Wulfnoth. And then our fiery Tostig, while thy hands
Are palsied here, if his Northumbrians rise
And hurl him from them, — I have heard the Normans
Count upon this confusion — may he not make
A league with William, so to bring him back?
Harold. That lies within the shadow of the chance.
Wulfnoth. And like a river in flood thro' a burst dam
Descends the ruthless Norman — our good King
Kneels mumbling some old bone — our helpless folk
Are wash'd away, wailing, in their own blood —
Harold. Wailing! not warring? Boy, thou hast forgotten
That thou art English.
Wulfnoth. Then our modest women —
I know the Norman license — thine own Edith —
Harold. No more! I will not hear thee — William comes.
Wulfnoth. I dare not well be seen in talk with thee.
Make thou not mention that I spake with thee.
[*Moves away to the back of the stage.*

Enter WILLIAM, MALET, *and* OFFICERS.

Officer. We have the man that rail'd against thy birth.
William. Tear out his tongue.
Officer. He shall not rail again.
He said that he should see confusion fall
On thee and on thine house.
William. Tear out his eyes,
And plunge him into prison.
Officer. It shall be done.
[*Exit* Officer.
William. Look not amazed, fair earl! Better leave undone
Than do by halves — tongueless and eyeless, prison'd —
Harold. Better methinks have s
the man at once!
William. We have respect
man's immortal soul,
We seldom take man's life, excep
war;
It frights the traitor more to m
and blind.
Harold. In mine own land I sh
have scorn'd the man,
Or lash'd his rascal back, and let
go.
William. And let him go?
slander thee again!
Yet in thine own land in thy fat
day
They blinded my young kinsman,
fred — ay,
Some said it was thy father's deed
Harold. They
William. But thou and he — w
at thy word, for thou
Art known a speaker of the tru
free
From this foul charge —
Harold. Nay, nay, he freed hin
By oath and compurgation from
charge.
The King, the lords, the people cl
him of it.
William. But thou and he d
our good Normans out
From England, and this rankles i
yet.
Archbishop Robert hardly esc
with life.
Harold. Archbishop Robert!
bert the Archbishop!
Robert of Jumièges, he that —
Malet. Quiet! qu
Harold. Count! if there sat
in the Norman chair
A ruler all for England — one
fill'd
All offices, all bishoprics with
lish —
We could not move from Dover t
Humber
Saving thro' Norman bishopric
say
Ye would applaud that Norman
should drive
The stranger to the fiends!
William. Why, that is re
Warrior thou art, and mighty
withal!

ay, but many among our Norman lords
thee for this, and press upon me — saying
and the sea have given thee to our hands
plunge thee into lifelong prison here; —
I hold out against them, as I may, — would hold out, yea, tho' they should revolt —
hou hast done the battle in my cause.
thy fastest friend in Normandy.
rold. I am doubly bound to hee — if this be so.
lliam. And I would bind thee more, and would myself
ounden to thee more.
rold. Then let me hence
Wulfnoth to King Edward.
lliam. So we will.
ear he hath not long to live.
rold. It may be.
lliam. Why then, the heir of England, who is he?
rold. The Atheling is nearest to the throne.
lliam. But sickly, slight, half-witted and a child.
England have him king?
rold. It may be, no.
lliam. And hath King Edward not pronounced his heir?
rold. Not that I know.
lliam. When he was here in Normandy,
ved us and we him, because we found him
rman of the Normans.
rold. So did we.
lliam. A gentle, gracious, pure and saintly man!
grateful to the hand that shielded him,
romised that if ever he were king
gland, he would give his kingly voice
ie as his successor. Knowest thou this?
rold. I learn it now.
lliam. Thou knowest I am his cousin,
hat my wife descends from Alfred?

Harold. Ay.
William. Who hath a better claim then to the crown?
So that ye will not crown the Atheling?
Harold. None that I know — if that but hung upon
King Edward's will.
William. Wilt *thou* uphold my claim?
Malet (*aside to* Harold). Be careful of thine answer, my good friend.
Wulfnoth (*aside to* Harold). O Harold, for my sake and for thine own!
Harold. Ay . . . if the King have not revoked his promise.
William. But hath he done it then?
Harold. Not that I know.
William. Good, good, and thou wilt help me to the crown?
Harold. Ay — if the Witan will consent to this.
William. Thou art the mightiest voice in England, man,
Thy voice will lead the Witan — shall I have it?
Wulfnoth (*aside to* Harold). O Harold, if thou love thine Edith, ay.
Harold. Ay, if —
Malet (*aside to* Harold). Thine 'ifs' will sear thine eyes out — ay.
William. I ask thee, wilt thou help me to the crown?
And I will make thee my great earl of earls,
Foremost in England and in Normandy;
Thou shalt be verily king — all but the name —
For I shall most sojourn in Normandy;
And thou be my vice-king in England. Speak.
Wulfnoth (*aside to* Harold). Ay, brother — for the sake of England — ay.
Harold. My lord —
Malet (*aside to* Harold). Take heed now.
Harold. Ay.
William. I am content,
For thou art truthful, and thy word thy bond.
To-morrow will we ride with thee to Harfleur. [*Exit* William.

Malet. Harold, I am thy friend, one life with thee,
And even as I should bless thee saving mine,
I thank thee now for having saved thyself. [*Exit* Malet.
Harold. For having lost myself to save myself,
Said 'ay' when I meant 'no,' lied like a lad
That dreads the pendent scourge, said 'ay' for 'no'!
Ay! No!—he hath not bound me by an oath—
Is 'ay' an oath? is 'ay' strong as an oath?
Or is it the same sin to break my word
As break mine oath? He call'd my word my bond! 361
He is a liar who knows I am a liar,
And makes believe that he believes my word—
The crime be on his head—not bounden—no.
[*Suddenly doors are flung open, discovering in an inner hall* Count William *in his state robes, seated upon his throne between two* Bishops, Odo of Bayeux *being one; in the centre of the hall an ark covered with cloth of gold, and on either side of it the* Norman Barons.
Enter a Jailor *before* William's *throne.*
William (*to* Jailor). Knave, hast thou let thy prisoner scape?
Jailor. Sir Count,
He had but one foot, he must have hopt away,
Yea, some familiar spirit must have help'd him.
William. Woe, knave, to thy familiar and to thee!
Give me thy keys.
[*They fall clashing.*
Nay, let them lie. Stand there and wait my will. 370
[*The* Jailor *stands aside.*
William (*to* Harold). Hast thou such trustless jailors in thy North?
Harold. We have few prisoners in mine earldom there,
So less chance for false keepers.
William. We have heard
Of thy just, mild, and equal gove
ance;
Honor to thee! thou art perfect in
honor!
Thy naked word thy bond! conf
it now
Before our gather'd Norman barona
For they will not believe thee—
believe.
[*Descends from his throne*
stands by the ark.
Let all men here bear witness of
bond!
[*Beckons to* Harold, *who advan*
Enter Malet *behind him.*
Lay thou thy hand upon this gol
pall!
Behold the jewel of Saint Pancrati
Woven into the gold. Swear thou
this!
Harold. What should I swe
Why should I swear on this
William (*savagely*). Swear thou
help me to the crown of E
land.
Malet (*whispering* Harold). friend, thou hast gone too to palter now.
Wulfnoth (*whispering* Haro Swear thou to-day, to-mor is thine own.
Harold. I swear to help thee to crown of England
According as King Edward promi
William. Thou must swear a lutely, noble earl.
Malet (*whispering*). Delay is de to thee, ruin to England.
Wulfnoth (*whispering*). Sw dearest brother, I beseech t swear!
Harold (*putting his hand on jewel*). I swear to help the the crown of England.
William. Thanks, truthful ear did not doubt thy word,
But that my barons might believe word,
And that the Holy Saints of Norma
When thou art home in England, thine own,
Might strengthen thee in keepin thy word,
I made thee swear. Show him whom he hath sworn.
[*The two* Bishops *advance,*

raise the cloth of gold. The bod-
ies and bones of Saints are seen
lying in the ark.
oly bones of all the canonized
all the holiest shrines in Nor-
mandy!
old. Horrible!
[*They let the cloth fall again.*
liam. Ay, for thou hast sworn
an oath
, if not kept, would make the
hard earth rive
very devil's horns, the bright
sky cleave
very feet of God, and send her
hosts
ured Saints to scatter sparks of
plague
all your cities, blast your in-
fants, dash
rch of war among your stand-
ing corn,
e your hearths with your own
blood. — Enough!
wilt not break it! I, the count
— the king
riend — am grateful for thine
honest oath,
ming fiercely like a conqueror,
now,
ftly as a bridegroom to his own.
shall rule according to your
laws,
ake your ever-jarring earldoms
move
sic and in order — Angle, Jute,
Saxon, Norman, help to build
a throne
wering hers of France. — The
wind is fair
gland now. To-night we will
be merry.
rrow will I ride with thee to
Harfleur.
xeunt William *and all the* Nor-
man Barons, *etc.*
old. To-night we will be merry
— and to-morrow —
r and bastard — bastard — he
hates that most —
n the tanner's bastard! Would
he heard me!
, that I were in some wide,
waste field
nothing but my battle-axe and
him
To spatter his brains! Why, let earth
rive, gulf in
These cursed Normans — yea, and
mine own self!
Cleave heaven, and send thy Saints
that I may say
Even to their faces, 'If ye side with
William
Ye are not noble!' How their pointed
fingers
Glared at me! Am I Harold, Harold,
son
Of our great Godwin? Lo! I touch
mine arms,
My limbs — they are not mine — they
are a liar's —
I mean to be a liar — I am not bound —
Stigand shall give me absolution for
it —
Did the chest move? did it move? I
am utter craven!
O Wulfnoth, Wulfnoth, brother, thou
hast betray'd me!
Wulfnoth. Forgive me, brother, I
will live here and die.
Enter PAGE.
Page. My lord! the duke awaits
thee at the banquet.
Harold. Where they eat dead men's
flesh, and drink their blood.
Page. My lord —
Harold. I know your Norman cook-
ery is so spiced,
It masks all this.
Page. My lord! thou art white as
death.
Harold. With looking on the dead.
Am I so white?
Thy duke will seem the darker. Hence,
I follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III

SCENE I. — THE KING'S PALACE. LONDON

KING EDWARD, *dying on a couch, and by him standing the* QUEEN, HAROLD, ARCHBISHOP STIGAND, GURTH, LEOFWIN, ARCHBISHOP ALDRED, ALDWYTH, *and* EDITH.

Stigand. Sleeping or dying there? If this be death,
Then our great Council wait to crown thee king —

Come hither, I have a power;
[*To* Harold.
They call me near, for I am close to thee
And England — I, old shrivell'd Stigand, I,
Dry as an old wood-fungus on a dead tree,
I have a power!
See here this little key about my neck!
There lies a treasure buried down in Ely.
If e'er the Norman grow too hard for thee,
Ask me for this at thy most need, son Harold,
At thy most need — not sooner.
Harold. So I will.
Stigand. Red gold — a hundred purses — yea, and more!
If thou canst make a wholesome use of these
To chink against the Norman, I do believe
My old crook'd spine would bud out two young wings
To fly to heaven straight with.
Harold. Thank thee, father!
Thou art English, Edward too is English now,
He hath clean repented of his Normanism.
Stigand. Ay, as the libertine repents who cannot
Make done undone, when thro' his dying sense
Shrills, 'Lost thro' thee!' They have built their castles here;
Our priories are Norman; the Norman adder
Hath bitten us; we are poison'd; our dear England
Is demi-Norman. He! —
[*Pointing to* King Edward, *sleeping.*
Harold. I would I were
As holy and as passionless as he!
That I might rest as calmly! Look at him —
The rosy face, and long down-silvering beard,
The brows unwrinkled as a summer mere. —
Stigand. A summer mere with sudden wreckful gusts
From a side-gorge. Passionless? How he flamed
When Tostig's anger'd earldom f
him, nay,
He fain had calcined all Northum
To one black ash, but that thy pa
passion,
Siding with our great Council ag
Tostig,
Out-passion'd his! Holy? ay, ay,
sooth,
A conscience for his own soul, no
realm;
A twilight conscience lighted th
chink;
Thine by the sun; nay, by some
to be,
When all the world hath learn
speak the truth,
And lying were self-murder by
State
Which was the exception.
Harold. That sun may God sp
Stigand. Come, Harold, shake
cloud off!
Harold. Can I, father?
Our Tostig parted cursing me
England;
Our sister hates us for his banishm
He hath gone to kindle Norway ag
England,
And Wulfnoth is alone in Norma
For when I rode with William d
to Harfleur,
'Wulfnoth is sick,' he said; 'he
not follow;'
Then with that friendly-fiendly
of his,
'We have learnt to love him, let
a little longer
Remain a hostage for the loyalty
Of Godwin's house.' As far as tou
Wulfnoth
I that so prized plain word and n
truth
Have sinn'd against it — all in va
Leofwin. Good bro
By all the truths that ever priest
preach'd,
Of all the lies that ever men have
Thine is the pardonablest.
Harold. Mayb
I think it so, I think I am a fool
To think it can be otherwise
so.
Stigand. Tut, tut, I have abs
thee. Dost thou scorn me
Because I had my Canterbury pa

one whom they dispoped ?
old. No, Stigand, no !
and. Is naked truth actable in
true life ?
e heard a saying of thy father
Godwin,
were a man of state nakedly
true,
ould but take him for the craft-
ier liar.
win. Be men less delicate than
the devil himself ?
ight that naked Truth would
shame the devil,
evil is so modest.
th. He never said it !
win. Be thou not stupid-honest,
brother Gurth ! 71
old. Better to be a liar's dog, and
hold
aster honest, than believe that
lying
uling men are fatal twins that
cannot
one without the other. Edward
wakes ! —
— he hath seen a vision.
ard. The green tree !
a great Angel past along the
highest
g, 'The doom of England !' and
at once
od beside me, in his grasp a
sword
htnings, wherewithal he cleft
the tree 80
off the bearing trunk, and hurl'd
it from him
fields away, and then he dash'd
and drench'd,
ed, he soak'd the trunk with
human blood,
rought the sunder'd tree again,
and set it
ht on the trunk, that, thus bap-
tized in blood,
ever high and higher, beyond
my seeing,
not out sidelong boughs across
the deep
ropt themselves, and rooted in
far isles
l my seeing; and the great
Angel rose
ast again along the highest, cry-
ing, 90

'The doom of England !' — Tostig,
raise my head !
[*Falls back senseless.*
Harold (*raising him*). Let Harold
serve for Tostig !
Queen. Harold served
Tostig so ill, he cannot serve for Tos-
tig !
Ay, raise his head, for thou hast laid
it low !
The sickness of our saintly King, for
whom
My prayers go up as fast as my tears
fall,
I well believe, hath mainly drawn it-
self
From lack of Tostig — thou hast ban-
ish'd him.
Harold. Nay — but the Council, and
the King himself.
Queen. Thou hatest him, hatest him !
Harold (*coldly*). Ay — Stigand, un-
riddle 100
This vision, canst thou ?
Stigand. Dotage !
Edward (*starting up*). It is finish'd.
I have built the Lord a house — the
Lord hath dwelt
In darkness. I have built the Lord a
house —
Palms, flowers, pomegranates, golden
cherubim
With twenty-cubit wings from wall to
wall —
I have built the Lord a house — sing,
Asaph ! clash
The cymbal, Heman ! blow the trum-
pet, priest !
Fall, cloud, and fill the house — lo !
my two pillars,
Jachin and Boaz !
[*Seeing* Harold *and* Gurth.
Harold, Gurth, — where am I ?
Where is the charter of our West-
minster ? 110
Stigand. It lies beside thee, king,
upon thy bed.
Edward. Sign, sign at once — take,
sign it, Stigand, Aldred !
Sign it, my good son Harold, Gurth,
and Leofwin !
Sign it, my Queen !
All. We have sign'd it.
Edward. It is finish'd !
The kingliest abbey in all Christian
lands,

The lordliest, loftiest minster ever built
To Holy Peter in our English isle!
Let me be buried there, and all our kings,
And all our just and wise and holy men
That shall be born hereafter. It is finish'd!
Hast thou had absolution for thine oath? [*To* Harold.
Harold. Stigand hath given me absolution for it.
Edward. Stigand is not canonical enough
To save thee from the wrath of Norman Saints.
Stigand. Norman enough! Be there no Saints of England
To help us from their brethren yonder?
Edward. Prelate,
The Saints are one, but those of Normanland
Are mightier than our own. — Ask it of Aldred. [*To* Harold.
Aldred. It shall be granted him, my king; for he
Who vows a vow to strangle his own mother
Is guiltier keeping this than breaking it.
Edward. O friends, I shall not overlive the day!
Stigand. Why, then the throne is empty. Who inherits?
For tho' we be not bound by the king's voice
In making of a king, yet the king's voice
Is much toward his making. Who inherits?
Edgar the Atheling?
Edward. No, no, but Harold.
I love him; he hath served me; none but he
Can rule all England. Yet the curse is on him
For swearing falsely by those blessed bones;
He did not mean to keep his vow.
Harold. Not mean
To make our England Norman.
Edward. There spake Godwin,
Who hated all the Normans; but their Saints
Have heard thee, Harold.

Edith. O, my lord, my K
He knew not whom he sware by.
Edward. Yea, I k
He knew not, but those heavenly have heard,
Their curse is on him; wilt thou b another,
Edith, upon his head?
Edith. No, no, n
Edward. Why, then thou mus wed him.
Harold. Wherefore, wheref
Edward. O son, when thou tell me of thine oath,
I sorrow'd for my random pro given
To yon fox-lion. I did not dream
I should be king. — My son, the S are virgins;
They love the white rose of virgi
The cold, white lily blowing in cell.
I have been myself a virgin; a sware
To consecrate my virgin here to ven —
The silent, cloister'd, solitary life
A life of lifelong prayer against curse
That lies on thee and England.
Harold. No, no
Edward. Treble denial of the to of flesh,
Like Peter's when he fell, and wilt have
To wail for it like Peter. O my
Are all oaths to be broken the promises
Made in our agony for help from ven?
Son, there is one who loves thee; a wife,
What matters who, so she be se able
In all obedience, as mine own been?
God bless thee, wedded daughte

[*Laying his hand on the* Q *head.*

Queen. Bless tho
That brother whom I love beyon rest,
My banish'd Tostig.
Edward. All the sweet Saints him!

e and forbear him, Harold, if he comes!
let him pass unscathed; he loves me, Harold!
indly to the Normans left among us,
follow'd me for love! and dear son, swear
n thou art king, to see my solemn vow
mplish'd.
rold. Nay, dear lord, for I have sworn
to swear falsely twice.
ward. Thou wilt not swear?
rold. I cannot.
ward. Then on thee remains the curse,
ld, if thou embrace her; and on thee,
n, if thou abide it, —
The King *swoons;* Edith *falls and kneels by the couch.*
gand. He hath swoon'd.
h?—no, as yet a breath.
rold. Look up! look up!
n!
dred. Confuse her not; she hath begun
lifelong prayer for thee.
dwyth. O noble Harold,
uld thou couldst have sworn.
rold. For thine own pleasure?
dwyth. No, but to please our dying King, and those
make thy good their own—all England, earl.
dred. *I* would thou couldst have sworn. Our holy King
given his virgin lamb to Holy Church
ave thee from the curse.
rold. Alas! poor man,
promise brought it on me.
dred. O good son!
knowledge made him all the carefuller
nd a means whereby the curse might glance
thee and England.
rold. Father, we so loved—
dred. The more the love, the mightier is the prayer;
more the love, the more acceptable
The sacrifice of both your loves to Heaven.
No sacrifice to Heaven, no help from Heaven;
That runs thro' all the faiths of all the world.
And sacrifice there must be, for the King
Is holy, and hath talk'd with God, and seen
A shadowing horror; there are signs in heaven—
Harold. Your comet came and went.
Aldred. And signs on earth!
Knowest thou Senlac hill?
Harold. I know all Sussex;
A good entrenchment for a perilous hour!
Aldred. Pray God that come not suddenly! There is one
Who passing by that hill three nights ago—
He shook so that he scarce could out with it—
Heard, heard—
Harold. The wind in his hair?
Aldred. A ghostly horn
Blowing continually, and faint battle-hymns,
And cries, and clashes, and the groans of men;
And dreadful shadows strove upon the hill,
And dreadful lights crept up from out the marsh—
Corpse-candles gliding over nameless graves—
Harold. At Senlac?
Aldred. Senlac.
Edward (*waking*). Senlac! Sanguelac,
The Lake of Blood!
Stigand. This lightning before death
Plays on the word,—and Normanizes too!
Harold. Hush, father, hush!
Edward. Thou uncanonical fool,
Wilt *thou* play with the thunder? North and South
Thunder together, showers of blood are blown
Before a never-ending blast, and hiss
Against the blaze they cannot quench—a lake.

A sea of blood — we are drown'd in blood — for God
Has fill'd the quiver, and Death has drawn the bow —
Sanguelac! Sanguelac! the arrow! the arrow! [*Dies.*
Stigand. It is the arrow of death in his own heart —
And our great Council wait to crown thee King.

Scene II

In the Garden. The King's House near London

Edith. Crown'd, crown'd and lost, crown'd King — and lost to me!

(*Singing.*)

Two young lovers in winter weather,
None to guide them,
Walk'd at night on the misty heather;
Night, as black as a raven's feather;
Both were lost and found together,
None beside them.

That is the burthen of it — lost and found
Together in the cruel river Swale
A hundred years ago; and there 's another,

Lost, lost, the light of day,

To which the lover answers lovingly:

'I am beside thee.'
Lost, lost, we have lost the way.
'Love, I will guide thee.'
Whither, O whither? into the river,
Where we two may be lost together,
And lost for ever? 'O, never! O, never!
Tho' we be lost and be found together.'

Some think they loved within the pale forbidden
By Holy Church; but who shall say? the truth
Was lost in that fierce North, where *they* were lost,
Where all good things are lost, where Tostig lost
The good hearts of his people. It is Harold!

Enter Harold.

Harold the King!
Harold. Call me not King, b
Harold.
Edith. Nay, thou art King!
Harold. Thine, thine, or King
churl!
My girl, thou hast been weepin
turn not thou
Thy face away, but rather let me b
King of the moment to thee, and co
mand
That kiss my due when subject, whi
will make
My kingship kinglier to me than
reign
King of the world without it.
Edith. Ask me n
Lest I should yield it, and the seco
curse
Descend upon thine head, and th
be only
King of the moment over England.
Harold. Edi
Tho' somewhat less a king to my t
self
Than ere they crown'd me one, fo
have lost
Somewhat of upright stature th
mine oath,
Yet thee I would not lose, and
not thou
Our living passion for a dead ma
dream;
Stigand believed he knew not w
he spake.
O God! I cannot help it, but
times
They seem to me too narrow, all
faiths
Of this grown world of ours, wh
baby eye
Saw them sufficient. Fool and wi
I fear
This curse, and scorn it. But a li
light! —
And on it falls the shadow of
priest;
Heaven yield us more! for bet
Woden, all
Our cancell'd warrior-gods, our g
Walhalla,
Eternal war, than that the Saints
peace,
The Holiest of our Holiest One, sho
be

William's fellow-tricksters;—
better die
credit this, for death is death, or else
us beyond the lie. Kiss me—
thou art not
y sister yet, my girl, to fear
might be more than brother in my kiss,
nore than sister in thine own.
th. I dare not.
old. Scared by the church—
'Love for a whole life long.'
was that sung?
th. Here to the nightingales.
old. Their anthems of no church, how sweet they are! 60
kingly priest, nor priestly king to cross
billings ere they nest.
th. They are but of spring,
fly the winter change—not so with us—
ings to come and go.
old. But wing'd souls flying
d all change and in the eternal distance
tle on the Truth.
th. They are not so true, change their mates.
old. Do they? I did not know it.
th. They say thou art to wed the Lady Aldwyth.
old. They say, they say!
th. If this be politic,
vell for thee and England—and for her— 70
not for me who love thee.
th (*calling*). Harold, Harold!
old. The voice of Gurth! (*Enter* Gurth.) Good even, my good brother!
th. Good even, gentle Edith.
th. Good even, Gurth.
th. Ill news hath come! Our hapless brother, Tostig—
nd the giant King of Norway, Harold
ada—Scotland, Ireland, Iceland, Orkney,
nded north of Humber, and in a field
kt with carnage that the dykes and brooks
Were bridged and damm'd with dead, have overthrown 79
Morcar and Edwin.
Harold. Well then, we must fight.
How blows the wind?
Gurth Against Saint Valery
And William.
Harold. Well then, we will to the North.
Gurth. Ay, but worse news: this William sent to Rome,
Swearing thou swarest falsely by his Saints.
The Pope and that Archdeacon Hildebrand,
His master, heard him, and have sent him back
A holy gonfanon, and a blessed hair
Of Peter, and all France, all Burgundy,
Poitou, all Christendom is raised against thee.
He hath cursed thee, and all those who fight for thee, 90
And given thy realm of England to the bastard.
Harold. Ha! ha!
Edith. O, laugh not!—Strange and ghastly in the gloom
And shadowing of this double thundercloud
That lours on England—laughter!
Harold. No, not strange!
This was old human laughter in old Rome
Before a Pope was born, when that which reign'd
Call'd itself God.—A kindly rendering
Of 'Render unto Cæsar.'—The Good Shepherd!
Take this, and render that.
Gurth. They have taken York.
Harold. The Lord was God and came as man—the Pope 101
Is man and comes as God.—York taken?
Gurth. Yea,
Tostig hath taken York!
Harold. To York then. Edith,
Hadst thou been braver, I had better braved
All—but I love thee and thou me—and that
Remains beyond all chances and all churches,
And that thou knowest.

Edith. Ay, but take back thy ring.
It burns my hand—a curse to thee and me.
I dare not wear it.

[*Proffers* Harold *the ring, which he takes.*

Harold. But I dare. God with thee!

[*Exeunt* Harold *and* Gurth.

Edith. The King hath cursed him, if he marry me;
The Pope hath cursed him, marry me or no!
God help me! I know nothing—can but pray
For Harold—pray, pray, pray—no help but prayer,
A breath that fleets beyond this iron world,
And touches Him that made it.

ACT IV

Scene I.—In Northumbria

Archbishop Aldred, Morcar, Edwin, *and* Forces. *Enter* Harold, *the standard of the golden Dragon of Wessex preceding him.*

Harold. What! are thy people sullen from defeat?
Our Wessex dragon flies beyond the Humber,
No voice to greet it.

Edwin. Let not our great King
Believe us sullen—only shamed to the quick
Before the King—as having been so bruised
By Harold, King of Norway; but our help
Is Harold, King of England. Pardon us, thou!
Our silence is our reverence for the King!

Harold. Earl of the Mercians! if the truth be gall,
Cram me not thou with honey, when our good hive
Needs every sting to save it.

Voices. Aldwyth! Aldwyth!

Harold. Why cry thy people on thy sister's name?

Morcar. She hath won upon [illegible] people thro' her beauty
And pleasantness among them.

Voices. Aldwyth, Aldwy[illegible]

Harold. They shout as they wo[illegible] have her for a queen.

Morcar. She hath follow'd with [illegible] host, and suffer'd all.

Harold. What would ye, men?

Voice. Our old Northumbrian crov
And kings of our own choosing.

Harold. Your old cro[illegible]
Were little help without our Sax[illegible] carles
Against Hardrada.

Voice. Little! we are Dan[illegible]
Who conquer'd what we walk on, [illegible] own field.

Harold. They have been plotti[illegible] here! [*As[illegible]*

Voice. He calls us little!

Harold. The kingdoms of this wo[illegible] began with little,
A hill, a fort, a city—that reach'[illegible] hand
Down to the field beneath it, 'Be th[illegible] mine,'
Then to the next, 'Thou also!' If [illegible] field
Cried out, 'I am mine own,' anot[illegible] hill,
Or fort, or city, took it, and the fir[illegible]
Fell, and the next became an empi[illegible]

Voice. [illegible]
Thou art but a West Saxon; *we* [illegible] Danes!

Harold. My mother is a Dane, [illegible] I am English;
There is a pleasant fable in old boo[illegible]
Ye take a stick, and break it; bin[illegible] score
All in one faggot, snap it over kne[illegible]
Ye cannot.

Voice. Hear King Harold! he s[illegible] true!

Harold. Would ye be Norsemen

Voices. No!

Harold. Or Norman

Voices. [illegible]

Harold. Snap not the faggot-bu[illegible] then.

Voice. That is true!

Voice. Ay, but thou art not king only grandson
To Wulfnoth, a poor cowherd.

Harold. This old Wulfn[illegible]

d take me on his knees and tell
me tales
fred and of Athelstan the Great
drove you Danes; and yet he
held that Dane,
Angle, Saxon, were or should be
all
England; for this cowherd, like
my father,
shook the Norman scoundrels off
the throne,
n him kingly thoughts — a king
of men,
ade but born, like the great King
of all,
t among the oxen.
ce. That is true!
ce. Ay, and I love him now, for
mine own father
reat, and cobbled.
ce. Thou art Tostig's brother,
wastes the land.
old. This brother comes to save
land from waste; I saved it once
before,
hen your people banish'd Tostig
hence,
Edward would have sent a host
against you,
I, who loved my brother, bade
the King,
loted on him, sanction your de-
cree
stig's banishment, and choice of
Morcar,
p the realm from scattering.
ce. King! thy brother,
may dare to speak the truth,
was wrong'd.
was he, born so; but the plots
against him
adden'd tamer men.
car. Thou art one of those
rake into Lord Tostig's treasure-
house
lew two hundred of his follow-
ing,
ow, when Tostig hath come back
with power,
ghted back to Tostig.
Thane. Ugh! Plots and feuds!
my ninetieth birthday. Can ye
not
thren? Godwin still at feud with
Alfgar,
And Alfgar hates King Harold. Plots
and feuds!
This is my ninetieth birthday!
Harold. Old man, Harold
Hates nothing; not *his* fault, if our
two houses
Be less than brothers.
Voices. Aldwyth, Harold, Aldwyth!
Harold. Again! Morcar! Edwin!
What do they mean?
Edwin. So the good King would
deign to lend an ear
Not overscornful, we might chance
— perchance —
To guess their meaning.
Morcar. Thine own meaning,
Harold,
To make all England one, to close all
feuds,
Mixing our bloods, that thence a king
may rise
Half-Godwin and half-Alfgar, one to
rule
All England beyond question, beyond
quarrel.
Harold. Who sow'd this fancy here
among the people?
Morcar. Who knows what sows it-
self among the people?
A goodly flower at times.
Harold. The Queen of Wales?
Why, Morcar, it is all but duty in
her
To hate me; I have heard she hates
me.
Morcar. No!
For I can swear to that, but cannot
swear
That these will follow thee against the
Norsemen,
If thou deny them this.
Harold. Morcar and Edwin,
When will ye cease to plot against my
house?
Edwin. The King can scarcely dream
that we, who know
His prowess in the mountains of the
West,
Should care to plot against him in the
North.
Morcar. Who dares arraign us, King,
of such a plot?
Harold. Ye heard one witness even
now.
Morcar. The craven!

There is a faction risen again for Tostig,
Since Tostig came with Norway — fright, not love.
Harold. Morcar and Edwin, will ye, if I yield,
Follow against the Norseman?
Morcar. Surely, surely!
Harold. Morcar and Edwin, will ye upon oath
Help us against the Norman?
Morcar. With good will;
Yea, take the sacrament upon it, King.
Harold. Where is thy sister?
Morcar. Somewhere hard at hand.
Call and she comes.
[*One goes out, then enter* Aldwyth.
Harold. I doubt not but thou knowest
Why thou art summon'd.
Aldwyth. Why? — I stay with these,
Lest thy fierce Tostig spy me out alone,
And flay me all alive.
Harold. Canst thou love one
Who did discrown thine husband, unqueen thee?
Didst thou not love thine husband?
Aldwyth. O! my lord,
The nimble, wild, red, wiry, savage king —
That was, my lord, a match of policy.
Harold. Was it?
I knew him brave; he loved his land; he fain
Had made her great; his finger on her harp —
I heard him more than once — had in it Wales,
Her floods, her woods, her hills. Had I been his,
I had been all Welsh.
Aldwyth. O, ay! — all Welsh — and yet
I saw thee drive him up his hills — and women
Cling to the conquer'd, if they love, the more;
If not, they cannot hate the conqueror.
We never — O good Morcar, speak for us,
His conqueror conquer'd Aldwyth.
Harold. Goodly news!
Morcar. Doubt it not thou! Since Griffyth's head was sent
To Edward, she hath said it.
Harold. I had rat
She would have loved her husba
Aldwyth, Aldwyth,
Canst thou love me, thou know
where I love?
Aldwyth. I can, my lord, for m
own sake, for thine,
For England, for thy poor white do
who flutters
Between thee and the porch, but th
would find
Her nest within the cloister and
still.
Harold. Canst thou love one w
cannot love again?
Aldwyth. Full hope have I that l
will answer love.
Harold. Then in the name of
great God, so be it!
Come, Aldred, join our hands bef
the hosts,
That all may see.
[Aldred *joins the hands of* Har
and Aldwyth, *and blesses the*
Voices. Harold, Harold and A
wyth!
Harold. Set forth our gol
Dragon, let him flap
The wings that beat down Wales!
Advance our Standard of the Warr
Dark among gems and gold; and th
brave banner,
Blaze like a night of fatal stars
those
Who read their doom and die.
Where lie the Norsemen? on the I
went? ay,
At Stamford-Bridge.
Morcar, collect thy men; Edwin,
friend —
Thou lingerest. — Gurth, —
Last night King Edward came to
in dreams —
The rosy face and long down-sil
ing beard —
He told me I should conquer. —
I am no woman to put faith
dreams.

(*To his army.*)

Last night King Edward came to m
dreams,
And told me we should conquer.
Voices. Forward! Forwa
Harold and Holy Cross!
Aldwyth. The day is w

Scene II

LAIN. Before the Battle of Stamford-Bridge.

Harold *and his* Guard.

rold. Who is it comes this way? Tostig? (*Enter* Tostig *with a small force.*) O brother, art thou doing here?

tig. I am foraging Norway's army.

rold. I could take and slay thee. art in arms against us.

tig. Take and slay me, Edward loved me.

rold. Edward bade me spare thee.

tig. I hate King Edward, for he join'd with thee

rive me outlaw'd. Take and slay me, I say,

shall count thee fool.

rold. Take thee, or free thee, thee or slay thee, Norway will have war;

nan would strike with Tostig, save for Norway.

art nothing in thine England, save for Norway,

loves not thee, but war. What dost thou here,

pling thy mother's bosom into blood?

tig. She hath wean'd me from it with such bitterness.

ne for mine own earldom, my Northumbria;

hast given it to the enemy of our house.

rold. Northumbria threw thee off, she will not have thee.

hast misused her; and, O crowning crime!

murder'd thine own guest, the son of Orm,

l, at thine own hearth.

tig. The slow, fat fool! awl'd and prated so, I smote him suddenly;

w not what I did. He held with Morcar. —

e myself for all things that I do.

rold. And Morcar holds with us. Come back with him.

Know what thou dost; and we may find for thee,

So thou be chasten'd by thy banishment,

Some easier earldom.

Tostig. What for Norway then?

He looks for land among us, he and his.

Harold. Seven feet of English land, or something more,

Seeing he is a giant.

Tostig. That is noble!

That sounds of Godwin.

Harold. Come thou back, and be

Once more a son of Godwin.

Tostig (*turns away*). O brother, brother,

O Harold —

Harold (*laying his hand on* Tostig's *shoulder*). Nay then, come thou back to us!

Tostig (*after a pause turning to him*). Never shall any man say that I, that Tostig

Conjured the mightier Harold from his North

To do the battle for me here in England,

Then left him for the meaner! thee! —

Thou hast no passion for the house of Godwin —

Thou hast but cared to make thyself a king —

Thou hast sold me for a cry. —

Thou gavest thy voice against me in the Council —

I hate thee, and despise thee, and defy thee.

Farewell for ever. [*Exit.*

Harold. On to Stamford-Bridge!

Scene III

After the Battle of Stamford-Bridge. Banquet

Harold *and* Aldwyth. Gurth, Leofwin, Morcar, Edwin, *and other* Earls *and* Thanes.

Voices. Hail! Harold! Aldwyth! hail, bridegroom and bride!

Aldwyth (*talking with* Harold). Answer them thou!

Is this our marriage-banquet? Would the wines

Of wedding had been dash'd into the cups
Of victory, and our marriage and thy glory
Been drunk together! these poor hands but sew,
Spin, broider — would that they were man's to have held
The battle-axe by thee!
Harold. There *was* a moment
When, being forced aloof from all my guard,
And striking at Hardrada and his madmen,
I had wish'd for any weapon.
Aldwyth. Why art thou sad?
Harold. I have lost the boy who play'd at ball with me,
With whom I fought another fight than this
Of Stamford-Bridge.
Aldwyth. Ay! ay! thy victories
Over our own poor Wales, when at thy side
He conquer'd with thee.
Harold. No — the childish fist
That cannot strike again.
Aldwyth. Thou art too kindly.
Why didst thou let so many Norsemen hence?
Thy fierce forekings had clench'd their pirate hides
To the bleak church doors, like kites upon a barn.
Harold. Is there so great a need to tell thee why?
Aldwyth. Yea, am I not thy wife?
Voices. Hail, Harold, Aldwyth!
Bridegroom and bride!
Aldwyth. Answer them!
[*To* Harold.
Harold (*to all*). Earls and thanes!
Full thanks for your fair greeting of my bride!
Earls, thanes, and all our countrymen! the day,
Our day beside the Derwent, will not shine
Less than a star among the goldenest hours
Of Alfred, or of Edward his great son,
Or Athelstan, or English Ironside
Who fought with Knut, or Knut who coming Dane
Died English. Every man about his King
Fought like a king; the King like
own man,
No better; one for all, and all for o
One soul! and therefore have we sh
ter'd back
The hugest wave from Norseland e
yet
Surged on us, and our battle-a
broken
The Raven's wing, and dumb'd
carrion croak
From the gray sea for ever. M
are gone —
Drink to the dead who died for
the living
Who fought and would have died,
happier lived,
If happier be to live; they both have
In the large mouth of England,
her voice
Die with the world. Hail — hail!
Morcar. May all invaders per
like Hardrada!
All traitors fail like Tostig!
[*All drink but* Harc
Aldwyth. Thy cup 's fu
Harold. I saw the hand of Tos
cover it.
Our dear, dead traitor-brother, Tos
him
Reverently we buried. Friends,
I been here,
Without too large self-lauding I m
hold
The sequel had been other than
league
With Norway, and this battle. Pe
be with him!
He was not of the worst. If there
those
At banquet in this hall, and hear
me —
For there be those, I fear, who pric
the lion
To make him spring, that sight
Danish blood
Might serve an end not Englis
peace with them
Likewise, if *they* can be at peace w
what
God gave us to divide us from the w
Aldwyth (*aside to* Harold). Make
our Morcar sullen; it is not w
Harold. Hail to the living
fought, the dead who fell!
Voices. Hail, hail!

STAMFORD BRIDGE

st Thane. How ran that answer
which King Harold gave
s dead namesake, when he ask'd
for England ?
fwin. 'Seven feet of English
earth, or something more,
g he is a giant !'
st Thane. Then for the bastard
et and nothing more !
fwin. Ay, but belike
hast not learnt his measure.
st Thane. By Saint Edmund
-measure him. Sound sleep to
the man
by dead Norway without dream
or dawn !
nd Thane. What, is he bragging
still that he will come,
rust our Harold's throne from
under him ?
rse would tell me of a molehill
crying
ountain, 'Stand aside and room
for me !'

First Thane. Let him come ! let him
come ! Here 's to him,—sink or
swim ! [*Drinks.*
Second Thane. God sink him !
First Thane. Cannot hands which
had the strength
To shove that stranded iceberg off our
shores,
And send the shatter'd North again to
sea,
Scuttle his cockle-shell ? What 's Bru-
nanburg
To Stamford-Bridge ? a war-crash, and
so hard,
So loud, that, by Saint Dunstan, old
Saint Thor —
By God, we thought him dead — but
our old Thor
Heard his own thunder again, and
woke and came
Among us again, and mark'd the sons
of those
Who made this Britain England, break
the North —

Mark'd how the war-axe swang,
Heard how the war-horn sang,
Mark'd how the spear-head sprang,
Heard how the shield-wall rang,
Iron on iron clang,
Anvil on hammer bang —

Second Thane. Hammer on anvil, hammer on anvil. Old dog,
Thou art drunk, old dog!
First Thane. Too drunk to fight with thee!
Second Thane. Fight thou with thine own double, not with me,
Keep that for Norman William!
First Thane. Down with William!
Third Thane. The washerwoman's brat!
Fourth Thane. The tanner's bastard!
Fifth Thane. The Falaise byblow!

Enter a THANE, *from Pevensey, spattered with mud.*

Harold. Ay, but what late guest,
As haggard as a fast of forty days,
And caked and plaster'd with a hundred mires,
Hath stumbled on our cups?
Thane from Pevensey. My lord the King!
William the Norman, for the wind had changed —
Harold. I felt it in the middle of that fierce fight
At Stamford-Bridge. William hath landed, ha?
Thane from Pevensey. Landed at Pevensey — I am from Pevensey —
Hath wasted all the land at Pevensey —
Hath harried mine own cattle — God confound him!
I have ridden night and day from Pevensey —
A thousand ships — a hundred thousand men —
Thousands of horses, like as many lions
Neighing and roaring as they leapt to land —
Harold. How oft in coming hast thou broken bread?
Thane from Pevensey. Some thrice, or so.
Harold Bring not thy hollowness
On our full feast. Famine is fear, were it but
Of being starved. Sit down, sit dow
and eat,
And, when again red-blooded, spe
again.
(*Aside.*) The men that guarded E
land to the South
Were scatter'd to the harvest. —
power mine
To hold their force together. — Ma
are fallen
At Stamford-Bridge — the peo
stupid-sure
Sleep like their swine — in South a
North at once
I could not be.
(*Aloud.*) Gurth, Leofwin, More
Edwin!
(*Pointing to the revellers.*) The cu
of England! these are drow
in wassail,
And cannot see the world but th
their wines!
Leave them! and thee too, Aldwy
must I leave —
Harsh is the news! hard is our hon
moon!
Thy pardon (*Turning round to his tendants.*) Break the banq
up — Ye four!
And thou, my carrier-pigeon of bl
news,
Cram thy crop full, but come wh
thou art call'd. [*Exit* Haro

ACT V

SCENE I. A TENT ON A MOU
FROM WHICH CAN BE SEEN T
FIELD OF SENLAC

HAROLD, *sitting; by him stand*
HUGH MARGOT *the* Monk, GUR
LEOFWIN.

Harold. Refer my cause, my cro
to Rome! The wolf
Mudded the brook and predetermi
all.
Monk,
Thou hast said thy say, and had
constant 'No'
For all but instant battle. I hear
more.
Margot. Hear me again — for
last time. Arise,

er thy people home, descend the hill,
hands of full allegiance in thy Lord's
crave his mercy, for the Holy Father
given this realm of England to the Norman.
rold. Then for the last time, monk, I ask again
a had the Lateran and the Holy Father
o with England's choice of her own king?
rgot. Earl, the first Christian Cæsar drew to the East
ave the Pope dominion in the West.
ve him all the kingdoms of the West.
rold. So! — did he? — Earl — I have a mind to play
Villiam with thine eyesight and thy tongue.
— ay — thou art but a messenger of William.
weary — go; make me not wroth with thee!
rgot. Mock-king, I am the messenger of God,
Norman Daniel! Mene, Mene, Tekel!
wrath hell, that I should spare to cry,
Heaven is wroth with *thee?* Hear me again!
Saints have moved the Church that moves the world,
ll the Heavens and very God; they heard —
know King Edward's promise and thine — thine.
rold. Should they not know free England crowns herself?
now that he nor I had power to promise?
now that Edward cancell'd his own promise?
for *my* part therein — Back to that juggler, [*Rising.*
im the Saints are nobler than he dreams,
im that God is nobler than the Saints,
ell him we stand arm'd on Senlac Hill,
And bide the doom of God.
Margot. Hear it thro' me.
The realm for which thou art forsworn is cursed,
The babe enwomb'd and at the breast is cursed,
The corpse thou whelmest with thine earth is cursed,
The soul who fighteth on thy side is cursed,
The seed thou sowest in thy field is cursed,
The steer wherewith thou plowest thy field is cursed,
The fowl that fleeth o'er thy field is cursed,
And thou, usurper, liar —
Harold. Out, beast monk!
[*Lifting his hand to strike him.* Gurth *stops the blow.*
I ever hated monks.
Margot. I am but a voice
Among you; murder, martyr me if ye will —
Harold. Thanks, Gurth! The simple, silent, selfless man
Is worth a world of tonguesters. (*To* Margot.) Get thee gone!
He means the thing he says. See him out safe!
Leofwin. He hath blown himself as red as fire with curses.
An honest fool! Follow me, honest fool,
But if thou blurt thy curse among our folk,
I know not — I may give that egg-bald head
The tap that silences.
Harold. See him out safe.
[*Exeunt* Leofwin *and* Margot.
Gurth. Thou hast lost thine even temper, brother Harold!
Harold. Gurth, when I past by Waltham, my foundation
For men who serve the neighbor, not themselves,
I cast me down prone, praying; and, when I rose,
They told me that the Holy Rood had lean'd
And bow'd above me; whether that which held it
Had weaken'd, and the Rood itself were bound

To that necessity which binds us down;
Whether it bow'd at all but in their fancy;
Or if it bow'd, whether it symboll'd ruin
Or glory, who shall tell? but they were sad,
And somewhat sadden'd me.
Gurth. Yet if a fear,
Or shadow of a fear, lest the strange Saints
By whom thou swarest should have power to balk
Thy puissance in this fight with him who made
And heard thee swear — brother — *I* have not sworn —
If the King fall, may not the kingdom fall?
But if I fall, I fall, and thou art King;
And if I win, I win, and thou art King;
Draw thou to London, there make strength to breast
Whatever chance, but leave this day to me.
Leofwin (*entering*). And waste the land about thee as thou goest,
And be thy hand as winter on the field,
To leave the foe no forage.
Harold. Noble Gurth!
Best son of Godwin! If I fall, I fall —
The doom of God! How should the people fight
When the King flies? And, Leofwin, art thou mad?
How should the King of England waste the fields
Of England, his own people? — No glance yet
Of the Northumbrian helmet on the heath?
Leofwin. No, but a shoal of wives upon the heath,
And some one saw thy willy-nilly nun
Vying a tress against our golden fern.
Harold. Vying a tear with our cold dews, a sigh
With these low-moaning heavens. Let her be fetch'd.
We have parted from our wife without reproach,
Tho' we have pierced thro' all her practices;
And that is well.
Leofwin. I saw her even no
She hath not left us.
Harold. Nought of Morcar the
Gurth. Nor seen, nor heard; thi
William's, or his own
As wind blows, or tide flows. Be
he watches
If this war-storm in one of its ro
rolls
Wash up that old crown of North
berland.
Harold. I married her for Mo
— a sin against
The truth of love. Evil for good
seems,
Is oft as childless of the good
evil
For evil.
Leofwin. Good for good hath bo
at times
A bastard false as William.
Harold. Ay, if Wis
Pair'd not with Good. But I
somewhat worn,
A snatch of sleep were like the pe
of God,
Gurth, Leofwin, go once more ab
the hill —
What did the dead man call i
Sanguelac,
The lake of blood?
Leofwin. A lake that dips in
liam
As well as Harold.
Harold. Like enough. I h
seen
The trenches dug, the palisades
rear'd
And wattled thick with ash and
low-wands,
Yea, wrought at them myself.
round once more;
See all be sound and whole. No
man horse
Can shatter England, standing sh
by shield;
Tell that again to all.
Gurth. I will, good brot
Harold. Our guardsman hath
toil'd his hand and foot,
I hand, foot, heart and head. S
wine!
(*One pours wine into a goblet w
he hands to* Harold.) Too m
What? we must use our battle-ax
day.

uardsman have slept well, since we came in?
win. Ay, slept and snored. Your second-sighted man
scared the dying conscience of the king
ard their snores for groans. They are up again
chanting that old song of Brunanburg
e England conquer'd.
old. That is well. The Norman,
is he doing?
win. Praying for Normandy; couts have heard the tinkle of their bells.
old. And our old songs are prayers for England too!
y all Saints —
win. Barring the Norman!
old. Nay,
the great trumpet blowing doomsday dawn,
ds must rest. Call when the Norman moves —
[*Exeunt all but* Harold.
rse — thousands of horses — our shield wall —
— break it not — break not — break —
[*Sleeps.*
ion of Edward. Son Harold, I thy king, who came before
l thee thou shouldst win at Stamford Bridge,
yet once more, from where I am at peace,
use I loved thee in my mortal day,
l thee thou shalt die on Senlac Hill —
elac!
ion of Wulfnoth. O brother, from my ghastly oubliette
d my voice across the narrow seas —
ore, no more, dear brother, nevermore —
elac!
ion of Tostig. O brother, most unbrotherlike to me,
gavest thy voice against me in my life,
my voice against thee from the grave —
elac!

Vision of Norman Saints. O hapless Harold! King but for an hour!
Thou swarest falsely by our blessed bones,
We give our voice against thee out of heaven!
Sanguelac! Sanguelac! The arrow! the arrow!
Harold (*starting up, battle-axe in hand*). Away!
My battle-axe against your voices. Peace!
The King's last word — 'the arrow!' I shall die —
I die for England then, who lived for England —
What nobler? men must die.
I cannot fall into a falser world —
I have done no man wrong. Tostig, poor brother,
Art *thou* so anger'd?
Fain had I kept thine earldom in thy hands
Save for thy wild and violent will that wrench'd
All hearts of freemen from thee. I could do
No other than this way advise the king
Against the race of Godwin. Is it possible
That mortal men should bear their earthly heats
Into yon bloodless world, and threaten us thence
Unschool'd of Death? Thus then thou art revenged —
I left our England naked to the South
To meet thee in the North. The Norseman's raid
Hath helpt the Norman, and the race of Godwin
Hath ruin'd Godwin. No — our waking thoughts
Suffer a stormless shipwreck in the pools
Of sullen slumber, and arise again
Disjointed; only dreams — where mine own self
Takes part against myself! Why? for a spark
Of self-disdain born in me when I sware
Falsely to him, the falser Norman over

His gilded ark of mummy-saints, by whom
I knew not that I sware, — not for myself —
For England — yet not wholly —

Enter EDITH.

Edith, Edith,
Get thou into thy cloister as the King
Will'd it; be safe, the perjury-mongering Count
Hath made too good an use of Holy Church
To break her close! There the great God of truth
Fill all thine hours with peace! — A lying devil
Hath haunted me — mine oath — my wife — I fain
Had made my marriage not a lie; I could not.
Thou art my bride! and thou in after years
Praying perchance for this poor soul of mine
In cold, white cells beneath an icy moon —
This memory to thee! — and this to England,
My legacy of war against the Pope
From child to child, from Pope to Pope, from age to age,
Till the sea wash her level with her shores,
Or till the Pope be Christ's.

Enter ALDWYTH.

Aldwyth (*to* Edith). Away from him!
Edith. I will. — I have not spoken to the king
One word; and one I must. Farewell!
[*Going.*
Harold. Not yet.
Stay.
Edith. To what use?
Harold. The King commands thee, woman!
(*To* ALDWYTH.)
Have thy two brethren sent their forces in?
Aldwyth. Nay, I fear not.
Harold. Then there's no force in thee!
Thou didst possess thyself of Edward's ear
To part me from the woman that I loved!
Thou didst arouse the fierce Northu brians!
Thou hast been false to England a to me!
As — in some sort — I have been fa to thee.
Leave me. No more — Pardon both sides — Go!
Aldwyth. Alas, my lord, I loved th
Harold (*bitterly*). With a l
Passing thy love for Griffyth! whe fore now
Obey my first and last commandme Go!
Aldwyth. O Harold! husband! Sh we meet again?
Harold. After the battle — after battle. Go.
Aldwyth. I go. (*Aside.*) That could stab her standing there
[*Exit* Aldwy
Edith. Alas, my lord, she loved th
Harold. Never! nev
Edith. I saw it in her eyes!
Harold. I see it in thi
And not on thee — nor England — f God's doom!
Edith. On *thee?* on me! And th art England! Alfred
Was England. Ethelred was nothi England
Is but her king, and thou art Harol
Harold. Edi
The sign in heaven — the sudden bl at sea —
My fatal oath — the dead Saints the dark dreams —
The Pope's anathema — the Holy R
That bow'd to me at Waltham — Edi if
I, the last English King of England
Edith. N
First of a line that coming from people,
And chosen by the people —
Harold. And fighting
And dying for the people —
Edith. Living! livin
Harold. Yea so, good cheer! th art Harold, I am Edith!
Look not thus wan!
Edith. What matters how I loo
Have we not broken Wales and Nor land? slain,
Whose life was all one battle, inc nate war,

giant-king, a mightier man-in-arms
William.
old. Ay, my girl, no tricks in him—
stard he! when all was lost, he yell'd,
it his shield, and dash'd it on the ground,
swaying his two-handed sword about him,
deaths at every swing, ran in upon us
ied so, and I loved him as I hate iar who made me liar. If Hate can kill,
Loathing wield a Saxon battle-axe—
h. Waste not thy might before the battle!
old. No,
hou must hence. Stigand will see thee safe,
o—Farewell.
[*He is going, but turns back.*
The ring thou darest not wear,
e had it fashion'd, see, to meet my hand.
Iarold *shows the ring which is on his finger.*
ell!
Ie is going, but turns back again.
ead as Death this day to aught of earth's
Villiam's death or mine.
h. Thy death!—to-day!
ot thy birthday?
old. Ay, that happy day!
nday welcome! happy days and many!
this! [*They embrace.*
I will bear thy blessing into the battle
ont the doom of God.
nan Cries (*heard in the distance*).
Ha Rou! Ha Rou!

Enter GURTH.

h. The Norman moves!
old. Harold and Holy Cross!
[*Exeunt* Harold *and* Gurth.
Enter STIGAND.
nd. Our Church in arms—the amb the lion—not
nto pruning-hook—the counter way—

Cowl, helm; and crozier, battle-axe.
Abbot Alfwig,
Leofric, and all the monks of Peterboro'
Strike for the king; but I, old wretch, old Stigand,
With hands too limp to brandish iron—and yet
I have a power—would Harold ask me for it
I have a power.
Edith. What power, holy father?
Stigand. Power now from Harold to command thee hence
And see thee safe from Senlac.
Edith. I remain!
Stigand. Yea, so will I, daughter, until I find
Which way the battle balance. I can see it
From where we stand; and, live or die, I would
I were among them!

CANONS *from Waltham* (*singing without*).

Salva patriam,
Sancte Pater,
Salva, Fili,
Salva, Spiritus,
Salva patriam,
Sancta Mater. [1]

Edith. Are those the blessed angels quiring, father?
Stigand. No, daughter, but the canons out of Waltham,
The king's foundation, that have follow'd him.
Edith. O God of battles, make their wall of shields
Firm as thy cliffs, strengthen their palisades!
What is that whirring sound?
Stigand. The Norman arrow!
Edith. Look out upon the battle—is he safe?
Stigand. The King of England stands between his banners.
He glitters on the crowning of the hill.
God save King Harold!
Edith. —chosen by his people
And fighting for his people!
Stigand. There is one

[1] The *a* throughout these Latin hymns should be sounded broad, as in 'father.'

Come as Goliath came of yore — he flings
His brand in air and catches it again,
He is chanting some old war-song.
Edith. And no David
To meet him?
Stigand. Ay, there springs a Saxon on him,
Falls — and another falls.
Edith. Have mercy on us!
Stigand. Lo! our good Gurth hath smitten him to the death.
Edith. So perish all the enemies of Harold!

CANONS (*singing*).

Hostis in Angliam
Ruit prædator;
Illorum, Domine,
Scutum scindatur!
Hostis per Angliæ
Plagas bacchatur;
Casa crematur,
Pastor fugatur,
Grex trucidatur —

Stigand. Illos trucida, Domine.
Edith. Ay, good father.

CANONS (*singing*).

Illorum scelera
Pœna sequatur!

English Cries. Harold and Holy Cross! Out! out!
Stigand. Our javelins
Answer their arrows. All the Norman foot
Are storming up the hill. The range of knights
Sit, each a statue on his horse, and wait.
English Cries. Harold and God Almighty!
Norman Cries. Ha Rou! Ha Rou!

CANONS (*singing*).

Eques cum pedite
Præpediatur!
Illorum in lacrymas
Cruor fundatur!
Pereant, pereant,
Anglia precatur.

Stigand. Look, daughter, look.
Edith. Nay, father, look for *me!*
Stigand. Our axes lighten with a single flash
About the summit of the hill, and heads
And arms are sliver'd off and sp ter'd by
Their lightning — and they fly — Norman flies.
Edith. Stigand, O father, have won the day?
Stigand. No, daughter, no — t fall behind the horse —
Their horse are thronging to the ricades;
I see the gonfanon of Holy Peter
Floating above their helmets — ha! is down!
Edith. He down! Who down
Stigand. The Norman Cour down.
Edith. So perish all the enemie England!
Stigand. No, no, he hath r again — he bares his face —
Shouts something — he points onw — all their horse
Swallow the hill locust-like, swarm up.
Edith. O God of battles, make battle-axe keen
As thine own sharp-dividing just heavy
As thine own bolts that fall on cri ful heads
Charged with the weight of hea wherefrom they fall!

CANONS (*singing*).

Jacta tonitrua,
Deus bellator!
Surgas e tenebris,
Sis vindicator!
Fulmina, fulmina,
Deus vastator!

Edith. O God of battles, they three to one,
Make thou one man as three to them down!

CANONS (*singing*).

Equus cum equite
Dejiciatur!
Acies, acies
Prona sternatur!
Illorum lanceas
Frange, Creator!

Stigand. Yea, yea, for how t lances snap and shiver
Against the shifting blaze of Harc axe!

oodman of old Woden, how he fells
ortal copse of faces! There! And there!
rse and horseman cannot meet the shield,
low that brains the horseman cleaves the horse,
rse and horseman roll along the hill,
ly once more, they fly, the Nor-man flies!

Equus cum equite
Præcipitatur.

h. O God, the God of truth hath heard my cry!
them, follow them, drive them to the sea!

Illorum scelera
Pœna sequatur!

nd. Truth! no; a lie; a trick, a Norman trick!
turn on the pursuer, horse against foot,
nurder all that follow.
h. Have mercy on us!
nd. Hot-headed fools—to burst the wall of shields!
ave broken the commandment of the king!
h. *His* oath was broken—O holy Norman Saints,
t are now of heaven, and see beyond
Norman shrines, pardon it, pardon it,
e forsware himself for all he oved,
and all! Look out upon the battle!
nd. They thunder again upon the barricades.
ht is eagle, but the strife so hick—
the hottest of it; hold, ash! old, willow!
ish Cries. Out, out!
an Cries. Ha Rou!
nd. Ha! Gurth had leapt upon him
in him; he hath fallen.
h. And I am heard.
o God in the Highest! fallen, allen!

Stigand. No, no, his horse—he mounts another—wields
His war-club, dashes it on Gurth, and Gurth,
Our noble Gurth, is down!
Edith. Have mercy on us!
Stigand. And Leofwin is down!
Edith. Have mercy on us!
O Thou that knowest, let not my strong prayer
Be weaken'd in thy sight, because I love
The husband of another!
Norman Cries. Ha Rou! Ha Rou!
Edith. I do not hear our English war-cry.
Stigand. No.
Edith. Look out upon the battle—is he safe?
Stigand. He stands between the banners with the dead
So piled about him he can hardly move.
Edith (*takes up the war-cry*). Out! out!
Norman Cries. Ha Rou!
Edith (*cries out*). Harold and Holy Cross!
Norman Cries. Ha Rou! Ha Rou!
Edith. What is that whirring sound?
Stigand. The Norman sends his arrows up to heaven,
They fall on those within the palisade!
Edith. Look out upon the hill—is Harold there?
Stigand. Sanguelac—Sanguelac—the arrow—the arrow!—away!

Scene II

Field of the Dead. Night

Aldwyth *and* Edith.

Aldwyth. O Edith, art thou here? O Harold, Harold—
Our Harold—we shall never see him more.
Edith. For there was more than sister in my kiss,
And so the Saints were wroth. I cannot love them,
For they are Norman Saints—and yet I should—
They are so much holier than their harlot's son

With whom they play'd their game against the King!
Aldwyth. The King is slain, the kingdom overthrown!
Edith. No matter!
Aldwyth. How no matter, Harold slain?—
I cannot find his body. O, help me thou!
O Edith, if I ever wrought against thee,
Forgive me thou, and help me here!
Edith. No matter!
Aldwyth. Not help me, nor forgive me?
Edith. So thou saidest.
Aldwyth. I say it now, forgive me!
Edith. Cross me not!
I am seeking one who wedded me in secret.
Whisper! God's angels only know it. Ha!
What art *thou* doing here among the dead?
They are stripping the dead bodies naked yonder,
And thou art come to rob them of their rings!
Aldwyth. O Edith, Edith, I have lost both crown
And husband.
Edith. So have I.
Aldwyth. I tell thee, girl,
I am seeking my dead Harold.
Edith. And I mine!
The Holy Father strangled him with a hair
Of Peter, and his brother Tostig helpt;
The wicked sister clapt her hands and laugh'd;
Then all the dead fell on him.
Aldwyth. Edith, Edith—
Edith. What was he like, this husband? like to thee?
Call not for help from me. I knew him not.
He lies not here; not close beside the standard.
Here fell the truest, manliest hearts of England.
Go further hence and find him.
Aldwyth. She is crazed!
Edith. That doth not matter either: Lower the light.
He must be here.

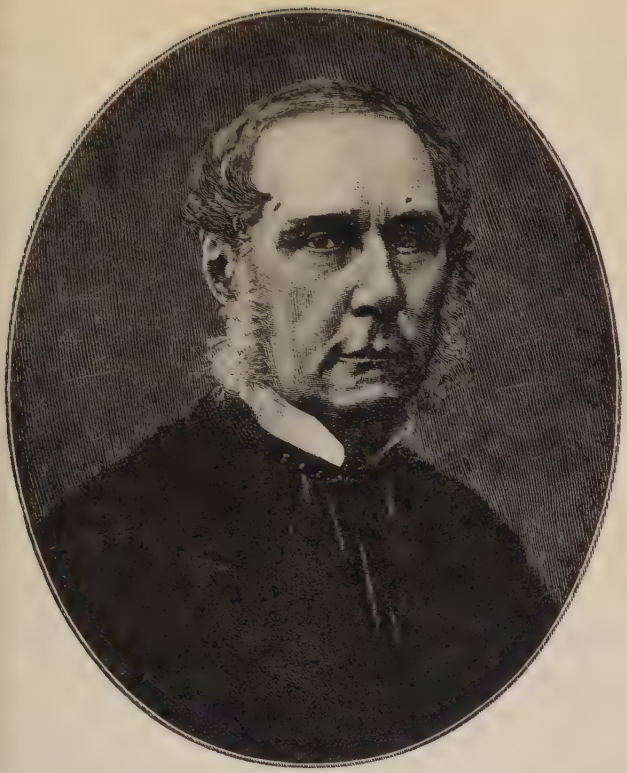
Enter two CANONS, OSGOD *and* ATHELRIC, *with torches. They turn over dead bodies and examine them as they pass.*
Osgod. I think that this is T kill.
Athelric. More likely Godric.
Osgod. I am sure this
Is Alfwig, the king's uncle.
Athelric. So
No, no,—brave Gurth, one gash brow to knee!
Osgod. And here is Leofwin.
Edith. And here is
Aldwyth. Harold? O, no—na it were—my God,
They have so maim'd and murd all his face
There is no man can swear to him
Edith. But one wo
Look you, we never mean to again.
I have found him, I am happy.
Was there not some one ask'd me forgiveness?
I yield it freely, being the true w
Of this dead King, who never revenge.
Enter COUNT WILLIAM *and* WILLIAM MALET.
William. Who be these wo And what body is this?
Edith. Harold, thy better!
William. Ay, and what art t
Edith. His wife!
Malet. Not true, my girl, he the Queen!
[*Pointing out* Aldw
William (*to* Aldwyth). Wast his Queen?
Aldwyth. I was the Queen of W
William. Why, then of Eng Madam, fear us not.
(*To* Malet.) Knowest thou other?
Malet. When I visited Eng
Some held she was his wife in s —some—
Well—some believed she was paramour.
Edith. Norman, thou liest! lia of you,
Your Saints and all! *I* am his and she—
For look, our marriage ring!
[*She draws it off the finger of* Ha

BATTLE ABBEY

I lost it somehow—
t, playing with it when I was
vild.
ed the doubt! but I am wiser
ow—
o wise—Will none among you
ll
e true witness—only for this
nce—
have found it here again?
[*She puts it on.*
And thou,
fe am I for ever and evermore.
[*Falls on the body and dies.*
am. Death!—and enough of
eath for this one day,
y of Saint Calixtus, and the
ay,
when I was born.
And this dead King's,
king or not, hath kinglike
ought and fallen,
hday, too. It seems but yes-
er-even
it with him in his English
alls,
His day, with all his roof-tree ringing
'Harold,'
Before he fell into the snare of Guy;
When all men counted Harold would
be King,
And Harold was most happy.
William. Thou art half English.
Take them away!
Malet, I vow to build a church to
God
Here on the hill of battle; let our
high altar
Stand where their standard fell—
where these two lie.
Take them away, I do not love to see
them.
Pluck the dead woman off the dead
man, Malet!
Malet. Faster than ivy! Must I
hack her arms off?
How shall I part them?
William. Leave them. Let them
be!
Bury him and his paramour together.
He that was false in oath to me, it
seems

Was false to his own wife. We will not give him
A Christian burial; yet he was a warrior,
And wise, yea truthful, till that blighted vow
Which God avenged to-day.
Wrap them together in a purple cloak,
And lay them both upon the waste sea-shore
At Hastings, there to guard the land for which
He did forswear himself — a warrior — ay,
And but that Holy Peter fought for us,
And that the false Northumbrian held aloof,
And save for that chance arrow which the Saints
Sharpen'd and sent against him — who can tell? —
Three horses had I slain beneath me; twice
I thought that all was lost. Since I knew battle,
And that was from my boyhood, never yet —

No, by the splendor of God — hav fought men
Like Harold and his brethren, and guard
Of English. Every man about king
Fell where he stood. They lo him; and pray God
My Normans may but move as t with me
To the door of death! Of one s stock at first,
Make them again one people — N man, English,
And English, Norman; we sho have a hand
To grasp the world with, and a to stamp it —
Flat. Praise the Saints! It is o No more blood!
I am King of England, so they thv me not,
And I will rule according to t laws.
(*To* Aldwyth.) Madam, we will treat thee with all honor.
Aldwyth. My punishment is n than I can bear.



Lord Selborne (Roundell Palmer)

BECKET

To the Lord Chancellor,

THE RIGHT HONORABLE EARL OF SELBORNE.

EAR SELBORNE, — To you, the honored Chancellor of our own day, I dedicate
natic memorial of your great predecessor ; — which, altho' not intended in its
orm to meet the exigencies of our modern theatre, has nevertheless — for so you
ured me — won your approbation. Ever yours, TENNYSON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

II. (*son of the Earl of Anjou*).
BECKET, *Chancellor of England, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.*
FOLIOT, *Bishop of London.*
Archbishop of York.
f Hereford.

HILARY, *Bishop of Chichester.*
JOCELYN, *Bishop of Salisbury.*
JOHN OF SALISBURY } *friends of Becket.*
HERBERT OF BOSHAM }
WALTER MAP, *reputed author of 'Golias,' Latin poems against the priesthood.*
KING LOUIS OF FRANCE.
GEOFFREY, *son of Rosamund and Henry.*
GRIM, *a monk of Cambridge.*
SIR REGINALD FITZURSE }
SIR RICHARD DE BRITO } *the four knights of the king's household, enemies of Bec*
SIR WILLIAM DE TRACY }
SIR HUGH DE MORVILLE }
DE BROC OF SALTWOOD CASTLE.
LORD LEICESTER.
PHILIP DE ELEEMOSYNA.
TWO KNIGHT TEMPLARS.
JOHN OF OXFORD (*called the Swearer*).
ELEANOR OF AQUITAINE, *Queen of England* (*divorced from Louis of France*).
ROSAMUND DE CLIFFORD.
MARGERY.

Knights, Monks, Beggars, etc.

BECKET

PROLOGUE

A CASTLE IN NORMANDY. INTERIOR OF THE HALL. ROOFS OF A CITY SEEN THRO' WINDOWS

HENRY *and* BECKET *at chess.*

Henry. So then our good Archbishop Theobald
Lies dying.
Becket. I am grieved to know as much.
Henry. But we must have a mightier man than he
For his successor.
Becket. Have you thought of one?
Henry. A cleric lately poison'd his own mother,
And being brought before the courts of the Church,
They but degraded him. I hope they whipt him.
I would have hang'd him.
Becket. It is your move.
Henry. Well — there. [*Moves.*
The Church in the pell-mell of Stephen's time
Hath climb'd the throne and almost clutch'd the crown;
But by the royal customs of our realm
The Church should hold her baronies of me,
Like other lords amenable to law.
I'll have them written down and n
the law.
Becket. My liege, I move my bis
Henry. And if I
No man without my leave shall
communicate
My tenants or my household.
Becket. Look to your k
Henry. No man without my l
shall cross the seas
To set the Pope against me — I
your pardon.
Becket. Well — will you move
Henry. There. [*M*
Becket. Check — you move so wi
Henry. There then! [*M*
Becket. Why — there then, for
see my bishop
Hath brought your king to a stand
You are beaten.
Henry (*kicks over the board*). W
there then — down go bi
and king together.
I loathe being beaten; had I fix
fancy
Upon the game I should have be
thee,
But that was vagabond.
Becket. Where, my liege? W
Phryne,
Or Lais, or thy Rosamund, or
other?
Henry. My Rosamund is no
Thomas Becket;
And yet she plagues me too — no
in her —

t I fear the Queen would have
er life.
t. Put her away, put her away,
ny liege!
away into a nunnery!
ough there from her to whom
hou art bound
oly Church. And wherefore
hould she seek
e of Rosamund de Clifford more
than that of other paramours of
hine?
y. How dost thou know I am
ot wedded to her?
t. How should I know?
y. That is my secret, Thomas.
t. State secrets should be pa-
ent to the statesman
erves and loves his king, and
whom the king
not as statesman, but true lover
nd friend.
y. Come, come, thou art but
leacon, not yet bishop,
archbishop, nor my confessor
yet.
I to God thou wert, for I should
ind
r father confessor in thee.
t. Saint Denis, that thou
houldst not. I should beat
ngship as my bishop hath beaten
t.
y. Hell take thy bishop then,
nd my kingship too!
come, I love thee and I know
hee, I know thee,
r on white pheasant-flesh at
easts,
e-deviser for thy days of fish,
designer, and most amorous
d old red sound liberal Gascon
vine.
t thy body rebel, man, if thou
atter it?
t. That palate is insane which
annot tell
dish from a bad, new wine
rom old.
y. Well, who loves wine loves
roman.
t. So I do.
e God's trees, and women are
od's flowers;
en the Gascon wine mounts to
y head,
The trees are all the statelier, and the
flowers
Are all the fairer.
Henry. And thy thoughts, thy fan-
cies?
Becket. Good dogs, my liege, well
train'd, and easily call'd
Off from the game.
Henry. Save for some once or twice,
When they ran down the game and
worried it.
Becket. No, my liege, no!—not once
—in God's name, no!
Henry. Nay, then, I take thee at
thy word—believe thee
The veriest Galahad of old Arthur's
hall.
And so this Rosamund, my true heart-
wife,
Not Eleanor — she whom I love in-
deed
As a woman should be loved—Why
dost thou smile
So dolorously?
Becket. My good liege, if a man
Wastes himself among women, how
should he love
A woman as a woman should be loved?
Henry. How shouldst thou know
that never hast loved one?
Come, I would give her to thy care in
England
When I am out in Normandy or Anjou.
Becket. My lord, I am your sub-
ject, not your—
Henry. Pander.
God's eyes! I know all that—not
my purveyor
Of pleasures, but to save a life—her
life;
Ay, and the soul of Eleanor from hell-
fire.
I have built a secret bower in Eng-
land, Thomas,
A nest in a bush.
Becket. And where, my liege?
Henry (*whispers*). Thine ear.
Becket. That's lone enough.
Henry (*laying paper on table*). This
chart here mark'd '*Her Bower*,'
Take, keep it, friend. See, first, a
circling wood,
A hundred pathways running every-
way,
And then a brook, a bridge; and after
that

This labyrinthine brickwork maze in maze,
And then another wood, and in the midst
A garden and my Rosamund. Look, this line —
The rest you see is color'd green — but this
Draws thro' the chart to her.
Becket. This blood-red line?
Henry. Ay! blood, perchance, except thou see to her.
Becket. And where is she? There in her English nest?
Henry. Would God she were! — no, here within the city.
We take her from her secret bower in Anjou
And pass her to her secret bower in England.
She is ignorant of all but that I love her.
Becket. My liege, I pray thee let me hence; a widow
And orphan child, whom one of thy wild barons —
Henry. Ay, ay, but swear to see to her in England.
Becket. Well, well, I swear, but not to please myself.
Henry. Whatever come between us?
Becket. What should come
Between us, Henry?
Henry. Nay — I know not, Thomas.
Becket. What need then? Well — whatever come between us.
[*Going.*
Henry. A moment! thou didst help me to my throne
In Theobald's time, and after by thy wisdom
Hast kept it firm from shaking; but now I,
For my realm's sake, myself must be the wizard
To raise that tempest which will set it trembling
Only to base it deeper. I, true son
Of Holy Church — no croucher to the Gregories
That tread the kings their children under-heel —
Must curb her; and the Holy Father, while
This Barbarossa butts him from his chair,
Will need my help — be facile to hands.
Now is my time. Yet — lest th should be flashes
And fulminations from the side Rome,
An interdict on England — I will h
My young son Henry crown'd King of England,
That so the Papal bolt may pass England,
As seeming his, not mine, and abroad.
I'll have it done — and now.
Becket. Surely too yo
Even for this shadow of a crown; tho'
I love him heartily, I can spy alre
A strain of hard and headstrong him. Say,
The Queen should play his kings against thine!
Henry. I will not think so, Thon Who shall crown him?
Canterbury is dying.
Becket. The next Canterbu
Henry. And who shall he be, friend Thomas? Who?
Becket. Name him; the Holy ther will confirm him.
Henry (*lays his hand on shoulder*). Here!
Becket. Mock me not. I am even a monk.
Thy jest — no more. Why — loo is this a sleeve
For an archbishop?
Henry. But the arm wi
Is Becket's, who hath beaten d my foes.
Becket. A soldier's, not a spiri arm.
Henry. I lack a spiritual sold Thomas —
A man of this world and the nex boot.
Becket. There's Gilbert Foliot.
Henry. He! too thin, too t
Thou art the man to fill out the Ch robe;
Your Foliot fasts and fawns too m for me.
Becket. Roger of York.
Henry. Roger is Roger of Y
King, Church, and State to him foils wherein

t that precious jewel, Roger of York.

ket. Henry of Winchester?
ry. Him who crown'd
Stephen—
Stephen's brother! No; too royal for me.
'll have no more Anselms.
ket. Sire, the business
whole kingdom waits me; let me go.
ry. Answer me first.
ket. Then for thy barren jest thou mine answer in bare commonplace—
piscopari.
ry. Ay, but *Nolo* 150
piscopari, my good friend,
te another matter.
ket. A more awful one.
me archbishop! Why, my liege, I know
three or four poor priests a thousand times
for this grand function. *Me* archbishop!
favor and king's favor might so clash
hou and I—That were a jest indeed!
ry. Thou angerest me, man; I do not jest.

er ELEANOR *and* SIR REGINALD FITZURSE.

ELEANOR (*singing*).

er! the sweet summer closes,
The reign of the roses is done— 160

ry (*to* Becket, *who is going*). Thou shalt not go. I have not ended with thee.
nor (*seeing chart on table.*) This with the red line! her bower! bower?
ry. The chart is not mine, but 's; take it, Thomas.
nor. Becket! O,—ay—and chessmen on the floor—the crown broken! Becket hath thee again—and thou hast down the board. I know thee 172

y. True enough, my mind was n other matters.

Eleanor. What matters? State matters? love matters?
Henry. My love for thee, and thine for me.

ELEANOR.

Over! the sweet summer closes,
The reign of the roses is done; 180
Over and gone with the roses,
And over and gone with the sun.

Here; but our sun in Aquitaine lasts longer. I would I were in Aquitaine again—your North chills me.

Over! the sweet summer closes,
And never a flower at the close;
Over and gone with the roses,
And winter again and the snows. 189

That was not the way I ended it first—but unsymmetrically, preposterously, illogically, out of passion, without art—like a song of the people. Will you have it? The last Parthian shaft of a forlorn Cupid at the King's left breast, and all left-handedness and under-handedness.

And never a flower at the close;
Over and gone with the roses,
Not over and gone with the rose. 200

True, one rose will outblossom the rest, one rose in a bower. I speak after my fancies, for I am a Troubadour, you know, and won the violet at Toulouse; but my voice is harsh here, not in tune, a nightingale out of season; for marriage, rose or no rose, has killed the golden violet.
Becket. Madam, you do ill to scorn wedded love. 210
Eleanor. So I do. Louis of France loved me, and I dreamed that I loved Louis of France: and I loved Henry of England, and Henry of England dreamed that he loved me; but the marriage-garland withers even with the putting on, the bright link rusts with the breath of the first after-marriage kiss, the harvest moon is the ripening of the harvest, and the honeymoon is the gall of Love; he dies of his honey-moon. I could pity this poor world myself that it is no better ordered. 224
Henry. Dead is he, my Queen? What, altogether? Let me swear nay

to that by this cross on thy neck. God's eyes! what a lovely cross! what jewels!

Eleanor. Doth it please you? Take it and wear it on that hard heart of yours — there. [*Gives it to him.*

Henry (*puts it on*). On this left breast before so hard a heart,
To hide the scar left by thy Parthian dart.

Eleanor. Has my simple song set you jingling? Nay, if I took and translated that hard heart into our Provençal facilities, I could so play about it with the rhyme —

Henry. That the heart were lost in the rhyme, and the matter in the metre. May we not pray you, madam, to spare us the hardness of your facility?

Eleanor. The wells of Castaly are not wasted upon the desert. We did but jest.

Henry. There 's no jest on the brows of Herbert there. What is it, Herbert?

Enter HERBERT OF BOSHAM.

Herbert. My liege, the good archbishop is no more.

Henry. Peace to his soul!

Herbert. I left him with peace on his face, — that sweet other-world smile, which will be reflected in the spiritual body among the angels. But he longed much to see your Grace and the Chancellor ere he past, and his last words were a commendation of Thomas Becket to your Grace as his successor in the archbishopric.

Henry. Ha, Becket! thou remember est our talk!

Becket. My heart is full of tears — I have no answer.

Henry. Well, well, old men must die, or the world would grow mouldy, would only breed the past again. Come to me to-morrow. Thou hast but to hold out thy hand. Meanwhile the revenues are mine. A-hawking, a-hawking! If I sit, I grow fat.

[*Leaps over the table, and exit.*

Becket. He did prefer me to the chancellorship,
Believing I should ever aid the Church —
But have I done it? He commends me now
From out his grave to this archbisho ric.

Herbert. A dead man's dying w should be of weight.

Becket. His should. Come with n Let me learn at full
The manner of his death, and all said.

[*Exeunt* Herbert *and* Beck

Eleanor. Fitzurse, that chart w the red line — thou sawest it — bower.

Fitzurse. Rosamund's?

Eleanor. Ay — there lies the sec of her whereabouts, and the King g it to his Chancellor.

Fitzurse. To this son of a Lond merchant — how your Grace must h him!

Eleanor. Hate him? as brave a s dier as Henry and a goodlier man: thou — dost thou love this Chancel that thou hast sworn a voluntary a giance to him?

Fitzurse. Not for my love tow him, but because he had the love the King. How should a baron lov beggar on horseback, with the retin of three kings behind him, out-roy ling royalty? Besides, he holp the K to break down our castles, for which I hate him.

Eleanor. For the which I honor h Statesman, not Churchman, he. great and sound policy that; I co embrace him for it: you could not the King for the kinglings.

Fitzurse. Ay, but he speaks to a ble as tho' he were a churl, and t churl as if he were a noble.

Eleanor. Pride of the plebeian!

Fitzurse. And this plebeian like be Archbishop!

Eleanor. True, and I have an herited loathing of these black sh of the Papacy. Archbishop? I can further into a man than our hot-hea Henry, and if there ever come f between Church and Crown, and I not then charm this secret out of loyal Thomas, I am not Eleanor.

Fitzurse. Last night I followe woman in the city here. Her face veiled, but the back methought Rosamund — his paramour, thy ri I can feel for thee.

anor. Thou feel for me! — para- — rival! King Louis had no nours, and I loved him none the Henry had many, and I loved one the less — now neither more ss — not at all; the cup 's empty. uld she were but his paramour, en tire of their fancies; but I fear ne fancy hath taken root, and blossom too, and she, whom the loves indeed, is a power in the Rival! — ay, and when the passes, there may come a crash nbroilment as in Stephen's time; er children — canst thou not — ecret matter which would heat ng against thee (*whispers him and rts*). Nay, that is safe with me h thyself; but canst thou not — rt drowned in debt — thou shalt our love, our silence, and our — canst thou not — if thou light her — free me from her? 345

urse. Well, madam, I have loved my time.

anor. No, my bear, thou hast My Courts of Love would have hee guiltless of love — the fine tions and repulses, the delicacies, btleties.

urse. Madam, I loved according main purpose and intent of Na- 355

anor. I warrant thee! thou st hug thy Cupid till his ribs ed — enough of this. Follow me osamund day and night, whither- she goes; track her, if thou even into the King's lodging, may (*clenches her fist*) — may at ave my cry against him and her, thou in thy way shouldst be s of the King, for thou in thy lidst once, what shall I call it, her thine own self. 367

urse. Ay, but the young colt d and whinnied and flung up her and then the King came honey- out her, and this Becket, her 's friend, like enough staved us er.

anor. Us!

urse. Yea, by the Blessed Vir- There were more than I buzzing the blossom — De Tracy — even int De Brito. 378

Eleanor. Carry her off among you; run in upon her and devour her, one and all of you; make her as hateful to herself and to the King as she is to me.

Fitzurse. I and all would be glad to wreak our spite on the rose-faced minion of the King, and bring her to the level of the dust, so that the King —

Eleanor. Let her eat it like the serpent, and be driven out of her paradise.

ACT I

Scene I. — Becket's House in London

Chamber barely furnished. Becket *unrobing.* Herbert of Bosham *and* Servant.

Servant. Shall I not help your lordship to your rest?

Becket. Friend, am I so much better than thyself
That thou shouldst help me? Thou art wearied out
With this day's work; get thee to thine own bed.
Leave me with Herbert, friend.
[*Exit* Servant.
Help me off, Herbert, with this — and this.

Herbert. Was not the people's blessing as we passed
Heart-comfort and a balsam to thy blood?

Becket. The people know their Church a tower of strength,
A bulwark against Throne and Baronage. 10
Too heavy for me, this; off with it, Herbert!

Herbert. Is it so much heavier than thy chancellor's robe?

Becket. No; but the Chancellor's and the Archbishop's
Together more than mortal man can bear.

Herbert. Not heavier than thine armor at Toulouse?

Becket. O Herbert, Herbert, in my chancellorship
I more than once have gone against the Church.

Herbert. To please the King?

Becket. Ay, and the King of kings,

Or justice; for it seem'd to me but just
The Church should pay her scutage like the lords.
But hast thou heard this cry of Gilbert Foliot
That I am not the man to be your primate,
For Henry could not work a miracle — Make an archbishop of a soldier?
Herbert. Ay, For Gilbert Foliot held himself the man.
Becket. Am I the man? My mother, ere she bore me,
Dream'd that twelve stars fell glittering out of heaven
Into her bosom.
Herbert. Ay, the fire, the light, The spirit of the twelve Apostles enter'd
Into thy making.
Becket. And when I was a child, The Virgin, in a vision of my sleep,
Gave me the golden keys of Paradise. Dream,
Or prophecy, that?
Herbert. Well, dream and prophecy both.
Becket. And when I was of Theobald's household, once —
The good old man would sometimes have his jest —
He took his mitre off, and set it on me, And said, 'My young archbishop — thou wouldst make
A stately archbishop!' Jest or prophecy there?
Herbert. Both, Thomas, both.
Becket. Am I the man? That rang Within my head last night, and when I slept
Methought I stood in Canterbury Minster,
And spake to the Lord God, and said, 'O Lord,
I have been a lover of wines, and delicate meats,
And secular splendors, and a favorer Of players, and a courtier, and a feeder Of dogs and hawks, and apes, and lions, and lynxes.
Am *I* the man?' And the Lord answer'd me,
'Thou art the man, and all the more the man

And then I asked again, 'O Lord
God,
Henry the King hath been my friend
my brother,
And mine uplifter in this world, a
chosen me
For this thy great archbishopric,
lieving
That I should go against the Chur
with him,
And I shall go against him with
Church,
And I have said no word of this to hi
Am *I* the man?' And the Lord
swer'd me,
'Thou art the man, and all the m
the man.'
And thereupon, methought, He dr
toward me,
And smote me down upon the mins
floor.
I fell.
Herbert. God make not thee,
thy foes, fall!
Becket. I fell. Why fall? W
did He smite me? What?
Shall I fall off — to please the Ki
once more?
Not fight — tho' somehow traitor
the King —
My truest and mine utmost for
Church?
Herbert. Thou canst not fall t
way. Let traitor be;
For how have fought thine utm
for the Church,
Save from the throne of thine ar
bishopric?
And how been made archbishop ha
thou told him,
'I mean to fight mine utmost for
Church,
Against the King'?
Becket. But dost thou think
King
Forced mine election?
Herbert. I do think the K
Was potent in the election, and w
not?
Why should not Heaven have so
spired the King?
Be comforted. Thou art the ma
be thou
A mightier Anselm.
Becket. I do believe thee, then.
am the man.

yet I seem appall'd — on such a sudden
ch an eagle-height I stand and see
ift that runs between me and the King.
ved our Theobald well when I was with him;
ed King Henry well as Chancellor;
his no more, and I must serve the Church.
Canterbury is only less than Rome,
all my doubts I fling from me like dust,
ow and scatter all scruples to the wind,
ll the puissance of the warrior,
all the wisdom of the Chancellor,
all the heap'd experiences of life,
upon the side of Canterbury —
oly mother Canterbury, who sits
tatter'd robes. Laics and barons, thro'
andom gifts of careless kings, have grasp
ivings, her advowsons, granges, farms,
oodly acres — we will make her whole;
ne rood lost. And for these Royal customs,
ancient Royal customs — they *are* Royal,
f the Church — and let them be anathema.
ll that speak for them anathema.
bert. Thomas, thou art moved too much.
ket. O Herbert, here myself asunder from the King, leaving each, a wound; mine own, a grief
ow the scar for ever — his, a hate
ver to be heal'd.
ROSAMUND DE CLIFFORD, *fly- from* SIR REGINALD FITZURSE. *ps her veil.*
ket. Rosamund de Clifford!
amund. Save me, father, hide hey follow me — and I must known.

Becket. Pass in with Herbert there.
[*Exeunt* Rosamund *and* Herbert *by side door.*
Enter FITZURSE.
Fitzurse. The archbishop!
Becket. Ay! what wouldst thou, Reginald?
Fitzurse. Why — why, my lord, I follow'd — follow'd one
Becket. And then what follows? Let me follow thee.
Fitzurse. It much imports me I should know her name.
Becket. What her?
Fitzurse. The woman that I follow'd hither.
Becket. Perhaps it may import her all as much
Not to be known.
Fitzurse. And what care I for that?
Come, come, my lord archbishop; I saw that door
Close even now upon the woman.
Becket. Well?
Fitzurse (*making for the door*). Nay, let me pass, my lord, for I must know.
Becket. Back, man!
Fitzurse. Then tell me who and what she is.
Becket. Art thou so sure thou followedst anything?
Go home, and sleep thy wine off, for thine eyes
Glare stupid-wild with wine.
Fitzurse (*making to the door*). I must and will.
I care not for thy new archbishopric.
Becket. Back, man, I tell thee! What: Shall I forget my new archbishopric
And smite thee with my crozier on the skull?
'Fore God, I am a mightier man than thou.
Fitzurse. It 'well befits thy new archbishopric
To take the vagabond woman of the street
Into thine arms!
Becket. O drunken ribaldry!
Out, beast! out, bear!
Fitzurse. I shall remember this.
Becket. Do, and begone!
[*Exit* Fitzurse.
[*Going to the door, sees* De Tracy.
Tracy, what dost thou here?

De Tracy. My lord, I follow'd Reginald Fitzurse.
Becket. Follow him out!
De Tracy. I shall remember this Discourtesy. [*Exit.*
Becket. Do. These be those baron-brutes
That havock'd all the land in Stephen's day.
Rosamund de Clifford!
Re-enter ROSAMUND *and* HERBERT.
Rosamund. Here am I.
Becket. Why here?
We gave thee to the charge of John of Salisbury,
To pass thee to thy secret bower to-morrow.
Wast thou not told to keep thyself from sight?
Rosamund. Poor bird of passage! so I was; but, father,
They say that you are wise in winged things,
And know the ways of Nature. Bar the bird
From following the fled summer—a chink—he 's out,
Gone! And there stole into the city a breath
Full of the meadows, and it minded me
Of the sweet woods of Clifford, and the walks
Where I could move at pleasure, and I thought
'Lo! I must out or die.'
Becket. Or out *and* die.
And what hast thou to do with this Fitzurse?
Rosamund. Nothing. He sued my hand. I shook at him.
He found me once alone. Nay—nay—I cannot
Tell you. My father drove him and his friends,
De Tracy and De Brito, from our castle.
I was but fourteen and an April then.
I heard him swear revenge.
Becket. Why will you court it
By self-exposure? flutter out at night?
Make it so hard to save a moth from the fire?
Rosamund. I have saved many of 'em. You catch 'em, so,
Softly, and fling them out to the free air.
They burn themselves *within*-doo
Becket. Our good J
Must speed you to your bower at o
The child
Is there already.
Rosamund. Yes—the child—child—
O, rare, a whole long day of open f
Becket. Ay, but you go disguis
Rosamund. O, rare ag
We'll baffle them, I warrant. W
shall it be?
I'll go as a nun.
Becket. No.
Rosamund. What, not good enc
Even to play at nun?
Becket. Dan John with a
That Map and these new railers a
Church
May plaister his clean name
scurrilous rhymes!
No!
Go like a monk, cowling and clou
up
That fatal star, thy beauty, from
squint
Of lust and glare of malice. G
night! Good-night!
Rosamund. Father, I am so te
to all hardness!
Nay, father, first thy blessing.
Becket. Wedded?
Rosamund. Fa
Becket. Well, well! I ask no n
Heaven bless thee! hence!
Rosamund. O holy father, v
thou seest him next,
Commend me to thy friend.
Becket. What friend?
Rosamund. The K
Becket. Herbert, take out a sco
armed men
To guard this bird of passage t
cage;
And watch Fitzurse, and if he fo
thee,
Make him thy prisoner. I am C
cellor yet.
[*Exeunt* Herbert *and* Rosam
Poor soul! poor soul!
My friend, the King!—O thou
Seal of England,
Given me by my dear friend, the
of England—
We long have wrought together,
and I—

nust I send thee as a common friend
ll the King, my friend, I am against him.
re friends no more; he will say that, not I.
vorldly bond between us is dissolved,
vet the love. Can I be under him
ıancellor? as Archbishop over him?
erefore like a friend slighted by one
hath climb'd up to nobler company.
lighted — all but moan'd for. Thou must go.
not dishonor'd thee — I trust I have not —
ıangled justice. May the hand that next
ts thee be but as true to thee
ıe hath been! O, my dear friend, the King!
ther! — I may come to martyrdom.
ıartyr in myself already. Herbert!
bert (*re-entering*). My lord, the town is quiet, and the moon
es the whole long street with light and shade.
otfall — no Fitzurse. We have seen her home.
et. The hog hath tumbled himself into some corner,
ditch, to snore away his drunkenness
he sober headache, — Nature's moral
st excess. Let the Great Seal be sent
o the King to-morrow.
ert. Must that be?
ing may rend the bearer limb from limb.
on it again.
et. Against the moral excess
sical ache, but failure it may be we aim'd at. John of Salisbury
often laid a cold hand on my heats,
Herbert hath rebuked me even now.

I will be wise and wary, not the soldier
As Foliot swears it. — John, and out of breath!

Enter JOHN OF SALISBURY.

John of Salisbury. Thomas, thou wast not happy taking charge
Of this wild Rosamund to please the King,
Nor am I happy having charge of her —
The included Danaë has escaped again
Her tower and her Acrisius — where to seek?
I have been about the city.

Becket. Thou wilt find her
Back in her lodging. Go with her — at once —
To-night — my men will guard you to the gates.
Be sweet to her, she has many enemies.
Send the Great Seal by daybreak. Both, good-night!

SCENE II

STREET IN NORTHAMPTON LEADING TO THE CASTLE

ELEANOR'S RETAINERS *and* BECKET'S RETAINERS *fighting*. *Enter* ELEANOR *and* BECKET *from opposite streets.*

Eleanor. Peace, fools!

Becket. Peace, friends! what idle brawl is this?

Retainer of Becket. They said — her Grace's people — thou wast found —
Liars! I shame to quote 'em — caught, my lord,
With a wanton in thy lodging — Hell requite 'em!

Retainer of Eleanor. My liege, the Lord Fitzurse reported this
In passing to the Castle even now.

Retainer of Becket. And then they mock'd us and we fell upon 'em,
For we would live and die for thee, my lord,
However kings and queens may frown on thee.

Becket to his Retainers. Go, go — no more of this!
Eleanor to her Retainers. Away! (*Exeunt* Retainers.) Fitzurse —
Becket. Nay, let him be.
Eleanor. No, no, my lord archbishop,
'T is known you are midwinter to all women,
But often in your chancellorship you served
The follies of the King.
Becket. No, not these follies!
Eleanor. My lord, Fitzurse beheld her in your lodging.
Becket. Whom?
Eleanor. Well — you know — the minion, Rosamund.
Becket. He had good eyes!
Eleanor. Then hidden in the street
He watch'd her pass with John of Salisbury,
And heard her cry, 'Where is this bower of mine?'
Becket. Good ears too!
Eleanor. You are going to the Castle,
Will you subscribe the customs?
Becket. I leave that,
Knowing how much you reverence Holy Church,
My liege, to your conjecture.
Eleanor. I and mine —
And many a baron holds along with me —
Are not so much at feud with Holy Church
But we might take your side against the customs —
So that you grant me one slight favor.
Becket. What?
Eleanor. A sight of that same chart which Henry gave you
With the red line — 'her bower.'
Becket. And to what end?
Eleanor. That Church must scorn herself whose fearful priest
Sits winking at the license of a king,
Altho' we grant when kings are dangerous
The Church must play into the hands of kings;
Look! I would move this wanton from his sight
And take the Church's danger on myself.

Becket. For which she should duly grateful.
Eleanor. True!
Tho' she that binds the bond, hers should see
That kings are faithful to their ma riage vow.
Becket. Ay, madam, and quee also.
Eleanor. And queens also!
What is your drift?
Becket. My drift is to the Cast
Where I shall meet the barons a my King. [*Ex*
De Broc, De Tracy, De Brit De Morville (*passing*).
Eleanor. To the Castle?
De Broc. Ay!
Eleanor. Stir up the King, the lor
Set all on fire against him!
De Brito. Ay, good madar [*Exeu*
Eleanor. Fool! I will make th hateful to thy King.
Churl! I will have thee frighted i France,
And I shall live to trample on t grave.

Scene III

The Hall in Northampton Cast

On one side of the stage the doors of inner Council-chamber, half-op At the bottom, the great doors the Hall. Roger Archbishop York, Foliot Bishop of Lond Hilary of Chichester, Bish of Hereford, Richard de Ha ings (*Grand Prior of Templa* Philip de Eleemosyna (*the Po Almoner*), *and others.* De Br Fitzurse, De Brito, De M ville, De Tracy, *and other* B ons *assembled — a table before th* John of Oxford, *President of Council.*

Enter Becket *and* Herbert of sham.
Becket. Where is the King?
Roger of York. Gone hawking the Nene,
His heart so gall'd with thine ingr tude.

ill not see thy face till thou hast sign'd
ancient laws and customs of the realm.
sending back the Great Seal madden'd him;
ll but pluck'd the bearer's eyes away.
heed lest he destroy thee utterly.
ket. Then shalt thou step into my place and sign.
er of York. Didst thou not promise Henry to obey
ancient laws and customs of the realm?
ket. Saving the honor of my order — ay.
ms, traditions, — clouds that come and go;
ustoms of the Church are Peter's rock.
er of York. Saving thine order! But King Henry sware
saving his King's kingship, he would grant thee
rown itself. Saving thine order, Thomas,
ck and white at once, and comes to nought.
ster'd up with stubbornness and pride,
hou destroy the Church in fighting for it,
ring us all to shame?
ket. Roger of York, I and thou were youths in Theobald's house,
did thy malice and thy calumnies
me from the face of Theobald.
I am Canterbury, and thou art York.
er of York. And is not York the peer of Canterbury?
ot Great Gregory bid Saint Austin here
two archbishoprics, London and York?
ket. What came of that? The first archbishop fled,
York lay barren for a hundred years.
by this rule, Foliot may claim the pall
ondon too.
ot And with good reason too,
For London had a temple and a priest
When Canterbury hardly bore a name.
Becket. The pagan temple of a pagan Rome!
The heathen priesthood of a heathen creed!
Thou goest beyond thyself in petulancy!
Who made thee London? Who, but Canterbury?
John of Oxford. Peace, peace, my lords! these customs are no longer
As Canterbury calls them, wandering clouds,
But by the King's command are written down,
And by the King's command I, John of Oxford,
The President of this Council, read them.
Becket. Read!
John of Oxford (reads). 'All causes of advowsons and presentations, whether between laymen or clerics, shall be tried in the King's court.'
Becket. But that I cannot sign; for that would drag
The cleric before the civil judgment-seat,
And on a matter wholly spiritual.
John of Oxford. 'If any cleric be accused of felony, the Church shall not protect him; but he shall answer to the summons of the King's court to be tried therein.'
Becket. And that I cannot sign.
Is not the Church the visible Lord on earth?
Shall hands that do create the Lord be bound
Behind the back like laymen-criminals?
The Lord be judged again by Pilate? No!
John of Oxford. 'When a bishopric falls vacant, the King, till another be appointed, shall receive the revenues thereof.'
Becket. And that I cannot sign. Is the King's treasury
A fit place for the moneys of the Church,
That be the patrimony of the poor?
John of Oxford. 'And when the vacancy is to be filled up, the King shall summon the chapter of that church to

court, and the election shall be made
in the Chapel Royal, with the consent
of our lord the King, and by the ad-
vice of his Government.'
Becket. And that I cannot sign; for
that would make
Our island-Church a schism from
Christendom,
And weight down all free choice be-
neath the throne.
Foliot. And was thine own election
so canonical,
Good father?
Becket. If it were not, Gilbert
Foliot,
I mean to cross the sea to France, and
lay
My crozier in the Holy Father's hands,
And bid him re-create me, Gilbert
Foliot.
Foliot. Nay; by another of these
customs thou
Wilt not be suffer'd so to cross the seas
Without the license of our lord the
King.
Becket. That, too, I cannot sign.
DE BROC, DE BRITO, DE TRACY, FITZURSE, DE MORVILLE, *start up*
— a clash of swords.
Sign and obey!
Becket. My lords, is this a combat
or a council?
Are ye my masters, or my lord the
King?
Ye make this clashing for no love o'
the customs
Or constitutions, or whate'er ye call
them,
But that there be among you those
that hold
Lands reft from Canterbury.
De Broc. And mean to keep them,
In spite of thee!
Lords (*shouting*). Sign, and obey
the crown!
Becket. The crown? Shall I do less
for Canterbury
Than Henry for the crown? King
Stephen gave
Many of the crown lands to those that
helpt him;
So did Matilda, the King's mother.
Mark,
When Henry came into his own again,
Then he took back not only Stephen's
gifts,
But his own mother's, lest the crow
should be
Shorn of ancestral splendor. This di
Henry.
Shall I do less for mine own Cante
bury?
And thou, De Broc, that holdest Sal
wood Castle—
De Broc. And mean to hold it, or-
Becket. To have my lif
De Broc. The King is quick to a
ger; if thou anger him,
We wait but the King's word to strik
thee dead.
Becket. Strike, and I die the deat
of martyrdom;
Strike, and ye set these customs b
my death
Ringing their own death-knell thr
all the realm.
Herbert. And I can tell you, lord
ye are all as like
To lodge a fear in Thomas Becket
heart
As find a hare's form in a lion's cave
John of Oxford. Ay, sheathe yo
swords, ye will displease t
King.
De Broc. Why, down then thou
but an he come to Saltwood,
By God's death, thou shalt stick hi
like a calf! [*Sheathing his swor*
Hilary. O my good lord, I do e
treat thee — sign.
Save the King's honor here before h
barons.
He hath sworn that thou shouldst sig
and now but shuns
The semblance of defeat; I have hea
him say
He means no more; so if thou sig
my lord,
That were but as the shadow of
assent.
Becket. 'T would seem too like t
substance, if I sign'd.
Philip de Eleemosyna. My lord, thi
ear! I have the ear of the Po
As thou hast honor for the Pope o
master,
Have pity on him, sorely prest upo
By the fierce Emperor and his An
pope.
Thou knowest he was forced to fly
France;
He pray'd me to pray thee to pacify

King; for if thou go against thy King,
must he likewise go against thy King,
then thy King might join the Antipope,
that would shake the Papacy as it stands.
les, thy King swore to our Cardinals
neant no harm nor damage to the Church.
othe thou his pride — thy signing is but form;
and should harm come of it, it is the Pope
be to blame — not thou. Over and over
old me thou shouldst pacify the King,
there be battle between Heaven and Earth,
Earth should get the better — for the time.
ot the Pope absolve thee if thou sign?
cket. Have I the orders of the Holy Father?
ilip de Eleemosyna. Orders, my lord — why, no; for what am I?
secret whisper of the Holy Father.
, that hast been a statesman, couldst thou always
t thy free mind to the air?
cket. If Rome be feeble, then should I be firm.
ilip. Take it not that way — balk not the Pope's will.
n he hath shaken off the Emperor,
eads the Church against the King with thee.
chard de Hastings (*kneeling*). Becket, I am the oldest of the Templars;
ew thy father; he would be mine age
he lived now; think of me as thy father!
ld thy father kneeling to thee, Becket.
nit; I promise thee on my salvation
thou wilt hear no more o' the customs.
cket. What!
Hath Henry told thee? hast thou talk'd with him?
Another Templar (*kneeling*). Father, I am the youngest of the Templars,
Look on me as I were thy bodily son,
For, like a son, I lift my hands to thee.
Philip. Wilt thou hold out for ever, Thomas Becket?
Dost thou not hear?
Becket (*signs*). Why — there then — there — I sign,
And swear to obey the customs.
Foliot. Is it thy will,
My lord archbishop, that we too should sign?
Becket. O, ay, by that canonical obedience
Thou still hast owed thy father, Gilbert Foliot.
Foliot. Loyally and with good faith, my lord archbishop?
Becket. O, ay, with all that loyalty and good faith
Thou still hast shown thy primate, Gilbert Foliot.
[Becket *draws apart with* Herbert.
Herbert, Herbert, have I betray'd the Church?
I 'll have the paper back — blot out my name.
Herbert. Too late, my lord: you see they are signing there.
Becket. False to myself — it is the will of God
To break me, prove me nothing of myself!
This almoner hath tasted Henry's gold.
The cardinals have finger'd Henry's gold.
And Rome is venal even to rottenness.
I see it, I see it.
I am no soldier, as he said — at least
No leader. Herbert, till I hear from the Pope
I will suspend myself from all my functions.
If fast and prayer, the lacerating scourge —
Foliot (*from the table*). My lord archbishop, thou hast yet to seal.
Becket. First, Foliot, let me see what I have sign'd. [*Goes to the table.*
What, this! and this! — what! new and old together!

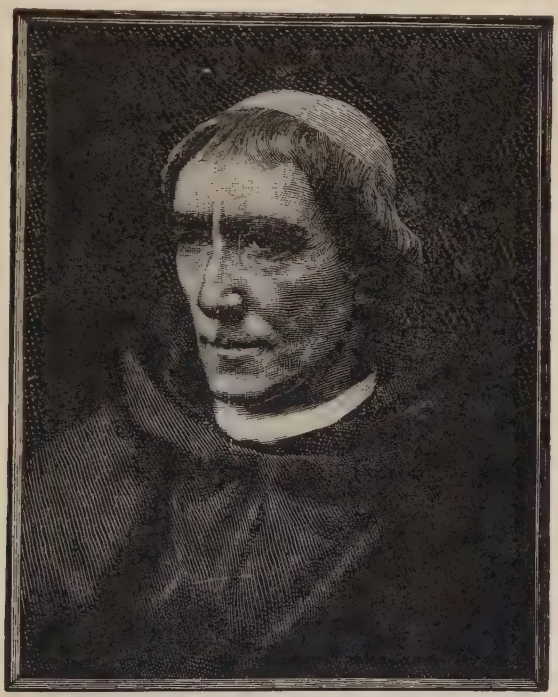
Seal? If a seraph shouted from the sun,
And bade me seal against the rights of the Church,
I would anathematize him. I will not seal. [*Exit with* Herbert.

Enter KING HENRY.

Henry. Where's Thomas? hath he signed? show me the papers!
Sign'd and not seal'd! How's that?
John of Oxford. He would not seal.
And when he sign'd, his face was stormy-red —
Shame, wrath, I know not what. He sat down there
And dropt it in his hands, and then a paleness,
Like the wan twilight after sunset, crept
Up even to the tonsure, and he groan'd,
'False to myself! It is the will of God!'
Henry. God's will be what it will, the man shall seal,
Or I will seal his doom. My burgher's son —
Nay, if I cannot break him as the prelate,
I'll crush him as the subject. Send for him back. [*Sits on his throne.*
Barons and bishops of our realm of England,
After the nineteen winters of King Stephen —
A reign which was no reign, when none could sit
By his own hearth in peace; when murder common
As nature's death, like Egypt's plague, had fill'd
All things with blood; when every doorway blush'd,
Dash'd red with that unhallow'd pass-over;
When every baron ground his blade in blood;
The household dough was kneaded up with blood;
The mill-wheel turn'd in blood; the wholesome plow
Lay rusting in the furrow's yellow weeds,
Till famine dwarfted the race — I came, your King!
Nor dwelt alone, like a soft lord of the East,
In mine own hall, and sucking thr fools' ears
The flatteries of corruption — we abroad
Thro' all my counties, spied my pe ple's ways;
Yea, heard the churl against the bar — yea,
And did him justice; sat in mine ow courts
Judging my judges, that had found King
Who ranged confusions, made the tw light day,
And struck a shape from out t vague, and law
From madness. And the event — o fallows till'd,
Much corn, repeopled towns, a rea again.
So far my course, albeit not glass smooth,
Had prosper'd in the main, but su denly
Jarr'd on this rock. A cleric violat The daughter of his host, and mu der'd him.
Bishops — York, London, Chichest Westminster —
Ye haled this tonsured devil into yo courts;
But since your canon will not let y take
Life for a life, ye but degraded him Where I had hang'd him. What do hard murder care
For degradation? and that made r muse,
Being bounden by my coronation oa To do men justice. Look to it, yo own selves!
Say that a cleric murder'd an arc bishop,
What could ye do? Degrade, impris him —
Not death for death.
John of Oxford. But I, my lie could swear,
To death for death.
Henry. And, looking thro' my reig I found a hundred ghastly murders do By men, the scum and offal of t Church;
Then, glancing thro' the story of th realm,
I came on certain wholesome usage

in desuetude, of my grandsire's day,
royal customs — had them written fair
ohn of Oxford here to read to you.
n of Oxford. And I can easily swear to these as being
King's will and God's will and justice; yet

Henry. And Becket had my bosom on all this;
If ever man by bonds of gratefulness —
I raised him from the puddle of the gutter,
I made him porcelain from the clay of the city —
Thought that I knew him, err'd thro' love of him,



Sir Henry Irving as Becket

d but read a part to-day, because —
rse. Because my lord of Canerbury —
racy. Ay,
rd of Canterbury —
rito. As is his wont
ich of late whene'er your royal ights
oted in our councils —
rse. — made an uproar.

Hoped, were he chosen archbishop, Church and Crown,
Two sisters gliding in an equal dance,
Two rivers gently flowing side by side —
But no!
The bird that moults sings the same song again,
The snake that sloughs comes out a snake again.

Snake — ay, but he that lookt a fangless one
Issues a venomous adder.
For he, when having dofft the Chancellor's robe
Flung the Great Seal of England in my face —
Claim'd some of our crown lands for Canterbury —
My comrade, boon companion, my co-reveller,
The master of his master, the King's king. —
God's eyes! I had meant to make him all but king.
Chancellor-Archbishop, he might well have sway'd
All England under Henry, the young King,
When I was hence. What did the traitor say?
False to himself, but ten-fold false to me!
The will of God — why, then it is my will —
Is he coming?
Messenger (*entering*). With a crowd of worshippers,
And holds his cross before him thro' the crowd,
As one that puts himself in sanctuary.
Henry. His cross!
Roger of York. His cross! I'll front him, cross to cross.
[*Exit* Roger of York.
Henry. His cross! it is the traitor that imputes
Treachery to his King!
It is not safe for me to look upon him.
Away — with me!
[*Goes in with his* Barons *to the Council Chamber, the door of which is left open.*
Enter BECKET, *holding his cross of silver before him. The* BISHOPS *come round him.*
Hereford. The King will not abide thee with thy cross.
Permit me, my good lord, to bear it for thee,
Being thy chaplain.
Becket. No; it must protect me.
Herbert. As once he bore the standard of the Angles,
So now he bears the standard of the angels
Foliot. I am the dean of the province: let me bear it.
Make not thy King a traitorous murderer.
Becket. Did not your barons draw their swords against me?
Enter ROGER OF YORK, *with his cross advancing to* BECKET.
Becket. Wherefore dost thou presume to bear thy cross,
Against the solemn ordinance from Rome,
Out of thy province?
Roger of York. Why dost thou presume,
Arm'd with thy cross, to come before the King?
If Canterbury bring his cross to court
Let York bear his to mate with Canterbury.
Foliot (*seizing hold of* Becket's *cross*). Nay, nay, my lord, thou must not brave the King.
Nay, let me have it. I will have it
Becket. Away
[*Flinging him off.*
Foliot. *He* fasts, they say, this man tred Hercules!
He fast! is that an arm of fast? My lord,
Hadst thou not sign'd, I had gone along with thee;
But thou the shepherd hast betray the sheep,
And thou art perjured, and thou wilt not seal.
As Chancellor thou wast against the Church,
Now as archbishop goest against the King;
For, like a fool, thou know'st no middle way.
Ay, ay! but art thou stronger than the King?
Becket. Strong — not in mine own self, but Heaven; true
To either function, holding it; and thou
Fast, scourge thyself, and mortify the flesh,
Not spirit — thou remainest Gilbert Foliot,
A worldly follower of the world strong.
I, bearing this great ensign, make clear

r what prince I fight.
iot. My lord of York,
s go in to the Council, where our bishops
our great lords will sit in judgment on him.
ket. Sons sit in judgment on their father! — then
spire of Holy Church may prick the graves —
crypt among the stars. Sign? seal? I promised
King to obey these customs, not yet written,
g mine order; true, too, that when written
'd them — being a fool, as Foliot call'd me.
d not by my signing. Get ye hence,
vhat I say to the King.
Exeunt Hereford, Foliot, *and other* Bishops.
er of York. The Church will hate thee. [*Exit.*
ket. Serve my best friend and make him my worst foe;
for the Church, and set the Church against me!
bert. To be honest is to set all knaves against thee.
Thomas, excommunicate them all!
eford (*re-entering*). I cannot brook the turmoil thou hast raised.
ld, my lord Thomas of Canterbury,
wert plain Thomas and not Canterbury,
at thou wouldst deliver Canterbury
r King's hands again, and be at peace.
ury (*re-entering*). For hath not thine ambition set the Church
day between the hammer and the anvil —
to the King, obedience to thyself?
bert. What say the bishops?
ury. Some have pleaded for him,
he King rages — most are with the King;
some are reeds, that one time sway to the current,
And to the wind another. But we hold
Thou art forsworn; and no forsworn archbishop
Shall helm the Church. We therefore place ourselves
Under the shield and safeguard of the Pope,
And cite thee to appear before the Pope,
And answer thine accusers. Art thou deaf?
Becket. I hear you. [*Clash of arms.*
Hilary. Dost thou hear those others?
Becket. Ay!
Roger of York (*re-entering*). The King's 'God's eyes!' come now so thick and fast
We fear that he may reave thee of thine own.
Come on, come on! it is not fit for us
To see the proud archbishop mutilated.
Say that he blind thee and tear out thy tongue.
Becket. So be it. He begins at top with me;
They crucified Saint Peter downward.
Roger of York. Nay,
But for their sake who stagger betwixt thine
Appeal and Henry's anger, yield.
Becket. Hence, Satan! [*Exit* Roger of York.
Fitzurse (*re-entering*). My lord, the King demands three hundred marks,
Due from his castles of Berkhamstead and Eye
When thou thereof wast warden.
Becket. Tell the King
I spent thrice that in fortifying his castles.
De Tracy (*re-entering*). My lord, the King demands seven hundred marks,
Lent at the siege of Toulouse by the King.
Becket. I led seven hundred knights and fought his wars.
De Brito (*re-entering*). My lord, the King demands five hundred marks,
Advanced thee at his instance by the Jews,
For which the King was bound security.

Becket. I thought it was a gift; I thought it was a gift.

Enter LORD LEICESTER (*followed by* BARONS *and* BISHOPS).

Leicester. My lord, I come unwillingly. The King
Demands a strict account of all those revenues
From all the vacant sees and abbacies,
Which came into thy hands when Chancellor.

Becket. How much might that amount to, my lord Leicester?

Leicester. Some thirty — forty thousand silver marks.

Becket. Are these your customs? O my good lord Leicester,
The King and I were brothers. All I had
I lavish'd for the glory of the King;
I shone from him, for him, his glory, his
Reflection. Now the glory of the Church
Hath swallow'd up the glory of the King;
I am his no more, but hers. Grant me one day
To ponder these demands.

Leicester. Hear first thy sentence!
The King and all his lords —

Becket. Son, first hear *me!*

Leicester. Nay, nay, canst thou, that holdest thine estates
In fee and barony of the King, decline
The judgment of the King?

Becket. The King! I hold
Nothing in fee and barony of the King.
Whatever the Church owns — she holds it in
Free and perpetual alms, unsubject to
One earthly sceptre.

Leicester. Nay, but hear thy judgment.
The King and all his barons —

Becket. Judgment! Barons!
Who but the bridegroom dares to judge the bride,
Or he the bridegroom may appoint? Not he
That is not of the house, but from the street
Stain'd with the mire thereof.
I had been so true
To Henry and mine office that t
King
Would throne me in the great ar
bishopric;
And I, that knew mine own infir
ity,
For the King's pleasure rather th
God's cause
Took it upon me — err'd thro' love
him.
Now therefore God from me withdra
Himself,
And the King too.
What! forty thousand mark
Why, thou, the King, the Pope,
Saints, the world,
Know that when made archbisho
was freed,
Before the Prince and chief ju
ciary,
From every bond and debt and ol
gation
Incurr'd as Chancellor.
Hear me, son. As g
Outvalues dross, light darkness, A
Cain,
The soul the body, and the Chu
the Throne,
I charge thee, upon pain of m
anathema,
That thou obey, not me, but God
me,
Rather than Henry. I refuse to st
By the King's censure, make my
to the Pope,
By whom I will be judged; refer
self,
The King, these customs, all
Church, to him,
And under his authority — I depar
[*Goi*
[Leicester *looks at him doubtin*
Am I a prisoner?

Leicester. By Saint Lazarus,
I am confounded by thee. Go,
peace.

De Broc. In peace now — but af
Take that for earnest.
[*Flings a bone at him from*
rushes.

De Brito, Fitzurse, De Tracy, others (*flinging wisps of rushes*). go in peace, caitiff, caitiff! And t too, perjured prelate — and that, t coat shaveling! There, there, the traitor, traitor, traitor!

ket. Mannerless wolves!
[Turning and facing them.
rbert. Enough, my lord, enough!
ket. Barons of England and of Normandy,
n what ye shake at doth but seem to fly,
test of coward, ye follow with a yell.
[that threw the mightiest knight of France,
ngelram de Trie, —
rbert. Enough, my lord.
ket. More than enough. I play the fool again.

Enter HERALD.

rald. The King commands you, upon pain of death, none should wrong or injure your archbishop.
liot. Deal gently with the young man Absalom.
Great doors of the Hall at the back open, and discover a crowd. They shout:
ed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!

SCENE IV

CTORY OF THE MONASTERY AT NORTHAMPTON

A Banquet on the Tables.

BECKET. BECKET'S RETAINERS.

st Retainer. Do thou speak first.
ond Retainer. Nay, thou! Nay, ! Hast not thou drawn the short ?
st Retainer. My lord archbishop, hou permit us —
ket. To speak without stammer- nd like a free man? Ay.
st Retainer. My lord, permit us o leave thy service.
ket. When?
st Retainer. Now.
ket. To-night?
st Retainer. To-night, my lord.
ket. And why?
st Retainer. My lord, we leave ot without tears.

Becket. Tears? Why not stay with me then?
First Retainer. My lord, we cannot yield thee an answer altogether to thy satisfaction.
Becket. I warrant you, or your own either. Shall I find you one? The King hath frowned upon me.
First Retainer. That is not altogether our answer, my lord.
Becket. No; yet all but all. Go, go! Ye have eaten of my dish and drunken of my cup for a dozen years.
First Retainer. And so we have. We mean thee no wrong. Wilt thou not say, 'God bless you,' ere we go?
Becket. God bless you all! God redden your pale blood! But mine is human-red; and when ye shall hear it is poured out upon earth, and see it mounting to heaven, my 'God bless you,' that seems sweet to you now, will blast and blind you like a curse.
First Retainer. We hope not, my lord. Our humblest thanks for your blessing. Farewell!

[Exeunt Retainers.

Becket. Farewell, friends! farewell, swallows! I wrong the bird; she leaves only the nest she built, they leave the builder. Why? Am I to be murdered to-night?

[Knocking at the door.

Attendant. Here is a missive left at the gate by one from the castle.
Becket. Cornwall's hand or Leicester's; they write marvellously alike.

[Reading.

'Fly at once to France, to King Louis of France; there be those about our King who would have thy blood.'

Was not my lord of Leicester bidden to our supper?
Attendant. Ay, my lord, and divers other earls and barons. But the hour is past, and our brother, Master Cook, he makes moan that all be a-getting cold.
Becket. And I make my moan along with him. Cold after warm, winter after summer, and the golden leaves, these earls and barons, that clung to me, frosted off me by the first cold frown of the King. Cold, but look

how the table steams, like a heathen altar; nay, like the altar at Jerusalem. Shall God's good gifts be wasted? None of them here! Call in the poor from the streets, and let them feast.

Herbert. That is the parable of our blessed Lord.

Becket. And why should not the parable of our blessed Lord be acted again? Call in the poor! The Church is ever at variance with the kings, and ever at one with the poor. I marked a group of lazars in the marketplace — half-rag, half-sore — beggars, poor rogues (Heaven bless 'em!) who never saw nor dreamed of such a banquet. I will amaze them. Call them in, I say. They shall henceforward be my earls and barons — our lords and masters in Christ Jesus. 89

[*Exit* Herbert.

If the King hold his purpose, I am myself a beggar. Forty thousand marks! forty thousand devils — and these craven bishops!

A Poor Man (*entering*) *with his dog.* My lord archbishop, may I come in with my poor friend, my dog? The King's verdurer caught him a-hunting in the forest, and cut off his paws. The dog followed his calling, my lord. I ha' carried him ever so many miles in my arms, and he licks my face and moans and cries out against the King. 103

Becket. Better thy dog than thee. The King's courts would use thee worse than thy dog — they are too bloody. Were the Church king, it would be otherwise. Poor beast! poor beast! set him down. I will bind up his wounds with my napkin. Give him a bone, give him a bone! Who misuses a dog would misuse a child — they cannot speak for themselves. Past help! his paws are past help. God help him! 115

Enter the Beggars (*and seat themselves at the Tables*). Becket *and* Herbert *wait upon them.*

First Beggar. Swine, sheep, ox — here 's a French supper! When thieves fall out, honest men —

Second Beggar. Is the archbishop a thief who gives thee thy supper? 120

First Beggar. Well, then, how do it go? When honest men fall ou thieves — no, it can't be that.

Second Beggar. Who stole th widow's one sitting hen o' Sunday when she was at mass?

First Beggar. Come, come! tho hadst thy share on her. Sitting hen Our Lord Becket 's our great sitting hen cock, and we should n't ha' bee sitting here if the barons and bisho had n't been a-sitting on the arc bishop.

Becket. Ay, the princes sat in jud ment against me, and the Lord hat prepared your table — *Sederunt prin cipes, ederunt pauperes.*

A Voice. Becket, beware of th knife!

Becket. Who spoke?

Third Beggar. Nobody, my lor What 's that, my lord?

Becket. Venison.

Third Beggar. Venison?

Becket. Buck — deer, as you call i

Third Beggar. King's meat! B the Lord, won't we pray for your lor ship!

Becket. And, my children, yo prayers will do more for me in th day of peril that dawns darkly a drearily over the house of God — ye and in the day of judgment also, tha the swords of the craven sycophan would have done had they remain true to me whose bread they ha partaken. I must leave you to yo banquet. Feed, feast, and be merr Herbert, for the sake of the Chur itself, if not for my own, I must f to France to-night. Come with me

[*Exit with* Herbert

Third Beggar. Here — all of you my lord's health! (*they drink*). W — if that is n't goodly wine —

First Beggar. Then there is n't goodly wench to serve him with i they were fighting for her to-day the street.

Third Beggar. Peace!

First Beggar.

The black sheep baaed to the miller's ew
lamb,
'The miller 's away for to-night.'
'Black sheep,' quoth she, 'too black a
for me.'

l what said the black sheep, my masters?

Ve can make a black sin white.'

hird Beggar. Peace!

FIRST BEGGAR.

e-lamb, ewe-lamb, I am here by the dam.'
ıt the miller came home that night,
so dusted his back with the meal in his sack,
ıat he made the black sheep white.

hird Beggar. Be we not of the ily? be we not a-supping with the l of the family? be we not in my 's own refractory? Out from ng us; thou art our black p.

Enter the four KNIGHTS.

itzurse. Sheep, said he? And p without the shepherd, too. re is my lord archbishop? Thou lustiest and lousiest of this Cain's herhood, answer.

hird Beggar. With Cain's answer, lord. Am I his keeper? Thou ıldst call him Cain, not me.

itzurse. So I do, for he would der his brother the State.

hird Beggar (*rising and advan-*). No, my lord; but because the l hath set his mark upon him that ıan should murder him.

itzurse. Where is he? where is

hird Beggar. With Cain belike, in land of Nod, or in the land of ıce for aught I know.

itzurse. France! Ha! De Mor-, Tracy, Brito — fled is he? Cross rds, all of you! swear to follow ! Remember the Queen!

[*The four* Knights *cross their swords.*

e Brito. They mock us; he is .

[*All the* Beggars *rise and advance upon them.*

itzurse. Come, you filthy knaves, ıs pass.

hird Beggar. Nay, my lord, let ass. We be a-going home after supper in all humbleness, my ; for the archbishop loves hum-ess, my lord, and though we be fifty to four, we dare n't fight you with our crutches, my lord. There now, if thou hast not laid hands upon me! and my fellows know that I am all one scale like a fish. I pray God I have n't given thee my leprosy, my lord.

[Fitzurse *shrinks from him, and another presses upon* De Brito.

De Brito. Away, dog!

Fourth Beggar. And I was bit by a mad dog o' Friday, an' I be half dog already by this token, that tho' I can drink wine I cannot bide water, my lord; and I want to bite, I want to bite, and they do say the very breath catches.

De Brito. Insolent clown! Shall I smite him with the edge of the sword?

De Morville. No, nor with the flat of it either. Smite the shepherd, and the sheep are scattered. Smite the sheep, and the shepherd will excommunicate thee.

De Brito. Yet my fingers itch to beat him into nothing.

Fifth Beggar. So do mine, my lord. I was born with it, and sulphur won't bring it out o' me. But for all that the archbishop washed my feet o' Tuesday. He likes it, my lord.

Sixth Beggar. And see here, my lord, this rag fro' the gangrene i' my leg. It's humbling — it smells o' human natur'. Wilt thou smell it, my lord? for the archbishop likes the smell on it, my lord; for I be his lord and master i' Christ, my lord.

De Morville. Faugh! we shall all be poisoned. Let us go.

[*They draw back,* Beggars *following.*

Seventh Beggar. My lord, I ha' three sisters a-dying at home o' the sweating sickness. They be dead while I be a-supping.

Eighth Beggar. And I ha' nine darters i' the spital that be dead ten times o'er i' one day wi' the putrid fever; and I bring the taint on it along wi' me, for the archbishop likes it, my lord.

[*Pressing upon the* Knights *till they disappear thro' the door.*

Third Beggar. Crutches, and itches and leprosies, and ulcers, and gan-

grenes, and running sores, praise ye the Lord, for to-night ye have saved our archbishop!

First Beggar. I'll go back again. I hain't half done yet.

Herbert of Bosham (*entering*). My friends, the archbishop bids you good-night. He hath retired to rest, and being in great jeopardy of his life, he hath made his bed between the altars, from whence he sends me to bid you this night pray for him who hath fed you in the wilderness.

Third Beggar. So we will — so we will, I warrant thee. Becket shall be king, and the Holy Father shall be king, and the world shall live by the King's venison and the bread o' the Lord, and there shall be no more poor for ever. Hurrah! Vive le Roy! That 's the English of it.

ACT II

Scene I. — Rosamund's Bower

A Garden of Flowers. In the midst a bank of wild-flowers with a bench before it.

Voices *heard singing among the trees.*

Duet.

1. Is it the wind of the dawn that I hear in the pine overhead?
2. No; but the voice of the deep as it hollows the cliffs of the land.
1. Is there a voice coming up with the voice of the deep from the strand,
   One coming up with a song in the flush of the glimmering red?
2. Love that is born of the deep coming up with the sun from the sea.
1. Love that can shape or can shatter a life till the life shall have fled?
2. Nay, let us welcome him, Love that can lift up a life from the dead.
1. Keep him away from the lone little isle. Let us be, let us be.
2. Nay, let him make it his own, let him reign in it — he, it is he,
   Love that is born of the deep coming up with the sun from the sea.

Enter Henry *and* Rosamund.

Rosamund. Be friends with him again — I do beseech thee.

Henry. With Becket? I have b
one hour with thee —
Sceptre and crozier clashing, and t
mitre
Grappling the crown — and when
flee from this
For a gasp of freer air, a breathin
while
To rest upon thy bosom and forg
him —
Why thou, my bird, thou pipe
'Becket, Becket' —
Yea, thou my golden dream of Lov
own bower,
Must be the nightmare breaking
my peace
With 'Becket.'
Rosamund. O my life's life, not
smile
Is all but death to me. My sun,
cloud!
Let there not be one frown in this o
hour.
Out of the many thine, let this
mine!
Look rather thou all-royal as wh
first
I met thee.
Henry. Where was that?
Rosamund. Forgetting th
Forgets me too.
Henry. Nay, I remember it we
There on the moors.
Rosamund. And in a narrow pa
A plover flew before thee. Then
saw
Thy high black steed among the fla
ing furze,
Like sudden light in the main gl
of day.
And from that height something w
said to me,
I knew not what.
Henry. I ask'd the way.
Rosamund. I think
So I lost mine.
Henry. Thou wast too shamed
answer.
Rosamund. Too scared — so you
Henry. The rosebud of my rose
Well, well, no more of *him* — I h
sent his folk,
His kin, all his belongings, ov
seas;
Age, orphans, and babe-breast
mothers — all

undreds to him—there to beg,
starve, die—
at the fool King Louis feed
them not.
nan shall feel that I can strike
him yet.
amund. Babes, orphans, mothers! is that royal, sire?
ry. And I have been as royal
with the Church.
elter'd in the Abbey of Pontigny,
wore his time studying the
canon law
ork it against me. But since he
cursed
riends at Veselay, I have let
them know
if they keep him longer as their
guest,
er all their cowls to all the hells.
amund. And is that altogether
royal?
ry. Traitress!
amund. A faithful traitress to
thy royal fame.
ry. Fame! what care I for
fame? Spite, ignorance, envy,
nonesty too, paint her what way
they will,
of to-day is infamy to-morrow;
y of to-day is fame to-morrow;
round and round again. What
matters? Royal—
n to leave the royalty of my
crown
sén'd to mine heirs.
amund. Still—thy fame too;
that should be royal.
ry. And I say,
not for thy saying.
amund. And I say,
not for *thy* saying. A greater
King
thou art, Love, who cares not
for the word,
'care not'—care. There have
I spoken true?
ry. Care dwell with me for
ever when I cease
e for thee as ever!
amund. No need! no need! . . .
is a bench. Come, wilt thou
sit?—My bank
d-flowers [*he sits*]. At thy feet!
[*She sits at his feet.*

Henry. I bade them clear
A royal pleasaunce for thee, in the wood,
Not leave these country-folk at court.
Rosamund. I brought them
In from the wood, and set them here. I love them
More than the garden flowers, that seem at most
Sweet guests, or foreign cousins, not half speaking
The language of the land. I love *them* too,
Yes. But, my liege, I am sure, of all the roses—
Shame fall on those who gave it a dog's name!—
This wild one (*picking a briar-rose*)—nay, I shall not prick myself—
Is sweetest. Do but smell!
Henry. Thou rose of the world!
Thou rose of all the roses! [*Muttering.*
I am not worthy of her—this beast-body
That God has plunged my soul in—I, that taking
The Fiend's advantage of a throne, so long
Have wander'd among women,—a foul stream
Thro' fever-breeding levels,—at her side,
Among these happy dales, run clearer, drop
The mud I carried, like yon brook, and glass
The faithful face of heaven—
[*Looking at her, and unconsciously aloud,*
—thine! thine!
Rosamund. I know it.
Henry (*muttering*). Not hers. We have but one bond, her hate of Becket.
Rosamund (*half hearing*). Nay! nay! what art thou muttering? *I* hate Becket?
Henry (*muttering*). A sane and natural loathing for a soul
Purer, and truer and nobler than herself;
And mine a bitterer illegitimate hate,
A bastard hate born of a former love.
Rosamund. My fault to name him!
O, let the hand of one

To whom thy voice is all her music stay it
But for a breath!
[*Puts her hand before his lips.*
Speak only of thy love.
Why, there — like some loud beggar at thy gate
The happy boldness of this hand hath won it —
Love's alms, thy kiss (*looking at her hand*) — Sacred! I'll kiss it too.
[*Kissing it.*
There! wherefore dost thou so peruse it? Nay,
There may be crosses in my line of life.
Henry. Not half *her* hand — no hand to mate with *her*,
If it should come to that.
Rosamund. With her? with whom?
Henry. Life on the hand is naked gipsy-stuff;
Life on the face, the brows — clear innocence!
Vein'd marble — not a furrow yet — and hers [*Muttering.*
Crost and recrost, a venomous spider's web —
Rosamund (*springing up*). Out of the cloud, my Sun — out of the eclipse
Narrowing my golden hour!
Henry. O Rosamund,
I would be true — would tell thee all — and something
I had to say — I love thee none the less —
Which will so vex thee.
Rosamund. Something against *me?*
Henry. No, no, against myself.
Rosamund. I will not hear it.
Come, come, mine hour! I bargain for mine hour.
I'll call thee little Geoffrey.
Henry. Call him!
Rosamund. Geoffrey!

Enter GEOFFREY.

Henry. How the boy grows!
Rosamund. Ay, and his brows are thine;
The mouth is only Clifford, my dear father.
Geoffrey. My liege, what hast thou brought me?
Henry. Venal imp!
What say'st thou to the Chancellorship of England?
Geoffrey. O, yes, my liege.
Henry. 'O, yes, my liege!' He speaks
As if it were a cake of gingerbread.
Dost thou know, my boy, what it is to be Chancellor of England?
Geoffrey. Something good, or thou wouldst not give it me.
Henry. It is, my boy, to side with the King when Chancellor, and then to be made archbishop and go against the King who made him, and turn the world upside down.
Geoffrey. I won't have it then. Nay, but give it me, and I promise thee not to turn the world upside down.
Henry (*giving him a ball*). Here is a ball, my boy, thy world, to turn any way and play with as thou wilt — which is more than I can do with mine. Go try it, play.
[*Exit* Geoffrey.
A pretty lusty boy.
Rosamund. So like to thee
Like to be liker.
Henry. Not in my chin, I hope
That threatens double.
Rosamund. Thou art manlike perfect.
Henry. Ay, ay, no doubt; and were I humpt behind,
Thou 'dst say as much — the good way of women
Who love, for which I love them May God grant
No ill befall or him or thee when I Am gone!
Rosamund. Is *he* thy enemy?
Henry. He? who? all
Rosamund. Thine enemy know the secret of my bower.
Henry. And I could tear him asunder with wild horses
Before he would betray it. Nay — fear!
More like is he to excommunicate me
Rosamund. And I would creep crawl over knife-edge flint
Barefoot, a hundred leagues, to stay his hand
Before he flash'd the bolt.
Henry. And when he flash'd
Shrink from me, like a daughter from the Church.

samund. Ay, but he will not.
nry. Ay! but if he did?
samund. O, then! O, then! I almost fear to say
my poor heretic heart would excommunicate
xcommunication, clinging to thee
r than ever.
nry (*raising* Rosamund *and kissing her*). My brave-hearted Rose!
he ever been to see thee?
samund. Here? not he. it is so lonely here — no confessor.
nry. Thou shalt confess all thy sweet sins to me.
samund. Besides, we came away in such a heat,
ught not even my crucifix.
nry. Take this.
[*Giving her the Crucifix which* Eleanor *gave him.*
samund. O, beautiful! May I have it as mine, till mine
ine again?
nry (*throwing it round her neck*). Thine — as I am — till death!
samund. Death? no! I'll have it with me in my shroud,
wake with it, and show it to all the Saints.
nry. Nay — I must go; but when thou layest thy lip
his, remember One who died for thee,
ember also one who lives for thee
there in France; for I must hence to brave
Pope, King Louis, and this turbulent priest.
samund (*kneeling*). O, by thy love for me, all mine for thee,
not thy soul into the flames of hell!
el to thee — be friends with him again.
nry. Look, look! if little Geoffrey have not tost
all into the brook! makes after it too
d it. Why, the child will drown himself.
samund. Geoffrey! Geoffrey!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Montmirail

'*The Meeting of the Kings.*' John of Oxford *and* Henry. *Crowd in the distance.*

John of Oxford. You have not crown'd young Henry yet, my liege?
Henry. Crown'd! by God's eyes, we will not have him crown'd.
I spoke of late to the boy, he answer'd me,
As if he wore the crown already — No,
We will not have him crown'd.
'T is true what Becket told me, that the mother
Would make him play his kingship against mine.
John of Oxford. Not have him crown'd?
Henry. Not now — not yet! and Becket —
Becket should crown him were he crown'd at all;
But, since we would be lord of our own manor,
This Canterbury, like a wounded deer,
Has fled our presence and our feeding-grounds.
John of Oxford. Cannot a smooth tongue lick him whole again
To serve your will?
Henry. He hates my will, not me.
John of Oxford. There 's York, my liege.
Henry. But England scarce would hold
Young Henry king, if only crown'd by York,
And that would stilt up York to twice himself.
There is a movement yonder in the crowd —
See if our pious — what shall I call him, John? —
Husband-in-law, or smooth-shorn suzerain,
Be yet within the field.
John of Oxford. I will. [*Exit.*
Henry. Ay! Ay!
Mince and go back! his politic Holiness

Hath all but climb'd the Roman perch again,
And we shall hear him presently with clapt wing
Crow over Barbarossa — at last tongue-free
To blast my realms with excommunication
And interdict. I must patch up a peace —
A peace in this long-tugged-at, thread-bare-worn
Quarrel of Crown and Church — to rend again.
His Holiness cannot steer straight thro' shoals,
Nor I. The citizen's heir hath conquer'd me
For the moment. So we make our peace with him.

Enter LOUIS.

Brother of France, what shall be done with Becket?

Louis. The Holy Thomas! Brother, you have traffick'd
Between the Emperor and the Pope, between
The Pope and Antipope — a perilous game
For men to play with God.

Henry. Ay, ay, good brother,
They call you the Monk-King.

Louis. Who calls me? she
That was my wife, now yours? You have her Duchy,
The point you aim'd at, and pray God she prove
True wife to you. You have had the better of us
In secular matters.

Henry. Come, confess, good brother,
You did your best or worst to keep her Duchy.
Only the golden Leopard printed in it
Such hold-fast claws that you perforce again
Shrank into France. Tut, tut! did we convene
This conference but to babble of our wives?
They are plagues enough in-door.

Louis. We fought in the East,
And felt the sun of Antioch scald our mail,
And push'd our lances into Sarac hearts.
We never hounded on the State home
To spoil the Church.

Henry. How should you see t rightly?

Louis. Well, well, no more! am proud of my 'Monk-King
Whoever named me; and, broth Holy Church
May rock, but will not wreck, nor o archbishop
Stagger on the slope decks for a rough sea
Blown by the breath of kings. do forgive you
For aught you wrought against us.

[Henry *holds up his han*

Nay, I pray yo
Do not defend yourself. You will much
To rake out all old dying heats if yo
At my requesting, will but look int
The wrongs you did him, and resto his kin,
Reseat him on his throne of Cant bury,
Be, both, the friends you were.

Henry. The friends we wer
Co-mates we were, and had our spo together.
Co-kings we were, and made the la together.
The world had never seen the li before.
You are too cold to know the fashi of it.
Well, well, we will be gentle with hi gracious —
Most gracious.

Enter BECKET, *after him*, JOHN OXFORD, ROGER OF YORK, G BERT FOLIOT, DE BROC, FITZUR *etc.*

Only that the rift he ma
May close between us, here I wholly king,
The word should come from him.

Becket (*kneeling*). Then, my d liege,
I here deliver all this controversy
Into your royal hands.

Henry. Ah, Thomas, Thom
Thou art thyself again, Thomas aga

Becket (*rising*). Saving God's hon

ry. Out upon thee, man!
; the devil's honor, his yes and no.
ts, bishops, earls, this London spawn — by Mahound,
sooner have been born a Mussulman —
lashing with their priests — 80
half-way down the slope — will no man stay me?
myself to pieces — I stay myself —
– it is gone. You, Master Becket, you
we to me your power over me — ıay —
r of France, you have taken, cherish'd him
thief-like fled from his own church by night,
n pursuing. I would have had him back.
heed he do not turn and rend you too:
hatsoever may displease him — that 90
n against God's honor — a shift, a trick
by to challenge, face me out of all
gal rights. Yet, yet — that none may dream
gainst God's honor — ay, or himself
reason, choose
dred of the wisest heads from England,
dred, too, from Normandy and Anjou;
ese decide on what was customary
en days, and all the Church of France
on their decision, I am content. 100
what the mightiest and the holiest
his predecessors may have done to the least and meanest of my own,
m do the same to me — I am content.
s. Ay, ay! the King humbles himself enough.
et (*aside*). Words! he will wriggle out of them like an eel

When the time serves. (*Aloud.*) My lieges and my lords,
The thanks of Holy Church are due to those
That went before us for their work, which we
Inheriting reap an easier harvest. Yet — 110
Louis. My lord, will you be greater than the Saints,
More than Saint Peter? whom — what is it you doubt?
Behold your peace at hand.
Becket. I say that those
Who went before us did not wholly clear
The deadly growths of earth, which hell's own heat
So dwelt on that they rose and darken'd heaven.
Yet they did much. Would God they had torn up all
By the hard root, which shoots again; our trial
Had so been less; but, seeing they were men
Defective or excessive, must we follow 120
All that they overdid or underdid?
Nay, if they were defective as Saint Peter
Denying Christ, who yet defied the tyrant,
We hold by his defiance, not his defect.
O good son Louis, do not counsel me,
No, to suppress God's honor for the sake
Of any king that breathes. No, God forbid!
Henry. No! God forbid! and turn me Mussulman!
No God but one, and Mahound is his prophet.
But for your Christian, look you, you shall have 130
None other God but me — me, Thomas, son
Of Gilbert Becket, London merchant. Out!
I hear no more. [*Exit.*
Louis. Our brother's anger puts him,
Poor man, beside himself — not wise.
My lord,
We have claspt your cause, believing that our brother

Had wrong'd you; but this day he proffer'd peace.
You will have war; and tho' we grant the Church
King over this world's kings, yet, my good lord,
We that are kings are something in this world,
And so we pray you, draw yourself from under
The wings of France. We shelter you no more. [*Exit.*
John of Oxford. I am glad that France hath scouted him at last. I told the Pope what manner of man he was. [*Exit.*
Roger of York. Yea, since he flouts the will of either realm,
Let either cast him away like a dead dog! [*Exit.*
Foliot. Yea, let a stranger spoil his heritage,
And let another take his bishopric! [*Exit.*
De Broc. Our castle, my lord, belongs to Canterbury.
I pray you come and take it. [*Exit.*
Fitzurse. When you will. [*Exit.*
Becket. Cursed be John of Oxford, Roger of York,
And Gilbert Foliot! cursed those De Brocs
That hold our Saltwood Castle from our see!
Cursed Fitzurse, and all the rest of them
That sow this hate between my lord and me!
Voices from the Crowd. Blessed be the lord archbishop, who hath withstood two kings to their faces for the honor of God.
Becket. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, praise!
I thank you, sons; when kings but hold by crowns,
The crowd that hungers for a crown in heaven
Is my true king.
Herbert. Thy true King bade thee be A fisher of men; thou hast them in thy net.
Becket. I am too like the King here; both of us
Too headlong for our office. Better have been
A fisherman at Bosham, my good l bert,
Thy birthplace — the sea-creek — petty rill
That falls into it — the green fiel the gray church —
The simple lobster-basket, and mesh —
The more or less of daily labor don
The pretty gaping bills in the ho nest
Piping for bread — the daily w supplied —
The daily pleasure to supply it.
Herbert. Ah, Thor
You had not borne it, no, not f day.
Becket. Well, maybe, no.
Herbert. But bear with Walter M
For here he comes to comment on time.

Enter WALTER MAP.

Walter Map. Pity, my lord, that have quenched the warmth of Fr toward you, tho' His Holiness, a much smouldering and smoking kindled again upon your quarter.
Becket. Ay, if he do not end in sm again.
Walter Map. My lord, the fire, w first kindled, said to the smoke, up, my son, straight to heaven.' the smoke said, 'I go;' but anon Northeast took and turned him So west, then the Southwest turned Northeast, and so of the other wi but it was in him to go up straigh the time had been quieter. Your ship affects the unwavering per dicular; but His Holiness, pushed way by the Empire and another England, if he move at all — He stay him! — is fain to diagonalize
Herbert. Diagonalize! thou a wordmonger.
Our Thomas never will diagonali Thou art a jester and a verse-mal Diagonalize!
Walter Map. Is the world any worse for my verses if the l rhymes be rolled out from a mouth? or any harm done to the ple if my jest be in defense of Truth?
Becket. Ay, if the jest be so that the people

t to wallow in the grossness of
it,
ruth herself be shamed of her
defender.
fensoribus istis, Walter Map!
ter Map. Is that my case? so if
y be sick, and I cannot call the
sweet, your lordship would
d me from verse writing, as
ıspended yourself after sub-
g to the customs.
et. I pray God pardon mine
ınfirmity!
ter Map. Nay, my lord, take
for tho' you suspended your-
ıe Pope let you down again;
ıo' you suspend Foliot or an-
the Pope will not leave them
ɔense, for the Pope himself is
in suspense, like Mahound's
ıung between heaven and earth
ıys in suspense, like the scales,
e weight of Germany or the
f England brings one of them
to the dust — always in sus-
like the tail of the horologe —
fro — tick-tack — we make the
ve keep the time, ay, and we
he time; for I have heard say
you boxed the Pope's ears with
, you might stagger him, but
ld pocket the purse. No say-
mine — Jocelyn of Salisbury.
e King hath bought half the
e of Red-hats. He warmed to
day, and you have chilled him
Yet you both love God. Agree
im quickly again, even for the
the Church. My one grain of
ɔunsel which you will not swal-
hate a split between old friend-
s I hate the dirty gap in the
a Cistercian monk, that will
v anything. Farewell. [*Exit.*
t. Map scoffs at Rome. I all
ut hold with Map.
r myself no Rome were left in
England,
l been his. Why should this
Rome, this Rome,
oose Barabbas rather than the
Christ,
e the left-hand thief and damn
he right?
ees of tyranny, wink at sacri-
ege,
Which even Peter had not dared? condemn
The blameless exile? —
Herbert. Thee, thou holy Thomas!
I would that thou hadst been the Holy Father.
Becket. I would have done my most to keep Rome holy,
I would have made Rome know she still is Rome —
Who stands aghast at her eternal self
And shakes at mortal kings — her vacillation,
Avarice, craft — O God, how many an innocent
Has left his bones upon the way to Rome
Unwept, uncared for! Yea — on mine own self
The King had had no power except for Rome.
'T is not the King who is guilty of mine exile,
But Rome, Rome, Rome!
Herbert. My lord, I see this Louis
Returning, ah! to drive thee from his realm.
Becket. He said as much before. Thou art no prophet,
Nor yet a prophet's son.
Herbert. Whatever he say,
Deny not thou God's honor for a king.
The King looks troubled.
Re-enter KING LOUIS.
Louis. My dear lord archbishop,
I learn but now that those poor Poitevins
That in thy cause were stirr'd against King Henry
Have been, despite his kingly promise given
To our own self of pardon, evilly used
And put to pain. I have lost all trust in him.
The Church alone hath eyes — and now I see
That I was blind — suffer the phrase — surrendering
God's honor to the pleasure of a man.
Forgive me and absolve me, holy father. [*Kneels.*
Becket. Son, I absolve thee in the name of God.

Louis (*rising*). Return to Sens, where we will care for you.
The wine and wealth of all our France are yours;
Rest in our realm, and be at peace with all. [*Exeunt.*
Voices from the Crowd. Long live the good King Louis! God bless the great archbishop!
Re-enter HENRY *and* JOHN OF OXFORD.
Henry (*looking after* King Louis *and* Becket). Ay, there they go — both backs are turn'd to me —
Why, then I strike into my former path
For England, crown young Henry there, and make
Our waning Eleanor all but love me! John,
Thou hast served me heretofore with Rome — and well.
They call thee John the Swearer.
John of Oxford. For this reason,
That, being ever duteous to the King,
I evermore have sworn upon his side,
And ever mean to do it.
Henry (*claps him on the shoulder*). Honest John!
To Rome again! the storm begins again.
Spare not thy tongue! be lavish with our coins,
Threaten our junction with the Emperor — flatter
And fright the Pope — bribe all the cardinals — leave
Lateran and Vatican in one dust of gold —
Swear and unswear, state and misstate thy best!
I go to have young Henry crown'd by York.

ACT III

SCENE I. — THE BOWER

HENRY *and* ROSAMUND.

Henry. All that you say is just. I cannot answer it
Till better times, when I shall put away —
Rosamund. What will you put aw
Henry. That which you ask
Till better times. Let it content now
There is no woman that I love well.
Rosamund. No woman but sho be content with that —
Henry. And one fair child fondle!
Rosamund. O, yes, the child
We waited for so long — Heaven's at last —
And how you doted on him th To-day
I almost fear'd your kiss was colde yes —
But then the child *is* such a chi What chance
That he should ever spread into man
Here in our silence? I have d my best.
I am not learn'd.
Henry. I am the King, his fath
And I will look to it. Is our se ours?
Have you had any alarm? stranger?
Rosamund. No.
The warder of the bower hath gi himself
Of late to wine. I sometimes think sleeps
When he should watch; and yet w fear? the people
Believe the wood enchanted. No comes,
Nor foe nor friend; his fond ex of wine
Springs from the loneliness of my bower,
Which weighs even on me.
Henry. Yet these tree-tow
Their long bird-echoing mins aisles, — the voice
Of the perpetual brook, these gol slopes
Of Solomon-shaming flowers — was your saying,
All pleased you so at first.
Rosamund. Not now so mu
My Anjou bower was scarce as b tiful.
But you were oftener there. I h none but you.

rook's voice is not yours, and no
flower, not
in himself, should he be changed
to one,
shine away the darkness of that
gap
y the lack of love.
ry. The lack of love!
mund. Of one we love. Nay,
I would not be bold,
ped ere this you might—
[*Looks earnestly at him.*
ry. Anything further?
mund. Only my best bower-
maiden died of late,
hat old priest whom John of
Salisbury trusted
ent another.
ry. Secret?
mund. I but ask'd her
uestion, and she primm'd her
mouth and put
nds together — thus — and said,
God help her,
he was sworn to silence.
ry. What did you ask her?
mund. Some daily something-
nothing.
ry. Secret, then?
mund. I do not love her. Must
you go, my liege,
denly?
ry. I came to England sud-
denly,
a great occasion sure to wake
at a wrath in Becket —
mund. Always Becket!
ays comes between us.
ry. And to meet it
s must leave as suddenly. It is
raining,
your hood and see me to the
bounds. [*Exeunt.*

ARGERY (*singing behind scene*).

Babble in bower
Under the rose!
Bee must n't buzz,
Whoop — but he knows.

Kiss me, little one,
Nobody near!
Grasshopper, grasshopper,
Whoop — you can hear.

Kiss in the bower,
Tit on the tree!
Bird must n't tell,
Whoop — he can see.

Enter MARGERY.

I ha' been but a week here and I ha' seen what I ha' seen, for to be sure it 's no more than a week since our old Father Philip that has confessed our mother for twenty years, and she was hard put to it, and to speak truth, nigh at the end of our last crust, and that mouldy, and she cried out on him to put me forth in the world and to make me a woman of the world, and to win my own bread, whereupon he asked our mother if I could keep a quiet tongue i' my head, and not speak till I was spoke to, and I answered for myself that I never spoke more than was needed, and he told me he would advance me to the service of a great lady, and took me ever so far away, and gave me a great pat o' the cheek for a pretty wench, and said it was a pity to blindfold such eyes as mine, and such to be sure they be, but he blinded 'em for all that, and so brought me no-hows as I may say, and the more shame to him after his promise, into a garden and not into the world, and bade me whatever I saw not to speak one word, an' it 'ud be well for me in the end, for there were great ones who would look after me, and to be sure I ha' seen great ones to-day — and then not to speak one word, for that 's the rule o' the garden, tho' to be sure if I had been Eve i' the garden I should n't ha' minded the apple, for what 's an apple, you know save to a child, and I 'm no child, but more a woman o' the world than my lady here, and I ha' seen what I ha' seen — tho' to be sure if I had n't minded it we should all on us ha' had to go, bless the Saints, wi' bare backs, but the backs 'ud ha' countenanced one another, and belike it 'ud ha' been always summer, and anyhow I am as well-shaped as my lady here, and I ha' seen what I ha' seen, and what 's the good of my talking to myself, for here comes my lady (*enter* Rosamund), and, my lady, tho' I should n't speak one word, I wish you joy o' the King's brother.

Rosamund. What is it you mean?

Margery. I mean your goodman, your husband, my lady, for I saw

your ladyship a-parting wi' him even now i' the coppice, when I was a-getting o' bluebells for your ladyship's nose to smell on — and I ha' seen the King once at Oxford, and he 's as like the King as fingernail to fingernail, and I thought at first it was the King, only you know the King 's married, for King Louis —

Rosamund. Married !

Margery. Years and years, my lady, for her husband, King Louis —

Rosamund. Hush !

Margery. And I thought if it were the King's brother he had a better bride than the King, for the people do say that his is bad beyond all reckoning, and —

Rosamund. The people lie.

Margery. Very like, my lady, but most on 'em know an honest woman and a lady when they see her, and besides they say she makes songs, and that 's against her, for I never knew an honest woman that could make songs, tho' to be sure our mother 'll sing me old songs by the hour, but then, God help her, she had 'em from her mother, and her mother from her mother back and back for ever so long, but none on 'em ever made songs, and they were all honest.

Rosamund. Go, you shall tell me of her some other time.

Margery. There 's none so much to tell on her, my lady, only she kept the seventh commandment better than some I know on, or I could n't look your ladyship i' the face, and she brew'd the best ale in all Glo'ster, that is to say in her time when she had the 'Crown.'

Rosamund. The crown ! who ?

Margery. Mother.

Rosamund. I mean her whom you call — fancy — my husband's brother's wife.

Margery. O, Queen Eleanor. Yes, my lady ; and tho' I be sworn not to speak a word, I can tell you all about her, if —

Rosamund. No word now. I am faint and sleepy. Leave me. Nay — go. What ! will you anger me ?

[*Exit* Margery.

He charged me not to question any those
About me. Have I ? no ! she q tion'd *me.*
Did she not slander *him ?* Should stay here ?
May she not tempt me, being at side,
To question *her ?* Nay, can I s her hence
Without his kingly leave ? I an the dark.
I have lived, poor bird, from cag cage, and known
Nothing but him — happy to k no more,
So that he loved me — and he l me — yes,
And bound me by his love to secr
Till his own time.
Eleanor, Eleanor, ha
Not heard ill things of her in Fra O, she 's
The Queen of France. I see some confusion,
Some strange mistake. I did not aright,
Myself confused with parting f the King.

MARGERY (*behind scene*).

Bee must n't buzz,
Whoop — but he knows.

Rosamund. Yet her — what he hinted of some her —
When he was here before —
Something that would displease Hath he stray'd
From love's clear path into the mon bush,
And, being scratch'd, returns to true rose,
Who hath not thorn enough to p him for it,
Even with a word ?

MARGERY (*behind scene*).

Bird must n't tell,
Whoop — he can see.

Rosamund. I would not hear Nay — there's more — frown'd
'No mate for her, if it should co that' —
To that — to what ?

MARGERY (*behind scene*).

Whoop — but he knows,
Whoop — but he knows.

nund. O God! some dreadful
ruth is breaking on me —
readful thing is coming on me.
Enter GEOFFREY.
Geoffrey!
rey. What are you crying for,
when the sun shines?
nund. Hath not thy father
eft us to ourselves?
rey. Ay, but he's taken the
th him. I hear Margery: I'll
with her. [*Exit* Geoffrey.

ROSAMUND.

Rainbow, stay,
Gleam upon gloom,
Bright as my dream,
Rainbow, stay!
But it passes away,
Gloom upon gleam,
Dark as my doom —
O rainbow, stay!

SCENE II

E THE WOODS NEAR ROSAMUND'S BOWER

ELEANOR. FITZURSE.

or. Up from the salt lips of
he land we two
rack'd the King to this dark
land wood;
mewhere hereabouts he van-
sh'd. Here
le builds; his exit is our adit.
he will out again, and pre-
ently,
he must to Westminster and
rown
Henry there to-morrow.
rse. We have watch'd
in vain, he hath pass'd out
gain,
the other side.
[*A great horn winded.*
Hark! Madam!
or. Ay,
ostly sounds that horn in the
lack wood!
[*A countryman flying.*

Whither away, man? what are you
flying from?
Countryman. The witch! the witch!
she sits naked by a great heap of gold
in the middle of the wood, and when
the horn sounds she comes out as a
wolf. Get you hence! a man passed
in there to-day. I holla'd to him, but
he did n't hear me; he 'll never out
again, the witch has got him. I
dare n't stay — I dare n't stay!
Eleanor. Kind of the witch to give
thee warning, tho'. [*Man flies.*
Is not this wood-witch of the rustic's
fear
Our woodland Circe that hath witch'd
the King?
[*Horn sounded. Another flying.*
Fitzurse. Again! stay, fool, and
tell me why thou fliest.
Countryman. Fly thou too. The
King keeps his forest head of game
here, and when that horn sounds a
score of wolf-dogs are let loose that
will tear thee piecemeal. Linger not
till the third horn. Fly! [*Exit.*
Eleanor. This is the likelier tale.
We have hit the place.
Now let the King's fine game look to
itself. [*Horn.*
Fitzurse. Again! —
And far on in the dark heart of the
wood
I hear the yelping of the hounds of
hell.
Eleanor. I have my dagger here to
still their throats.
Fitzurse. Nay, madam, not to-night
— the night is falling.
What can be done to-night?
Eleanor. Well — well — away.

SCENE III

TRAITOR'S MEADOW AT FRÉTEVAL. PAVILIONS AND TENTS OF THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH BARONAGE

BECKET *and* HERBERT OF BOSHAM.

Becket. See here!
Herbert. What 's here?
Becket. A notice from the priest
To whom our John of Salisbury com
mitted

The secret of the bower, that our wolf-Queen
Is prowling round the fold. I should be back
In England even for this.
Herbert. These are by-things
In the great cause.
Becket. The by-things of the Lord
Are the wrong'd innocences that will cry
From all the hidden by-ways of the world
In the great day against the wronger. I know
Thy meaning. Perish she, I, all, before
The Church should suffer wrong!
Herbert. Do you see, my lord,
There is the King talking with Walter Map?
Becket. He hath the Pope's last letters, and they threaten
The immediate thunder-blast of interdict;
Yet he can scarce be touching upon those,
Or scarce would smile that fashion.
Herbert. Winter sunshine!
Beware of opening out thy bosom to it,
Lest thou, myself, and all thy flock should catch
An after ague-fit of trembling. Look!
He bows, he bares his head, he is coming hither.
Still with a smile.

Enter KING HENRY *and* WALTER MAP.

Henry. We have had so many hours together, Thomas,
So many happy hours alone together,
That I would speak with you once more alone.
Becket. My liege, your will and happiness are mine.
[*Exeunt* King *and* Becket.
Herbert. The same smile still.
Walter Map. Do you see that great black cloud that hath come over the sun and cast us all into shadow?
Herbert. And feel it too.
Walter Map. And see you yon sidebeam that is forced from under it, and sets the church-tower over there all a-hell-fire as it were?
Herbert. Ay.

Walter Map. It is this black, b silencing, anti-marrying, burial-l dering interdict that hath squee out this side-smile upon Canterbu whereof may come conflagrati Were I Thomas, I would n't trust Sudden change is a house on sa and tho' I count Henry honest enou yet when fear creeps in at the fr honesty steals out at the back, the King at last is fairly scared this cloud—this interdict. I h been more for the King than Church in this matter—yea, even the sake of the Church; for, truly the case stood, you had safelier h slain an archbishop than a she-g But our recoverer and upholder customs hath in this crowning young Henry by York and Londo violated the immemorial usage of Church, that, like the grave-digg child I have heard of, trying to r the bell, he hath half-hanged him in the rope of the Church, or rat pulled all the Church with the H Father astride of it down upon own head.
Herbert. Were you there?
Walter Map. In the church ro —no. I was at the crowning, fo have pleasure in the pleasure crowds, and to read the faces of r at a great show.
Herbert. And how did Roger York comport himself?
Walter Map. As magnificently archiepiscopally as our Thomas wo have done: only there was a d devil in his eye—I should say a d Becket. He thought less of two ki than of one Roger, the king of the casion. Foliot is the holier man, haps the better. Once or twice t ran a twitch across his face, as should say 'what's to follow?' Salisbury was a calf cowed by Mo Church, and every now and t glancing about him like a thie night when he hears a door ope the house and thinks 'the master.'
Herbert. And the father-king?
Walter Map. The father's eye so tender it would have called a g off the green, and once he strov hide his face, like the Greek

his daughter was sacrificed, but
ught better of it. It was but
rifice of a kingdom to his son,
ler matter; but as to the young
ling himself, he looked so mala-
n the eyes, that had I fathered
had given him more of the rod
ne sceptre. Then followed the
r of the captains and the shout-
nd so we came on to the ban-
from whence there puffed out
n incense of unctuosity into the
s of our Gods of Church and
that Lucullus or Apicius might
sniffed it in their Hades of
nism, so that the smell of their
ast had not come across it —
ert. Map, tho' you make your
o big, you overshoot it.
ter Map. For as to the fish, they
acled the miraculous draught,
ght have sunk a navy —
ert. There again, Goliasing and
izing!
ter Map. And as for the flesh
le, a whole Peter's sheet, with
nner of game, and four-footed
, and fowls —
ert. And all manner of creep-
ngs too?
ter Map. Well, there were ab-
but they did not bring their
; and so we were dull enough
, but in the end we flourished
o a merriment; for the old King
act servitor and hand a dish to
; whereupon my Lord of York
ine-cut face bowing and beam-
th all that courtesy which hath
yalty in it than the backward
of the clown's heel — 'great
says he, 'from the King's self
King's son.' Did you hear the
King's quip?
ert. No, what was it?
ter Map. Glancing at the days
is father was only Earl of An-
e answered, 'Should not an
on wait on a king's son?' And
the cold corners of the King's
began to thaw, there was a
notion of laughter among us,
al, part childlike, to be freed
the dulness — part royal, for
nd kingling both laughed, and
could not but laugh, as by a
royal necessity — part childlike again — when we felt we had laughed too long and could not stay ourselves — many midriff-shaken even to tears, as springs gush out after earthquakes — but from those, as I said before, there may come a conflagration — tho', to keep the figure moist and make it hold water, I should say rather, the lacrymation of a lamentation; but look if Thomas have not flung himself at the King's feet. They have made it up again — for the moment.

Herbert. Thanks to the blessed Magdalene, whose day it is!

Re-enter HENRY *and* BECKET. (*During their conference the* BARONS *and* BISHOPS OF FRANCE *and* ENGLAND *come in at back of stage.*)

Becket. Ay, King! for in thy kingdom, as thou knowest,
The spouse of the Great King, thy King, hath fallen —
The daughter of Zion lies beside the way —
The priests of Baal tread her underfoot —
The golden ornaments are stolen from her —

Henry. Have I not promised to restore her, Thomas,
And send thee back again to Canterbury?

Becket. Send back again those exiles of my kin
Who wander famine-wasted thro' the world.

Henry. Have I not promised, man, to send them back?

Becket. Yet one thing more. Thou hast broken thro' the pales
Of privilege, crowning thy young son by York,
London, and Salisbury — not Canterbury.

Henry. York crown'd the Conqueror — not Canterbury.

Becket. There was no Canterbury in William's time.

Henry. But Hereford, you know, crown'd the first Henry.

Becket. But Anselm crown'd this Henry o'er again.

Henry. And thou shalt crown my Henry o'er again.

Becket. And is it then with thy goodwill that I
Proceed against thine evil councillors,
And hurl the dread ban of the Church on those
Who made the second mitre play the first,
And acted me?
Henry. Well, well, then — have thy way!
It may be they were evil councillors.
What more, my lord archbishop? What more, Thomas?
I make thee full amends. Say all thy say,
But blaze not out before the Frenchmen here.
Becket. More? Nothing, so thy promise be thy deed.
Henry (*holding out his hand*). Give me thy hand. My Lords of France and England,
My friend of Canterbury and myself
Are now once more at perfect amity.
Unkingly should I be, and most unknightly,
Not striving still, however much in vain,
To rival him in Christian charity.
Herbert. All praise to Heaven, and sweet Saint Magdalen!
Henry. And so farewell until we meet in England.
Becket. I fear, my liege, we may not meet in England.
Henry. How, do you make me a traitor?
Becket. No, indeed!
That be far from thee.
Henry. Come, stay with us, then,
Before you part for England.
Becket. I am bound
For that one hour to stay with good King Louis,
Who helpt me when none else.
Herbert. He said thy life
Was not one hour's worth in England save
King Henry gave thee first the kiss of peace.
Henry. He said so? Louis, did he? look you, Herbert,
When I was in mine anger with King Louis,
I sware I would not give the kiss peace,
Not on French ground, nor any grou but English,
Where his cathedral stands. Mine friend, Thomas,
I would there were that perfect tr between us,
That health of heart, once ours, Pope or King
Had come between us! Even now who knows? —
I might deliver all things to thy hand
If — but I say no more — farewell, lord.
Becket. Farewell, my liege!
[*Exit* Henry, *then the* Barons Bishops.
Walter Map. There again! wh the full fruit of the royal prom might have dropt into thy mo hadst thou but opened it to th him.
Becket. He fenced his royal p mise with an *if*.
Walter Map. And is the King's too high a stile for your lordship overstep and come at all things in next field?
Becket. Ay, if this *if* be like devil's '*if*
Thou wilt fall down and worship m
Herbert. O, Thom
I could fall down and worship th my Thomas,
For thou hast trodden this wine-pr alone.
Becket. Nay, of the people th are many with me.
Walter Map. I am not altoget with you, my lord, tho' I am non those that would raise a storm betw you, lest ye should draw together two ships in a calm. You wrong King: he meant what he said to-d Who shall vouch for his to-morro One word further. Doth not the *ness* of anything make the fulnes it in estimation? Is not virtue pri mainly for its rarity and great b ness loathed as an exception: for w all, my lord, as noble as yourself, would look up to you? and were as base as — who shall I say? — F urse and his following — who wo

own upon them? My lord, you
ut so many of the King's house-
it of communion, that they be-
smile at it.
et. At their peril, at their
peril —
'er Map. For tho' the drop may
out the dead stone, doth not
ing skin thicken against perpet-
lippings? This is the second
f good counsel I ever proffered
nd so cannot suffer by the rule
uency. Have I sown it in salt?
not, for before God I promise
e King hath many more wolves
e can tame in his woods of Eng-
nd if it suit their purpose to
or the King, and you still move
; him, you may have no less
o die for it; but God and his
nd grant your lordship a happy
eturn and the King's kiss of
in Kent. Farewell! I must
the King. [*Exit.*
ert. Ay, and I warrant the
customs. Did the King
of the customs?
et. No! — To die for it —
o die for it, I die to live for it.
tate will die, the Church can
never die.
ing 's not like to die for that
which dies;
nust die for that which never
lies.
be so — my visions in the Lord —
t be so, my friend! the wolves
of England
murder her one shepherd, that
he sheep
ed in peace. False figure, Map
would say.
falses are heaven's truths.
And when my voice
yr'd mute, and this man disap-
pears,
erfect trust may come again
etween us,
ere, there, there, not here I
hall rejoice
my stray sheep back within
he fold.
wd are scattering, let us move
way!
ence to England. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

Scene I. — The Outskirts of the Bower

Geoffrey (*coming out of the wood*). Light again! light again! Margery? no, that's a finer thing there. How it glitters!

Eleanor (*entering*). Come to me, little one. How camest thou hither?

Geoffrey. On my legs.

Eleanor. And mighty pretty legs too. Thou art the prettiest child I ever saw. Wilt thou love me?

Geoffrey. No; I only love mother.

Eleanor. Ay; and who is thy mother?

Geoffrey. They call her — But she lives secret, you see.

Eleanor. Why?

Geoffrey. Don't know why.

Eleanor. Ay, but some one comes to see her now and then. Who is he?

Geoffrey. Can't tell.

Eleanor. What does she call him?

Geoffrey. My liege.

Eleanor. Pretty one, how camest thou?

Geoffrey. There was a bit of yellow silk here and there, and it looked pretty like a glowworm, and I thought if I followed it I should find the fairies.

Eleanor. I am the fairy, pretty one, a good fairy to thy mother. Take me to her.

Geoffrey. There are good fairies and bad fairies, and sometimes she cries, and can't sleep sound o' nights because of the bad fairies.

Eleanor. She shall cry no more; she shall sleep sound enough if thou wilt take me to her. I am her good fairy.

Geoffrey. But you don't look like a good fairy. Mother does. You are not pretty, like mother.

Eleanor. We can't all of us be as pretty as thou art — (*aside*) little bastard! Come, here is a golden chain I will give thee if thou wilt lead me to thy mother.

Geoffrey. No — no gold. Mother says gold spoils all. Love is the only gold.

Eleanor. I love thy mother, my

pretty boy. Show me where thou camest out of the wood.

Geoffrey. By this tree; but I don't know if I can find the way back again.

Eleanor. Where 's the warder?

Geoffrey. Very bad. Somebody struck him.

Eleanor. Ay? who was that?

Geoffrey. Can't tell. But I heard say he had had a stroke, or you 'd have heard his horn before now. Come along, then; we shall see the silk here and there, and I want my supper.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Rosamund's Bower

Rosamund. The boy so late; pray God, he be not lost!
I sent this Margery, and she comes not back;
I sent another, and she comes not back.
I go myself — so many alleys, crossings,
Paths, avenues — nay, if I lost him, now
The folds have fallen from the mystery
And left all naked, I were lost indeed.

Enter Geoffrey *and* Eleanor.

Geoffrey, the pain thou hast put me to! [*Seeing* Eleanor.
Ha, you!
How came you hither?

Eleanor. Your own child brought me hither!

Geoffrey. You said you could n't trust Margery, and I watched her and followed her into the woods, and I lost her and went on and on till I found the light and the lady, and she says she can make you sleep o' nights.

Rosamund. How dared you? Know you not this bower is secret,
Of and belonging to the King of England,
More sacred than his forests for the chase?
Nay, nay, Heaven help you; get you hence in haste
Lest worse befall you.

Eleanor. Child, I am mine own self
Of and belonging to the King. The King
Hath divers ofs and ons, ofs and
longings,
Almost as many as your true Muss
man —
Belongings, paramours, whom
pleases him
To call his wives; but so it chanc
child,
That I am his main paramour, his s
tana.
But since the fondest pair of do
will jar,
Even in a cage of gold, we had wo
of late,
And thereupon he call'd my child
bastards.
Do you believe that you are marr
to him?

Rosamund. I *should* believe it.

Eleanor. You must not believe
Because I have a wholesome medic
here
Puts that belief asleep. Your answ
beauty!
Do you believe that you are marr
to him?

Rosamund. Geoffrey, my boy, saw the ball you lost in the fo of the great willow over the bro Go. See that you do not fall Go.

Geoffrey. And leave you alone w the good fairy. She calls you beau but I don't like her looks. Well, y bid me go, and I 'll have my ball a how. Shall I find you asleep whe come back?

Rosamund. Go. [*Exit* Geoffr

Eleanor. He is easily found aga
Do you believe it?
I pray you then to take my sleepi
draught;
But if you should not care to take it
see! [*Draws a dagg*
What! have I scared the red rose fr
your face
Into your heart? But this will finc
there,
And dig it from the root for ever.

Rosamund. Help! he

Eleanor. They say that walls h
ears; but these, it seems,
Have none! and I have none — to p
thee.

Rosamund. I do beseech you — child is so young,

kward too; I cannot leave him
yet.
ıot so happy I could not die my-
self.
ıe child is so young. You have
children — his;
nine is the King's child; so, if
you love him —
f you love him, there is great
wrong done
ıow; but if you do not — there
are those
ay you do not love him — let me
go
my young boy, and I will hide
my face,
en and gipsyfy it; none shall
know me;
ing shall never hear of me again,
will beg my bread along the
world
ny young boy, and God will be
our guide.
r meant you harm in any way.
can say no more.
nor. Will you not say you are
not married to him?
mund. Ay, madam, I can *say*
it, if you will.
nor. Then is thy pretty boy a
bastard?
mund. No.
nor. And thou thyself a proven
wanton?
mund. No.
ıone such. I never loved but
one.
heard of such that range from
love to love,
ıe wild beast — if you can call
it love.
e heard of such — yea, even
among those
t on thrones — I never saw any
such,
knew any such, and howso-
ever
o misname me, match'd with
any such,
ıow to mud.
nor. The more the pity then
hy true home — the heavens —
ry out for thee
rt too pure for earth.

Enter FITZURSE.

ırse. Give her to me.

Eleanor. The Judas-lover of our passion-play
Hath track'd us hither.
Fitzurse. Well, why not? I follow'd
You and the child: he babbled all the way.
Give her to me to make my honey-moon.
Eleanor. Ay, as the bears love honey. Could you keep her
Indungeon'd from one whisper of the wind,
Dark even from a side glance of the moon,
And oublietted in the centre — No!
I follow out my hate and thy revenge.
Fitzurse. You bade me take revenge another way —
To bring her to the dust. — Come with me, love,
And I will love thee. — Madam, let her live.
I have a far-off burrow where the King
Would miss her and for ever.
Eleanor. How sayst thou, sweetheart?
Wilt thou go with him? he will marry thee.
Rosamund. Give me the poison; set me free of him!
[Eleanor *offers the vial.*
No, no! I will not have it.
Eleanor. Then this other,
The wiser choice, because my sleeping-draught
May bloat thy beauty out of shape, and make
Thy body loathsome even to thy child;
While this but leaves thee with a broken heart,
A doll-face blanch'd and bloodless, over which
If pretty Geoffrey do not break his own,
It must be broken for him.
Rosamund. O, I see now
Your purpose is to fright me — a troubadour,
You play with words. You had never used so many,
Not if you meant it, I am sure. The child —
No — mercy! No! (*Kneels.*)
Eleanor. Play! — that bosom never
Heaved under the King's hand with such true passion

As at this loveless knife that stirs the riot,
Which it will quench in blood! Slave, if he love thee,
Thy life is worth the wrestle for it. Arise,
And dash thyself against me that I may slay thee!
The worm! shall I let her go? But ha! what 's here?
By very God, the cross I gave the King!
His village darling in some lewd caress
Has wheedled it off the King's neck to her own.
By thy leave, beauty. Ay, the same! I warrant
Thou hast sworn on this my cross a hundred times
Never to leave him — and that merits death,
False oath on holy cross — for thou must leave him
To-day, but not quite yet. My good Fitzurse,
The running down the chase is kindlier sport
Even than the death. Who knows but that thy lover
May plead so pitifully, that I may spare thee?
Come hither, man; stand there. (*To* Rosamund.) Take thy one chance;
Catch at the last straw. Kneel to thy lord Fitzurse;
Crouch even because thou hatest him; fawn upon him
For thy life and thy son's.
Rosamund (*rising*). I am a Clifford.
My son a Clifford and Plantagenet.
I am to die then, tho' there stand beside thee
One who might grapple with thy dagger, if he
Had aught of man, or thou of woman; or I
Would bow to such a baseness as would make me
Most worthy of it. Both of us will die,
And I will fly with my sweet boy to heaven,
And shriek to all the saints among the stars:

'Eleanor of Aquitaine, Eleanor England!
Murder'd by that adulteress Eleanor
Whose doings are a horror to the east,
A hissing in the west!' Have you not heard
Raymond of Poitou, thine own uncle — nay,
Geoffrey Plantagenet, thine own husband's father —
Nay, even the accursed heathen Saladeen —
Strike!
I challenge thee to meet me before God.
Answer me there.
Eleanor (*raising the dagger*). There in thy bosom, fool,
And after in thy bastard's!
Enter BECKET *from behind. Catches hold of her arm.*
Becket. Murderess
[*The dagger falls; they stare at one another. After a pause.*
Eleanor. My lord, we know you proud of your fine hand,
But having now admired it long enough,
We find that it is mightier than seems —
At least mine own is frailer; you are laming it.
Becket. And lamed and maim'd for dislocation, better
Than raised to take a life which Heaven bade me
Guard from the stroke that doom'd thee after death
To wail in deathless flame.
Eleanor. Nor you now
Have now to learn, my lord, that our good Henry
Says many a thing in sudden heat which he
Gainsays by next sunrising — or already
To tear himself for having said much.
My lord, Fitzurse —
Becket. He too! what dost thou here?
Dares the bear slouch into the lion's den?
One downward plunge of his paw would rend away

ELLEN TERRY AS ROSAMUND

ht and manhood, life itself,
rom thee.
t I blast thee with anathema,
ake thee a world's horror.
rse. My lord, I shall
ber this.
t. I *do* remember thee;
remember thee to the lion, go.
[*Exit* Fitzurse.
p your dagger; put it in the
heath.
or. Might not your courtesy
toop to hand it me?
wns must bow when mitres sit
o high.

Well — well — too costly to be left or lost. [*Picks up the dagger.*
I had it from an Arab soldan, who,
When I was there in Antioch, marvell'd at
Our unfamiliar beauties of the west;
But wonder'd more at my much constancy
To the monk-king, Louis, our former burthen,
From whom, as being too kin, you know, my lord,
God's grace and Holy Church deliver'd us.

I think, time given, I could have talk'd him out of
His ten wives into one. Look at the hilt.
What excellent workmanship! In our poor west
We cannot do it so well.
Becket. We can do worse.
Madam, I saw your dagger at her throat;
I heard your savage cry.
Eleanor. Well acted, was it?
A comedy meant to seem a tragedy —
A feint, a farce. My honest lord, you are known
Thro' all the courts of Christendom as one
That mars a cause with over violence.
You have wrong'd Fitzurse. I speak not of myself.
We thought to scare this minion of the King
Back from her churchless commerce with the King
To the fond arms of her first love, Fitzurse,
Who swore to marry her. You have spoilt the farce.
My savage cry? Why, she — she — when I strove
To work against her license for her good,
Bark'd out at me such monstrous charges that
The King himself, for love of his own sons,
If hearing, would have spurn'd her; whereupon
I menaced her with this, as when we threaten
A yelper with a stick. Nay, I deny not
That I was somewhat anger'd. Do you hear me?
Believe or no, I care not. You have lost
The ear of the King. I have it. — My lord paramount,
Our great High-priest, will not your Holiness
Vouchsafe a gracious answer to your Queen?
Becket. Rosamund hath not answer'd you one word;
Madam, I will not answer you one word.

Daughter, the world hath trick'd the
Leave it, daughter;
Come thou with me to Godstow nu
nery,
And live what may be left thee of
life
Saved as by miracle alone wi
Him
Who gave it.

Re-enter GEOFFREY.

Geoffrey. Mother, you told me
great fib; it was n't in the willow.
Becket. Follow us, my son, and
will find it for thee —
Or something manlier.
[*Exeunt* Becket, Rosamund, *a*
Geoffrey.
Eleanor. The world hath trick'd h
— that 's the King; if so,
There was the farce, the feint — n
mine. And yet
I am all but sure my dagger was
feint
Till the worm turn'd — not life sh
up in blood,
But death drawn in; — (*looking at t*
vial) *this* was no feint, the
no.
But can I swear to that, had she b
given
Plain answer to plain query? nay, n
thinks
Had she but bowed herself to m
the wave
Of humiliation, worshipt whom s
loathed,
I should have let her be, scorn'd her t
much
To harm her. Henry — Becket te
him this —
To take my life might lose him Aq
taine.
Too politic for that. Imprison me
No, for it came to nothing — only
feint.
Did she not tell me I was playing
her?
I'll swear to mine own self it wa
feint.
Why should I swear, Eleanor, who a
or was,
A sovereign power? The King plu
out their eyes
Who anger him, and shall not I,
Queen.

out her heart — kill, kill with knife or venom
of his slanderous harlots? 'None of such?'
e her none the more. Tut, the chance gone,
lives — but not for him; one point is gain'd.
hat thro' the Pope divorced King Louis,
ing his monkery, — I that wedded Henry,
ring his manhood — will he not mock at me,
jealous fool balk'd of her will — with *him?*
e and he must never meet again.
ald Fitzurse!

Re-enter FITZURSE.

zurse. Here, Madam, at your pleasure.
anor. My pleasure is to have a man about me.
did you slink away so like a cur?
zurse. Madam, I am as much man as the King.
m, I fear Church-censures like your King.
anor. He grovels to the Church when he's black-blooded,
kinglike fought the proud archbishop, — kinglike
d the Pope, and, like his kingly sires,
Normans, striving still to break or bind
spiritual giant with our island laws
customs, made me for the moment proud
of that stale Church-bond which link'd me with him
ear him kingly sons. I am not so sure
hat I love him still. Thou as much man!
nore of that; we will to France and be
ehand with the King, and brew from out
Godstow-Becket intermeddling such
ong hate-philtre as may madden him — madden
ist his priest beyond all hellebore.

ACT V

SCENE I. — CASTLE IN NORMANDY. KING'S CHAMBER

HENRY, ROGER OF YORK, FOLIOT, JOCELYN OF SALISBURY.

Roger of York. Nay, nay, my liege,
He rides abroad with armed followers,
Hath broken all his promises to thyself,
Cursed and anathematized us right and left,
Stirr'd up a party there against your son —
Henry. Roger of York, you always hated him,
Even when you both were boys at Theobald's.
Roger of York. I always hated boundless arrogance.
In mine own cause I strove against him there,
And in thy cause I strive against him now.
Henry. I cannot think he moves against my son,
Knowing right well with what a tenderness
He loved my son.
Roger of York. Before you made him king.
But Becket ever moves against a king.
The Church is all — the crime to be a king.
We trust your Royal Grace, lord of more land
Than any crown in Europe, will not yield
To lay your neck beneath your citizen's heel.
Henry. Not to a Gregory of my throning! No.
Foliot. My royal liege, in aiming at your love,
It may be sometimes I have overshot
My duties to our Holy Mother Church,
Tho' all the world allows I fall no inch
Behind this Becket, rather go beyond
In scourgings, macerations, mortifyings,
Fasts, disciplines that clear the spiritual eye,

And break the soul from earth. Let all that be.
I boast not; but you know thro' all this quarrel
I still have cleaved to the crown, in hope the crown
Would cleave to me that but obey'd the crown,
Crowning your son; for which our loyal service,
And since we likewise swore to obey the customs,
York and myself, and our good Salisbury here,
Are push'd from out communion of the Church.
Jocelyn of Salisbury. Becket hath trodden on us like worms, my liege,
Trodden one half dead; one half, but half alive,
Cries to the King.
Henry (*aside*). Take care o' thyself, O King!
Jocelyn of Salisbury. Being so crush'd and so humiliated
We scarcely dare to bless the food we eat
Because of Becket.
Henry. What would ye have me do?
Roger of York. Summon your barons; take their counsel; yet
I know — could swear — as long as Becket breathes,
Your Grace will never have one quiet hour.
Henry. What? — Ay — but pray you do not work upon me.
I see your drift — it may be so — and yet
You know me easily anger'd. Will you hence?
He shall absolve you — you shall have redress.
I have a dizzying headache. Let me rest.
I'll call you by and by.
[*Exeunt* Roger of York, Foliot, *and* Jocelyn of Salisbury.
Would he were dead! I have lost all love for him.
If God would take him in some sudden way —
Would he were dead! [*Lies down.*
Page (*entering*). My liege, the Queen of England.
Henry. God's eyes! [*Starting up.*
Enter ELEANOR.
Eleanor. Of England? Say of Aquitaine.
I am no Queen of England. I have dream'd
I was the bride of England, and queen.
Henry. And, — while you dream'd you were the bride of England, —
Stirring her baby-king against me ha!
Eleanor. The brideless Becket is thy king and mine;
I will go live and die in Aquitaine.
Henry. Except I clap thee in prison here,
Lest thou shouldst play the wanton there again.
Ha, you of Aquitaine! O you of Aquitaine!
You were but Aquitaine to Louis — no wife;
You are only Aquitaine to me — no wife.
Eleanor. And why, my lord, should I be wife to one
That only wedded me for Aquitaine?
Yet this no-wife — her six and thirty sail
Of Provence blew you to your English throne;
And this no-wife has borne you four brave sons,
And one of them at least is like to prove
Bigger in our small world than thou art.
Henry. Ay —
Richard, if he *be* mine — I hope him mine.
But thou art like enough to make him thine.
Eleanor. Becket is like enough to make all his.
Henry. Methought I had recover'd of the Becket,
That all was planed and bevell'd smooth again,
Save from some hateful cantrip of thine own.
Eleanor. I will go live and die in Aquitaine.
I dream'd I was the consort of a king
Not one whose back his priest has broken.

nry. What!
e end come? You, will you crown my foe
ictor in mid-battle? I will be master of my house. The end is mine.
t game, what juggle, what devilry are you playing?
do you thrust this Becket on me again?
anor. Why? for I *am* true wife, and have my fears
Becket thrust you even from your throne.
ou know this cross, my liege?
nry (*turning his head*). Away! not I.
anor. Not even the central diamond, worth, I think,
of the Antioch whence I had it.
nry. That?
anor. I gave it you, and your paramour;
ends it back, as being dead to earth,
ead henceforth to you.
nry. Dead! you have murder'd her,
d out her secret bower and murder'd her.
anor. Your Becket knew the secret of your bower.
ary (*calling out*). Ho there! thy rest of life is hopeless prison.
anor. And what would my own Aquitaine say to that?
free thy captive from *her* hopeless prison.
nry. O devil, can I free her from the grave?
anor. You are too tragic; both of us are players
ch a comedy as our court of Provence
laugh'd at. That's a delicate Latin lay
Walter Map: the lady holds the cleric
ier than any soldier, his poor tonsure
wn of Empire. Will you have it again?
ing the cross. He dashes it down.)
Cupid, that is too irreverent.
mine once more. (*Puts it on.*)
Your cleric hath your lady.

Nay, what uncomely faces, could he see you!
Foam at the mouth because King Thomas, lord
Not only of your vassals but amours,
Thro' chastest honor of the Decalogue
Hath used the full authority of his Church
To put her into Godstow nunnery.
Henry. To put her into Godstow nunnery!
He dared not—liar! yet, yet I remember—
I do remember.
He bade me put her into a nunnery—
Into Godstow, into Hellstow, Devilstow!
The Church! the Church!
God's eyes! I would the Church were down in hell! [*Exit.*
Eleanor. Aha!
Enter the four KNIGHTS.
Fitzurse. What made the King cry out so furiously?
Eleanor. Our Becket, who will not absolve the bishops.
I think ye four have cause to love this Becket.
Fitzurse. I hate him for his insolence to all.
De Tracy. And I for all his insolence to thee.
De Brito. I hate him for I hate him is my reason,
And yet I hate him for a hypocrite.
De Morville. I do not love him, for he did his best
To break the barons, and now braves the King.
Eleanor. Strike, then, at once, the King would have him—See!
Re-enter HENRY.
Henry. No man to love me, honor me, obey me!
Sluggards and fools!
The slave that eat my bread has kick'd his King!
The dog I cramm'd with dainties worried me!
The fellow that on a lame jade came to court,
A ragged cloak for saddle—he, he, he,
To shake my throne, to push into my chamber—
My bed, where even the slave is private—he—

I'll have her out again, he shall absolve
The bishops—they but did my will—not you—
Sluggards and fools, why do you stand and stare?
You are no King's men—you—you—you are Becket's men.
Down with King Henry! up with the Archbishop!
Will no man free me from this pestilent priest? [*Exit.*

[*The* Knights *draw their swords.*

Eleanor. *Are* ye King's men? I am King's woman, I.

The Knights. King's men! King's men!

Scene II

A Room in Canterbury Monastery

Becket *and* John of Salisbury.

Becket. York said so?

John of Salisbury. Yes: a man may take good counsel
Even from his foe.

Becket. York will say anything.
What is he saying now? gone to the King
And taken our anathema with him. York!
Can the King de-anathematize this York?

John of Salisbury. Thomas, I would thou hadst return'd to England
Like some wise prince of this world from his wars,
With more of olive-branch and amnesty
For foes at home—thou hast raised the world against thee.

Becket. Why, John, my kingdom is not of this world.

John of Salisbury. If it were more of this world it might be
More of the next. A policy of wise pardon
Wins here as well as there. To bless thine enemies—

Becket. Ay, mine, not Heaven's.

John of Salisbury. And may there not be something
Of this world's leaven in thee too when crying
On Holy Church to thunder out he rights
And thine own wrong so pitilessly Ah, Thomas,
The lightnings that we think are onl Heaven's
Flash sometimes out of earth again the heavens.
The soldier, when he lets his whol self go
Lost in the common good, the com mon wrong,
Strikes truest even for his own sel I crave
Thy pardon—I have still thy leav to speak.
Thou hast waged God's war again the King; and yet
We are self-uncertain creatures, an we may,
Yea, even when we know not, mi our spites
And private hates with our defenc of Heaven.

Enter Edward Grim.

Becket. Thou art but yesterda from Cambridge, Grim;
What say ye there of Becket?

Grim. *I* believe hi
The bravest in our roll of primat down
From Austin—there are some—f there are men
Of canker'd judgment everywhere—

Becket. Who hol
With York, with York against me.

Grim. Well, my lor
A stranger monk desires access to yo

Becket. York against Canterbur York against God!
I am open to him. [*Exit* Grim

Enter Rosamund *as a Monk.*

Rosamund. Can I speak with yo
Alone, my father?

Becket. Come you to confess

Rosamund. Not now.

Becket. Then speak; this is m other self,
Who, like my conscience, never le me be.

Rosamund (*throwing back the cowl*
I know him, our good John Salisbury.

cket. Breaking already from thy novitiate
plunge into this bitter world again —
e wells of Marah! I am grieved, my daughter.
ught that I had made a peace for thee.
samund. Small peace was mine in my novitiate, father.
all closed doors a dreadful whisper crept
thou wouldst excommunicate the King.
ld not eat, sleep, pray. I had with me
nonk's disguise thou gavest me for my bower;
k our abbess knew it and allow'd it.
, and found thy name a charm to get me
, roof, and rest. I met a robber once;
l him I was bound to see the archbishop:
on,' he said, and in thy name I pass'd
house to house. In one a son stone-blind
y his mother's hearth. He had gone too far
he King's own woods; and the poor mother,
as she learnt I was a friend of thine,
out against the cruelty of the King.
l it was the King's courts, not the King,
he would not believe me, and she wish'd
Church were king; she had seen the archbishop once,
ild, so kind. The people love thee, father.
ket. Alas! when I was Chancellor to the King,
I was as cruel as the King.
mund. Cruel? O, no — it is the law, not he;
ustoms of the realm.
ket. The customs! customs!
mund. My lord, you have not excommunicated him?
ou have, absolve him!

Becket. Daughter, daughter,
Deal not with things you know not.
Rosamund. I know *him.*
Then you have done it, and I call *you* cruel.
John of Salisbury. No, daughter, you mistake our good archbishop;
For once in France the King had been so harsh,
He thought to excommunicate him — Thomas,
You could not — old affection master'd you,
You falter'd into tears.
Rosamund. God bless him for it!
Becket. Nay, make me not a woman, John of Salisbury,
Nor make me traitor to my holy office.
Did not a man's voice ring along the aisle,
'The King is sick and almost unto death.'
How could I excommunicate him then?
Rosamund. And wilt thou excommunicate him now?
Becket. Daughter, my time is short, I shall not do it.
And were it longer — well — I should not do it.
Rosamund. Thanks in this life, and in the life to come!
Becket. Get thee back to thy nunnery with all haste;
Let this be thy last trespass. But one question —
How fares thy pretty boy, the little Geoffrey?
No fever, cough, croup, sickness?
Rosamund. No, but saved
From all that by our solitude. The plagues
That smite the city spare the solitudes.
Becket. God save him from all sickness of the soul!
Thee too, thy solitude among thy nuns,
May that save thee! Doth he remember me?
Rosamund. I warrant him.
Becket. He is marvellously like thee.
Rosamund. Liker the King.
Becket. No, daughter.

Rosamund. Ay, but wait
Till his nose rises: he will be very king.
Becket. Even so; but think not of the King. Farewell!
Rosamund. My lord, the city is full of armed men.
Becket. Even so. Farewell!
Rosamund. I will but pass to vespers,
And breathe one prayer for my liege-lord the King,
His child and mine own soul, and so return.
Becket. Pray for me too; much need of prayer have I.
[Rosamund *kneels and goes.*
Dan John, how much we lose, we celibates,
Lacking the love of woman and of child!
John of Salisbury. More gain than loss; for of your wives you shall
Find one a slut whose fairest linen seems
Foul as her dust-cloth, if she used it — one
So charged with tongue that every thread of thought
Is broken ere it joins — a shrew to boot,
Whose evil song far on into the night
Thrills to the topmost tile — no hope but death;
One slow, fat, white, a burthen of the hearth;
And one that being thwarted ever swoons
And weeps herself into the place of power;
And one an *uxor pauperis Ibyci.*
So rare the household honey-making bee,
Man's help! but we, we have the Blessed Virgin
For worship, and our Mother Church for bride;
And all the souls we saved and father'd here
Will greet us as our babes in Paradise.
What noise was that? she told us of arm'd men
Here in the city. Will you not withdraw?
Becket. I once was out with Henry in the days
When Henry loved me, and we came upon
A wild-fowl sitting on her nest, so still
I reach'd my hand and touch'd; she did not stir;
The snow had frozen round her, and she sat
Stone-dead upon a heap of ice-cold eggs.
Look! how this love, this mother runs thro' all
The world God made — even the beast — the bird!
John of Salisbury. Ay, still a lover of the beast and bird?
But these arm'd men — will you not hide yourself?
Perchance the fierce De Brocs from Saltwood Castle,
To assail our Holy Mother lest she brood
Too long o'er this hard egg, the world, and send
Her whole heart's heat into it, till it break
Into young angels. Pray you, hide yourself.
Becket. There was a little fair hair'd Norman maid
Lived in my mother's house; if Rosamund is
The world's rose, as her name imports her — she
Was the world's lily.
John of Salisbury. Ay, and what of her?
Becket. She died of leprosy.
John of Salisbury. I know not why
You call these old things back again my lord.
Becket. The drowning man, they say, remembers all
The chances of his life, just ere he dies.
John of Salisbury. Ay — but these arm'd men — will *you* drown *yourself?*
He loses half the meed of martyrdom
Who will be martyr when he might escape.
Becket. What day of the week? Tuesday?
John of Salisbury. Tuesday, my lord.

ket. On a Tuesday was I born,
and on a Tuesday
zed; and on a Tuesday did I fly
from Northampton; on a Tues-
day pass'd
England into bitter banishment;
Tuesday at Pontigny came to
me
ghostly warning of my martyr-
dom;
Tuesday from mine exile I re-
turn'd,
And on a Tuesday—

TRACY *enters, then* FITZURSE, DE BRITO, *and* DE MORVILLE. MONKS *following.*

—on a Tuesday— Tracy!
(*A long silence, broken by* Fitzurse *saying, contemptuously,*)
God help thee!

John of Salisbury (*aside*). How the good archbishop reddens!
He never yet could brook the note of scorn.

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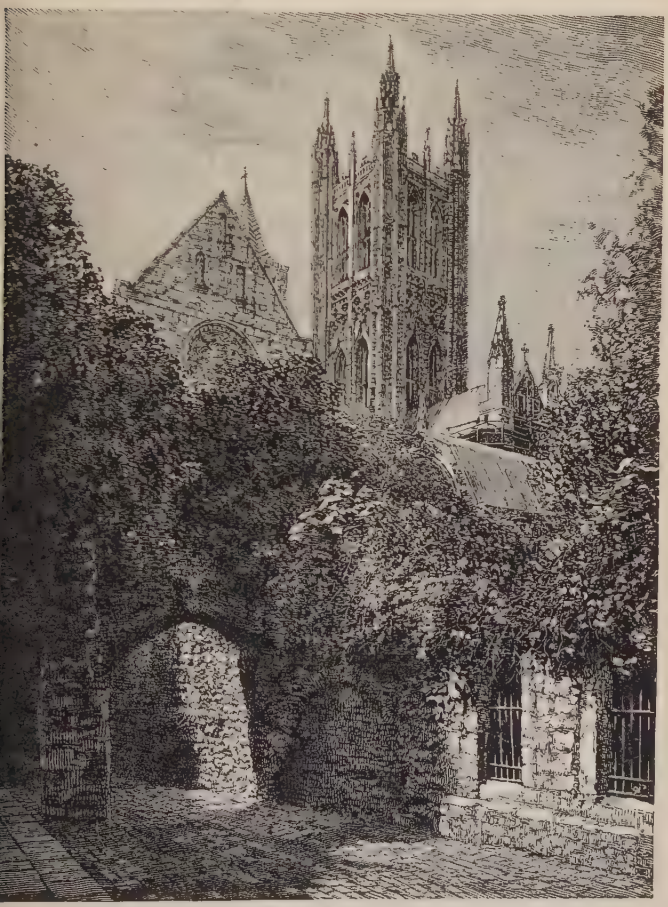

'The Mother Church of England, My Canterbury'

Fitzurse. My lord, we bring a message from the King
Beyond the water; will you have it alone,
Or with these listeners near you?
Becket. As you will.
Fitzurse. Nay, as *you* will.
Becket. Nay, as *you* will.
John of Salisbury. Why, then,
Better perhaps to speak with them apart.
Let us withdraw.
[*All go out except the four* Knights *and* Becket.
Fitzurse. We are all alone with him.
Shall I not smite him with his own cross-staff?
De Morville. No, look! the door is open: let him be.
Fitzurse. The King condemns your excommunicating—
Becket. This is no secret, but a public matter.
In here again!
JOHN OF SALISBURY *and* MONKS *return.*
Now, sirs, the King's commands!
Fitzurse. The King beyond the water, thro' our voices,
Commands you to be dutiful and leal
To your young King on this side of the water,
Not scorn him for the foibles of his youth.
What! you would make his coronation void
By cursing those who crown'd him. Out upon you!
Becket. Reginald, all men know I loved the prince.
His father gave him to my care, and I
Became his second father. He had his faults,
For which I would have laid mine own life down
To help him from them, since indeed I loved him,
And love him next after my lord his father.
Rather than dim the splendor of his crown
I fain would treble and quadruple it
With revenues, realms, and golden provinces
So that were done in equity.

Fitzurse. You have broke
Your bond of peace, your treaty wit
the King—
Wakening such brawls and loud di
turbances
In England, that he calls you ove
sea
To answer for it in his Norma
courts.
Becket. Prate not of bonds, f
never, O, never again
Shall the waste voice of the bon
breaking sea
Divide me from the mother church
England,
My Canterbury. Loud disturbance
O, ay—the bells rang out even
deafening,
Organ and pipe, and dulcimer, chan
and hymns
In all the churches, trumpets in t
halls,
Sobs, laughter, cries; they spread the
raiment down
Before me—would have made m
pathway flowers,
Save that it was midwinter in t
street,
But full midsummer in those hone
hearts.
Fitzurse. The King comman
you to absolve the bishops
Whom you have excommunicated.
Becket.
Not I, the Pope. Ask *him* for abs
lution.
Fitzurse. But you advised t
Pope.
Becket. And so I did.
They have but to submit.
The Four Knights. The King co
mands you.
We are all King's men.
Becket. King's men at least shou
know
That their own King closed with
last July
That I should pass the censures of t
Church
On those that crown'd young Hen
in this realm,
And trampled on the rights of Cant
bury.
Fitzurse. What! dare you char
the King with treachery?
He sanction thee to excommunicate

prelates whom he chose to crown his son!
ket. I spake no word of treachery, Reginald.
for the truth of this I make appeal
l the archbishops, bishops, prelates, barons,
s, knights, five hundred, that were there and heard.
you yourself were there; you heard yourself.
zurse. I was not there.
ket. I saw you there.
zurse. I was not.
ket. You were. I never forget anything.
zurse. He makes the King a traitor, me a liar.
long shall we forbear him?
n of Salisbury (*drawing* Becket *aside*). O my good lord,
with them privately on this hereafter.
see they have been revelling, and I fear
braced and brazen'd up with Christmas wines
ny murderous brawl.
ket. And yet they prate
ine, my brawls, when those that name themselves
e King's part have broken down our barns,
ed our diocese, outraged our tenants,
l our produce, driven our clerics out—
they, your friends, those ruffians, the De Brocs,
stood on Dover beach to murder me,
slew my stags in mine own manor here,
ated, poor brute, my sumpter-mule,
ler'd the vessel full of Gascon wine,
ld King's present, carried off the casks,
half the crew, dungeon'd the other half
vensey Castle—
Morville. Why not rather then,
s be so, complain to your young King,
Not punish of your own authority?
Becket. Mine enemies barr'd all access to the boy.
They knew he loved me.
Hugh, Hugh, how proudly you exalt your head!
Nay, when they seek to overturn our rights,
I ask no leave of king, or mortal man,
To set them straight again. Alone I do it.
Give to the King the things that are the King's,
And those of God to God.
Fitzurse. Threats! threats! ye hear him.
What! will he excommunicate all the world?
[*The* Knights *come round* Becket.
De Tracy. He shall not.
De Brito. Well, as yet—I should be grateful—
He hath not excommunicated *me*.
Becket. Because thou wast *born* excommunicate.
I never spied in thee one gleam of grace.
De Brito. Your Christian's Christian charity!
Becket. By Saint Denis—
De Brito. Ay, by Saint Denis, now will he flame out,
And lose his head as old Saint Denis did.
Becket. Ye think to scare me from my loyalty
To God and to the Holy Father. No!
Tho' all the swords in England flash'd above me
Ready to fall at Henry's word or yours—
Tho' all the loud-lung'd trumpets upon earth
Blared from the heights of all the thrones of her kings,
Blowing the world against me, I would stand
Clothed with the full authority of Rome,
Mail'd in the perfect panoply of faith,
First of the foremost of their files who die
For God, to people heaven in the great day
When God makes up his jewels. Once I fled—

Never again, and you — I marvel at you —
Ye know what is between us. Ye have sworn
Yourselves my men when I was Chancellor —
My vassals — and yet threaten your archbishop
In his own house.
Knights. Nothing can be between us
That goes against our fealty to the King.
Fitzurse. And in his name we charge you that ye keep
This traitor from escaping.
Becket. Rest you easy,
For I am easy to keep. I shall not fly.
Here, here, here will you find me.
De Morville. Know you not
You have spoken to the peril of your life? 281
Becket. As I shall speak again.
Fitzurse, De Tracy, and De Brito. To arms!
[*They rush out,* De Morville *lingers.*
Becket. De Morville,
I had thought so well of you; and even now
You seem the least assassin of the four.
O, do not damn yourself for company!
Is it too late for me to save your soul?
I pray you for one moment stay and speak.
De Morville. Becket, it *is* too late.
[*Exit.*
Becket. Is it too late?
Too late on earth may be too soon in hell.
Knights (*in the distance*). Close the great gate — ho, there — upon the town! 290
Becket's Retainers. Shut the hall-doors! [*A pause.*
Becket. You hear them, brother John;
Why do you stand so silent, brother John?
John of Salisbury. For I was musing on an ancient saw,
Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re;
Is strength less strong when hand-in-hand with grace?
Gratior in pulchro corpore virtus. Thomas,
Why should you heat yourself for such as these?
Becket. Methought I answer'd moderately enough.
John of Salisbury. As one that blows the coal to cool the fire. 29
My lord, I marvel why you never lea
On any man's advising but your own
Becket. Is it so, Dan John? well what should I have done?
John of Salisbury. You should hav taken counsel with your friend
Before these bandits brake into you presence.
They seek — you make — occasion fo your death.
Becket. My counsel is already taken John.
I am prepared to die.
John of Salisbury. We are sinners all
The best of all not all-prepared to die
Becket. God's will be done!
John of Salisbury. Ay, well. God' will be done!
Grim (*re-entering*). My lord, th knights are arming in the gar den 31
Beneath the sycamore.
Becket. Good! let them arm
Grim. And one of the De Brocs i with them, Robert,
The apostate monk that was with Ran dulf here.
He knows the twists and turnings o the place.
Becket. No fear!
Grim. No fear, my lord
[*Crashes on the hall-doors. Th* Monks *flee.*
Becket (*rising*). Our dovecote flown
I cannot tell why monks should all b cowards.
John of Salisbury. Take refuge i your own cathedral, Thomas.
Becket. Do they not fight the Grea Fiend day by day?
Valor and holy life should go together
Why should all monks be cowards?
John of Salisbury. Are they so
I say, take refuge in your own cath dral. 3
Becket. Ay, but I told them I woul wait them here.
Grim. May they not say you dare not show yourself
In your old place? and vespers are b ginning.
[*Bell rings for vespers till end o scene.*

should attend the office, give them heart.
fear you slain; they dread they know not what.
cket. Ay, monks, not men.
im. I am a monk, my lord.
aps, my lord, you wrong us. e would stand by you to the death.
cket. Your pardon.
hn of Salisbury. He said, 'Attend the office.'
cket. Attend the office?
then — the Cross! — who bears my Cross before me? 331
ought they would have brain'd me with it, John. [Grim *takes it.*
im. I! Would that I could bear thy cross indeed!
cket. The mitre!
hn of Salisbury. Will you wear it? — there!
[Becket *puts on the mitre.*
cket. The pall!
to meet my King!
[*Puts on the pall.*
im. To meet the King?
[*Crashes on the doors as they go out.*
hn of Salisbury. Why do you move with such a stateliness?
you not hear them yonder like a storm,
ering the doors, and breaking thro' the walls?
cket. Why do the heathen rage? My two good friends,
t matters murder'd here, or murder'd there? 340
yet my dream foretold my martyrdom
ine own church. It is God's will. Go on.
drag me not. We must not seem to fly.

Scene III

TH Transept of Canterbury Cathedral

he right hand a flight of steps leading to the Choir, another flight on the , leading to the North Aisle. nter afternoon slowly darkening. w thunder now and then of an approaching storm. Monks *heard nting the service.* Rosamund *eling.*

Rosamund. O blessed saint, O glorious Benedict, —
These arm'd men in the city, these fierce faces —
Thy holy follower founded Canterbury —
Save that dear head which now is Canterbury,
Save him, he saved my life, he saved my child,
Save him, his blood would darken Henry's name;
Save him till all as saintly as thyself
He miss the searching flame of purgatory,
And pass at once perfect to Paradise.
[*Noise of steps and voices in the cloisters.*
Hark! Is it they? Coming! He is not here — 10
Not yet, thank heaven. O, save him!
[*Goes up steps leading to choir.*
Becket (*entering, forced along by* John of Salisbury *and* Grim). No, I tell you!
I cannot bear a hand upon my person;
Why do you force me thus against my will?
Grim. My lord, we force you from your enemies.
Becket. As you would force a king from being crown'd.
John of Salisbury. We must not force the crown of martyrdom.
[*Service stops.* Monks *come down from the stairs that lead to the choir.*
Monks. Here is the great archbishop! He lives! he lives!
Die with him, and be glorified together.
Becket. Together? — get you back! go on with the office.
Monks. Come, then, with us to vespers.
Becket. How can I come 20
When you so block the entry? Back, I say!
Go on with the office. Shall not Heaven be served
Tho' earth's last earthquake clash'd the minster-bells,
And the great deeps were broken up again,
And hiss'd against the sun?
[*Noise in the cloisters.*
Monks. The murderers, hark!
Let us hide! let us hide!

Becket. What do these people fear?
Monks. Those arm'd men in the cloister.
Becket. Be not such cravens!
I will go out and meet them.
Grim and Others. Shut the doors!
We will not have him slain before our face.
[*They close the doors of the transept. Knocking.*
Fly, fly, my lord, before they burst the doors! [*Knocking.*
Becket. Why, these are our own monks who follow'd us!
And will you bolt them out, and have *them* slain?
Undo the doors; the church is not a castle.
Knock, and it shall be open'd. Are you deaf?
What, have I lost authority among you?
Stand by, make way!
Opens the doors. Enter Monks *from cloister.*
Come in, my friends, come in!
Nay, faster, faster!
Monks. O, my lord archbishop,
A score of knights all arm'd with swords and axes—
To the choir, to the choir!
[Monks *divide, part flying by the stairs on the right, part by those on the left. The rush of these last bears* Becket *along with them some way up the steps, where he is left standing alone.*
Becket. Shall I too pass to the choir,
And die upon the patriarchal throne
Of all my predecessors?
John of Salisbury. No, to the crypt!
Twenty steps down. Stumble not in the darkness,
Lest they should seize thee.
Grim. To the crypt? no—no,
To the chapel of Saint Blaise beneath the roof!
John of Salisbury (*pointing upward and downward*). That way or this! Save thyself either way.
Becket. O, no, not either way, nor any way
Save by that way which leads thro' night to light.
Not twenty steps, but one.
And fear not I should stumble in the darkness,
Not tho' it be their hour, the powe
of darkness,
But my hour too, the power of ligh
in darkness!
I am not in the darkness but the light
Seen by the Church in heaven, th
Church on earth—
The power of life in death to mak
her free!
Enter the four Knights. John o
Salisbury *flies to the altar of Sain*
Benedict.
Fitzurse. Here, here, King's men!
[*Catches hold of the last flyin*
Monk.
Where is the traitor Becket
Monk. I am not he! I am not h
my lord.
I am not he indeed!
Fitzurse. Hence to the fiend
[*Pushes him awa*
Where is this treble traitor to the King
De Tracy. Where is the archbisho
Thomas Becket?
Becket. Here.
No traitor to the King, but Priest
God,
Primate of England.
[*Descending into the transep*
I am he ye seek
What would ye have of me?
Fitzurse. Your life.
De Tracy. Your lif
De Morville. Save that you will a
solve the bishops.
Becket. Never,
Except they make submission to th
Church.
You had my answer to that cry befor
De Morville. Why, then you are
dead man; flee!
Becket. I will not.
I am readier to be slain than thou
slay.
Hugh, I know well thou hast but ha
a heart
To bathe this sacred pavement wi
my blood.
God pardon thee and these, but Go
full curse
Shatter you all to pieces if ye harm
One of my flock!
Fitzurse. Was not the great ga
shut?
They are thronging in to vespers
half the town

Transept of Martyrdom, Canterbury Cathedral

all be overwhelm'd. Seize him and carry him!
with us — nay — thou art our prisoner — come!
Morville. Ay, make him prisoner, do not harm the man.
Fitzurse *lays hold of the* Archbishop's *pall.*
Bec. Touch me not!
Brito. How the good priest gods himself!
not yet ascended to the Father.
urse. I will not only touch, but drag thee hence.
Bec. Thou art my man, thou art my vassal. Away!
flings him off till he reels, almost to falling.
Tracy (*lays hold of the pall*). Come; as he said, thou art our prisoner.
Bec. Down!
[*Throws him headlong.*
urse (*advances with drawn sword*). I told thee that I should remember thee!

Becket. Profligate pander!
Fitzurse. Do you hear that? Strike, strike.
[*Strikes off the* Archbishop's *mitre, and wounds him in the forehead.*
Becket (*covers his eyes with his hand*). I do commend my cause to God, the Virgin,
Saint Denis of France and Saint Alphege of England,
And all the tutelar Saints of Canterbury.
[Grim *wraps his arms about the* Archbishop.
Spare this defence, dear brother.
[Tracy *has arisen, and approaches, hesitatingly, with his sword raised.*
Fitzurse. Strike him, Tracy!
Rosamund (*rushing down steps from the choir*). No, no, no, no!
Fitzurse. This wanton here. De Morville,
Hold her away.
De Morville. I hold her.
Rosamund (*held back by* De Morville, *and stretching out her arms*).

Mercy, mercy,
As you would hope for mercy!
Fitzurse. Strike, I say!
Grim. O God, O noble knights, O sacrilege!
Strike our archbishop in his own cathedral!
The Pope, the King, will curse you — the whole world
Abhor you; ye will die the death of dogs!
Nay, nay, good Tracy.
[*Lifts his arm.*
Fitzurse. Answer not, but strike.
De Tracy. There is my answer then.
[*Sword falls on* Grim's *arm, and glances from it, wounding* Becket.
Grim. Mine arm is sever'd.
I can no more — fight out the good fight — die
Conqueror.
[*Staggers into the chapel of Saint Benedict.*
Becket (*falling on his knees*). At the right hand of Power —
Power and great glory — for thy Church, O Lord —
Into thy hands, O Lord — into thy hands! — [*Sinks prone*
De Brito. This last to rid thee of world of brawls! (*Kills him.*)
The traitor's dead, and will arise no more.
Fitzurse. Nay, have we still'd him What! the great archbishop!
Does he breathe? No?
De Tracy. No, Reginald, he is dead
[*Storm bursts.*
De Morville. Will the earth gape and swallow us?
De Brito. The deed's done — Away!
[De Brito, De Tracy, Fitzurse *rush out, crying 'King's men!'* De Morville *follows slowly. Flashes of lightning thro' the Cathedral.* Rosamund *sees kneeling by the body of* Becket

[1] A tremendous thunderstorm actually broke over the Cathedral as the murderers were leaving it.

'Get the Count to give me his falcon
And that will make me well'

THE FALCON

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE COUNT FEDERIGO DEGLI ALBERIGHI.
FILIPPO, *the Count's foster-brother.*
THE LADY GIOVANNA.
ELISABETTA, *the Count's nurse.*

THE FALCON

E. — AN ITALIAN COTTAGE, TLE AND MOUNTAINS SEEN OUGH WINDOW

BETTA *discovered seated on stool window, darning. The Count Falcon on his hand comes down ugh the door at back. A with- wreath on the wall.*

abetta. So, my lord, the Lady nna, who hath been away so came back last night with her the castle.

Count. Hear that, my bird! Art thou not jealous of her?
My princess of the cloud, my plumed purveyor,
My far-eyed queen of the winds — thou that canst soar
Beyond the morning lark, and, how-soe'er
Thy quarry wind and wheel, swoop down upon him
Eagle-like, lightning-like — strike, make his feathers
Glance in mid heaven.
[*Crosses to chair.*
I would thou hadst a mate!

Thy breed will die with thee, and mine with me;
I am as lone and loveless as thyself.
[*Sits in chair.*
Giovanna here! Ay, ruffle thyself — *be* jealous!
Thou shouldst be jealous of her. 'Tho' I bred thee
The full-train'd marvel of all falconry,
And love thee and thou me, yet if Giovanna
Be here again — No, no! Buss me, my bird!
The stately widow has no heart for me.
Thou art the last friend left me upon earth —
No, no again to that! [*Rises and turns.*
My good old nurse,
I had forgotten thou wast sitting there.
Elisabetta. Ay, and forgotten thy foster-brother too.
Count. Bird-babble for my falcon! Let it pass.
What art thou doing there?
Elisabetta. Darning, your lordship.
We cannot flaunt it in new feathers now.
Nay, if we *will* buy diamond necklaces
To please our lady, we must darn, my lord.
This old thing here (*points to necklace round her neck*), they are but blue beads — my Piero,
God rest his honest soul, he bought 'em for me,
Ay, but he knew I meant to marry him.
How couldst thou do it, my son? How couldst thou do it?
Count. She saw it at a dance, upon a neck
Less lovely than her own, and long'd for it.
Elisabetta. She told thee as much?
Count. No, no — a friend of hers.
Elisabetta. Shame on her that she took it at thy hands,
She rich enough to have bought it for herself!
Count. She would have robb'd me then of a great pleasure.
Elisabetta. But hath she yet return'd thy love?
Count. Not yet!
Elisabetta. She should return th necklace then.
Count. Ay, if
She knew the giver; but I bound t seller
To silence, and I left it privily
At Florence, in her palace.
Elisabetta. And sold thine ov
To buy it for her. She not know She knows
There's none such other —
Count. Madman anywher
Speak freely, tho' to call a madm mad
Will hardly help to make him sa again.

Enter FILIPPO.

Filippo. Ah, the women, the w men! Ah, Monna Giovanna, you he again! you that have the face of angel and the heart of a — that's t positive! You that have a score lovers and have not a heart for any them — that's positive-negative: y that have *not* the head of a toad, a *not* a heart like the jewel in it — tha too negative; you that have a che like a peach and a heart like the sto in it — that's positive again — tha better!
Elisabetta. Sh — sh — Filippo!
Filippo (*turns half round*). H has our master been a-glorifying a a-velveting and a-silking himself, a a-peacocking and a-spreading to ca her eye for a dozen year, till he has an eye left in his own tail to flour among the peahens, and all along you, Monna Giovanna, all along o' y
Elisabetta. Sh — sh — Filipp Can't you hear that you are saying hind his back what you see you saying afore his face?
Count. Let him — he never spa me to my face!
Filippo. No, my lord, I never sp your lordship to your lordship's fa nor behind your lordship's back, to right, nor to left, nor to round ab and back to your lordship's face ag for I'm honest, your lordship.
Count. Come, come, Filippo, w is there in the larder?
[Elisabetta *crosses to fireplace puts on wood.*

ippo. Shelves and hooks, shelves
ooks, and when I see the shelves
like to hang myself on the hooks.
nt. No bread?
ippo. Half a breakfast for a rat!
nt. Milk?
ippo. Three laps for a cat!
nt. Cheese?
ippo. A supper for twelve mites.
nt. Eggs?
ippo. One, but addled.
nt. No bird?
ippo. Half a tit and a hern's
bill.
nt. Let be thy jokes and thy
man! Anything or nothing?
ippo. Well, my lord, if all-but-
ng be anything, and one plate of
prunes be all-but-nothing, then
is anything in your lordship's
at your lordship's service, if
ordship care to call for it.
nt. Good mother, happy was
the prodigal son,
e return'd to the rich father; I
dd my poverty to thine. And
all
following of my fancy. Pray
thee make
lender meal out of those scraps
and shreds
o spoke of. As for him and
me,
sprouts a salad in the garden
still.
e Falcon.) Why didst thou miss
thy quarry yester-even?
y, my beauty, thou must dash us
down
linner from the skies. Away,
Filippo!

[*Exit, followed by* Filippo.

abetta. I knew it would come
. She has beggared him. I
s knew it would come to this!
up to table as if to resume darn-
nd looks out of window.) Why, as
there is Monna Giovanna com-
own the hill from the castle.
and stares at our cottage. Ay,
are at it: it 's all you have left
Shame on you! *She* beautiful!
s a miller's mouse! Meal enough,
enough, well fed; but beautiful
! Nay, see, why she turns down
th through our little vineyard,
and I sneezed three times this morning. Coming to visit my lord, for the first time in her life too! Why, bless the saints! I 'll be bound to confess her love to him at last. I forgive her, I forgive her! I knew it would come to this — I always knew it must come to this! (*Goes up to door during latter part of speech, and opens it.*) Come in, madonna, come in. (*Retires to front of table and curtseys as the* Lady Giovanna *enters, then moves chair towards the hearth.*) Nay, let me place this chair for your ladyship.

[Lady Giovanna *moves slowly down stage, then crosses to chair, looking about her, bows as she sees the Madonna over fireplace, then sits in chair.*

Lady Giovanna. Can I speak with the Count?

Elisabetta. Ay, my lady, but won't you speak with the old woman first, and tell her all about it and make her happy? for I 've been on my knees every day for these half-dozen years in hope that the saints would send us this blessed morning; and he always took you so kindly, he always took the world so kindly. When he was a little one, and I put the bitters on my breast to wean him, he made a wry mouth at it, but he took it so kindly, and your ladyship has given him bitters enough in this world, and he never made a wry mouth at you, he always took you so kindly — which is more than I did, my lady, more than I did — and he so handsome — and bless your sweet face, you look as beautiful this morning as the very Madonna her own self — and better late than never — but come when they will — then or now — it 's all for the best, come when they will — they are made by the blessed saints — these marriages.

[*Raises her hands.*

Lady Giovanna. Marriages? I shall never marry again!

Elisabetta (*rises and turns*). Shame on her then!

Lady Giovanna. Where is the Count?

Elisabetta. Just gone
To fly his falcon

Lady Giovanna. Call him back and say
I come to breakfast with him.
Elisabetta. Holy mother!
To breakfast! O sweet saints! one plate of prunes!
Well, madam, I will give your message to him. [*Exit.*
Lady Giovanna. His falcon, and I come to ask for his falcon,
The pleasure of his eyes — boast of his hand —
Pride of his heart — the solace of his hours —
His one companion here — nay, I have heard
That, thro' his late magnificence of living
And this last costly gift to mine own self, [*Shows diamond necklace.*
He hath become so beggar'd that his falcon
Even wins his dinner for him in the field.
That must be talk, not truth, but, truth or talk,
How can I ask for his falcon?
[*Rises and moves as she speaks.*
O my sick boy!
My daily fading Florio, it is thou
Hath set me this hard task, for when I say,
What can I do — what can I get for thee?
He answers, 'Get the Count to give me his falcon,
And that will make me well.' Yet if I ask,
He loves me, and he knows I know he loves me!
Will he not pray me to return his love —
To marry him? — (*pause*) — I can never marry him.
His grandsire struck my grandsire in a brawl
At Florence, and my grandsire stabb'd him there.
The feud between our houses is the bar
I cannot cross; I dare not brave my brother,
Break with my kin. My brother hates him, scorns
The noblest-natured man alive, and I —

Who have that reverence for him th
I scarce
Dare beg him to receive his diamon
back —
How can I, dare I, ask him for his fa
con?
[*Puts diamonds in her casket*
Re-enter COUNT *and* FILIPPO. COU
turns to FILIPPO.
Count. Do what I said; I cannot
it myself.
Filippo. Why then, my lord, we a
pauper'd out and out.
Count. Do what I said!
[*Advances and bows lo*
Welcome to this poor cottage, my de
lady.
Lady Giovanna. And welcome tur
a cottage to a palace.
Count. 'T is long since we have me
Lady Giovanna. To make amen
I come this day to break my fast wi
you.
Count. I am much honor'd — yes
[*Turns to* Filipp
Do what I told thee. Must I do
myself?
Filippo. I will, I will. (*Sigh*
Poor fellow! [*Ex*
Count. Lady, you bring your lig
into my cottage
Who never deign'd to shine into n
palace.
My palace wanting you was but a c
tage;
My cottage, while you grace it, is
palace.
Lady Giovanna. In cottage or
palace, being still
Beyond your fortunes, you are still t
king
Of courtesy and liberality.
Count. I trust I still maintain
courtesy;
My liberality perforce is dead
Thro' lack of means of giving.
Lady Giovanna. Yet I co
To ask a gift.
[*Moves toward him a lit*
Count. It will be hard, I fe
To find one shock upon the field w
all
The harvest has been carried.
Lady Giovanna. But my boy
(*Aside.*) No, no' not yet — I cannot
Count. Ay, how is

bright inheritor of your eyes—
your boy?
dy Giovanna. Alas, my Lord Federigo, he hath fallen
a sickness, and it troubles me.
unt. Sick! is it so? why, when he came last year
ee me hawking, he was well enough;
then I taught him all our hawking-phrases.
dy Giovanna. O yes, and once you let him fly your falcon.
unt. How charm'd he was! what wonder?—A gallant boy,
ble bird, each perfect of the breed.
dy Giovanna (*sinks in chair*). What do you rate her at?
unt. My bird? a hundred pieces once were offer'd by the Duke.
d no heart to part with her for money.
dy Giovanna. No, not for money.
[Count *turns away and sighs.*
Wherefore do you sigh?
unt. I have lost a friend of late.
dy Giovanna. I could sigh with you
fear of losing more than friend, a son;
If he leave me—all the rest of life—
wither'd wreath were of more worth to me.
[*Looking at wreath on wall.*
unt. That wither'd wreath is of more worth to me
all the blossom, all the leaf of this
-wakening year.
[*Goes and takes down wreath.*
dy Giovanna. And yet I never saw
land so rich in blossom as this year.
unt (*holding wreath toward her*). not the year when this was gather'd richer?
dy Giovanna. How long ago was that?
unt. Alas, ten summers!
y that was beautiful as day
y me at a rustic festival
other beauties on a mountain meadow,
And she was the most beautiful of all;
Then but fifteen, and still as beautiful.
The mountain flowers grew thickly round about.
I made a wreath with some of these; I ask'd
A ribbon from her hair to bind it with;
I whisper'd, Let me crown you Queen of Beauty,
And softly placed the chaplet on her head.
A color, which has color'd all my life,
Flush'd in her face; then I was call'd away;
And presently all rose, and so departed.
Ah! she had thrown my chaplet on the grass,
And there I found it.
[*Lets his hands fall, holding wreath despondingly.*
Lady Giovanna (*after pause*). How long since do you say?
Count. That was the very year before you married.
Lady Giovanna. When I was married you were at the wars.
Count. Had she not thrown my chaplet on the grass,
It may be I had never seen the wars.
[*Replaces wreath whence he had taken it.*
Lady Giovanna. Ah, but, my lord, there ran a rumor then
That you were kill'd in battle. I can tell you
True tears that year were shed for you in Florence.
Count. It might have been as well for me. Unhappily
I was but wounded by the enemy there
And then imprison'd.
Lady Giovanna. Happily, however,
I see you quite recover'd of your wound.
Count. No, no, not quite, madonna, not yet, not yet.
Re-enter FILIPPO.
Filippo. My lord, a word with you.
Count. Pray, pardon me!
[Lady Giovanna *crosses, and passes behind chair and takes down wreath; then goes to chair by table.*
Count (*to* Filippo). What is it, Filippo?
Filippo. Spoons, your lordship

Count. Spoons!

Filippo. Yes, my lord, for was n't my lady born with a golden spoon in her ladyship's mouth, and we have n't never so much as a silver one for the golden lips of her ladyship.

Count. Have we not half a score of silver spoons?

Filippo. Half o' one, my lord!

Count. How half of one?

Filippo. I trod upon him even now, my lord, in my hurry, and broke him.

Count. And the other nine?

Filippo. Sold! but shall I not mount with your lordship's leave to her ladyship's castle, in your lordship's and her ladyship's name, and confer with her ladyship's seneschal, and so descend again with some of her ladyship's own appurtenances?

Count. Why — no, man. Only see your cloth be clean.

[*Exit* Filippo.

Lady Giovanna. Ay, ay, this faded ribbon was the mode
In Florence ten years back. What 's here? a scroll
Pinned to the wreath.
My lord, you have said so much
Of this poor wreath that I was bold enough
To take it down, if but to guess what flowers
Had made it; and I find a written scroll
That seems to run in rhymings. Might I read?

Count. Ay, if you will.

Lady Giovanna. It should be if you can.
(*Reads.*) 'Dead mountain.' Nay, for who could trace a hand
So wild and staggering?

Count. This was penn'd, madonna,
Close to the grating on a winter morn
In the perpetual twilight of a prison,
When he that made it, having his right hand
Lamed in the battle, wrote it with his left.

Lady Giovanna. O heavens! the very letters seem to shake
With cold, with pain perhaps, poor prisoner! Well,
Tell me the words — or better — for I see
There goes a musical score along with them,
Repeat them to their music.

Count. You can touch
No chord in me that would not answer you
In music.

Lady Giovanna. That is musically said.

[Count *takes guitar.* Lady Giovanna *sits listening with wreath in her hand, and quietly removes scroll and places it on table at the end of the song.*

Count (*sings, playing guitar*). 'Dead mountain flowers, dead mountain-meadow flowers,
Dearer than when you made you mountain gay,
Sweeter than any violet of to-day,
Richer than all the wide world-wealth of May,
To me, tho' all your bloom has died away,
You bloom again, dead mountain meadow flowers.'

Enter ELISABETTA *with cloth.*

Elisabetta. A word with you, my lord!

Count (*singing*). 'O mountain flowers!'

Elisabetta (*louder*). A word, my lord

Count (*sings*). 'Dead flowers!'

Elisabetta (*louder*). A word, my lord

Count. I pray you pardon me again

[Lady Giovanna *looking at wreath*

Count (*to* Elisabetta). What is it

Elisabetta. My lord, we have but one piece of earthen-ware to serve the salad in to my lady, and that cracked

Count. Why then, that flower'd bowl my ancestor
Fetch'd from the farthest east — we never use it
For fear of breakage — but this day has brought
A great occasion. You can take it, nurse!

Elisabetta. I did take it, my lord but what with my lady's coming this had so flurried me, and what with the fear of breaking it, I did break it, my lord; it is broken!

Count. My one thing left of value in the world!

natter! see your cloth be white as snow!
isabetta (*pointing thro' window*). e? I warrant thee, my son, as the yonder on the very tip-top o' nountain.
unt. And yet, to speak white truth, my good old mother, 350 ve seen it like the snow on the moraine.
isabetta. How can your lordship say so? There, my lord! [*Lays cloth.*
y dear son, be not unkind to me.
one word more. [*Going — returns.*
unt (*touching guitar*). Good! let it be but one.
isabetta. Hath she return'd thy love?
unt. Not yet!
isabetta. And will she?
unt (*looking at* Lady Giovanna). I scarce believe it!
isabetta. Shame upon her then! [*Exit.*
unt (*sings*). 'Dead mountain flowers' —
Ah well, my nurse has broken thread of my dead flowers, as she has broken
hina bowl. My memory is as dead [*Goes and replaces guitar.*
ge that the words at home with me so long 360
ld fly like bosom friends when needed most.
y your leave, if you would hear the rest,
writing.
dy Giovanna (*holding wreath toward him*). There! my lord, you are a poet,
can you not imagine that the wreath,
as you say, so lightly on her head,
with her motion as she rose, and she,
l, a child, then but fifteen, however
er'd or flatter'd by your notice of her,
yet too bashful to return for it?

Count. Was it so indeed? was it so? was it so? 370
[*Leans forward to take wreath, and touches* Lady Giovanna's *hand, which she withdraws hastily; he places wreath on corner of chair.*
Lady Giovanna (*with dignity*). I did not say, my lord, that it was so; I said you might imagine it was so.
Enter FILIPPO *with bowl of salad, which he places on table.*
Filippo. Here 's a fine salad for my lady, for tho' we have been a soldier, and ridden by his lordship's side, and seen the red of the battle-field, yet are we now drill-sergeant to his lordship's lettuces, and profess to be great in green things and in garden-stuff. 379
Lady Giovanna. I thank thee, good Filippo. [*Exit* Filippo.
Enter ELISABETTA *with bird on a dish which she places on table.*
Elisabetta (*close to table*). Here 's a fine fowl for my lady; I had scant time to do him in. I hope he be not underdone, for we be undone in the doing of him.
Lady Giovanna. I thank you, my good nurse. 380
Filippo (*re-entering with plate of prunes*). And here are fine fruits for my lady — prunes, my lady, from the tree that my lord himself planted here in the blossom of his boyhood — and so I, Filippo, being, with your ladyship's pardon, and as your ladyship knows, his lordship's own foster-brother, would commend them to your ladyship's most peculiar appreciation. 390
[*Puts plate on table.*
Elisabetta. Filippo!
Lady Giovanna (Count *leads her to table*). Will you not eat with me, my lord?
Count. I cannot;
Not a morsel, not one morsel. I have broken
My fast already. I will pledge you. Wine!
Filippo, wine!
[*Sits near table;* Filippo *brings flask, fills the* Count's *goblet, then* Lady Giovanna's; Elisabetta *stands at the back of* Lady Giovanna's *chair.*

Count. It is but thin and cold,
Not like the vintage blowing round your castle.
We lie too deep down in the shadow here.
Your ladyship lives higher in the sun.
[*They pledge each other and drink.*
Lady Giovanna. If I might send you down a flask or two
Of that same vintage? There is iron in it.
It has been much commended as a medicine.
I give it my sick son, and if you be
Not quite recover'd of your wound, the wine
Might help you. None has ever told me yet
The story of your battle and your wound.
Filippo (*coming forward*). I can tell you, my lady, I can tell you.
Elisabetta. Filippo! will you take the word out of your master's own mouth?
Filippo. Was it there to take? Put it there, my lord.
Count. Giovanna, my dear lady, in this same battle
We had been beaten — they were ten to one.
The trumpets of the fight had echo'd down,
I and Filippo here had done our best,
And, having passed unwounded from the field,
Were seated sadly at a fountain side,
Our horses grazing by us, when a troop,
Laden with booty and with a flag of ours
Ta'en in the fight —
Filippo. Ay, but we fought for it back,
And kill'd —
Elisabetta. Filippo!
Count. A troop of horse —
Filippo. Five hundred!
Count. Say fifty!
Filippo. And we kill'd 'em by the score!
Elisabetta. Filippo!
Filippo. Well, well, well! I bite my tongue.
Count. We may have left their fifty less by five.
However, staying not to count ho many,
But anger'd at their flaunting of ou flag,
We mounted, and we dash'd into th heart of 'em.
I wore the lady's chaplet round m neck;
It served me for a blessed rosary.
I am sure that more than one brav fellow owed
His death to the charm in it.
Elisabetta. Hear that, my lady
Count. I cannot tell how long w strove before
Our horses fell beneath us; down w went
Crush'd, hack'd at, trampled unde foot. The night,
As some cold-manner'd friend ma strangely do us
The truest service, had a touch frost
That help'd to check the flowing the blood.
My last sight ere I swoon'd was o sweet face
Crown'd with the wreath. Th seem'd to come and go.
They left us there for dead!
Elisabetta. Hear that, my lad
Filippo. Ay, and I left two fing there for dead. See, my lady! (*Sho ing his hand.*)
Lady Giovanna. I see, Filippo!
Filippo. And I have small hope the gentleman gout in my great to
Lady Giovanna. And why, Filipp
[*Smiling absen*
Filippo. I left him there for de too.
Elisabetta. She smiles at him — h hard the woman is!
My lady, if your ladyship were no Too proud to look upon the garla you
Would find it stain'd —
Count (*rising*). Silence, Elisabe
Elisabetta. Stain'd with the bl of the best heart that ever
Beat for one woman.
[*Points to wreath on cha*
Lady Giovanna (*rising slowly*). can eat no more!
Count. You have but trifled w our homely salad,

allied with a single lettuce-leaf;
aten anything.
y Giovanna. Nay, nay, I can-
not.
know, my lord, I told you I was
troubled.
ie child Florio lying still so sick,
id myself, and by a solemn vow,
I would touch no flesh till he
were well
or else well in heaven, where all
is well.
Elisabetta *clears table of bird and salad:* Filippo *snatches up the plate of prunes and holds them to* Lady Giovanna.
ppo. But the prunes, my lady,
he tree that his lordship —
y Giovanna. Not now, Filippo.
My lord Federigo,
not speak with you once more
alone?
nt. You hear, Filippo? My
good fellow, go.
ppo. But the prunes that your
ip —
abetta. Filippo!
nt. Ay, prune our company of
thine own, and go!
abetta. Filippo!
ppo (*turning*). Well, well! the
n! [*Exit.*
nt. And thou too leave us, my
dear nurse, alone.
abetta (*folding up cloth and*
And me too! Ay, the dear
will leave you alone; but, for
t, she that has eaten the yolk is
like to swallow the shell.
'urns and curtseys stiffly to Lady
Giovanna, *then exit.* Lady Gio-
vanna *takes out diamond neck-*
'ace from casket.
Giovanna. I have anger'd
your good nurse; these old-
world servants
but flesh and blood with those
they serve.
d, I have a present to return you,
fterwards a boon to crave of
you.
t. No, my most honor'd and
long-worshipt lady,
ederigo degli Alberighi
nothing in return from you
except
Return of his affection — can deny
Nothing to you that you require of
him.
Lady Giovanna. Then I require you
to take back your diamonds —
[*Offering necklace.*
I doubt not they are yours. No other
heart
Of such magnificence in courtesy
Beats — out of heaven. They seem'd
too rich a prize
To trust with any messenger. I came
In person to return them.
[Count *draws back.*
If the phrase
'Return' displease you, we will say —
exchange them.
For your — for your —
Count (*takes a step toward her and then back*). For mine — and
what of mine?
Lady Giovanna. Well, shall we say
this wreath and your sweet
rhymes?
Count. But have you ever worn
my diamonds?
Lady Giovanna. No!
For that would seem accepting of your
love.
I cannot brave my brother — but be
sure
That I shall never marry again, my
lord!
Count. Sure?
Lady Giovanna. Yes!
Count. Is this your brother's order?
Lady Giovanna. No!
For he would marry me to the richest
man
In Florence; but I think you know
the saying —
'Better a man without riches, than
riches without a man.'
Count. A noble saying — and acted
on would yield
A nobler breed of men and women.
Lady,
I find you a shrewd bargainer. The
wreath
That once you wore outvalues twenty-
fold
The diamonds that you never deign'd
to wear.
But lay them there for a moment!
[*Points to table.* Lady Giovanna
places necklace on table.

And be you
Gracious enough to let me know the boon
By granting which, if aught be mine to grant,
I should be made more happy than I hoped
Ever to be again.
Lady Giovanna. Then keep your wreath,
But you will find me a shrewd bargainer still.
I cannot keep your diamonds, for the gift
I ask for, to *my* mind and at this present
Outvalues all the jewels upon earth.
Count. It should be love that thus outvalues all.
You speak like love, and yet you love me not.
I have nothing in this world but love for you.
Lady Giovanna. Love? it *is* love, love for my dying boy,
Moves me to ask it of you.
Count. What? my time?
Is it my time? Well, I can give my time
To him that is a part of you, your son.
Shall I return to the castle with you? Shall I
Sit by him, read to him, tell him my tales,
Sing him my songs? You know that I can touch
The gittern to some purpose.
Lady Giovanna. No, not that!
I thank you heartily for that — and you,
I doubt not from your nobleness of nature,
Will pardon me for asking what I ask.
Count. Giovanna, dear Giovanna, I that once
The wildest of the random youth of Florence
Before I saw you — all my nobleness
Of nature, as you deign to call it, draws
From you, and from my constancy to you.
No more, but speak.
Lady Giovanna. I will. You know sick people,
More specially sick children, ha
strange fancies,
Strange longings; and to thwart the
in their mood
May work them grievous harm
times, may even
Hasten their end. I would you had
son!
It might be easier then for you
make
Allowance for a mother — her — w
comes
To rob you of your one delight
earth.
How often has my sick boy yearn
for this!
I have put him off as often; but
day
I dared not — so much weaker, much worse
For last day's journey. I was wee
ing for him;
He gave me his hand: 'I should well again
If the good Count would give me —
Count. Give me
Lady Giovanna. 'His falco
Count (*starts back*). My falcon!
Lady Giovanna. Yes, your falco Federigo!
Count. Alas, I cannot!
Lady Giovanna. Cannot? Even s
I fear'd as much. O this unhap world!
How shall I break it to him? h shall I tell him?
The boy may die; more blessed w the rags
Of some pale beggar-woman seeki alms
For her sick son, if he were like live,
Than all my childless wealth, if m must die.
I was to blame — the love you s you bore me —
My lord, we thank you for your ent tainment.
[*With a stately curte*
And so return — Heaven help him! to our son. [*Tur*
Count (*rushes forward*). Stay, st I am most unlucky, most happy!
You never had look'd in on me fore,

when you came and dipt your sovereign head
' these low doors, you ask'd to eat with me.
d but emptiness to set before you,
not a draught of milk, no, not an egg,
ing but my brave bird, my noble falcon,
omrade of the house, and of the field.
had to die for it — she died for you.
aps I thought with those of old, the nobler
victim was, the more acceptable
t be the sacrifice. I fear you scarce
thank me for your entertainment now.
dy Giovanna (*returning*). I bear with him no longer.
unt. No, madonna! he will have to bear with it as he may.
dy Giovanna. I break with him for ever!
unt. Yes, Giovanna, he will keep his love to you for ever!
dy Giovanna. You? you? not you! My brother! my hard brother!
derigo, Federigo, I love you!
of ten thousand brothers, Federigo! [*Falls at his feet.*
unt (*impetuously*). Why, then the dying of my noble bird
Hath served me better than her living — then
[*Takes diamonds from table.*
These diamonds are both yours and mine — have won
Their value again — beyond all markets — there,
I lay them for the first time round your neck.
[*Lays necklace round her neck.*
And then this chaplet — No more feuds, but peace,
Peace and conciliation! I will make
Your brother love me. See, I tear away
The leaves were darken'd by the battle —
[*Pulls leaves off and throws them down.*
— crown you
Again with the same crown my Queen of Beauty.
[*Places wreath on her head.*
Rise — I could almost think that the dread garland
Will break once more into the living blossom.
Nay, nay, I pray you rise.
[*Raises her with both hands.*
We two together
Will help to heal your son — your son and mine —
We shall do it — we shall do it!
[*Embraces her.*
The purpose of my being is accomplish'd,
And I am happy!
Lady Giovanna. And I too, Federigo.

THE CUP

A TRAGEDY

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

GALATIANS	SYNORIX, *an ex-Tetrarch.*	PHŒBE.
	SINNATUS, *a Tetrarch.*	CAMMA, *wife of Sinnatus, afterwards Priestess in the Temple of Artemis.*
	Attendant.	*Maid.*
	Boy.	*Nobleman.*
ROMANS	ANTONIUS, *a Roman General.*	*Messenger.*
	PUBLIUS.	

THE CUP

ACT I

SCENE I. — DISTANT VIEW OF A CITY OF GALATIA.

As the curtain rises, Priestesses are heard singing in the Temple. Boy discovered on a pathway among Rocks, picking grapes. A party of Roman Soldiers, guarding a prisoner in chains, come down the pathway and exeunt.

Enter SYNORIX (*looking round*). *Singing ceases.*

Synorix. Pine, beech and plane, oak, walnut, apricot,
Vine, cypress, poplar, myrtle, bowering-in
The city where she dwells. She past me here
Three years ago when I was flying from
My tetrarchy to Rome. I almost touch'd her —
A maiden slowly moving on to music
Among her maidens to this temple — O Gods!
She is my fate — else wherefore has my fate
Brought me again to her own city? — married
Since — married Sinnatus, the tetrarch here —
But if he be conspirator, Rome will chain
Or slay him. I may trust to gain her then
When I shall have my tetrarchy restored
By Rome, our mistress, grateful that I show'd her
The weakness and the dissonance of our clans,
And how to crush them easily Wretched race!
And once I wish'd to scourge them to the bones.
But in this narrow breathing-time of life
Is vengeance for its own sake worth the while,
If once our ends are gain'd? and now this cup —
I never felt such passion for a woman
[*Brings out a cup and scroll from under his cloak.*
What have I written to her?
[*Reading the scroll.*
'To the admired Camma, wife of Sinnatus the Tetrarch, one who years ago, himself an adorer of our great goddess Artemis, beheld you afar off worshipping in her temple, and loved you for it, sends you this cup rescued from the burning of one of her shrines in a city thro' which he past with the Roman army: it is the cup we use in our marriages. Receive it from one who cannot at present write himself other than
'A GALATIAN SERVING BY FORCE IN THE ROMAN LEGION.'
[*Turns and looks up to Boy.*
Boy, dost thou know the house of Sinnatus?
Boy. These grapes are for the house of Sinnatus —
Close to the temple.
Synorix. Yonder?
Boy. Yes.
Synorix (*aside*). That

th all my range of women should yet shun
meet her face to face at once! My boy,
[*Boy comes down rocks to him.*
ke thou this letter and this cup to Camma,
e wife of Sinnatus.
Boy. Going or gone to-day
hunt with Sinnatus.
ynorix. That matters not.
ke thou this cup and leave it at her doors.
[*Gives the cup and scroll to the Boy.*
Boy. I will, my lord.
Takes his basket of grapes and exit.
Enter ANTONIUS.
ntonius (*meeting the Boy as he goes out*).
Why, whither runs the boy?
hat the cup you rescued from the fire?
ynorix. I send it to the wife of Sinnatus,
half besotted in religious rites.
i come here with your soldiers to enforce
long-withholden tribute; you suspect
s Sinnatus of playing patriotism,
ich in your sense is treason. You have yet
proof against him. Now this pious cup
passport to their house, and open arms
him who gave it; and once there I warrant
orm thro' all their windings.
ntonius. If you prosper,
Senate, wearied of their tetrarchies,
ir quarrels with themselves, their spites at Rome,
ike enough to cancel them, and throne
king above them all, who shall be true
he Roman; and from what I heard in Rome,
tributary crown may fall to you.
ynorix. The king, the crown! their talk in Rome? is it so?
[Antonius *nods.*
l — I shall serve Galatia taking it,
And save her from herself, and be to Rome
More faithful than a Roman.
[*Turns and sees* Camma *coming.*
Stand aside,
Stand aside; here she comes!
[*Watching* Camma *as she enters with her Maid.*
Camma (*to Maid*). Where is he, girl?
Maid. You know the waterfall
That in the summer keeps the mountain side,
But after rain o'erleaps a jutting rock
And shoots three hundred feet.
Camma. The stag is there?
Maid. Seen in the thicket at the bottom there
But yester-even.
Camma. Good then, we will climb
The mountain opposite and watch the chase.
[*They descend the rocks and exeunt.*
Synorix (*watching her*). (*Aside*). The bust of Juno, and the brows and eyes
Of Venus; face and form unmatchable!
Antonius. Why do you look at her so lingeringly?
Synorix. To see if years have changed her.
Antonius (*sarcastically*). Love her, do you?
Synorix. I envied Sinnatus when he married her.
Antonius. She knows it? Ha!
Synorix. She — no, nor even my face.
Antonius. Nor Sinnatus either?
Synorix. No, nor Sinnatus.
Antonius. Hot-blooded! I have heard them say in Rome,
That your own people cast you from their bounds
For some unprincely violence to a woman,
As Rome did Tarquin.
Synorix. Well, if this were so
I here return like Tarquin — for a crown.
Antonius. And may be foil'd like Tarquin, if you follow
Not the dry light of Rome's straight-going policy,
But the fool-fire of love or lust, which well

May make you lose yourself, may even drown you
In the good regard of Rome.
Synorix. Tut — fear me not;
I ever had my victories among women.
I am most true to Rome.
Antonius (*aside*). I hate the man!
What filthy tools our Senate works with! Still
I must obey them. (*Aloud.*) Fare you well. [*Going.*
Synorix. Farewell!
Antonius (*stopping*). A moment! If you track this Sinnatus
In any treason, I give you here an order [*Produces a paper.*
To seize upon him. Let me sign it. (*Signs it.*) There —
'Antonius, leader of the Roman Legion.'
[*Hands the paper to* Synorix. *Goes up pathway and exit.*
Synorix. Woman again! — but I am wiser now.
No rushing on the game — the net, — the net.
[*Shouts of* 'Sinnatus! Sinnatus!' *Then horn.*
Looking off stage.] He comes, a rough, bluff, simple-looking fellow.
If we may judge the kernel by the husk,
Not one to keep a woman's fealty when
Assailed by Craft and Love. I'll join with him;
I may reap something from him — come upon *her*
Again, perhaps, to-day — *her*. Who are with him?
I see no face that knows me. Shall I risk it?
I am a Roman now, they dare not touch me.
I will.
Enter SINNATUS, HUNTSMEN *and hounds.*
Fair sir, a happy day to you!
You reck but little of the Roman here,
While you can take your pastime in the woods.
Sinnatus. Ay, ay, why not? What would you with me, man?
Synorix. I am a lifelong lover of the chase,
And tho' a stranger fain would be allow'd
To join the hunt.
Sinnatus. Your name?
Synorix. Strato, my name,
Sinnatus. No Roman name?
Synorix. A Greek, my lord; you know
That we Galatians are both Greek and Gaul.
[*Shouts and horns in the distance.*
Sinnatus. Hillo, the stag! (*To* Synorix.) What, you are all unfurnish'd?
Give him a bow and arrows — follow — follow.
[*Exit, followed by Huntsmen.*
Synorix. Slowly but surely — till I see my way.
It is the one step in the dark beyond
Our expectation, that amazes us.
[*Distant shouts and horns.*
Hillo! Hillo!
[*Exit* Synorix. *Shouts and horns.*

SCENE II

A ROOM IN THE TETRARCH'S HOUSE

Frescoed figures on the walls. Evening. Moonlight outside. A couch with cushions on it. A small table with a flagon of wine, cups, plate of grapes, etc., also the cup of Scene I. A chair with drapery on it.

CAMMA *enters, and opens curtains of window.*

Camma. No Sinnatus yet — and there the rising moon.
[*Takes up a cithern and sits on couch. Plays and sings.*

Moon on the field and the foam,
Moon on the waste and the wold,
Moon bring him home, bring him home,
Safe from the dark and the cold,
Home, sweet moon, bring him home,
Home with the flock to the fold —
Safe from the wolf —

(*Listening.*) Is he coming? I thought I heard
A footstep. No, not yet. They say that Rome
Sprang from a wolf. I fear my dear lord mixt

h some conspiracy against the wolf.
s mountain shepherd never dream'd of Rome. [*Sings.*
ife from the wolf to the fold —
l that great break of precipice that runs
o' all the wood, where twenty years ago
ıtsman and hound and deer were all neck-broken!
, here he comes.
er SINNATUS *followed by* SYNORIX.
innatus (*angrily*). I tell thee, my good fellow,
arrow struck the stag.
ynorix. But was it so?
, you were further off; besides the wind
ıt with *my* arrow.
innatus. I am sure *I* struck him.
ynorix. And I am just as sure, my lord, *I* struck him.
de.) And I may strike your game when you are gone.
amma. Come, come, we will not quarrel about the stag.
ve had a weary day in watching you.
rs must have been a wearier. Sit and eat,
take a hunter's vengeance on the meats.
innatus. No, no — we have eaten — we are heated. Wine!
amma. Who is our guest?
innatus. Strato he calls himself.
[Camma *offers wine to* Synorix, *while* Sinnatus *helps himself.*
innatus. I pledge you, Strato.
[*Drinks.*
ynorix. And I you, my lord.
[*Drinks.*
innatus (*seeing the cup sent to* Camma). What 's here?
amma. A strange gift sent to me to-day.
acred cup saved from a blazing shrine
our great Goddess, in some city where
onius past. I had believed that Rome
e war upon the peoples, not the Gods.

Synorix. Most like the city rose against Antonius,
Whereon he fired it, and the sacred shrine
By chance was burnt along with it.
Sinnatus. Had you then
No message with the cup?
Camma. Why, yes, see here.
[*Gives him the scroll.*
Sinnatus (*reads*). 'To the admired Camma, — beheld you afar off — loved you — sends you this cup — the cup we use in our marriages — cannot at present write himself other than
'A GALATIAN SERVING BY FORCE IN THE ROMAN LEGION.'
Serving by force! Were there no boughs to hang on,
Rivers to drown in? Serve by force? No force
Could make me serve by force.
Synorix. How then, my lord?
The Roman is encampt without your city —
The force of Rome a thousand-fold our own.
Must all Galatia hang or drown herself?
And you a prince and tetrarch in this province —
Sinnatus. Province!
Synorix. Well, well, they call it so in Rome.
Sinnatus (*angrily*). Province!
Synorix. A noble anger! but Antonius
To-morrow will demand your tribute — you,
Can you make war? Have you alliances?
Bithynia, Pontus, Paphlagonia?
We have had our leagues of old with Eastern kings.
There is my hand — if such a league there be.
What will you do?
Sinnatus. Not set myself abroach
And run my mind out to a random guest
Who join'd me in the hunt. You saw my hounds
True to the scent; and we have two-legg'd dogs
Among us who can smell a true occasion,
And when to bark and how.

Synorix. My good Lord Sinnatus,
I once was at the hunting of a lion.
Roused by the clamor of the chase he woke,
Came to the front of the wood — his monarch mane
Bristled about his quick ears — he stood there
Staring upon the hunter. A score of dogs
Gnaw'd at his ankles; at the last he felt
The trouble of his feet, put forth one paw,
Slew four, and knew it not, and so remain'd
Staring upon the hunter. And this Rome
Will crush you if you wrestle with her; then,
Save for some slight report in her own Senate,
Scarce know what she has done.
(*Aside.*) Would I could move him,
Provoke him any way! (*Aloud.*) The Lady Camma,
Wise I am sure as she is beautiful,
Will close with me that to submit at once
Is better than a wholly hopeless war,
Our gallant citizens murder'd all in vain,
Son, husband, brother gash'd to death in vain,
And the small state more cruelly trampled on
Than had she never moved.
Camma. Sir, I had once
A boy who died a babe; but were he living
And grown to man and Sinnatus will'd it, I
Would set him in the front rank of the fight
With scarce a pang. (*Rises.*) Sir, if a state submit
At once, she may be blotted out at once
And swallow'd in the conqueror's chronicle.
Whereas in wars of freedom and defence
The glory and grief of battle won or lost
Solders a race together — yea — tho' they fail,
The names of those who fought and fell are like
A bank'd-up fire that flashes out again
From century to century, and at last
May lead them on to victory — I hope so —
Like phantoms of the Gods.
Sinnatus. Well spoken, wife.
Synorix (*bowing*). Madam, so well I yield.
Sinnatus. I should not wonder
If Synorix, who has dwelt three years in Rome
And wrought his worst against his native land,
Returns with this Antonius.
Synorix. What is Synorix?
Sinnatus. Galatian, and not know? This Synorix
Was tetrarch here, and tyrant also — did
Dishonor to our wives.
Synorix. Perhaps you judge him
With feeble charity; being as you tell me
Tetrarch, there might be willing wives enough
To feel dishonor honor.
Camma. Do not say so.
I know of no such wives in all Galatia.
There may be courtesans for aught I know
Whose life is one dishonor.
Enter ATTENDANT.
Attendant (*aside*). My lord, the men
Sinnatus (*aside*). Our anti-Roman faction?
Attendant (*aside*). Ay, my lord.
Synorix (*overhearing*). (*Aside.*) I have enough — their anti-Roman faction.
Sinnatus (*aloud*). Some friends of mine would speak with me without.
You, Strato, make good cheer till I return. [*Exit*
Synorix. I have much to say, no time to say it in.
First, lady, know myself am that Galatian
Who sent the cup.
Camma. I thank you from my heart
Synorix. Then that I serve with Rome to serve Galatia.

is my secret; keep it, or you sell me
rment and to death.
[*Coming closer.*
For your ear only —
e you — for your love to the great Goddess.
Romans sent me here a spy upon you,
raw you and your husband to your doom.
ooner die than do it.
Takes out paper given him by Antonius.
This paper sign'd
nius — will you take it, read it? there!
mma (*reads*). 'You are to seize on Sinnatus, — if —'
norix (*snatches paper*). No more. follows is for no wife's eyes. O Camma,
e has a glimpse of this conspiracy;
e never yet hath spar'd conspirator.
ble! flaying, scourging, crucifying —
nma. I am tender enough. Why do you practise on me?
norix. Why should I practise on you? How you wrong me!
sure of being every way malign'd. f you should betray me to your husband —
nma. Will *you* betray him by this order?
norix. See,
it all to pieces, never dream'd
ting on it. [*Tears the paper.*
nma. I owe you thanks for ever.
norix. Hath Sinnatus never told you of this plot?
nma. What plot?
norix. A child's sand-castle on the beach
he next wave, — all seen, — all calculated,
nown by Rome. No chance for Sinnatus.
nma. Why said you not as much to my brave Sinnatus?
orix. Brave — ay — too brave, too over-confident,
ke to ruin himself, and you, and me!

Who else, with this black thunderbolt of Rome
Above him, would have chased the stag to-day
In the full face of all the Roman camp?
A miracle that they let him home again,
Not caught, maim'd, blinded him.
[Camma *shudders.*
(*Aside.*) I have made her tremble.
(*Aloud.*) I know they mean to torture him to death.
I dare not tell him how I came to know it;
I durst not trust him with — my serving Rome
To serve Galatia; you heard him on the letter.
Not say as much? I all but said as much.
I am sure I told him that his plot was folly.
I say it to you — you are wiser — Rome knows all,
But you know not the savagery of Rome.
Camma. O! — have you power with Rome? use it for him!
Synorix. Alas! I have no such power with Rome. All that
Lies with Antonius.
[*As if struck by a sudden thought. Comes over to her.*
He will pass to-morrow
In the gray dawn before the Temple doors.
You have beauty, — O, great beauty, — and Antonius,
So gracious toward women, never yet
Flung back a woman's prayer. Plead to him,
I am sure you will prevail.
Camma. Still — I should tell
My husband.
Synorix. Will he let you plead for him
To a Roman?
Camma. I fear not.
Synorix. Then do not tell him.
Or tell him, if you will, when you return,
When you have charm'd our general into mercy,
And all is safe again. O dearest lady,
[*Murmurs of* 'Synorix! Synorix!' *heard outside.*

Think, — torture, — death, — and come.
Camma. I will, I will.
And I will not betray you.
Synorix (*aside, as* Sinnatus *enters*). Stand apart.

Enter SINNATUS *and* ATTENDANT.

Sinnatus. Thou art that Synorix! One whom thou hast wrong'd
Without there knew thee with Antonius.
They howl for thee, to rend thee head from limb.
Synorix. I am much malign'd. I thought to serve Galatia.
Sinnatus. Serve thyself first, villain! They shall not harm
My guest within my house. There! (*points to door*) there! this door
Opens upon the forest! Out, begone!
Henceforth I am thy mortal enemy.
Synorix. However, I thank thee (*draws his sword*); thou hast saved my life. [*Exit.*
Sinnatus (*to* Attendant). Return and tell them Synorix is not here. [*Exit* Attendant.
What did that villain Synorix say to you?
Camma. Is *he* — *that* — Synorix?
Sinnatus. Wherefore should you doubt it?
One of the men there knew him.
Camma. Only one,
And he perhaps mistaken in the face.
Sinnatus. Come, come, could he deny it? What did he say?
Camma. What *should* he say?
Sinnatus. What *should* he say, my wife!
He should say this, that being tetrarch once
His own true people cast him from their doors
Like a base coin.
Camma. Not kindly to them?
Sinnatus. Kindly?
O, the most kindly prince in all the world!
Would clap his honest citizens on the back,
Bandy their own rude jests with them, be curious
About the welfare of their babes, their wives,
O, ay — their wives — their wives! What should he say?
He should say nothing to my wife if I
Were by to throttle him! He steep'd himself
In all the lust of Rome. How should *you* guess
What manner of beast it is?
Camma. Yet he seem'd kindly,
And said he loathed the cruelties that Rome
Wrought on her vassals.
Sinnatus. Did he, *honest* man?
Camma. And you, that seldom brook the stranger here,
Have let him hunt the stag with you to-day.
Sinnatus. I warrant you now, he said *he* struck the stag.
Camma. Why, no, he never touch'd upon the stag.
Sinnatus. Why, so I said, *my* arrow. Well, to sleep. [*Goes to close door.*
Camma. Nay, close not yet the door upon a night
That looks half day.
Sinnatus. True; and my friends may spy him
And slay him as he runs.
Camma. He is gone already.
O, look, — yon grove upon the mountain, — white
In the sweet moon as with a lovelier snow!
But what a blotch of blackness underneath!
Sinnatus, you remember — yea, you must,
That there three years ago — the vast vine-bowers
Ran to the summit of the trees, and dropt
Their streamers earthward, which the breeze of May
Took ever and anon, and open'd out
The purple zone of hill and heaven There
You told your love; and like the swaying vines —
Yea, — with our eyes, — our hearts our prophet hopes
Let in the happy distance, and that all
But cloudless heaven which we have found together

three married years! You kiss'd
me there
ie first time. Sinnatus, kiss me
now.
natus. First kiss. (*Kisses her.*)
There, then. You talk almost
as if it
t be the last.
nma. Will you not eat a little?
natus. No, no, we found a goat-
herd's hut, and shared
ruits and milk. Liar! You will
believe
that he never struck the stag —
a brave one
h you shall see to-morrow.
nma. I rise to-morrow
e gray dawn, and take this holy
cup
lge it in the shrine of Artemis.
natus. Good!
ma. If I be not back in half an
hour,
after me.
natus. What! is there danger?
ma. Nay,
that I know; 't is but a step from
here
e Temple.
natus. All my brain is full of
sleep.
me before you go, I'll after
you —
me now! [*Closes door and exit.*
ma (*drawing curtains*). Your
shadow. Synorix —
ce was not malignant, and he
said
nen malign'd him. Shall I go?
Shall I go?
torture —
ever yet flung back a woman's
prayer' —
ut I will have my dagger with
me. [*Exit.*

Scene III

ame as Scene I. Dawn

ic and Singing in the Temple.

Synorix *watchfully, after him* Publius *and* Soldiers.

rix. Publius!
ius. Here!
rix. Do you remember what
I told you?
Publius. When you cry, 'Rome,
Rome,' to seize
On whomsoever may be talking with
you,
Or man, or woman, as traitors unto
Rome.
Synorix. Right. Back again. How
many of you are there?
Publius. Some half a score.
[*Exeunt* Soldiers and Publius.
Synorix. I have my guard about
me.
I need not fear the crowd that hunted
me
Across the woods, last night. I hardly
gain'd
The camp at midnight. Will she come
to me
Now that she knows me Synorix?
Not if Sinnatus
Has told her all the truth about me
Well,
I cannot help the mould that I was
cast in.
I fling all that upon my fate, my star.
I know that I am genial, I would be
Happy, and make all others happy, so
They did not thwart me. Nay, she will
not come.
Yet if she be a true and loving wife
She may, perchance, to save this hus-
band. Ay!
See, see, my white bird stepping
toward the snare.
Why, now I count it all but miracle,
That this brave heart of mine should
shake me so,
As helplessly as some unbearded boy's
When first he meets his maiden in a
bower.
Enter Camma (*with cup*).
The lark first takes the sunlight on his
wing,
But you, twin sister of the morning
star,
Forelead the sun.
Camma. Where is Antonius?
Synorix. Not here as yet. You are
too early for him.
[*She crosses towards Temple.*
Synorix. Nay, whither go you now?
Camma. To lodge this cup
Within the holy shrine of Artemis,
And so return.
Synorix. To find Antonius here.
[*She goes into the Temple, he looks
after her.*

The loveliest life that ever drew the light
From heaven to brood upon her, and enrich
Earth with her shadow! I trust she *will* return.
These Romans dare not violate the Temple.
No, I must lure my game into the camp.
A woman I could live and die for. What!
Die for a woman, what new faith is this?
I am not mad, not sick, not old enough
To dote on one alone. Yes, mad for her,
Camma the stately, Camma the great-hearted,
So mad, I fear some strange and evil chance
Coming upon me, for, by the Gods I seem
Strange to myself!

Re-enter CAMMA.

Camma. Where is Antonius?

Synorix. Where? As I said before, you are still too early.

Camma. Too early to be here alone with thee;

For whether men malign thy name, or no,
It bears an evil savor among women.
Where is Antonius? (*Loud.*)

Synorix. Madam, as you know
The camp is half a league without the city;
If you will walk with me we needs must meet
Antonius coming, or at least shall find him
There in the camp.

Camma. No, not one step with thee.
Where is Antonius? (*Louder.*)

Synorix (*advancing towards her*). Then for your own sake,
Lady, I say it with all gentleness,
And for the sake of Sinnatus your husband,
I must compel you.

Camma (*drawing her dagger*). Stay! — too near is death.

Synorix (*disarming her*). Is it not easy to disarm a woman?

Enter SINNATUS (*seizes him from behind by the throat*).

Synorix (*throttled and scarce audible*
Rome! Rome!

Sinnatus. Adulterous dog!

Synorix (*stabbing him with* Camma *dagger*). What! will you hav
it?

[Camma *utters a cry and runs t*
Sinnatus.

Sinnatus (*falls backward*). I have
in my heart — to the Temple-
fly —
For *my* sake — or they seize on the
Remember!
Away — farewell! [*Die*

Camma (*runs up the steps into t*
Temple, looking back). Farewel

Synorix (*seeing her escape*). The w
men of the Temple drag her i
Publius! Publius! No,
Antonius would not suffer me to bre
Into the sanctuary. She hath escape
[*Looking down at* Sinnatu
'Adulterous dog!' that red-faced ra
at me!
Then with one quick short stab — ete
nal peace.
So end all passions. Then what use
passions?
To warm the cold bonds of our dyi
life
And, lest we freeze in mortal ap
thy,
Employ us, heat us, quicken us, he
us, keep us
From seeing us all too near that ur
those ashes
Which all must be. Well used, th
serve us well.
I heard a saying in Egypt, that amb
tion
Is like the sea wave, which the mo
you drink
The more you thirst — yea — drink t
much, as men
Have done on rafts of wreck —
drives you mad.
I will be no such wreck, am no su
gamester
As, having won the stake, would da
the chance
Of double, or losing all. The Rom
Senate,
For I have always play'd into th
hands,
Means me the crown. And Cam
for my bride —

ople love her—if I win her love,
oo will cleave to me, as one with
her.
then I rest, Rome's tributary
king.
[*Looking down on* Sinnatus
id I strike him?—having proof
enough
t the man, I surely should have
eft
troke to Rome. He saved my
ife too. Did he?
'd so. I have play'd the sudden
ool.
at sets her against me—for the
moment.
—well, well, I never found
he woman
not force or wheedle to my
vill.
ll be glad at last to wear my
rown.
will make Galatia prosperous
oo,
e will chirp among our vines,
nd smile
one things till that (*pointing to*
Sinnatus) eternal peace.
Rome!
er PUBLIUS *and* SOLDIERS.
I cried Rome. Why came ye
ot before?
us. Why come we now? Whom
hall we seize upon?
rix (*pointing to the body of* Sin-
natus). The body of that dead
raitor Sinnatus.
m away.
sic and Singing in Temple.

ACT II

—INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE OF ARTEMIS

old gates on platform in front
veil before the colossal statue of
oddess, and in the centre of the
le a tripod altar, on which is a
d lamp. Lamps (lighted) sus-
d between the pillars. Tripods,
garlands of flowers, etc., about
Altar at back close to Goddess,
wo cups. Solemn music. Priest-
decorating the Temple.

(*The Chorus of* PRIESTESSES *sing as they enter.*)

Artemis, Artemis, hear us, O Mother, hear us, and bless us!
Artemis, thou that art life to the wind, to the wave, to the glebe, to the fire!
Hear thy people who praise thee! O, help us from all that oppress us!
Hear thy priestesses hymn thy glory! O, yield them all their desire!

Priestess. Phœbe, that man from Synorix, who has been
So oft to see the priestess, waits once more
Before the Temple.
Phœbe. We will let her know.
[*Signs to one of the Priestesses, who goes out.*
Since Camma fled from Synorix to our Temple,
And for her beauty, stateliness, and power,
Was chosen priestess here, have you not mark'd
Her eyes were ever on the marble floor?
To-day they are fixt and bright—they look straight out.
Hath she made up her mind to marry him?
Priestess. To marry him who stabb'd her Sinnatus!
You will not easily make me credit that.
Phœbe. Ask her.
Enter CAMMA *as Priestess* (*in front of the curtains*).
Priestess. You will not marry Synorix?
Camma. My girl, I am the bride of Death, and only
Marry the dead.
Priestess. Not Synorix then?
Camma. My girl,
At times this oracle of great Artemis
Has no more power than other oracles
To speak directly.
Phœbe. Will you speak to him,
The messenger from Synorix who waits
Before the Temple?
Camma. Why not? Let him enter
[*Comes forward on to step by tripod.*
Enter a MESSENGER.

Messenger (*kneels*). Greeting and health from Synorix! More than once
You have refused his hand. When last I saw you,
You all but yielded. He entreats you now
For your last answer. When he struck at Sinnatus —
As I have many a time declared to you —
He knew not at the moment who had fasten'd
About his throat — he begs you to forget it
As scarce his act — a random stroke. All else
Was love for you; he prays you to believe him.
Camma. I pray him to believe — that I believe him.
Messenger. Why, that is well. You mean to marry him?
Camma. I mean to marry him — if that be well.
Messenger. This very day the Romans crown him king
For all his faithful services to Rome.
He wills you then this day to marry him,
And so be throned together in the sight
Of all the people, that the world may know
You twain are reconciled, and no more feuds
Disturb our peaceful vassalage to Rome.
Camma. To-day? Too sudden. I will brood upon it.
When do they crown him?
Messenger. Even now.
Camma. And where?
Messenger. Here by your temple.
Camma. Come once more to me
Before the crowning, — I will answer you. [*Exit* Messenger.
Phœbe. Great Artemis! O Camma, can it be well,
Or good, or wise, that you should clasp a hand
Red with the sacred blood of Sinnatus?
Camma. Good! mine own dagger driven by Synorix found
All good in the true heart of Sinnatus,
But he and I are both Galatian-born;
And tributary sovereigns, he and I
Might teach this Rome — from knowledge of our people —
Where to lay on her tribute — heavi here
And lightly there. Might I not li for that,
And drown all poor self-passion in t sense
Of public good?
Phœbe. I am sure you will not mar him.
Camma. Are you so sure? I pr you wait and see.
[*Shouts* (*from the distance*) 'Synorix! Synorix!'
Camma. Synorix, Synorix! So th cried Sinnatus
Not so long since — they sicken n The One
Who shifts his policy suffers son thing, must
Accuse himself, excuse himself; t Many
Will feel no shame to give themselv the lie.
Phœbe. Most like it was the Rom soldier shouted.
Camma. Their shield-borne patr of the morning star
Hang'd at midday, their traitor of t dawn
The clamor'd darling of their afterno
And that same head they would ha play'd at ball with
And kick'd it featureless — they n would crown!
[*Flourish of trump*
Enter a Galatian NOBLEMAN *w crown on a cushion.*
Noble (*kneels*). Greeting and hea from Synorix. He sends you
This diadem of the first Galatian Que
That you may feed your fancy on t glory of it,
And join your life this day with h and wear it
Beside him on his throne. He wa your answer.
Camma. Tell him there is shadow among the shadows,
One ghost of all the ghosts — as yet new,
So strange among them — such an al there,
So much of husband in it still — tha
The shout of Synorix and Camma ting

one throne, should reach it, *it*
would rise—
He, with that red star between
the ribs,
y knife there—and blast the
king and me,
anch the crowd with horror. I
dare not, sir!
him—and then the marriage
—ay, and tell him
accept the diadem of Galatia—
[*All are amazed.*
hat ye saw me crown myself
withal. [*Puts on the crown.*
him his crown'd queen.
. So will I tell him. [*Exit.*
Two Priestesses go up the steps
the shrine, draw the curtains
ither side (discovering the God-
then open the gates and remain
eps, one on either side, and kneel.
iestess goes off and returns with
of marriage, then assists Phœbe
il Camma. *At the same time*
tesses enter and stand on either
f the Temple. Camma *and all*
riestesses kneel, raise their hands
Goddess, and bow down.
s, 'Synorix! Synorix!' *All rise.*
na. Fling wide the doors, and
et the new-made children
imperial mother see the show.
unlight pours through the doors.
no heart to do it. (*To* Phœbe.)
Look for me!
[*Crouches.* Phœbe *looks out.*
[*Shouts,* 'Synorix! Synorix!'
e. He climbs the throne. Hot
blood, ambition, pride
at and redden his face—O,
would it were
rd last apoplexy! O, bestial!
unlike our goodly Sinnatus!
na (*on the ground*). You wrong
im surely; far as the face goes
lier-looking man than Sinnatus.
e (*aside*). How dare she say it?
could hate her for it
t she is distracted.
[*A flourish of trumpets.*
na. Is he crown'd?
e. Ay, there they crown him.
without shout, 'Synorix! Syn-
rix!'
Priestess brings a box of spices
o Camma, *who throws them on*
he altar-flame.

Camma. Rouse the dead altar-flame, fling in the spices,
Nard, cinnamon, amomum, benzoin.
Let all the air reel into a mist of odor,
As in the midmost heart of Paradise.
Lay down the Lydian carpets for the King.
The King should pace on purple to his bride.
And music there to greet my lord the King. [*Music.*
(*To* Phœbe.) Dost thou remember when I wedded Sinnatus?
Ay, thou wast there—whether from maiden fears
Or reverential love for him I loved,
Or some strange second-sight, the marriage-cup
Wherefrom we make libation to the Goddess
So shook within my hand that the red wine
Ran down the marble and lookt like blood, like blood.
Phœbe. I do remember your first-marriage fears.
Camma. I have no fears at this my second marriage.
See here—I stretch my hand out—hold it there.
How steady it is!
Phœbe. Steady enough to stab him!
Camma. O, hush! O, peace! This violence ill becomes
The silence of our Temple. Gentleness,
Low words best chime with this solemnity.
Enter a procession of Priestesses and Children bearing garlands and golden goblets, and strewing flowers.
Enter Synorix (*as King, with gold laurel-wreath crown and purple robes*), *followed by* Antonius, Publius, *Noblemen, Guards, and the Populace.*
Camma. Hail, King!
Synorix. Hail, Queen!
The wheel of Fate has roll'd me to the top.
I would that happiness were gold, that I
Might cast my largess of it to the crowd!
I would that every man made feast to-day,
Beneath the shadow of our pines and planes!

For all my truer life begins to-day.
The past is like a travell'd land now sunk
Below the horizon — like a barren shore
That grew salt weeds, but now all drown'd in love
And glittering at full tide — the bounteous bays
And havens filling with a blissful sea.
Nor speak I now too mightily, being King
And happy! happiest, lady, in my power
To make you happy.
Camma. Yes, sir.
Synorix. Our Antonius,
Our faithful friend of Rome, tho' Rome may set
A free foot where she will, yet of his courtesy
Entreats he may be present at our marriage.
Camma. Let him come — a legion with him, if he will.
(*To* Antonius.) Welcome, my lord Antonius, to our Temple.
(*To* Synorix.) You on this side the altar. (*To* Antonius.) You on that.
Call first upon the Goddess, Synorix.
[*All face the Goddess. Priestesses, Children, Populace, and Guards kneel — the others remain standing.*
Synorix. O thou that dost inspire the germ with life,
The child, a thread within the house of birth,
And give him limbs, then air, and send him forth
The glory of his father — thou whose breath
Is balmy wind to robe our hills with grass,
And kindle all our vales with myrtle-blossom,
And roll the golden oceans of our grain,
And sway the long grape-bunches of our vines,
And fill all hearts with fatness and the lust
Of plenty — make me happy in my marriage!

Chorus (*chanting*). Artemis, A
mis, hear him, Ionian Artem
Camma. O thou that slayest
babe within the womb
Or in the being born, or after slayest
As boy or man, great Goddess, wh
storm-voice
Unsockets the strong oak, and re
his root
Beyond his head, and strows our fru
and lays
Our golden grain, and runs to sea
makes it
Foam over all the fleeted wealth
kings
And peoples, hear!
Whose arrow is the plague — wh
quick flash splits
The mid-sea mast, and rifts the to
to the rock,
And hurls the victor's column do
with him
That crowns it, hear!
Who causest the safe earth to shud
and gape,
And gulf and flatten in her clos
chasm
Domed cities, hear!
Whose lava-torrents blast and blac
a province
To a cinder, hear!
Whose winter-cataracts find a re
and leave it
A waste of rock and ruin, hear! I
thee
To make my marriage prosper to
wish!
Chorus. Artemis, Artemis, hear
Ephesian Artemis!
Camma. Artemis, Artemis, hear
Galatian Artemis!
I call on our own Goddess in our
Temple.
Chorus. Artemis, Artemis, hear
Galatian Artemis!
[*Thunder. All*
Synorix (*aside*). Thunder! Ay,
the storm was drawing hith
Across the hills when I was be
crown'd.
I wonder if I look as pale as she?
Camma. Art thou — still bent —
marrying?
Synorix. Surely — yet
These are strange words to speak
Artemis.

ma. Words are not always what
they seem, my King.
be faithful to thee till thou
die.
rix. I thank thee, Camma, — I
thank thee.
ma (*turning to* Antonius). An-
tonius,
graced are we that our Queen
Rome in you
s to look in upon our barbarisms.
urns, goes up steps to altar before
the Goddess. Takes a cup from
off the altar. Holds it towards
Antonius. Antonius *goes up to*
the foot of the steps opposite to
Synorix.
ee this cup, my lord.
[*Gives it to him.*
nius. Most curious!
any-breasted mother Artemis
s'd upon it.
ma. It is old, I know not
nany hundred years. Give it
me again.
ie cup belonging our own Tem-
ple.
Puts it back on altar, and takes
up the cup of Act I. Showing it
to Antonius.
s another sacred to the Goddess,
ft of Synorix; and the Goddess,
being
is most grateful, wills, thro' me
her priestess,
ior of his gift and of our mar-
riage,
Synorix should drink from his
own cup.
rix. I thank thee, Camma, — I
thank thee.
ma. For — my lord —
ir ancient custom in Galatia
ere two souls be knit for life
and death,
wo should drink together from
one cup,
bol of their married unity,
g libation to the Goddess. Bring
me
stly wines we use in marriages.
They bring in a large jar of wine.
Camma *pours wine into cup.*
norix.) See here, I fill it. (*To*
Antonius.) Will you drink, my
ord?

Antonius. I? Why should I? I am
not to be married.
Camma. But that might bring a
Roman blessing on us.
Antonius (*refusing cup*). Thy par-
don, priestess!
Camma. Thou art in the right.
This blessing is for Synorix and for
me.
See, first I make libation to the God-
dess,
[*Makes libation.*
And now I drink.
[*Drinks and fills the cup again.*
Thy turn, Galatian King.
Drink and drink deep — our marriage
will be fruitful.
Drink and drink deep, and thou wilt
make me happy.
[Synorix *goes up to her. She hands*
him the cup. He drinks.
Synorix. There, Camma! I have
almost drain'd the cup —
A few drops left.
Camma. Libation to the Goddess.
[*He throws the remaining drops on*
the altar and gives Camma *the*
cup.
Camma (*placing the cup on the altar*).
Why, then the Goddess hears.
[*Comes down and forward to tri-*
pod. Antonius *follows.*
Antonius,
Where wast thou on that morning
when I came
To plead to thee for Sinnatus's life,
Beside this temple half a year ago?
Antonius. I never heard of this re-
quest of thine.
Synorix (*coming forward hastily to*
foot of tripod steps). I sought
him, and I could not find him.
Pray you,
Go on with the marriage rites.
Camma. Antonius —
'Camma!' Who spake?
Antonius. Not I.
Phœbe. Nor any here.
Camma. I am all but sure that some
one spake. Antonius,
If you had found him plotting against
Rome,
Would you have tortured Sinnatus to
death?
Antonius. No thought was mine of
torture or of death,

But had I found him plotting, I had counsell'd him
To rest from vain resistance. Rome is fated
To rule the world. Then, if he had not listen'd,
I might have sent him prisoner to Rome.
Synorix. Why do you palter with the ceremony?
Go on with the marriage rites.
Camma. They are finish'd.
Synorix. How!
Camma. Thou hast drunk deep enough to make me happy.
Dost thou not feel the love I bear to thee
Glow thro' thy veins?
Synorix. The love I bear to thee
Glows thro' my veins since first I look'd on thee.
But wherefore slur the perfect ceremony?
The sovereign of Galatia weds his Queen.
Let all be done to the fullest in the sight
Of all the Gods.
Nay, rather than so clip
The flowery robe of Hymen, we would add
Some golden fringe of gorgeousness beyond
Old use, to make the day memorial, when
Synorix, first King, Camma, first Queen o' the Realm,
Drew here the richest lot from Fate, to live
And die together.
This pain — what is it? — again? I had a touch of this last year — in — Rome.
Yes, yes. (*To* Antonius.) Your arm — a moment — it will pass.
I reel beneath the weight of utter joy —
This all too happy day, crown — queen at once. [*Staggers.*
O all ye Gods — Jupiter! — Jupiter! [*Falls backward.*
Camma. Dost thou cry out upon the Gods of Rome?
Thou art Galatian-born. Our Artemis
Has vanquish'd their Diana.

Synorix (*on the ground*). I am po son'd.
She — close the Temple door. Let h not fly.
Camma (*leaning on tripod*). Have not drunk of the same cup wi thee?
Synorix. Ay, by the Gods, of Rom and all the world,
She too — she too — the bride! t Queen! and I —
Monstrous! I that loved her.
Camma. I loved *hi*
Synorix. O murderous mad-woma I pray you lift me
And make me walk awhile. I ha heard these poisons
May be walk'd down.
[Antonius *and* Publius *raise hi up.*
My feet are tons of lea
They will break in the earth — I a sinking — hold me —
Let me alone.
[*They leave him; he sinks down ground.*
Too late — thought myself wise
A woman's dupe! Antonius, tell t Senate
I have been most true to Rome would have been true
To *her* — if — if— [*Falls as if dea*
Camma (*coming and leaning o him*). So falls the throne of hour.
Synorix (*half rising*). Throne? is thou? the Fates are throned, r we —
Not guilty of ourselves — thy do and mine —
Thou — coming my way too — Cam — good-night. [*D*
Camma (*upheld by weeping Pri esses*). Thy way? poor wor crawl down thine own bla hole
To the lowest hell. Antonius, is there?
I meant thee to have follow'd better thus.
Nay, if my people must be thralls Rome,
He is gentle, tho' a Roman.
[*Sinks back into the arms of Priestesses.*
Antonius. Thou art

thine own people, and though a
Roman I
ve thee, Camma.
ma (*raising herself*). 'CAMMA!'
— why, there again
nost sure that some one call'd.
O women,
ll have Roman masters. I am
glad
not see it. Did not some old
Greek
eath was the chief good? He
had my fate for it,
'd. (*Sinks back again.*) Have I
the crown on? I will go
et him, crown'd! crown'd victor
of my will —
last voyage — but the wind has
fail'd —

Growing dark too — but light enough
to row.
Row to the Blessed Isles! the Blessed
Isles! —
Sinnatus!
Why comes he not to meet me? It is
the crown
Offends him — and my hands are too
sleepy
To lift it off (Phœbe *takes the crown off.*)
Who touch'd me then? I thank
you.
[*Rises, with outspread arms.*
There — league on league of ever-shin
ing shore
Beneath an ever-rising sun — I see
him —
'Camma, Camma!' Sinnatus, Sinna-
tus! [*Dies*

THE PROMISE OF MAY

'A surface man of theories, true to none'

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

FARMER DOBSON.
MR. PHILIP EDGAR (*afterwards* MR. HAROLD).
FARMER STEER (DORA *and* EVA'S *Father*).
MR. WILSON (*a Schoolmaster*).
HIGGINS, JAMES, DAN SMITH, JACKSON, ALLEN — *Farm Laborers.*
DORA STEER.
EVA STEER.
SALLY ALLEN, MILLY — *Farm Servants.*
Farm Servants, Laborers, etc.

THE PROMISE OF MAY

ACT I

SCENE. — BEFORE FARMHOUSE

Farming Men and Women. Farming Men carrying forms, etc., Women carrying baskets of knives and forks, etc.

First Farming Man. Be thou a-gawin' to the long barn?

Second Farming Man. Ay, to be sewer! Be thou?

First Farming Man. Why, o' coorse, fur it be the owd man's birthdaäy. He be heighty this very daäy, and 'e telled all on us to be i' the long barn by one o'clock, fur he'll gie us a big dinner, and haäfe th' parish 'll be theer, an' Miss Dora, an' Miss Eva, an' all! 11

Second Farming Man. Miss Dora be coomed back, then?

First Farming Man. Ay, haäfe an hour ago. She be in theer now. (*Pointing to house.*) Owd Steer wur afeärd she would n't be back i' time to keep his birthdaäy, and he wur in a tew about it all the murnin'; and he sent me wi' the gig to Littlechester to fetch 'er; and 'er an' the owd man they fell a kissin' o' one another like two sweet-'arts i' the poorch as soon as he clapt eyes of 'er. 24

Second Farming Man. Foälks say he likes Miss Eva the best.

First Farming Man. Naäy, I knaw nowt o' what foälks says, an' I caäre nowt neither. Foälks does n't hallu knaw thessens; but sewer I be, they be two o' the purtiest gels ye can se of a summer murnin'. 3

Second Farming Man. Beänt Mis Eva gone off a bit of 'er good looks o laäte?

First Farming Man. Noä, not bit.

Second Farming Man. Why, coön awaäy, then, to the long barn. [*Exeunt*

DORA *looks out of window.* *Ente* DOBSON.

DORA (*singing*).

The town lay still in the low sunlight, 4
The hen cluckt late by the white farm gate
The maid to her dairy came in from th cow,
The stock-dove coo'd at the fall of night,
The blossom had open'd on every bough;
O, joy for the promise of May, of May,
O, joy for the promise of May!

(*Nodding at* Dobson.) I'm comin down, Mr. Dobson. I have n't see Eva yet. Is she anywhere in the gar den? 5

Dobson. Noä, Miss I ha'n't see 'ern either.

DORA (*enters singing*).

red fire woke in the heart of the
town,
fox from the glen ran away with the
hen,
cat to the cream, and a rat to the
cheese ;
ie stock-dove coo'd, till a kite dropt
down,
salt wind burnt the blossoming
trees ;
rief for the promise of May, of May,
rief for the promise of May !

t know why I sing that song;
t love it.

son. Blessings on your pretty
Miss Dora! Wheer did they
e that ?

a. In Cumberland, Mr. Dob-

son. An' how did ye leäve the
ncle i' Coomberland ?

a. Getting better, Mr. Dobson.
ne'll never be the same man

son. An' how d' ye find the
nan 'ere ?

a. As well as ever. I came
o keep his birthday.

son. Well, I be coomed to keep
thdaäy an' all. The owd man
ghty to-daäy, beänt he ?

a. Yes, Mr. Dobson. And the
bright like a friend, but the
east like an enemy. Help me to
this bench for him into the sun.
move bench.) No, not that way
e, under the apple-tree. Thank
Look how full of rosy blossom
[*Pointing to apple-tree.*

son. Theer be redder blossoms
em, Miss Dora.

a. Where do they blow, Mr.
n ?

son. Under your eyes, Miss

a. Do they ?

son. And your eyes be as blue

a. What, Mr. Dobson ? A
er's frock ?

son. Noä, Miss Dora; as blue

a. Bluebell, harebell, speed-
blue-bottle, succory, forget-me-

Dobson. Noä, Miss Dora; as blue as —

Dora. The sky ? or the sea on a blue day ?

Dobson. Naäy then. I meän'd they be as blue as violets.

Dora. Are they ?

Dobson. Theer ye goäs ageän, Miss, niver believing owt I says to ye — hallus a-fobbing ma off, tho' ye knaws I love ye. I warrants ye 'll think moor o' this young Squire Edgar as ha' coomed among us — the Lord knaws how — ye 'll think more on 'is little finger than hall my hand at the haltar.

Dora. Perhaps, Master Dobson. I can't tell, for I have never seen him. But my sister wrote that he was mighty pleasant, and had no pride in him.

Dobson. He'll be arter you now, Miss Dora.

Dora. Will he ? How can I tell ?

Dobson. He 's been arter Miss Eva, haän't he ?

Dora. Not that I know.

Dobson. Did n't I spy 'em a-sitting i' the woodbine harbor togither ?

Dora. What of that ? Eva told me that he was taking her likeness. He 's an artist.

Dobson. What 's a hartist ? I doänt believe he 's iver a 'eart under his waist-coat. And I tells ye what, Miss Dora: he 's no respect for the Queen, or the parson, or the justice o' peace, or owt. I ha' heärd 'im a-gawin' on 'ud make your 'air — God bless it ! — stan' on end. And wuss nor that. When theer wur a meeting o' farmers at Little-chester t' other daäy, and they was all a-crying out at the bad times, he cooms up, and he calls out among our oän men, 'The land belongs to the people!'

Dora. And what did *you* say to that ?

Dobson. Well, I says, s'pose my pig 's the land, and you says it belongs to the parish, and theer be a thousand i' the parish, taäkin' in the women and childer; and s'pose I kills my pig, and gi'es it among 'em, why there wud n't be a dinner for nawbody, and I should ha' lost the pig.

Dora. And what did he say to that ?

Dobson. Nowt — what could he saäy ? But I taäkes 'im fur a bad lot

and a burn fool, and I haätes the very sight on him.

Dora (*looking at* Dobson). Master Dobson, you are a comely man to look at.

Dobson. I thank you for that, Miss Dora, onyhow.

Dora. Ay, but you turn right ugly when you're in an ill temper; and I promise you that if you forget yourself in your behavior to this gentleman, my father's friend, I will never change word with you again.

Enter FARMING MAN *from barn.*

Farming Man. Miss, the farming men 'ull hev their dinner i' the long barn, and the master 'ud be straänge an' pleased if you 'd step in fust, and see that all be right and reg'lar fur 'em afoor he coöm. [*Exit.*

Dora. I go. Master Dobson, did you hear what I said?

Dobson. Yeäs, yeäs! I 'll not meddle wi' 'im if he doänt meddle wi' meä. (*Exit* Dora.) 'Coomly,' says she. I niver thowt o' mysen i' that waäy; but if she'd taäke to ma i' that waäy, or ony waäy, I 'd slaäve out my life fur 'er. 'Coomly to look at,' says she — but she said it spiteful-like. To look at — yeäs, 'coomly;' and she may n't be so fur out theer. But if that be nowt to she, then it be nowt to me. (*Looking off stage.*) Schoolmaster! Why if Steer han't haxed schoolmaster to dinner, thaw 'e knaws I was hallus ageän heving schoolmaster i' the parish! fur him as be handy wi' a booök beänt but haäfe a hand at a pitchfork.

Enter WILSON.

Well, Wilson. I seed that one cow o' thine i' the pinfold ageän as I wur a-coomin' 'ere.

Wilson. Very likely, Mr. Dobson. She *will* break fence. I can't keep her in order.

Dobson. An' if tha can't keep thy one cow i' horder, how can tha keep all thy scholards i' horder? But let that goä by. What dost a knaw o' this Mr. Hedgar as be a-lodgin' wi' ye? I coom'd upon 'im t' other daäy lookin' at the coontry, then a-scrattin upon a bit o' paäper, then a-lookin' ageän; and I taäked 'im fur soom sort of a land-surveyor — but a beänt.

Wilson. He 's a Somersetshire mar and a very civil-spoken gentleman.

Dobson. Gentleman! What be h a-doing here ten mile an' moor fro' raäil? We laäys out o' the waäy fu gentlefoälk altogither — leästwaäy they niver cooms 'ere but fur the trou i' our beck, fur they be knaw'd as fa as Littlechester. But 'e doänt fis neither.

Wilson. Well, it 's no sin in a ger tleman not to fish.

Dobson. Noä, but I haätes 'im.

Wilson. Better step out of his road then, for he 's walking to us, and wit a book in his hand.

Dobson. An' I haätes booöks an' al fur they puts foälk off the owd waäy:

Enter EDGAR, *reading — not seein* DOBSON *and* WILSON.

Edgar. This author, with his charı
of simple style
And close dialectic, all but proving ma
An automatic series of sensations,
Has often numb'd me into apathy
Against the unpleasant jolts of th
rough road
That breaks off short into the abyss
— made me
A quietist taking all things easily.

Dobson (*aside*). There mun be sur mut wrong theer, Wilson, fur I doä understan' it.

Wilson (*aside*). Nor I either, M Dobson.

Dobson (*scornfully*). An' thou doä understan' it neither — and thou schoo master an' all!

Edgar. What can a man, then, liv
for but sensations,
Pleasant ones? men of old wou
undergo
Unpleasant for the sake of pleasa
ones
Hereafter, like the Moslem beauti
waiting
To clasp their lovers by the gold
gates.
For me, whose cheerless Houris aft
death
Are Night and Silence, pleasant or
— the while —
If possible, here! to crop the flow
and pass.

Dobson. Well, I never 'eärd the lik o' that afoor.

on (*aside*). But I have, Mr. Dob-
It 's the old Scripture text, 'Let
and drink, for to-morrow we
I 'm sorry for it, for, tho' he
comes to church, I thought bet-
him.
ir. 'What are we,' says the blind
old man in Lear?
es to the gods; they kill us for
their sport.'
on (*aside*). Then the owd man
should be shaämed o' hissen,
än o' the parishes goäs by that
'ereabouts.
ir. The gods! but they, the
shadows of ourselves,
past for ever. It is Nature kills,
ot for *her* sport either. She knows
nothing.
nly knows, the worse for him!
for why
t *he* take his pastime like the
flies?
f my pleasure breed another's
pain,
– is not that the course of Nature
too,
the dim dawn of being — her
main law
by she grows in beauty — that
her flies
nassacre each other? this poor
Nature!
on. Natur! Natur! Well, it be
natur to knock 'im o' the 'eäd
out I weänt.
ir. A quietist taking all things
easily — why —
been dipping into this again
el myself against the leaving
ner?
[*Closes book, seeing* Wilson.
ay!
on. Good day, sir.
[Dobson *looks hard at* Edgar.
r (*to* Dobson). Have I the plea-
sure, friend, of knowing you?
m. Dobson.
r. Good day, then, Dobson.
[*Exit.*
on. 'Good daäy, then, Dobson!'
ooken i'deed! Why, Wilson,
ärd 'im thysen — the feller
't find a Mister in his mouth
e, as farms five hoonderd
294

Wilson. You never find one for me, Mr. Dobson.

Dobson. Noä, fur thou be nobbut schoolmaster; but I taäkes 'im for a Lunnun swindler, and a burn fool.

Wilson. He can hardly be both, and he pays me regular every Saturday.

Dobson. Yeäs; but I haätes 'im.

Enter STEER, FARM MEN *and* WOMEN.

Steer (*goes and sits under apple-tree*). Hev' ony o' ye seen Eva? 303

Dobson. Noä, Mr. Steer.

Steer. Well, I reckons they 'll hev' a fine cider-crop to-year if the blossom 'owds. Good murnin', neighbors, and the saäme to you, my men. I taäkes it kindly of all o' you that you be coomed — what 's the newspaäper word, Wilson? — celebrate — to celebrate my birthdaäy i' this fashion. Niver man 'ed better friends, and I will saäy niver master 'ed better men; fur thaw I may ha' fallen out wi' ye sometimes, the fault, mebbe, wur as much mine as yours; and, thaw I says it mysen, niver men 'ed a better master, and I knaws what men be, and what masters be, fur I wur nobbut a laäborer, and now I be a landlord — burn a plowman, and now, as far as money goäs, I be a gentleman, thaw I beänt naw scholard, fur I 'ednt naw time to maäke mysen a scholard while I wur maäkin' mysen a gentleman, but I ha' taäen good care to turn out boäth my darters right down fine laädies.

Dobson. An' soä they be. 329

First Farming Man. Soä they be! soä they be!

Second Farming Man. The Lord bless boäth on 'em!

Third Farming Man. An' the saäme to you, master!

Fourth Farming Man. And long life to boäth on 'em! An' the saäme to you, Master Steer, likewise!

Steer. Thank ye!

Enter EVA.

Wheer 'asta been? 340

Eva (*timidly*). Many happy returns of the day, father.

Steer. They can't be many, my dear, but I 'oäpes they 'll be 'appy.

Dobson. Why, tha looks haäle anew to last to a hoonderd.

Steer. An' why should n't I last to a

hoonderd ? Haäle! why should n't I be haäle ? fur thaw I be heighty this very daäy, I niver 'es sa much as one pin's prick of paäin; an' I can taäke my glass along wi' the youngest, fur I niver touched a drop of owt till my oän wedding-daäy, an' then I wur turned huppads o' sixty. Why should n't I be haäle ? I ha' plowed the ten-aäcre — it be mine now — afoor ony o' ye wur burn — ye all knaws the ten aäcre — I mun ha' plowed it moor nor a hoonderd times; hallus hup at sunrise, and I 'd drive the plow straäit as a line right i' the faäce o' the sun, then back ageän, a-follering my oän shadder — then hup ageän i' the faäce o' the sun. Eh! how the sun 'ud shine, and the larks 'ud sing i' them daäys, and the smell o' the mou'd an' all. Eh! if I could ha' gone on wi' the plowin' nob-but the smell o' the mou'd 'ud ha' maäde ma live as long as Jerusalem.

Eva. Methuselah, father. 371

Steer. Ay, lass, but when thou be as owd as me thou 'll put one word fur another as I does.

Dobson. But, Steer, thaw thou be haäle anew I seed tha a-limpin' up just now wi' the roomatics i' the knee.

Steer. Roomatics! Noä; I laäme't my knee last night running arter a thief. Beänt there house-breäkers down i' Littlechester, Dobson, — doänt ye hear of ony ? 382

Dobson. Ay, that there be. Immanuel Goldsmith's was broke into o' Monday night, and ower a hoonderd pounds worth o' rings stolen.

Steer. So I thowt, and I heärd the winder — that 's the winder at the end o' the passage, that goäs by thy chaumber. (*Turning to* Eva.) Why, lass, what maäkes tha sa red ? Did 'e git into thy chaumber ? 392

Eva. Father!

Steer. Well, I runned arter thief i' the dark, and fell ageän coalscuttle and my kneeä gev waäy or I 'd ha' cotched 'im, but afoor I coomed up he got thruff the winder ageän.

Eva. Got thro' the window again ?

Steer. Ay, but he left the mark of 'is foot i' the flower-bed; now theer be noän o' my men, thinks I to mysen, 'ud ha' done it 'cep' it were Dan Smith, fur I cotched 'im once a-stealin' coäl an' I sent fur 'im, an' I measured h foot wi' the mark i' the bed, but would n't fit — seeäms to me the mar wur maäde by a Lunnun boot. (*Loo at* Eva.) Why, now, what maäk tha sa white ? 4

Eva. Fright, father!

Steer. Maäke thysen eäsy. I 'll he the winder naäiled up, and put Tows under it.

Eva (*clasping her hands*). No, n father! Towser 'll tear him all pieces.

Steer. Let him keep awaäy, ther but coom, coom! let 's be gawin. Th ha' broached a barrel of aäle i' the lor barn, and the fiddler be theer, and t lads and lassies 'ull hev a dance.

Eva (*aside*). Dance! small heart ha I to dance. I should seem to be da cing upon a grave.

Steer. Wheer be Mr. Edgar ? abo the premises ?

Dobson. Hallus about the premise

Steer. So much the better, so mu the better. I likes 'im, and Eva lik 'im. Eva can do owt wi' 'im; lo for 'im, Eva, and bring 'im to the bar He 'ant naw pride in 'im, and we git 'm to speechify for us arter dinn

Eva. Yes, father! [*Ex*

Steer. Coom along then, all the re o' ye! Church-warden be a coomi thaw me and 'im we niver 'grees abo the tithe; and parson mebbe, thaw niver mended that gap i' the gle fence as I telled 'im; and blacksmit thaw he niver shoes a herse to n likings; and baäker, thaw I stic to hoäm-maäde — but all on 'em w come, all on 'em welcome; and I' hed the long barn cleared out of the machines, and the sacks, and t taäters, and the mangles, and theer be room anew for all o' ye. Foller m

All. Yeäs, yeäs! Three cheers Mr. Steer.

[*All exeunt except* Dobson *into ba*

Enter EDGAR.

Dobson (*who is going, turns*). Squi if so be you be a squire.

Edgar. Dobbins, I think.

Dobson. Dobbins, you thinks; a I thinks ye weärs a Lunnun boot.

Edgar. Well ?

son. And I thinks I 'd like to
the measure o' your foot.
ar. Ay, if you 'd like to measure
own length upon the grass.
son. Coom, coom, that 's a good
Why, I could throw four o' ye;
promised one of the Misses I
n't meddle wi' ye, and I weänt.
[*Exit into barn.*
ar. Jealous of me with Eva! Is
it so?
tho' I grudge the pretty jewel,
that I
worn, to such a clod, yet that
might be
est way out of it, if the child
could keep
ounsel. I am sure I wish her
happy.
must free myself from this en-
tanglement.
e all my life before me — so has
she —
ier a month or two, and her af-
fections
lower toward the light in some
new face.
am half-afraid to meet her now.
ill urge marriage on me. I hate
tears.
ige is but an old tradition. I hate
ions, ever since my narrow fa-
ther,
my frolic with his tenant's girl,
younger elder son, violated the
whole
ion of our land, and left his
heir,
happily, with some sense of art,
to live
sh and pencil. By and by, when
Thought
down among the crowd, and
man perceives that
ost gleam of an after-life but
leaves him
t of prey in the dark, why then
the crowd
vreak my wrongs upon my
wrongers. Marriage!
ine, fat, hook-nosed uncle of
mine, old Harold,
eaves me all his land at Little-
chester,
o, would oust me from his will,
if I

Made such a marriage. And marriage
in itself —
The storm is hard at hand will sweep
away
Thrones, churches, ranks, traditions,
customs, marriage
One of the feeblest! Then the man,
the woman,
Following their best affinities, will
each
Bid their old bond farewell with
smiles, not tears;
Good wishes, not reproaches; with no
fear
Of the world's gossiping clamor, and
no need
Of veiling their desires.
Conventionalism,
Who shrieks by day at what she does
by night,
Would call this vice; but one time's
vice may be
The virtue of another; and Vice and
Virtue
Are but two masks of self; and what
hereafter
Shall mark out Vice from Virtue in
the gulf
Of never-dawning darkness?

Enter Eva.

My sweet Eva,
Where have you lain in ambush all
the morning?
They say your sister, Dora, has re-
turn'd,
And that should make you happy, if
you love her!
But you look troubled.
Eva. O, I love her so,
I was afraid of her, and I hid my-
self.
We never kept a secret from each
other;
She would have seen at once into my
trouble,
And ask'd me what I could not answer.
O, Philip,
Father heard you last night. Our sav-
age mastiff,
That all but kill'd the beggar, will be
placed
Beneath the window, Philip.
Edgar. Savage, is he?
What matters? Come, give me your
hand and kiss me

This beautiful May-morning.
Eva. The most beautiful
May we have had for many years!
Edgar. And here
Is the most beautiful morning of this May.
Nay, you must smile upon me! There —you make
The May and morning still more beautiful,
You, the most beautiful blossom of the May.
Eva. Dear Philip, all the world is beautiful
If we were happy, and could chime in with it.
Edgar. True; for the senses, love, are for the world;
That for the senses.
Eva. Yes.
Edgar. And when the man,
The child of evolution, flings aside
His swaddling-bands, the morals of the tribe,
He, following his own instincts as his God,
Will enter on the larger golden age,
No pleasure then taboo'd; for when the tide
Of full democracy has overwhelm'd
This Old World, from that flood will rise the New,
Like the Love-goddess, with no bridal veil,
Ring, trinket of the Church, but naked Nature
In all her loveliness.
Eva. What are you saying?
Edgar. That, if we did not strain to make ourselves
Better and higher than Nature, we might be
As happy as the bees there at their honey
In these sweet blossoms.
Eva. Yes; how sweet they smell!
Edgar. There! let me break some off for you.
[*Breaking branch off.*
Eva. My thanks.
But, look, how wasteful of the blossom you are!
One, two, three, four, five, six—you have robb'd poor father
Of ten good apples. O, I forgot to tell you
He wishes you to dine along with us
And speak for him after—you that are so clever!
Edgar. I grieve I cannot; but, in deed—
Eva. What is it?
Edgar. Well, business. I must leave you, love, to-day.
Eva. Leave me, to-day! And when will you return?
Edgar. I cannot tell precisely; but-
Eva. But what
Edgar. I trust, my dear, we shall be always friends.
Eva. After all that has gone between us—friends!
What, only friends? [*Drops branch*
Edgar. All that has gone between us
Should surely make us friends.
Eva. But keep us lovers
Edgar. Child, do you love me now
Eva. Yes, now and ever
Edgar. Then you should wish to both to love for ever.
But, if you *will* bind love to one for ever,
Altho' at first he take his bonds for flowers,
As years go on, he feels them press upon him,
Begins to flutter in them, and at last
Breaks thro' them, and so flies away for ever;
While, had you left him free use of his wings,
Who knows that he had ever dreamt of flying?
Eva. But all that sounds so wicked and so strange;
'Till death us part'—those are the only words,
The true ones—nay, and those not true enough,
For they that love do not believe that death
Will part them. Why do you jest with me, and try
To fright me? Tho' you are a gentleman,
I but a farmer's daughter—
Edgar. Tut! you talk
Old feudalism. When the great Democracy
Makes a new world—
Eva. And if you be not jesting

ier the old world, nor the new, nor father,
r, nor you, shall ever see me more.
gar (*moved*). Then — (*aside*) Shall I say it? — (*aloud*) fly with me to-day.
a. No! Philip, Philip, if you do not marry me,
ll go mad for utter shame and die.
gar. Then, if we needs must be conventional,
n shall your parish-parson bawl our banns
re your gaping clowns?
a. Not in our church — nk I scarce could hold my head up there.
ere no other way?
gar. Yes, if you cared e an over-opulent superstition, they would grant you what they call a license
arry. Do you wish it?
a. *Do* I wish it?
gar. In London.
a. You will write to me?
gar. I will.
a. And I will fly to you thro' the night, the storm — tho' the fire should run along the ground,
nce it did in Egypt. O, you see,
s just out of school, I had no mother —
ster far away — and you, a gentleman,
me to trust you — yes, in everything —
was the only *true* love; and I trusted —
s, indeed, I would have died for you.
could you — O, how could you? — nay, how could I?
ow you will set all right again, and I
not be made the laughter of the village,
poor old father not die miserable.

DORA (*singing in the distance*).

oy for the promise of May, of May,
joy for the promise of May!

gar. Speak not so loudly; that must be your sister.

You never told her, then, of what has past
Between us.
Eva. Never!
Edgar. Do not till I bid you.
Eva. No, Philip, no. [*Turns away.*
Edgar (*moved*). How gracefully there she stands
Weeping — the little Niobe! What! we prize
The statue or the picture all the more
When we have made them ours! Is she less lovable,
Less lovely, being wholly mine? To stay —
Follow my art among these quiet fields,
Live with these honest folk — and play the fool!
No! she that gave herself to me so easily
Will yield herself as easily to another
Eva. Did you speak, Philip?
Edgar. Nothing more, farewell. [*They embrace.*

DORA (*coming nearer*).

O, grief for the promise of May, of May,
O, grief for the promise of May!

Edgar (*still embracing her*). Keep up your heart until we meet again.
Eva. If that should break before we meet again?
Edgar. Break! nay, but call for Philip when you will,
And he returns.
Eva. Heaven hears you, Philip Edgar!
Edgar (*moved*). And *he* would hear you even from the grave.
Heaven curse him if he come not at your call! [*Exit.*

Enter DORA.

Dora. Well, Eva!
Eva. O, Dora, Dora, how long you have been away from home! O, how often I have wished for you! It seemed to me that we were parted for ever.
Dora. For ever, you foolish child! What 's come over you? We parted like the brook yonder about the alder island, to come together again in a moment and to go on together again, till one of us be married. But where is this Mr. Edgar whom you praised

so in your first letters? You have n't even mentioned him in your last? 636

Eva. He has gone to London.

Dora. Ay, child; and you look thin and pale. Is it for his absence? Have you fancied yourself in love with him? That 's all nonsense, you know, such a baby as you are. But you shall tell me all about it. 643

Eva. Not now — presently. Yes, I have been in trouble, but I am happy — I think, quite happy now.

Dora (*taking* Eva's *hand*). Come, then, and make them happy in the long barn, for father is in his glory, and there is a piece of beef like a house-side, and a plum-pudding as big as the round hay-stack. But see, they are coming out for the dance already. Well, my child, let us join them. 654

Enter all from barn, laughing. EVA *sits reluctantly under apple-tree.* STEER *enters, smoking, sits by* EVA. *Dance.*

ACT II

Five years have elapsed between Acts I. and II.

SCENE. — A MEADOW. ON ONE SIDE A PATHWAY GOING OVER A RUSTIC BRIDGE. AT BACK THE FARM-HOUSE AMONG THE TREES. IN THE DISTANCE A CHURCH SPIRE

DOBSON *and* DORA.

Dobson. So the owd uncle i' Coomberland be deäd, Miss Dora, beänt he?

Dora. Yes, Mr. Dobson, I 've been attending on his death-bed and his burial.

Dobson. It be five year sin' ye went afoor to him, and it seems to me nobbut t'other day. Hes n't he left ye nowt?

Dora. No, Mr. Dobson. 10

Dobson. But he were mighty fond o' ye, warn't he?

Dora. Fonder of poor Eva — like everybody else.

Dobson (*handing* Dora *basket of roses*). Not like me, Miss Dora; and I 'ha' browt these roses to ye — I forgits what they calls 'em, but I hallus gi'ed soom on 'em to Miss Eva at this time o' year. Will ya taäke 'em? fur Miss Eva, she set the bush by my dairy winder afoor she went to school at Littlechester — so I allus browt soom on 'em to her; and now she be gone will ye taäke 'em, Miss Dora? 2

Dora. I thank you. They tell me that yesterday you mentioned her name too suddenly before my father. See that you do not do so again!

Dobson. Noä; I knaws a deäl better now. I seed how the owd man wur vext. 3

Dora. I take them, then, for Eva's sake.

[*Takes basket, places some in her dress.*

Dobson. Eva's saäke. Yeäs. Poor gell, poor gell! I can't abeär to think on 'er now, fur I 'd ha' done owt for 'er mysen; an' ony o' Steer's men, an' ony o' my men 'ud ha' done owt for 'er, an' all the parish 'ud ha' done owt fur 'er, fur we was all on us proud o' 'er, an' them theer be soom of her oän roses, an' she wur as sweet as ony o' 'em — the Lord bless 'er — 'er oän sen an' weänt ye taäke 'em now, Miss Dora, fur 'er saäke an' fur my saäke an' all?

Dora. Do you want them back again?

Dobson. Noä, noä! Keep 'em. But I hed a word to saäy to ye.

Dora. Why, Farmer, you should be in the hay-field looking after your men; you could n't have more splendid weather.

Dobson. I be a going theer; but I thowt I 'd bring tha them roses fust. The weather 's well anew, but the glass be a bit shaäky. S'iver we 've led moäst on it.

Dora. Ay! but you must not be too sudden with it either, as you were last year, when you put it in green and your stack caught fire.

Dobson. I were insured, Miss, and I lost nowt by it. But I weänt be too sudden wi' it; and I feel sewer, Miss Dora, that I ha' been noän too sudden wi' you, fur I ha' sarved fer ye weel nigh as long as the man sarved for his sweet'art i' Scriptur'. Weänt ye gi' me a kind answer at last?

ra. I have no thought of mar-
e, my friend. We have been in
grief these five years, not only
ny sister's account, but the ill
ess of the farm, and the debts,
my father's breaking down, and
lindness. How could I think of
ng him?
bson. Eh, but I be well to do;
if ye would nobbut hev me, I
d taäke the owd blind man to
ön fireside. You should hev him
wi' ye.
ra. You are generous, but it
ot be. I cannot love you; nay, I
I never can be brought to love
man. It seems to me that I hate
ever since my sister left us. O,
ere. (*Pulls out a letter.*) I wear
ext my heart. Poor sister, I
it five years ago. 'Dearest
,—I have lost myself, and am
for ever to you and my poor
r. I thought Mr. Edgar the best
en, and he has proved himself the
t. Seek not for me, or you may
ne at the bottom of the river. —
bson. Be that my fault?
ra. No; but how should I,
this grief still at my heart, take
e milking of your cows, the fat-
of your calves, the making of
butter, and the managing of
poultry?
bson. Naäy, but I hev an owd
an as 'ud see to all that; and you
d sit i' your oän parlor quite like
dy, ye should!
ra. It cannot be.
bson. And plaäy the pianner, if
ked, all daäy long, like a laädy,
ould an' all.
ra. It cannot be.
bson. And I would loove tha
nor ony gentleman 'ud loove tha.
ra. No, no; it cannot be.
bson. And p'raps ye hears 'at I
times taäkes a drop too much;
hat be all along o' you, Miss, be-
ye weänt hev me; but if ye
d, I could put all that o' one side
anew.
ra. Cannot you understand plain
s, Mr. Dobson? I tell you, it can-
e.

Dobson. Eh, lass! Thy feyther eddicated his darters to marry gentlefoälk, and see what 's coomed on it.

Dora. That is enough, Farmer Dobson. You have shown me that, though fortune had born *you* into the estate of a gentleman, you would still have been Farmer Dobson. You had better attend to your hay-field. Good-afternoon. [*Exit.*

Dobson. 'Farmer Dobson!' Well, I be Farmer Dobson; but I thinks Farmer Dobson's dog 'ud ha' knaw'd better nor to cast her sister's misfortin inter 'er teeth arter she 'd been a-reädin' me the letter wi' 'er voice a-shaäkin', and the drop in 'er eye. Theer she goäs! Shall I foller 'er and ax 'er to maäke it up? Noä, not yet. Let 'er cool upon it; I likes 'er all the better fur taäkin' me down, like a laädy, as she be. Farmer Dobson! I be Farmer Dobson sewer anew; but if iver I cooms upo' Gentleman Hedgar ageän, and doänt laäy my cartwhip athurt 'is shou'ders, why then I beänt Farmer Dobson, but summun else — blaäme 't if I beänt!

Enter HAYMAKERS *with a load of hay.*

The last on it, eh?
First Haymaker. Yeäs.
Dobson. Hoäm wi' it, then.
[*Exit surlily.*
First Haymaker. Well, it be the last loäd hoäm.
Second Haymaker. Yeäs, an' owd Dobson should be glad on it. What maäkes 'im allus sa glum?
Sally Allen. Glum! he be wuss nor glum. He coom'd up to me yisterdaäy i' the haäy-field, when meä and my sweet'art was a-workin' along o' one side wi' one another, and he sent 'im awaäy to t' other end o' the field; and when I axed 'im why, he telled me 'at sweet'arts niver worked well togither; and I telled *'im* 'at sweet'arts allus worked best togither; and then he called me a rude naäme, and I can't abide 'im.
James. Why, lass, doänt tha knaw he be sweet upo' Dora Steer, and she weänt sa much as look at 'im? And wheniver 'e sees two sweet'arts togither like thou and me, Sally, he be

fit to bust hissen wi' spites and jalousies.

Sally. Let 'im bust hissen, then, for owt *I* cares.

First Haymaker. Well, but, as I said afoor, it be the last loäd hoäm; do thou and thy sweet'art sing us hoäm to supper — 'The Last Loäd Hoäm.'

All. Ay! 'The Last Loäd Hoäm.'

SONG.

What did ye do, and what did ye saäy,
Wi' the wild white rose, an' the woodbine sa gaäy,
An' the midders all mow'd, an' the sky sa blue —
What did ye saäy, and what did ye do,
When ye thowt there were nawbody watchin' o' you,
And you an' your Sally was forkin' the haäy,
At the end of the daäy,
For the last loäd hoäm?

What did we do, and what did we saäy,
Wi' the briar sa green, an' the willer sa graäy,
An' the midders all mow'd, an' the sky sa blue —
Do ye think I be gawin' to tell it to you,
What we mowt saäy, and what we mowt do,
When me an' my Sally was forkin' the haäy,
At the end of the daäy,
For the last loäd hoäm?

But what did ye saäy, and what did ye do,
Wi' the butterflies out, and the swallers at plaäy,
An' the midders all mow'd, an' the sky sa blue?
Why, coom then, owd feller, I'll tell it to you;
For me an' my Sally we sweär'd to be true,
To be true to each other, let 'appen what maäy,
Till the end of the daäy,
And the last loäd hoäm.

All. Well sung!

James. Fanny be the naäme i' the song, but I swopt it fur *she.*

[*Pointing to* Sally.

Sally. Let ma aloän afoor foälk, wilt tha?

First Haymaker. Ye shall sing that ageän to-night, fur owd Dobson 'll gi'e us a bit o' supper.

Sally. I weänt goä to owd Dobson; he wur rude to me i' tha haäy-field, and he 'll be rude to me ageän to-night. Owd Steer 's gotten all his grass down and wants a hand, and I'll goä to him.

First Haymaker. Owd Steer gi'es nubbut cowd tea to *'is* men, and owd Dobson gi'es beer.

Sally. But I 'd like owd Steer's cowd tea better nor Dobson's beer. Good-bye.

[*Going.*

James. Gi'e us a buss fust, lass.

Sally. I tell'd tha to let ma aloän!

James. Why, was n't thou and me a-bussin' o' one another t' other side o the haäy-cock, when owd Dobson coom'd upo' us? I can't let tha aloän if I would, Sally.

[*Offering to kiss her.*

Sally. Git along wi' ye, do! [*Exit.*

[*All laugh; exeunt singing.*

To be true to each other, let 'appen wha
maäy,
Till the end o' the daäy,
An' the last loäd hoäm.

Enter HAROLD.

Harold. Not Harold! 'Philip Edgar Philip Edgar!'
Her phantom call'd me by the name she loved.
I told her I should hear her from the grave.
Ay! yonder is her casement. I remember
Her bright face beaming starlike down upon me
Thro' that rich cloud of blossom
Since I left her
Here weeping, I have ranged the world, and sat
Thro' every sensual course of that full feast
That leaves but emptiness.

SONG.

To be true to each other, let 'appen wha
maäy,
To the end o' the daäy,
An' the last loäd hoäm.

Harold. Poor Eva! O my God, is man be only
A willy-nilly current of sensations —
Reaction needs must follow revel — yet —
Why feel remorse, he, knowing tha he *must* have

ed in the iron grooves of Destiny?
orse then is a part of Destiny,
ire a liar, making us feel guilty
er own faults.
My grandfather — of him
y say, that women —
O, this mortal house,
ch we are born into, is haunted
by
ghosts of the dead passions of
dead men;
these take flesh again with our
own flesh,
bring us to confusion.
He was only
oor philosopher who call'd the
mind
children a blank page, a *tabula rasa*.
re, there, is written in invisible
inks
st, Prodigality, Covetousness,
Craft,
ardice, Murder' — and the heat
and fire
fe will bring them out, and black
enough,
he child grow to manhood. Better death
our first wail than life —

Song (*further off*).

Till the end o' the daäy,
An' the last loäd hoäm,
Loäd hoäm.

bridge again!
(*Steps on the bridge.*)
How often have I stood
Eva here! The brook among its
flowers!
et-me-not, meadow-sweet, willow-
herb.
some smattering of science then,
ght her the learned names, anatomized
flowers for her — and now I only
wish
pool were deep enough, that I
might plunge
lose myself for ever.

Enter Dan Smith (*singing*).

op! whoä! Gee oop! whoä!
rs an' Pumpy was good uns to goä
Thruf slush an' squad
When roäds was bad,
But hallus 'ud stop at the Vine-an'-the-Hop,
Fur boäth on 'em knawed as well as mysen
That beer be as good fur 'erses as men.
Gee oop! whoä! Gee oop! whoä!
Scizzars an' Pumpy was good uns to goä.

The beer 's gotten oop into my 'eäd. S'iver I mun git along back to the farm, fur she tell'd ma to taäke the cart to Littlechester.

Enter Dora.

Dora. Half an hour late! why are you loitering here? Away with you at once. [*Exit* Dan Smith.

(*Seeing* Harold *on bridge.*)
Some madman, is it,
Gesticulating there upon the bridge?
I am half afraid to pass.

Harold. Sometimes I wonder,
When man has surely learnt at last that all
His old-world faith, the blossom of his youth,
Has faded, falling fruitless — whether then
All of us, all at once, may not be seized
With some fierce passion, not so much for Death
As against Life! all, all, into the dark —
No more! — and science now could drug and balm us
Back into nescience with as little pain
As it is to fall asleep.
This beggarly life,
This poor, flat, hedged-in field — no distance — this
Hollow Pandora-box,
With all the pleasures flown, not even Hope
Left at the bottom!
Superstitious fool,
What brought me here? To see her grave? her ghost?
Her ghost is everyway about me here.

Dora (*coming forward*). Allow me, sir, to pass you.

Harold. Eva!

Dora. Eva!

Harold. What are you? Where do you come from?

Dora. From the farm
Here, close at hand.

Harold. Are you — you are — that Dora,
The sister. I have heard of you. The likeness
Is very striking.
Dora. You knew Eva, then?
Harold. Yes — I was thinking of her when — O, yes,
Many years back, and never since have met
Her equal for pure innocence of nature,
And loveliness of feature.
Dora. No, nor I.
Harold. Except, indeed, I have found it once again
In your own self.
Dora. You flatter me. Dear Eva
Was always thought the prettier.
Harold. And *her* charm
Of voice is also yours; and I was brooding
Upon a great unhappiness when you spoke.
Dora. Indeed, you seem'd in trouble, sir.
Harold. And you
Seem my good angel who may help me from it.
Dora (*aside*). How worn he looks, poor man! who is it, I wonder.
How can I help him? (*Aloud.*) Might I ask your name?
Harold. Harold.
Dora. I never heard her mention you.
Harold. I met her first at a farm in Cumberland —
Her uncle's.
Dora. She was there six years ago.
Harold. And if she never mention'd me, perhaps
The painful circumstances which I heard —
I will not vex you by repeating them —
Only last week at Littlechester, drove me
From out her memory. She has disappear'd,
They told me, from the farm — and darker news.
Dora. She has disappear'd, poor darling, from the world —
Left but one dreadful line to say, that we
Should find her in the river; and we dragg'd
The Littlechester river all in vain,
Have sorrow'd for her all these years in vain.
And my poor father, utterly broken down
By losing her — she was his favorite child —
Has let his farm, all his affairs, I fear,
But for the slender help that I can give,
Fall into ruin. Ah! that villain, Edgar,
If he should ever show his face among us,
Our men and boys would hoot him, stone him, hunt him
With pitchforks off the farm, for all of them
Loved her, and she was worthy of all love.
Harold. They say, we should forgive our enemies.
Dora. Ay, if the wretch were dead I might forgive him;
We know not whether he be dead or living.
Harold. What Edgar?
Dora. Philip Edgar of Toft Hall In Somerset. Perhaps you know him?
Harold. Slightly.
(*Aside.*) Ay, for how slightly have I known myself!
Dora. This Edgar, then, is living?
Harold. Living? well —
One Philip Edgar of Toft Hall in Somerset
Is lately dead.
Dora. Dead! is there more than one?
Harold. Nay — now — not one, (*aside*) for I am Philip Harold.
Dora. That one, is he then — dead!
Harold (*aside*). My father's death
Let her believe it mine; this, for the moment,
Will leave me a free field.
Dora. Dead! and this world
Is brighter for his absence, as that other
Is darker for his presence.
Harold. Is not this
To speak too pitilessly of the dead?
Dora. My five-years' anger cannot die at once,

all at once with death and him. I trust
ll forgive him — by and by — not now.
r, you seem to have a heart; if you
seen us that wild morning when we found
bed unslept in, storm and shower lashing
casement, her poor spaniel wailing for her,
desolate letter, blotted with her tears,
ch told us we should never see her more —
old nurse crying as if for her own child,
ather stricken with his first paralysis,
then with blindness — had you been one of us
seen all this, then you would know it is not
sy to forgive — even the dead.
rold. But sure am I that of your gentleness
will forgive him. She you mourn for seem'd
racle of gentleness — would not blur
oth's wing by the touching; would not crush
fly that drew her blood; and, were she living,
d not — if penitent — have denied him *her*
veness. And perhaps the man himself,
hearing of that piteous death, has suffer'd
than we know. But wherefore waste your heart
oking on a chill and changeless past?
will fuse, and marble melt; the past
ins the past. But you are young, and — pardon me —
vely as your sister. Who can tell golden hours, with what full hands, may be
ng you in the distance? Might I call
your father — I have seen the world —

And cheer his blindness with a traveller's tales?
Dora. Call if you will, and when you will. I cannot
Well answer for my father; but if you
Can tell me anything of our sweet Eva
When in her brighter girlhood, I at least
Will bid you welcome, and will listen to you.
Now I must go.
Harold. But give me first your hand;
I do not dare, like an old friend, to shake it.
I kiss it as a prelude to that privilege
When you shall know me better.
Dora (*aside*). How beautifu
His manners are, and how unlike th farmer's!
You are staying here?
Harold. Yes, at the wayside inn
Close by that alder-island in your brook,
'The Angler's Home.'
Dora. Are *you* one?
Harold. No, but I
Take some delight in sketching, and the country
Has many charms, altho' the inhabitants
Seem semi-barbarous.
Dora. I am glad it pleases you;
Yet I, born here, not only love the country,
But its inhabitants too; and you, I doubt not,
Would take to them as kindly, if you cared
To live some time among them.
Harold. If I did,
Then one at least of its inhabitants
Might have more charm for me than all the country.
Dora. That one, then, should be grateful for your preference.
Harold. I cannot tell, tho' standing in her presence.
(*Aside.*) She colors!
Dora. Sir!
Harold. Be not afraid of me,
For these are no conventional flourishes.
I do most earnestly assure you that
Your likeness —
[*Shouts and cries without.*

Dora. What was that? my poor blind father—

Enter FARMING MAN.

Farming Man. Miss Dora, Dan Smith's cart hes runned ower a laädy i' the holler laäne, and they ha' ta'en the body up inter your chaumber, and they be all a-callin' for ye.

Dora. The body! — Heavens! I come!

Harold. But you are trembling. Allow me to go with you to the farm.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter DOBSON.

Dobson. What feller wur it as 'a' been a-talkin' fur haäfe an hour wi' my Dora? (*Looking after him.*) Seeäms I ommost knaws the back on 'im — drest like a gentleman, too. Damn all gentleman, says I! I should ha' thowt they 'd hed anew o' gentlefoälk, as I telled 'er to-daäy when she fell foul upo' me.

Minds ma o' summun. I could sweär to that; but that be all one, fur I haätes 'im afoor I knaws what 'e be. Theer! he turns round. Philip Hedgar o' Soomerset! Philip Hedgar o' Soomerset! — Noä — yeäs — thaw the feller's gone and maäde such a litter of his faäce.

Eh lad, if it be thou, I'll Philip tha! a-plaäyin' the saäme gaäme wi' my Dora — I'll Soomerset tha!

I 'd like to drag 'im thruff the herse-pond, and she to be a-lookin' at it. I 'd like to leather 'im black and blue, and she to be a-laughin' at it. I'd like to fell 'im as deäd as a bullock!

(*Clenching his fist.*)

But what 'ud she saäy to that? She telled me once not to meddle wi' 'im, and now she be fallen out wi' ma, and I can't coom at 'er.

It mun be *him.* Noä! Fur she 'd niver 'a' been talkin' haäfe an hour wi' the divil 'at killed her oän sister, or she beänt Dora Steer.

Yeäs! Fur she niver knawed 'is faäce when 'e wur 'ere afoor; but I 'll maäke 'er knaw! I'll maäke 'er knaw!

Enter HAROLD.

Naäy, but I mun git out on 'is waäy now, or I shall be the death on 'im.

[*Exit.*

Harold. How the clown glared a me! that Dobbins, is it,
With whom I used to jar? but can h trace me
Thro' five years' absence, and m change of name,
The tan of Southern summers and th beard?
I may as well avoid him.
Ladylike
Lilylike in her stateliness and sweet ness!
How came she by it? — a daughter o the fields,
This Dora!
She gave her hand, unask'd, at th farm-gate;
I almost think she half return'd th pressure
Of mine. What, I that held the orang blossom
Dark as the yew? but may not those who march
Before their age, turn back at times and make
Courtesy to custom? and now th stronger motive,
Misnamed free-will — the crowd woul call it conscience —
Moves me — to what? I am dreaming for the past
Look'd thro' the present, Eva's eye thro' hers —
A spell upon me! Surely I loved Ev More than I knew! or is it but the pas
That brightens in retiring? O, las night
Tired, pacing my new lands at Littl chester,
I dozed upon the bridge, and the blac river
Flow'd thro' my dreams — if dream they were. She rose
From the foul flood and pointed towar the farm,
And her cry rang to me across th years,
'I call you, Philip Edgar, Phili Edgar!
Come, you will set all right again, an father
Will not die miserable.' I could mak his age
A comfort to him — so be more at peac
With mine own self. Some of m former friends

ld find my logic faulty; let them. Color
rs thro' my life again, and I have lighted
new pleasure. Anyhow we must
e in the line of least resistance when
stronger motive rules.
But she hates Edgar.
not this Dobbins, or some other, spy
ır in Harold? Well then, I must make her
Harold first, and then she will forgive
ır for Harold's sake. She said herself
vould forgive him, by and by, not now —
ıer own sake *then*, if not for mine — not now —
by and by.

Enter DOBSON *behind.*

bson. By and by — eh, lad, dosta this paäper? Ye dropt it upo' oad. 'Philip Edgar, Esq.' Ay, be a pretty squire. I ha' fun' ye I hev. Eh, lad, dosta knaw what neäns wi' by and by? Fur if ye ›in' to sarve our Dora as ye sarved Eva — then, by and by, if she t listen to me when I be a-tryin' äve 'er — if she weänt — look to en, for, by the Lord, I'd think ıoor o' maäkin' an end o' tha nor rrion craw — noä — thaw they ed ma at 'Size fur it.

rold. Dobbins, I think!

bson. I beänt Dobbins.

rold. Nor am I Edgar, my good v.

bson. Tha lies! What hasta been n' to *my* Dora?

rold. I have been telling her of eath of one Philip Edgar of Toft Somerset.

bson. Tha lies!

rold (*pulling out a newspaper*). my man, it seems that you ead. Look there — under the s.

bson. 'O' the 17th, Philip Edgar, ft Hall, Soomerset.' How coom to be sa like 'im, then?

rold. Naturally enough; for I am closely related to the dead man's family.

Dobson. An' 'ow coom thou by the letter to 'im?

Harold. Naturally again; for, as I used to transact all his business for him, I had to look over his letters. Now then, see these (*takes out letters*). Half a score of them, all directed to me — Harold.

Dobson. 'Arold! 'Arold! 'Arold, so they be.

Harold. My name is Harold! Good day, Dobbins! [*Exit.*

Dobson. 'Arold! The feller's cleän daäzed, an' maäzed, an' maäted, an' muddled ma. Deäd! It mun be true, fur it wur i' print as black as owt. Naäy, but 'Good daäy, Dobbins.' Why, that wur the very twang on 'im. Eh, lad, but whether thou be Hedgar, or Hedgar's business man, thou hes n't naw business 'ere wi' *my* Dora, as I knaws on, an' whether thou calls thysen Hedgar or Harold, if thou stick to she I 'll stick to thee — stick to tha like a weasel to a rabbit, I will. Ay! and I'd like to shoot tha like a rabbit an' all. 'Good daäy, Dobbins.' Dang tha!

ACT III

SCENE. — A ROOM IN STEER'S HOUSE. DOOR LEADING INTO BEDROOM AT THE BACK.

Dora (*ringing a handbell*). Milly!

Enter MILLY.

Milly. The little 'ymn? Yeäs, Miss; but I wur so ta'en up wi' leädin' the owd man about all the blessed murnin' 'at I ha' nobbut larned mysen haäfe on it.

O man, forgive thy mortal foe,
Nor ever strike him blow for blow;
For all the souls on earth that live
To be forgiven must forgive.
Forgive him seventy times and seven;
For all the blessed souls in heaven
Are both forgivers and forgiven.

But I 'll git the book ageän, and larn mysen the rest, and saäy it to ye afoor

dark; ye ringed fur that, Miss, did n't ye?

Dora. No, Milly; but if the farming-men be come for their wages, to send them up to me.

Milly. Yeäs, Miss. [*Exit.*

Dora (*sitting at desk counting money*). Enough at any rate for the present. (*Enter* Farming Men.) Good afternoon, my friends. I am sorry Mr. Steer still continues too unwell to attend to you, but the schoolmaster looked to the paying you your wages when I was away, did n't he?

Men. Yeäs; and thanks to ye.

Dora. Some of our workmen have left us, but he sent me an alphabetical list of those that remain, so, Allen, I may as well begin with you.

Allen (*with his hand to his ear*). Halfabitical! Taäke one o' the young uns fust, Miss, fur I be a bit deaf, and I wur hallus scäared by a big word; leästwaäys, I should be wi' a lawyer.

Dora. I spoke of your names, Allen, as they are arranged here (*shows book*) — according to their first letters.

Allen. Letters! Yeäs, I sees now. Them be what they larns the childer' at school, but I were burn afoor schoolin'-time.

Dora. But, Allen, tho' you can't read, you could whitewash that cottage of yours where your grandson had the fever.

Allen. I 'll hev it done o' Monday.

Dora. Else if the fever spread, the parish will have to thank you for it.

Allen. Meä? why, it be the Lord's doin', noän o' mine; d' ye think *I 'd* gi'e 'em the fever? But I thanks ye all the saäme, Miss. (*Takes money.*)

Dora (*calling out names*). Higgins, Jackson, Luscombe, Nokes, Oldham, Skipworth! (*All take money.*) Did you find that you worked at all the worse upon the cold tea than you would have done upon the beer?

Higgins. Noä, Miss; we worked naw wuss upo' the cowd tea; but we 'd ha' worked better upo' the beer.

Dora. Come, come, you worked well enough, and I am much obliged to all of you. There 's for you, and you, and you. Count the money and see if it 's all right.

Men. All right, Miss; and thank ye kindly.

[*Exeunt* Luscombe, Nokes, Oldham, Skipworth.

Dora. Dan Smith, my father and I forgave you stealing our coals.

[Dan Smith *advances to* Dora.

Dan Smith (*bellowing*). Whoy, O lor, Miss! that wur sa long back, and the walls sa thin, and the winders brokken, and the weather sa cowd, and my missus a-gittin' ower 'er lyin' in.

Dora. Did n't I say that we had forgiven you? But, Dan Smith, they tell me that you — and you have six children — spent all your last Saturday's wages at the ale-house; that you were stupid drunk all Sunday, and so ill in consequence all Monday that you did not come into the hay-field. Why should I pay you your full wages?

Dan Smith. I be ready to taäke the pledge.

Dora. And as ready to break it again. Besides, it was you that were driving the cart — and I fear you were tipsy then, too — when you lamed the lady in the hollow lane.

Dan Smith (*bellowing*). O lor, Miss, noä, noä, noä! Ye sees the holler laäne be hallus sa dark i' the arternoon, and wheere the big esh-tree cuts athurt it it gi'es a turn like, and 'ow should see to laäme the laädy, and me coomin' along pretty sharp an' all?

Dora. Well, there are your wages; the next time you waste them at a public house you get no more from me. (*Exit* Dan Smith.) Sally Allen, you worked for Mr. Dobson, did n't you?

Sally (*advancing*). Yeäs, Miss; but he wur so rough wi' ma, I could n't abide 'im.

Dora. Why should he be rough with you? You are as good as a man in the hay-field. What 's become of your brother?

Sally. 'Listed for a soädger, Miss, in the Queen's Real Hard Tillery.

Dora. And your sweetheart — when are you and he to be married?

Sally. At Michaelmas, Miss, please God.

Dora. You are an honest pair. I will come to your wedding.

Sally. An' I thanks ye fur that, s, moor nor fur the waäge.
Going — returns.) 'A cotched ma ut the waäist, Miss, when 'e wur afoor, an' axed ma to be 'is little eet'art, an' soä I knaw'd 'im when ed 'im ageän an' I telled feyther on
122
Dora. What is all this, Allen?
Allen. Why, Miss Dora, meä and maätes, us three, we wants to hev ee words wi' ye.
Higgins. That be 'im, and meä, s.
Jackson. An' meä, Miss. 129
Allen. An' we weänt mention naw mes, we'd as lief talk o' the divil or ye as 'im, fur they says the mas- goäs cleän off his 'eäd when he 'eärs naäme on 'im; but us three, arter y'd telled us on 'im, we fun' 'im out alkin' i' West Field wi' a white 'at, e o'clock, upo' Tuesday murnin', all on us, wi' your leave, we nts to leather 'im.
Dora. Who? 140
Allen. Him as did the mischief here, year' sin'.
Dora. Mr. Edgar?
Allen. Theer, Miss! You ha' naämed — not me.
Dora. He's dead, man — dead; gone is account — dead and buried.
Allen. I beänt sa sewer o' that, fur y knaw'd 'im. Now then?
Dora. Yes; it was in the Somerset- e papers. 151
Allen. Then yon mun be his brother, we 'll leather *'im.*
Dora. I never heard that he had a her. Some foolish mistake of y's; but what! would you beat a for his brother's fault? That were ld justice indeed. Let bygones be ones. Go home! Good-night! (*All nt.*) I have once more paid them The work of the farm will go on but for how long? We are almost ne bottom of the well: little more e drawn from it — and what then? umbered as we are, who would us anything? We shall have to all the land, which father, for a le life, has been getting together, n, and that, I am sure, would be leath of him. What am I to do? Farmer Dobson, were I to marry him, has promised to keep our heads above water; and the man has doubtless a good heart, and a true and lasting love for me; yet — though I can be sorry for him — as the good Sally says, 'I can't abide him' — almost brutal, and matched with my Harold is like a hedge thistle by a garden rose. But then, he, too — will he ever be of one faith with his wife? which is my dream of a true marriage. Can I fancy him kneeling with me, and uttering the same prayer; standing up side by side with me, and singing the same hymn? I fear not. Have I done wisely, then, in accepting him? But may not a girl's love-dream have too much romance in it to be realized all at once, or altogether, or anywhere but in heaven? And yet I had once a vision of a pure and perfect marriage, where the man and the woman, only differing as the stronger and the weaker, should walk hand in hand together down this valley of tears, as they call it so truly, to the grave at the bottom, and lie down there together in the darkness which would seem but for a moment, to be wakened again together by the light of the resurrection, and no more partings for ever and for ever. (*Walks up and down. She sings.*) 203

O happy lark, that warblest high
Above thy lowly nest,
O brook, that brawlest merrily by
Thro' fields that once were blest,
O tower spiring to the sky,
O graves in daisies drest,
O Love and Life, how weary am I, 210
And how I long for rest!

There, there, I am a fool! Tears! I have sometimes been moved to tears by a chapter of fine writing in a novel; but what have I to do with tears now? All depends on me — father, this poor girl, the farm, everything; and they both love me — I am all in all to both; and he loves me too, I am quite sure of that. Courage, courage! and all will go well. (*Goes to bedroom door; opens it.*) How dark your room is! Let me bring you in here where there is still full daylight. (*Brings* Eva *forward.*) Why, you look better. 225

Eva. And I feel so much better that

I trust I may be able by and by to help you in the business of the farm; but I must not be known yet. Has any one found me out, Dora?

Dora. O, no; you kept your veil too close for that when they carried you in; since then, no one has seen you but myself.

Eva. Yes — this Milly.

Dora. Poor blind father's little guide, Milly, who came to us three years after you were gone, how should she know you? But now that you have been brought to us as it were from the grave, dearest Eva, and have been here so long, will you not speak with father to-day?

Eva. Do you think that I may? No, not yet. I am not equal to it yet.

Dora. Why? Do you still suffer from your fall in the hollow lane?

Eva. Bruised; but no bones broken.

Dora. I have always told father that the huge old ash-tree there would cause an accident some day; but he would never cut it down, because one of the Steers had planted it there in former times.

Eva. If it had killed one of the Steers there the other day, it might have been better for her, for him, and for you.

Dora. Come, come, keep a good heart! Better for me! that's good. How better for me?

Eva. You tell me you have a lover. Will he not fly from you if he learn the story of my shame and that I am still living?

Dora. No; I am sure that when we are married he will be willing that you and father should live with us; for, indeed, he tells me that he met you once in the old times, and was much taken with you, my dear.

Eva. Taken with me; who was he? Have you told him I am here?

Dora. No; do you wish it?

Eva. See, Dora; you yourself are ashamed of me (*weeps*), and I do not wonder at it.

Dora. But I should wonder at myself if it were so. Have we not been all in all to one another from the time when we first peeped into the bird's nest, waded in the brook, ran after the butterflies, and prattled to each other that we would marry fine gentlemen, and played at being fine ladies?

Eva. That last was my father's fault, poor man. And this lover of yours — this Mr. Harold — is a gentleman?

Dora. That he is, from head to foot. I do believe I lost my heart to him the very first time we met, and I love him so much —

Eva. Poor Dora!

Dora. That I dare not tell him how much I love him.

Eva. Better not. Has he offered you marriage, this gentleman?

Dora. Could I love him else?

Eva. And are you quite sure that after marriage this gentleman will not be shamed of his poor farmer's daughter among the ladies in his drawing-room?

Dora. Shamed of me in a drawing-room! Was n't Miss Vavasour, our schoolmistress at Littlechester, a lady born? Were not our fellow-pupils all ladies? Was n't dear mother herself at least by one side a lady? Can't I speak like a lady; pen a letter like a lady; talk a little French like a lady; play a little like a lady? Can't a girl when she loves her husband, and he her, make herself anything he wishes her to be? Shamed of me in a drawing-room, indeed! See here! 'I hope your lordship is quite recovered of your gout?' (*Curtsies.*) 'Will your ladyship ride to cover to-day? (*Curtsies.*) I can recommend our Voltigeur.' 'I am sorry that we could not attend your grace's party on the 10th!' (*Curtsies.*) There, I am glad my nonsense has made you smile!

Eva. I have heard that 'your lordship,' and 'your ladyship,' and 'your grace' are all growing old-fashioned!

Dora. But the love of sister for sister can never be old-fashioned. I have been unwilling to trouble you with questions, but you seem somewhat better to-day. We found a letter in your bedroom torn into bits I could n't make it out. What was it?

Eva. From him! from him! He said we had been most happy to-

ıer, and he trusted that some time should meet again, for he had not gotten his promise to come when I ed him. But that was a mockery, know, for he gave me no address, there was no word of marriage; , O Dora, he signed himself 'Yours tefully' — fancy, Dora, — 'grate- y'! 'Yours gratefully'!

ora. Infamous wretch! (*Aside.*) ll I tell her he is dead? No; she ill too feeble.

va. Hark! Dora, some one is com- I cannot and I will not see any- y.

ora. It is only Milly.

nter MILLY, *with basket of roses.*

Vell, Milly, why do you come in so ghly? The sick lady here might e been asleep.

illy. Pleäse, Miss, Mr. Dobson ed me to saäy he 's browt some of s Eva's roses for the sick laädy to ll on.

ora. Take them, dear. Say that sick lady thanks him! Is he here?

illy. Yeäs, Miss; and he wants peak to ye partic'lar.

ora. Tell him I cannot leave the lady just yet.

illy. Yeäs, Miss; but he says he ts to tell ye summut very par- ar.

ora. Not to-day. What are you ing for?

illy. Why, Miss, I be afeard I l set him a-sweäring like onythink.

ora. And what harm will that do so that you do not copy his bad ners? Go, child. (*Exit* Milly.) Eva, why did you write 'Seek at the bottom of the river'?

va. Why? because I meant it! hat dreadful night! that lonely k to Littlechester, the rain beating y face all the way, dead midnight n I came upon the bridge; the r, black, slimy, swirling under me e lamplight, by the rotten wharfs ıt I was so mad that I mounted ı the parapet —

ora. You make me shudder!

va. To fling myself over, when I d a voice, 'Girl, what are you do- here?' It was a Sister of Mercy, e from the death-bed of a pauper, who had died in his misery blessing God, and the Sister took me to her house, and bit by bit — for she promised secrecy — I told her all.

Dora. And what then?

Eva. She would have persuaded me to come back here, but I could n't. Then she got me a place as nursery governess, and when the children grew too old for me, and I asked her once more to help me, once more she said, 'Go home;' but I had n't the heart or face to do it. And then — what would father say? — I sank so low that I went into service — the drudge of a lodging-house — and when the mistress died, and I appealed to the Sister again, her answer — I think I have it about me — yes, there it is!

Dora (*reads*). 'My dear Child, — I can do no more for you. I have done wrong in keeping your secret; your father must be now in extreme old age. Go back to him and ask his forgiveness before he dies. SISTER AGATHA.' Sister Agatha is right. Don't you long for father's forgiveness?

Eva. I would almost die to have it!

Dora. And he may die before he gives it; may drop off any day, any hour. You must see him at once. (*Rings bell. Enter* Milly.) Milly, my dear, how did you leave Mr. Steer?

Milly. He 's been a-moänin' and a-groänin' in 's sleep, but I thinks he be wakkenin' oop.

Dora. Tell him that I and the lady here wish to see him. You see she is lamed, and cannot go down to him.

Milly. Yeäs, Miss, I will.

[*Exit* Milly.

Dora. I ought to prepare you. You must not expect to find our father as he was five years ago. He is much altered; but I trust that your return — for you know, my dear, you were always his favorite — will give him, as they say, a new lease of life.

Eva (*clinging to* Dora). O, Dora, Dora!

Enter STEER *led by* MILLY.

Steer. Hes the cow cawved?

Dora. No, father.

Steer. Be the colt deäd?

Dora. No, father.

Steer. He wur sa bellows'd out wi' the wind this murnin', 'at I tell'd 'em to gallop 'im. Be he deäd?

Dora. Not that I know.

Steer. What hasta sent fur me, then, fur?

Dora (*taking* Steer's *arm*). Well, father, I have a surprise for you.

Steer. I ha' niver been surprised but once i' my life, and I went blind upon it.

Dora. Eva has come home.

Steer. Hoäm? fro' the bottom o' the river?

Dora. No, father, that was a mistake. She's here again.

Steer. The Steers was all gentlefoälks i' the owd times, an' I worked early an' laäte to maäke 'em all gentlefoälks ageän. The land belonged to the Steers i' the owd times, an' it belongs to the Steers ageän: I bowt it back ageän; but I could n't buy my darter back ageän when she lost hersen, could I? I eddicated boäth on 'em to marry gentlemen, an' one on 'em went an' lost hersen i' the river.

Dora. No, father, she 's here.

Steer. Here! she moänt coom here. What would her mother saäy? If it be her ghoäst, we mun abide it. We can't keep a ghoäst out.

Eva (*falling at his feet*). O, forgive me! forgive me!

Steer. Who said that? Taäke me awaäy, little gell. It be one o' my bad daäys.

[*Exit* Steer *led by* Milly.

Dora (*smoothing* Eva's *forehead*). Be not so cast down, my sweet Eva. You heard him say it was one of his bad days. He will be sure to know you to-morrow.

Eva. It is almost the last of my bad days, I think. I am very faint. I must lie down. Give me your arm. Lead me back again.

[Dora *takes* Eva *into inner room.*

Enter MILLY.

Milly. Miss Dora! Miss Dora!

Dora (*returning and leaving the bedroom door ajar*). Quiet! Quiet! What is it?

Milly. Mr. 'Arold, Miss.

Dora. Below?

Milly. Yeäs, Miss. He be saäyin' a word to the owd man, but he 'll coom up if ye lets 'im.

Dora. Tell him, then, that I'm waiting for him.

Milly. Yeäs, Miss. [*Exit.*

[Dora *sits pensively and waits.*

Enter HAROLD.

Harold. You are pale, my Dora! but the ruddiest cheek
That ever charm'd the plowman of your wolds
Might wish its rose a lily, could it look
But half as lovely. I was speaking with
Your father, asking his consent — you wish'd me —
That we should marry. He would answer nothing,
I could make nothing of him; but, my flower,
You look so weary and so worn! What is it
Has put you out of heart?

Dora. It puts me in heart
Again to see you; but indeed the state
Of my poor father puts me out of heart.
Is yours yet living?

Harold. No — I told you.

Dora. When?

Harold. Confusion! — Ah well, well! the state we all
Must come to in our spring-and-winter world
If we live long enough! and poor Steer looks
The very type of Age in a picture bow'd
To the earth he came from, to the grave he goes to,
Beneath the burthen of years.

Dora. More like the picture
Of Christian in my 'Pilgrim's Progress here,
Bow'd to the dust beneath the burthen of sin.

Harold. Sin! What sin?

Dora. Not his own.

Harold. That nursery-tale
Still read, then?

Dora. Yes; our carters and our shepherds
Still find a comfort there.

Harold. Carters and shepherds

Dora. Scorn! I hate scorn. A soul with no religion —

mother used to say that such a one
without rudder, anchor, compass —might be
n every way with every gust and wreck
ny rock; and tho' you are good and gentle,
f thro' any want —
rold. Of this religion?
l, read a little history, you will find
common brotherhood of man has been
ng'd by the cruelties of his religions
than could ever have happen'd thro' the want
ny or all of them.
ra. But, O dear friend,
ro' the want of any — I mean the true one —
pardon me for saying it — you should ever
empted into doing what might seem
altogether worthy of you, I think
I should break my heart, for you have taught me
ve you.
rold. What is this? some one been stirring
nst me? he, your rustic amorist,
polish'd Damon of your pastoral here,
Dobson of your idyll?
ra. No, sir, no!
you not tell me he was crazed with jealousy,
threaten'd even your life, and would say anything?
not promise not to listen to him,
even to see the man?
rold. Good; then what is it makes you talk so dolefully?
ra. I told you —
ther. Well, indeed, a friend just now,
that has been much wrong'd, whose griefs are mine,
warning me that if a gentleman
d wed a farmer's daughter, he would be
r or later shamed of her among adies, born his equals.
rold. More fool he!
What, I that have been call'd a Socialist,
A Communist, a Nihilist — what you will! —
Dora. What are all these?
Harold. Utopian idiotcies.
They did not last three Junes. Such rampant weeds
Strangle each other, die, and make the soil
For Cæsars, Cromwells, and Napoleons
To root their power in. I have freed myself
From all such dreams, and some will say because
I have inherited my uncle. Let them.
But — shamed of you, my empress! I should prize
The pearl of beauty, even if I found it
Dark with the soot of slums.
Dora. But I can tell you,
We Steers are of old blood, tho' we be fallen.
See there our shield. (*Pointing to arms on mantelpiece.*)
For I have heard the Steers
Had land in Saxon times; and your own name
Of Harold sounds so English and so old
I am sure you must be proud of it.
Harold. Not I!
As yet I scarcely feel it mine. I took it
For some three thousand acres. I have land now
And wealth, and lay both at your feet.
Dora. And *what* was
Your name before?
Harold. Come, come, my girl, enough
Of this strange talk. I love you, and you me.
True, I have held opinions, hold some still,
Which you would scarce approve of; for all that,
I am a man not prone to jealousies,
Caprices, humors, moods, but very ready
To make allowances, and mighty slow
To feel offences. Nay, I do believe
I could forgive — well, almost anything —
And that more freely than your formal priest,

Because I know more fully than *he* can
What poor earthworms are all and each of us,
Here crawling in this boundless Nature. Dora,
If marriage ever brought a woman happiness
I doubt not I can make you happy.
Dora. You make me
Happy already.
Harold. And I never said
As much before to any woman living.
Dora. No?
Harold. No! by this true kiss, *you* are the first
I ever have loved truly.
[*They kiss each other.*
Eva (*with a wild cry*). Philip Edgar!
Harold. The phantom cry! *You*—did *you* hear a cry?
Dora. She must be crying out 'Edgar' in her sleep.
Harold. Who must be crying out 'Edgar' in her sleep?
Dora. Your pardon for a minute. She must be waked.
Harold. Who must be waked?
Dora. I am not deaf; you fright me.
What ails you?
Harold. Speak.
Dora. You know her, Eva.
Harold. Eva!
[Eva *opens the door and stands in the entry.*
She!
Eva. Make her happy, then, and I forgive you. [*Falls dead.*
Dora. Happy! What? Edgar? Is it so? Can it be?
They told me so. Yes, yes! I see it all now.
O, she has fainted! Sister, Eva, sister!
He is yours again—he will love *you* again;
I give him back to you again. Look up!
One word, or do but smile! Sweet, do you hear me?
[*Puts her hand on* Eva's *heart.*
There, there—the heart, O God!—the poor young heart
Broken at last—all still—and nothing left
To live for.
[*Falls on body of her sister.*

Harold. Living—dead—She said 'all still.
Nothing to live for.'
She—she knows me—now—
(*A pause.*)
She knew me from the first, she juggled with me,
She hid this sister, told me she was dead—
I have wasted pity on her—not dead now—
No! acting, playing on me, both of them.
They drag the river for her! no, not they!
Playing on me—not dead now—a swoon—a scene—
Yet—how she made her wail as for the dead!

Enter MILLY.

Milly. Pleäse, Mister 'Arold.
Harold (*roughly*). Well?
Milly. The owd man 's coom'd ageän to 'issen, an' wants
To hev a word wi' ye about the marriage.
Harold. The what?
Milly. The marriage.
Harold. The marriage?
Milly. Yeäs, the marriage. Granny says marriages be maäde i' 'eaven.
Harold. She lies! They are made in hell. Child, can't you see?
Tell them to fly for a doctor.
Milly. O, law—yeäs, Sir. I'll run fur 'im mysen. [*Exit.*
Harold. All silent there,
Yes, deathlike! Dead? I dare not look. If dead,
Were it best to steal away, to spare myself,
And her too, pain, pain, pain?
My curse on al
This world of mud, on all its idiot gleams
Of pleasure, all the foul fatalities
That blast our natural passions into pains!

Enter DOBSON.

Dobson. You, Master Hedgar Harold, or whativer
They calls ye, for I warrants that ye goäs

haäfe a scoor o' naämes — out o' the chaumber!
[*Dragging him past the body.*
arold. Not that way, man! Curse on your brutal strength!
nnot pass that way.
bson. Out o' the chaumber! mash tha into nowt.
arold. The mere wild-beast!
bson. Out o' the chaumber, dang tha!
arold. Lout, churl, clown!
[*While they are shouting and struggling* Dora *rises and comes between them.*
ra (*to* Dobson). Peace, let him be; it is the chamber of Death!
you are tenfold more a gentleman,
undred times more worth a woman's love,
i this, this — but I waste no words upon him:
wickedness is like my wretchedness —
nd all language.
Harold.) You — you see her there!
fifteen when first you came on her,
then the sweetest flower of all the wolds,
vely in the promise of her May,
insome in her grace and gaiety,
oved by all the village people here,
ppy in herself and in her home —
bson (*agitated*). Theer, theer! ha' done. I can't abeär to see her. [*Exit.*
ra. A child, and all as trustful as a child!
years of shame and suffering broke the heart
only beat for you; and he, the father,
that dishonor which you brought upon us,
ost his health, his eyesight, even his mind.
rold (*covering his face*). Enough!
Dora. It seem'd so; only there was left
A second daughter, and to her you came
Veiling one sin to act another.
Harold, No!
You wrong me there! hear, hear me! I wish'd, if you — [*Pauses.*
Dora. If I —
Harold. Could love me, could be brought to love me
As I loved you —
Dora. What then?
Harold. I wish'd, I hoped
To make, to make —
Dora. *What* did you hope to make?
Harold. 'T were best to make an end of my lost life.
O Dora, Dora!
Dora. *What* did you hope to make?
Harold Make, make! I cannot find the word — forgive it —
Amends.
Dora. For what? to whom?
Harold. To him, to you!
[*Falling at her feet.*
Dora. To *him!* to *me!*
No, not with all your wealth,
Your land, your life! Out in the fiercest storm
That ever made earth tremble — he, nor I —
The shelter of *your* roof — not for one moment —
Nothing from *you!*
Sunk in the deepest pit of pauperism,
Push'd from all doors as if we bore the plague,
Smitten with fever in the open field,
Laid famine-stricken at the gates of Death —
Nothing from you!
But she there — her last word
Forgave — and I forgive you. If you ever
Forgive yourself, you are even lower and baser
Than even I can well believe you. Go!
[*He lies at her feet. Curtain falls.*

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me !
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark !
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark ;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

ADDITIONAL POEMS

ote. — The poems which follow include all those which have been omitted by the or from his latest revised editions, or never acknowledged by him. They are here ed because they have for the most part continued to have currency in America, ugh dropped from collective editions in England.

TIMBUCTOO [1]

eep in that lion-haunted inland lies
mystic city, goal of high emprise.'
CHAPMAN.

OOD upon the Mountain which o'er-looks
narrow seas, whose rapid interval
s Afric from green Europe, when the Sun
fall'n below th' Atlantic, and above
silent heavens were blench'd with faery light,
ertain whether faery light or cloud,
ving Southward, and the chasms of deep, deep blue
ıber'd unfathomable, and the stars
e flooded over with clear glory and pale.
zed upon the sheeny coast beyond,
re where the Giant of old Time infix'd
limits of his prowess, pillars high
r time erased from earth: even as the Sea
n weary of wild inroad buildeth up
e mounds whereby to stay his yeasty waves.
much I mused on legends quaint and old
ch whilome won the hearts of all on earth
Toward their brightness, ev'n as flame draws air;
But had their being in the heart of man
As air is th' life of flame: and thou wert then
A center'd glory-circled memory,
Divinest Atalantis, whom the waves
Have buried deep, and thou of later name,
Imperial Eldorado, roof'd with gold:
Shadows to which, despite all shocks of change,
All on-set of capricious accident,
Men clung with yearning hope which would not die.
As when in some great city where the walls
Shake, and the streets with ghastly faces throng'd,
Do utter forth a subterranean voice,
Among the inner columns far retired
At midnight, in the lone Acropolis,
Before the awful Genius of the place
Kneels the pale Priestess in deep faith, the while
Above her head the weak lamp dips and winks
Unto the fearful summoning without:
Nathless she ever clasps the marble knees,
Bathes the cold hands with tears, and gazeth on
Those eyes which wear no light but that wherewith
Her phantasy informs them.
Where are ye,
Thrones of the Western wave, fair Islands green?
Where are your moonlight halls, your cedarn glooms,
The blossoming abysses of your hills?

[1] Poem which obtained the Chancellor's l at the Cambridge Commencement, CCXXIX. By A. TENNYSON, of Tri- College.

Your flowering capes, and your gold-sanded bays
Blown round with happy airs of odorous winds?
Where are the infinite ways, which, seraph-trod,
Wound thro' your great Elysian solitudes,
Whose lowest deeps were, as with visible love,
Fill'd with Divine effulgence, circumfused,
Flowing between the clear and polish'd stems,
And ever circling round their emerald cones
In coronals and glories, such as gird
The unfading foreheads of the Saints in Heaven?
For nothing visible, they say, had birth
In that blest ground, but it was play'd about
With its peculiar glory. Then I raised
My voice and cried, 'Wide Afric, doth thy Sun
Lighten, thy hills enfold a city as fair
As those which starr'd the night o' the elder world?
Or is the rumour of thy Timbuctoo
A dream as frail as those of ancient time?'
A curve of whitening, flashing, ebbing light!
A rustling of white wings! the bright descent
Of a young Seraph! and he stood beside me
There on the ridge, and look'd into my face
With his unutterable, shining orbs.
So that with hasty motion I did veil
My vision with both hands, and saw before me
Such colour'd spots as dance athwart the eyes
Of those that gaze upon the noonday Sun.
Girt with a zone of flashing gold beneath
His breast, and compass'd round about his brow
With triple arch of ever-changing bows,
And circled with the glory of living light
And alternation of all hues, he stood.
'O child of man, why muse you here alone
Upon the Mountain, on the dreams of old
Which fill'd the earth with passing loveliness,
Which flung strange music on the howling winds,
And odours rapt from remote Paradise?
Thy sense is clogg'd with dull mortality;
Thy spirit fetter'd with the bond of clay:
Open thine eyes and see.'
I look'd, but not
Upon his face, for it was wonderful
With its exceeding brightness, and the light
Of the great Angel Mind which look'd from out
The starry glowing of his restless eyes
I felt my soul grow mighty, and my spirit
With supernatural excitation bound
Within me, and my mental eye grew large
With such a vast circumference of thought,
That in my vanity I seem'd to stand
Upon the outward verge and bound alone
Of full beatitude. Each failing sense,
As with a momentary flash of light,
Grew thrillingly distinct and keen. I saw
The smallest grain that dappled the dark earth,
The indistinctest atom in deep air,
The Moon's white cities, and the ops width
Of her small glowing lakes, her silve heights
Unvisited with dew of vagrant cloud
And the unsounded, undescende depth
Of her black hollows. The clear ga axy
Shorn of its hoary lustre, wonderful,
Distinct and vivid with sharp point of light,
Blaze within blaze, an unimagin' depth
And harmony of planet-girded suns

moon-encircled planets, wheel in
wheel,
'd the wan sapphire. Nay — the
hum of men,
ther things talking in unknown
tongues,
notes of busy life in distant worlds
like a far wave on my anxious
ear.
maze of piercing, trackless, thrill-
ing thoughts,
lving and embracing each with
each,
l as fire, inextricably link'd,
nding momently with every sight
sound which struck the palpitat-
ing sense,
issue of strong impulse, hurried
through
riven rapt brain; as when in
some large lake
pressure of descendant crags,
which lapse
inted, crumbling from their pa-
rent slope
ender interval, the level calm
g'd with restless and increasing
spheres
h break upon each other, each
th' effect
eparate impulse, but more fleet
and strong
its precursor, till the eye in vain
the wild unrest of swimming
shade
led with hollow and alternate
rise
terpenetrated arc, would scan
ite round.
I know not if I shape
things with accurate similitude
visible objects, for but dimly
now,
rivid than a half-forgotten dream,
memory of that mental excel-
lence
s o'er me, and it may be I
entwine
ndecision of my present mind
its past clearness, yet it seems to
me
en then the torrent of quick
thought
bed me from the nature of itself
its own fleetness. Where is he
that, borne
Adown the sloping of an arrowy
stream,
Could link his shallop to the fleeting
edge,
And muse midway with philosophic
calm
Upon the wondrous laws which regu-
late
The fierceness of the bounding ele-
ment?
My thoughts which long had grov-
ell'd in the slime
Of this dull world, like dusky worms
which house
Beneath unshaken waters, but at once
Upon some earth-awakening day of
Spring
Do pass from gloom to glory, and
aloft
Winnow the purple, bearing on both
sides
Double display of star-lit wings, which
burn
Fan-like and fibred with intensest
bloom;
Ev'n so my thoughts, erewhile so low,
now felt
Unutterable buoyancy and strength
To bear them upward through the
trackless fields
Of undefin'd existence far and free.
Then first within the South me-
thought I saw
A wilderness of spires, and chrystal
pile
Of rampart upon rampart, dome on
dome,
Illimitable range of battlement
On battlement, and the imperial
height
Of canopy o'ercanopied.
Behind
In diamond light upsprung the daz-
zling peaks
Of Pyramids, as far surpassing earth's
As heaven than earth is fairer. Each
aloft
Upon his narrow'd eminence bore
globes
Of wheeling suns, or stars, or sem-
blances
Of either, showering circular abyss
Of radiance. But the glory of the
place
Stood out a pillar'd front of burnish'd
gold,

Interminably high, if gold it were
Or metal more etherial, and beneath
Two doors of blinding brilliance, where no gaze
Might rest, stood open, and the eye could scan,
Through length of porch and valve and boundless hall,
Part of a throne of fiery flame, wherefrom
The snowy skirting of a garment hung,
And glimpse of multitudes of multitudes
That minister'd around it — if I saw
These things distinctly, for my human brain
Stagger'd beneath the vision, and thick night
Came down upon my eyelids, and I fell.
With ministering hand he raised me up:
Then with a mournful and ineffable smile,
Which but to look on for a moment fill'd
My eyes with irresistible sweet tears,
In accents of majestic melody,
Like a swoln river's gushings in still night
Mingled with floating music, thus he spake:
'There is no mightier Spirit than I to sway
The heart of man: and teach him to attain
By shadowing forth the Unattainable;
And step by step to scale that mighty stair
Whose landing-place is wrapt about with clouds
Of glory of heaven.[1] With earliest light of Spring,
And in the glow of sallow Summertide,
And in red Autumn when the winds are wild
With gambols, and when full-voiced Winter roofs
The headland with inviolate white snow,
I play about his heart a thousand ways,
Visit his eyes with visions, and his ears

[1] 'Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect.'

With harmonies of wind and wave and wood, —
Of winds which tell of waters, and of waters
Betraying the close kisses of the wind —
And win him unto me: and few there be
So gross of heart who have not felt and known
A higher than they see: They with dim eyes
Behold me darkling. Lo! I have given thee
To understand my presence, and to feel
My fulness; I have fill'd thy lips with power.
I have raised thee nigher to the sphere of heaven.
Man's first, last home: and thou with ravish'd sense
Listenest the lordly music flowing from
Th' illimitable years. I am the Spirit,
The permeating life which courseth through
All th' intricate and labyrinthine veins
Of the great vine of Fable, which outspread
With growth of shadowing leaf and clusters rare,
Reacheth to every corner under heaven,
Deep-rooted in the living soil of truth
So that men's hopes and fears take refuge in
The fragrance of its complicate glooms,
And cool impleachèd twilights. Child of man,
See'st thou yon river, whose translucent wave,
Forth issuing from the darkness windeth through
The argent streets o' th' city, imaging
The soft inversion of her tremulous domes,
Her gardens frequent with the stately palm,
Her pagods hung with music of sweet bells,
Her obelisks of rangèd chrysolite.
Minarets and towers? Lo! how passeth by,

gulphs himself in sands, as not enduring
arry through the world those waves, which bore
reflex of my city in their depths.
ity! oh latest throne! where I was raised
e a mystery of loveliness
all eyes, the time is well-nigh come
n I must render up this glorious home
een Discovery: soon yon brilliant towers
darken with the waving of her wand;
en, and shrink and shiver into huts,
specks amid a waste of dreary sand,
built, mud-wall'd, barbarian settlements.
chang'd from this fair city!'
Thus far the Spirit:
parted heaven-ward on the wing:
and I
left alone on Calpe, and the moon
fallen from the night, and all was dark!

'HOW' AND THE 'WHY'

?

any man's suitor,
any will be my tutor:
ne say this life is pleasant,
ome think it speedeth fast,
time there is no present,
eternity no future,
n eternity no past.
augh, we cry, we are born, we die,
will riddle me the *how* and the *why?*

e bulrush nods unto its brother.
e wheatears whisper to each other:
is it they say? what do they there?
two and two make four? why round is not square?
he rock stands still, and the light clouds fly?
Why the heavy oak groans, and the white willows sigh?
Why deep is not high, and high is not deep?
Whether we wake, or whether we sleep?
Whether we sleep, or whether we die?
How you are you? why I am I?
Who will riddle me the *how* and the *why?*

The world is somewhat; it goes on somehow:
But what is the meaning of *then* and *now?*
I feel there is something; but how and what?
I know there is somewhat: but what and why?
I cannot tell if that somewhat be I.
The little bird pipeth — 'why? why?'
In the summer woods when the sun falls low,
And the great bird sits on the opposite bough,
And stares in his face, and shouts 'how? how?'
And the black owl scuds down the mellow twilight,
And chants 'how? how?' the whole of the night.

Why the life goes when the blood is spilt?
What the life is? where the soul may lie?
Why a church is with a steeple built:
And a house with a chimney-pot?
Who will riddle me the how and the what?
Who will riddle me the what and the why?

THE BURIAL OF LOVE

His eyes in eclipse,
Pale-cold his lips,
The light of his hopes unfed,
Mute his tongue,
His bow unstrung
With the tears he hath shed,
Backward drooping his graceful head
Love is dead:

His last arrow is sped;
He hath not another dart;
Go — carry him to his dark death-bed;
Bury him in the cold, cold heart —
Love is dead.

O truest love! art thou forlorn,
And unrevenged? thy pleasant wiles
Forgotten, and thine innocent joy?
Shall hollow-hearted apathy,
The cruellest form of perfect scorn,
With languor of most hateful smiles,
For ever write,
In the withered light
Of the tearless eye,
An epitaph that all may spy?
No! sooner she herself shall die.

For her the showers shall not fall,
Nor the round sun shine that shineth to all;
Her light shall into darkness change;
For her the green grass shall not spring,
Nor the rivers flow, nor the sweet birds sing,
Till Love have his full revenge.

TO ——

Sainted Juliet! dearest name!
If to love be life alone,
Divinest Juliet,
I love thee, and live; and yet
Love unreturned is like the fragrant flame
Folding the slaughter of the sacrifice
Offered to gods upon an altar-throne;
My heart is lighted at thine eyes,
Changed into fire, and blown about with sighs.

SONG

I

I' the glooming light
Of middle night
So cold and white,
Worn Sorrow sits by the moaning wave,
Beside her are laid
Her mattock and spade,
For she hath half delved her own deep grave.
Alone she is there:
The white clouds drizzle: her hair fall loose:
Her shoulders are bare;
Her tears are mixed with the beaded dews.

II

Death standeth by;
She will not die;
With glazéd eye
She looks at her grave: she cannot sleep;
Ever alone
She maketh her moan:
She cannot speak: she can only weep
For she will not hope.
The thick snow falls on her flake by flake,
The dull wave mourns down the slope,
The world will not change, and her heart will not break.

SONG

I

The lintwhite and the throstlecock
Have voices sweet and clear;
All in the bloomed May.
They from the blosmy brere
Call to the fleeting year,
If that he would them hear
And stay.
Alas! that one so beautiful
Should have so dull an ear!

II

Fair year, fair year, thy children call
But thou art deaf as death;
All in the bloomed May.
When thy light perisheth
That from thee issueth,
Our life evanisheth:
O, stay!
Alas! that lips so cruel-dumb
Should have so sweet a breath

III

r year, with brows of royal love
hou comest, as a king,
All in the blooméd May.
hy golden largess fling,
nd longer hear us sing;
hough thou art fleet of wing,
Yet stay.
las! that eyes so full of light
hould be so wandering!

IV

r locks are all of sunny sheen
n rings of gold yronne,[1]
All in the blooméd May.
Ve pri'thee pass not on;
f thou dost leave the sun,
elight is with thee gone.
O, stay!
hou art the fairest of thy feres,
Ve pri'thee pass not on.

SONG

I

VERY day hath its night:
Every night its morn:
horough dark and bright
Wingéd hours are borne;
Ah! welaway!
easons flower and fade;
Golden calm and storm
Mingle day by day.
There is no bright form
oth not cast a shade—
Ah! welaway!

II

Then we laugh, and our mirth
Apes the happy vein,
Ve're so kin to earth,
Pleasaunce fathers pain—
Ah! welaway!
adness laugheth loud:
Laughter bringeth tears:
Eyes are worn away
Till the end of fears
ometh in the shroud,
Ah! welaway!

III

ll is change, woe or weal;
Joy is Sorrow's brother;
is crispè hair in ringis was yronne.'
CHAUCER, *Knightes Tale.*

Grief and gladness steal
Symbols of each other:
Ah! welaway!
Larks in heaven's cope
Sing: the culvers mourn
All the livelong day.
Be not all forlorn:
Let us weep in hope—
Ah! welaway!

HERO TO LEANDER

O GO not yet, my love!
The night is dark and vast;
The white moon is hid in her heaven above,
And the waves climb high and fast.
O, kiss me, kiss me, once again,
Lest thy kiss should be the last!
O kiss me ere we part;
Grow closer to my heart!
My heart is warmer surely than the bosom of the main.
O joy! O bliss of blisses!
My heart of hearts art thou.
Come bathe me with thy kisses,
My eyelids and my brow.
Hark how the wild rain hisses,
And the loud sea roars below.

Thy heart beats through thy rosy limbs,
So gladly doth it stir;
Thine eye in drops of gladness swims.
I have bathed thee with the pleasant myrrh;
Thy locks are dripping balm:
Thou shalt not wander hence to-night,
I'll stay thee with my kisses.
To-night the roaring brine
Will rend thy golden tresses;
The ocean with the morrow light
Will be both blue and calm;
And the billow will embrace thee with a kiss as soft as mine.
No Western odors wander
On the black and moaning sea,
And when thou art dead, Leander
My soul must follow thee!
O go not yet, my love!
Thy voice is sweet and low;

The deep salt wave breaks in above
Those marble steps below.
The turret-stairs are wet
That lead into the sea.
Leander! go not yet.
The pleasant stars have set:
O, go not, go not yet,
Or I will follow thee!

THE MYSTIC

Angels have talked with him, and showed him thrones:
Ye knew him not; he was not one of ye,
Ye scorned him with an undiscerning scorn:
Ye could not read the marvel in his eye,
The still serene abstraction: he hath felt
The vanities of after and before;
Albeit, his spirit and his secret heart
The stern experiences of converse lives,
The linkéd woes of many a fiery change
Had purified, and chastened, and made free.
Always there stood before him, night and day,
Of wayward vary-colored circumstance
The imperishable presences serene,
Colossal, without form, or sense, or sound,
Dim shadows but unwaning presences
Fourfaced to four corners of the sky:
And yet again, three shadows, fronting one,
One forward, one respectant, three but one;
And yet again, again and evermore,
For the two first were not, but only seemed,
One shadow in the midst of a great light,
One reflex from eternity on time,
One mighty countenance of perfect calm,
Awful with most invariable eyes.
For him the silent congregated hours,
Daughters of time, divinely tall, beneath
Severe and youthful brows, with shi
ing eyes
Smiling a godlike smile (the innocer
light
Of earliest youth pierced through an
through with all
Keen knowledges of low-embowé
eld)
Upheld, and ever hold aloft the clou
Which droops low-hung on either ga
of life,
Both birth and death: he in the cent
fixt,
Saw far on each side through th
grated gates
Most pale and clear and lovely di
tances.
He often lying broad awake, an
yet
Remaining from the body, and apart
In intellect and power and will, hat
heard
Time flowing in the middle of th
night,
And all things creeping to a day
doom.
How could ye know him? Ye we
yet within
The narrower circle: he had wellnig
reached
The last, which with a region of whi
flame,
Pure without heat, into a larger air
Upburning, and an ether of black blu
Investeth and ingirds all other lives

THE GRASSHOPPER

I

Voice of the summer wind,
Joy of the summer plain,
Life of the summer hours
Carol clearly, bound along.
No Tithon thou as poets feign
(Shame fall 'em, they are deaf a
blind),
But an insect lithe and strong,
Bowing the seeded summer flower
Prove their falsehood and thy qu
rel,
Vaulting on thine airy feet.
Clap thy shielded sides and carol,
Carol clearly, chirrup sweet.
Thou art a mailed warrior in youth a
strength complete:

Armed cap-a-pie
Full fair to see;
Unknowing fear,
Undreading loss,
A gallant cavalier,
Sans peur et sans reproche,
In sunlight and in shadow,
The Bayard of the meadow.

II

uld dwell with thee,
ɛrry grasshopper,
ı art so glad and free,
ıd as light as air;
ı hast no sorrow or tears,
ı hast no compt of years,
vithered immortality,
a short youth sunny and free.
l clearly, bound along,
on thy joy is over,
mmer of loud song,
ıd slumbers in the clover.
t hast thou to do with evil
ine hour of love and revel,
thy heat of summer pride,
ing the thick roots aside
ıe singing floweréd grasses,
brush thee with their silken
ɛresses?
t hast thou to do with evil,
ting, singing, ever springing
and out the emerald glooms,
leaping, ever singing,
ghting on the golden blooms?

PRIDE, AND FORGETFULNESS

et my heart was sweet Love's
omb,
bored honey busily.
he hive, and Love the bee,
rt the honeycomb.
ry dark and chilly night
ame beneath and held a light.

ıel vapors went through all,
Love was withered in his cell:
ook Love's sweets, and by a
pell
nge them into gall;
emory, though fed by Pride,
x so thin on gall,
she scarcely lived at all.
ıarvel that she died?

CHORUS

IN AN UNPUBLISHED DRAMA, WRITTEN VERY EARLY

THE varied earth, the moving heaven,
The rapid waste of roving sea,
The fountain-pregnant mountains riven
To shapes of wildest anarchy,
By secret fire and midnight storms
That wander round their windy cones,
The subtle life, the countless forms
Of living things, the wondrous tones
Of man and beast are full of strange
Astonishment and boundless change.

The day, the diamonded night,
The echo, feeble child of sound,
The heavy thunder's griding might,
The herald lightning's starry bound,
The vocal spring of bursting bloom,
The naked summer's glowing birth,
The troublous autumn's sallow gloom,
The hoarhead winter paving earth
With sheeny white, are full of strange
Astonishment and boundless change.

Each sun which from the centre flings
Grand music and redundant fire,
The burning belts, the mighty rings,
The murm'rous planets' rolling choir
The globe-filled arch that, cleaving air,
Lost in its own effulgence sleeps,
The lawless comets as they glare,
And thunder through the sapphire deeps
In wayward strength, are full of strange
Astonishment and boundless change.

LOST HOPE

YOU cast to ground the hope which once was mine:
But did the while your harsh decree deplore,

Embalming with sweet tears the va-
cant shrine,
My heart, where Hope had been and
was no more.

So on an oaken sprout
A goodly acorn grew;
But winds from heaven shook the
acorn out,
And filled the cup with dew.

THE TEARS OF HEAVEN

Heaven weeps above the earth all
night till morn,
In darkness weeps as all ashamed to
weep,
Because the earth hath made her state
forlorn
With self-wrought evil of unnumbered
years,
And doth the fruit of her dishonor
reap.
And all the day heaven gathers back
her tears
Into her own blue eyes so clear and
deep,
And showering down the glory of
lightsome day,
Smiles on the Earth's worn brow to
win her if she may.

LOVE AND SORROW

O maiden, fresher than the first green
leaf
With which the fearful springtide
flecks the lea,
Weep not, Almeida, that I said to
thee
That thou hast half my heart, for bit-
ter grief
Doth hold the other half in sovranty.
Thou art my heart's sun in love's
crystalline:
Yet on both sides at once thou canst
not shine:
Thine is the bright side of my heart,
and thine
My heart's day, but the shadow of my
heart,
Issue of its own substance, my heart's
night
Thou canst not lighten even with t
light,
All-powerful in beauty as thou art.
Almeida, if my heart were substanc
less,
Then might thy rays pass through
the other side,
So swiftly, that they nowhere wou
abide,
But lose themselves in utter emptine
Half-light, half-shadow, let my spi
sleep;
They never learned to love who nev
knew to weep.

TO A LADY SLEEPING

O thou whose fringéd lids I ga
upon,
Through whose dim brain the wing
dreams are borne,
Unroof the shrines of clearest visio
In honor of the silver-fleckéd morn
Long hath the white wave of the v
gin light
Driven back the billow of the drea
ful dark.
Thou all unwittingly prolong
night,
Though long ago listening the pois
lark,
With eyes dropt downward throu
the blue serene,
Over heaven's parapet the angels le

SONNET

Could I outwear my present state
woe
With one brief winter, and indu
the spring
Hues of fresh youth, and might
outgrow
The wan dark coil of faded suffering
Forth in the pride of beauty issuin
A sheeny snake, the light of ver
bowers,
Moving his crest to all sweet plots
flowers
And watered valleys where the you
birds sing;
Could I thus hope my lost deligh
renewing,

ightly would command the tears
to creep
my charged lids; but inwardly
I weep;
vital heat as yet my heart is
wooing:
to itself hath drawn the frozen
rain
my cold eyes, and melted it
again.

SONNET

GH Night hath climbed her peak
of highest noon,
itter blasts the screaming autumn
whirl,
ight through archways of the
bridgéd pearl,
portals of pure silver, walks the
moon.
on, my soul, nor crouch to
agony,
cloud to light, and bitterness to
joy,
dross to gold with glorious al-
chemy,
g thy throne above the world's
annoy.
thou above the storms of sor-
row and ruth
roar beneath; unshaken peace
ıath won thee;
lt thou pierce the woven glooms
of truth;
ll the blessing of the meek be
on thee;
thine hour of dawn, the body's
youth,
norable eld shall come upon thee.

SONNET

the hag Evil die with child of
Good,
pagate again her loathéd kind,
ging the cells of the diseaséd
mind,
l with hanging cheeks, a with-
ered brood,
h hourly pastured on the salient
blood?
at the wind which bloweth cold
or heat
Would shatter and o'erbear the brazen
beat
Of their broad vans, and in the soli-
tude
Of middle space confound them, and
blow back
Their wild cries down their cavern
throats, and slake
With points of blast-borne hail their
heated eyne!
So their wan limbs no more might
come between
The moon and the moon's reflex in
the night,
Nor blot with floating shades the solar
light.

SONNET

THE pallid thunder-stricken sigh for
gain,
Down an ideal stream they ever float,
And sailing on Pactolus in a boat,
Drown soul and sense, while wistfully
they strain
Weak eyes upon the glistering sands
that robe
The understream. The wise, could
he behold
Cathedraled caverns of thick-ribbéd
gold
And branching silvers of the central
globe,
Would marvel from so beautiful a
sight
How scorn and ruin, pain and hate
could flow:
But Hatred in a gold cave sits below;
Pleached with her hair, in mail of
argent light
Shot into gold, a snake her forehead
clips,
And skins the color from her trem-
bling lips.

LOVE

I

THOU, from the first, unborn, undying
Love,
Albeit we gaze not on thy glories
near,
Before the face of God didst breathe
and move,

Though night and pain and ruin and
death reign here.
Thou foldest, like a golden atmos-
phere,
The very throne of the eternal God:
Passing through thee the edicts of his
fear
Are mellowed into music, borne abroad
By the loud winds, though they up-
rend the sea,
Even from its central deeps: thine
empery
Is over all; thou wilt not brook eclipse;
Thou goest and returnest to His lips
Like lightning: thou dost ever brood
above
The silence of all hearts, unutterable
Love.

II

To know thee is all wisdom, and old
age
Is but to know thee: dimly we behold
thee
Athwart the veils of evils which in-
fold thee.
We beat upon our aching hearts in
rage;
We cry for thee; we deem the world
thy tomb.
As dwellers in lone planets look upon
The mighty disk of their majestic sun,
Hollowed in awful chasms of wheeling
gloom,
Making their day dim, so we gaze on
thee.
Come, thou of many crowns, white-
robéd Love,
Oh! rend the veil in twain: all men
adore thee;
Heaven crieth after thee; earth wait-
eth for thee;
Breathe on thy wingéd throne, and it
shall move
In music and in light o'er land and sea.

III

And now—methinks I gaze upon
thee now,
As on a serpent in his agonies
Awe-stricken Indians; what time laid
low
And crushing the thick fragrant reeds
he lies,
When the new year warm-breathéd
on the Earth,
Waiting to light him with her purpl
skies,
Calls to him by the fountain to uprise
Already with the pangs of a new birt
Strain the hot spheres of his convulsé
eyes,
And in his writhings awful hues begi
To wander down his sable-sheen
sides,
Like light on troubled waters: fro
within
Anon he rusheth forth with merry di
And in him light and joy and strengt
abides:
And from his brows a crown of livin
light
Looks through the thick-stemme
woods by day and night.

ENGLISH WAR-SONG

Who fears to die? Who fears to die
Is there any here who fears to die
He shall find what he fears; and non
shall grieve
For the man who fears to die;
But the withering scorn of the man
shall cleave
To the man who fears to die.

CHORUS.

Shout for England!
Ho! for England!
George for England!
Merry England!
England for aye!

The hollow at heart shall crouc
forlorn,
He shall eat the bread of commo
scorn;
It shall be steeped in the salt, sa
tear,
Shall be steeped in his own sa
tear:
Far better, far better he never we
born
Than to shame merry England her
Cho.—Shout for England! et

There standeth our ancient enemy
Hark! he shouteth—the ancie
enemy!
On the ridge of the hill his banne
rise;

ey stream like fire in the skies;
up the Lion of England on high
l it dazzle and blind his eyes.
CHO.—Shout for England! etc.

ne along! we alone of the earth
are free;
e child in our cradles is bolder
than he;
vhere is the heart and strength
of slaves?
! where is the strength of slaves?
s weak! we are strong: he a
slave, we are free;
ne along! we will dig their
graves.
CHO.—Shout for England! etc.

ere standeth our ancient enemy;
ll he dare to battle with the free?
along! spur amain! charge to
the fight:
arge! charge to the fight!
up the Lion of England on high!
ut for God and our right!
CHO.—Shout for England! etc.

NATIONAL SONG

E is no land like England
ere'er the light of day be;
are no hearts like English hearts,
h hearts of oak as they be.
is no land like England
ere'er the light of day be;
are no men like Englishmen,
tall and bold as they be.

CHORUS.

he French the Pope may shrive
'em.
ne devil a whit we heed 'em:
r the French, God speed 'em
o their heart's desire,
he merry devil drive 'em
ough the water and the fire.

FULL CHORUS.

ur glory is our freedom,
We lord it o'er the sea;
Ve are the sons of freedom,
We are free.

is no land like England,
ere'er the light of day be;
There are no wives like English wives,
So fair and chaste as they be.
There is no land like England,
Where'er the light of day be;
There are no maids like English maids,
So beautiful as they be.
CHO.—For the French, etc.

DUALISMS

Two bees within a crystal flowerbell rockéd,
Hum a love-lay to the west-wind at noontide.
Both alike, they buzz together,
Both alike, they hum together,
Through and through the flowered heather.
Where in a creeping cove the wave unshockéd
Lays itself calm and wide.
Over a stream two birds of glancing feather
Do woo each other, carolling together.
Both alike, they glide together,
Side by side;
Both alike, they sing together,
Arching blue-glossed necks beneath the purple weather.

Two children lovelier than Love adown the lea are singing,
As they gambol, lily-garlands ever stringing:
Both in blosm-white silk are frockéd:
Like, unlike, they roam together
Under a summer vault of golden weather:
Like, unlike, they sing together
Side by side,
Mid-May's darling golden-lockéd,
Summer's tanling diamond-eyed.

THE SEA FAIRIES[1]

SLOW sailed the weary mariners, and saw
Between the green brink and the running foam
White limbs unrobéd in a crystal air,

[1] Original form. See page 18.

Sweet faces, rounded arms, and bosoms prest
To little harps of gold: and while they mused,
Whispering to each other half in fear,
Shrill music reached them on the middle sea.

SONG.

Whither away, whither away, whither away? Fly no more:
Whither away wi' the singing sail? whither away wi' the oar?
Whither away from the high green field and the happy blossoming shore?
Weary mariners, hither away,
One and all, one and all,
Weary mariners, come and play;
We will sing to you all the day;
Furl the sail and the foam will fall
From the prow! One and all,
Furl the sail! Drop the oar!
Leap ashore,
Know danger and trouble and toil no more.
Whither away wi' the sail and the oar?

Drop the oar,
Leap ashore,
Fly no more!
Whither away wi' the sail? whither away wi' the oar?
Day and night to the billow the fountain calls:
Down shower the gambolling waterfalls
From wandering over the lea;
They freshen the silvery-crimson shells,
And thick with white bells the clover-hill swells
High over the full-toned sea.
Merrily carol the revelling gales
Over the islands free:
From the green seabanks the rose down-trails
To the happy brimméd sea.

Come hither, come hither and be our lords,
For merry brides are we:
We will kiss sweet kisses, and spe
sweet words.
Oh listen, listen, your eyes sh
glisten
With pleasure and love and re
elry;
Oh listen, listen, your eyes sh
glisten,
When the clear sharp twang of t
golden chords
Runs up the ridgéd sea.
Ye will not find so happy a shore
Weary mariners! all the wo
o'er;
Oh! fly no more!
Hearken ye, hearken ye, sorrow sh
darken ye,
Danger and trouble and toil
more;
Whither away?
Drop the oar;
Hither away,
Leap ashore;
Oh fly no more — no more:
Whither away, whither away, whit
away with the sail and
oar?

Οἱ ῥέοντες

I

All thoughts, all creeds, all dre
are true,
All visions wild and strange;
Man is the measure of all truth
Unto himself. All truth is chan
All men do walk in sleep, and all
Have faith in that they dream:
For all things are as they seem
all,
And all things flow like a strea

II

There is no rest, no calm, no paus
Nor good nor ill, nor light
shade,
Nor essence nor eternal laws:
For nothing is, but all is made.
But if I dream that all these are,
They are to me for that I dream
For all things are as they seem
all
And all things flow like a strea

Argal — this very opinion is only
relatively to the flowing philosophers.

SONNET

:AUTY, passing beauty! sweetest Sweet!
)w canst thou let me waste my youth in sighs?
y ask to sit beside thy feet.
ou knowest I dare not look into thine eyes.
t I but kiss thy hand! I dare not fold
r arms about thee — scarcely dare to speak.
nothing seems to me so wild and bold,
with one kiss to touch thy blesséd cheek.
inks if I should kiss thee, no control
thin the thrilling brain could keep afloat
e subtle spirit. Even while I spoke,
bare word KISS hath made my inner soul
tremble like a lutestring, ere the note
th melted in the silence that it broke.

THE HESPERIDES

esperus and his daughters three,
iat sing about the golden tree."
Comus.

North-wind fall'n, in the new-starréd night
ian Hanno, voyaging beyond
ioary promontory of Soloë
Thymiaterion, in calméd bays,
een the southern and the western Horn,
l neither warbling of the night-ingale,
ielody of the Libyan lotus flute
n seaward from the shore; but from a slope
ran bloom-bright into the Atlantic blue,
th a highland leaning down a weight
ffs, and zoned below with cedar shade,
Came voices, like the voices in a dream,
Continuous, till he reached the outer sea.

SONG

I

The golden apple, the golden apple, the hallowed fruit,
Guard it well, guard it warily,
Singing airily,
Standing about the charméd root.
Round about all is mute,
As the snow-field on the mountain-peaks,
As the sand-field at the mountain-foot.
Crocodiles in briny creeks
Sleep and stir not: all is mute.
If ye sing not, if ye make false measure,
We shall lose eternal pleasure,
Worth eternal want of rest.
Laugh not loudly: watch the treasure
Of the wisdom of the West.
In a corner wisdom whispers. Five and three
(Let it not be preached abroad) make an awful mystery.
For the blossom unto threefold music bloweth;
Evermore it is born anew;
And the sap to threefold music floweth,
From the root
Drawn in the dark,
Up to the fruit,
Creeping under the fragrant bark,
Liquid gold, honeysweet, thro' and thro'.
Keen-eyed Sisters, singing airily,
Looking warily
Every way,
Guard the apple night and day,
Lest one from the East come and take it away.

II

Father Hesper, Father Hesper, watch, watch, ever and aye,
Looking under silver hair with a silver eye.
Father, twinkle not thy steadfast sight;
Kingdoms lapse, and climates change, and races die;

Honor comes with mystery;
Hoarded wisdom brings delight.
Number, tell them over and number
How many the mystic fruit-tree holds
Lest the red-combed dragon slumber
Rolled together in purple folds.
Look to him, father, lest he wink, and
the golden apple be stol'n away,
For his ancient heart is drunk with
overwatchings night and day,
Round about the hallowed fruit-tree
curled —
Sing away, sing aloud evermore in the
wind, without stop,
Lest his scaléd eyelid drop,
For he is older than the world.
If he waken, we waken,
Rapidly levelling eager eyes.
If he sleep, we sleep,
Dropping the eyelid over the eyes.
If the golden apple be taken,
The world will be overwise.
Five links, a golden chain, are we,
Hesper, the dragon, and sisters three,
Bound about the golden tree.

III

Father Hesper, Father Hesper, watch,
watch, night and day,
Lest the old wound of the world be
healéd,
The glory unsealéd,
The golden apple stolén away,
And the ancient secret revealéd.
Look from west to east along:
Father, old Himala weakens, Cau-
casus is bold and strong.
Wandering waters unto wandering
waters call;
Let them clash together, foam and fall.
Out of watchings, out of wiles,
Comes the bliss of secret smiles.
All things are not told to all.
Half-round the mantling night is
drawn,
Purple fringéd with even and dawn.
Hesper hateth Phosphor, evening hat-
eth morn.

IV

Every flower and every fruit the redo-
lent breath
Of this warm sea-wind ripeneth,
Arching the billow in his sleep;
But the land-wind wandereth,
Broken by the highland-steep,
Two streams upon the violet deep;
For the western sun and the wester
star,
And the low west-wind, breathin
afar,
The end of day and beginning of nigh
Make the apple holy and bright;
Holy and bright, round and full
bright and blest,
Mellowed in a land of rest;
Watch it warily day and night;
All good things are in the west.
Till mid noon the cool east light
Is shut out by the tall hillbrow;
But when the full-faced sunset yel
lowly
Stays on the flowering arch of th
bough,
The luscious fruitage clustereth mel
lowly,
Golden-kernelled, golden-cored,
Sunset-ripened above on the tree.
The world is wasted with fire an
sword,
But the apple of gold hangs over th
sea.
Five links, a golden chain are we,
Hesper, the dragon, and sisters three
Daughters three,
Bound about
The gnarléd bole of the charméd tre
The golden apple, the golden appl
the hallowed fruit,
Guard it well, guard it warily,
Watch it warily,
Singing airily,
Standing about the charméd root.

ROSALIND[1]

Author's Note. — Perhaps the follow
ing lines may be allowed to stand as a sep
arate poem; originally they made part
the text, where they were manifestly super
fluous.

My Rosalind, my Rosalind,
Bold, subtle, careless Rosalind,
Is one of those who know no strife
Of inward woe or outward fear;
To whom the slope and stream
Life,
The life before, the life behind,
In the ear, from far and near,

[1] This poem (see p. 26) has been restored
but *without* the Author's Note.

ıeth musically clear.
falcon-hearted Rosalind,
sailed before a vigorous wind,
e of those who cannot weep
others' woes, but overleap
he petty shocks and fears
trouble life in early years,
ı a flash of frolic scorn
keen delight, that never falls
y from freshness, self-upborne
ı such gladness as, whenever
fresh-flushing springtime calls
ıe flooding waters cool,
ıg fishes, on an April morn,
nd down a rapid river,
the little waterfalls
sing into the pebbled pool.
ıappy falcon, Rosalind,
daring fancies of her own,
ı as the dawn before the day,
ı as the early sea-smell blown
ugh vineyards from an inland
bay.
Rosalind, my Rosalind,
use no shadow on you falls,
k you hearts are tennisballs
lay with, wanton Rosalind?

SONG

can say
To-day
orrow will be yesterday?
can tell
to smell
violet recalls the dewy prime
outh and buried time?
cause is nowhere found in rhyme.

SONNET

TEN ON HEARING OF THE OUTEAK OF THE POLISH INSURRECON

v ye the trumpet, gather from
afar
hosts to battle: be not bought
and sold.
, brave Poles, the boldest of the
bold;
x through your iron shackles—
fling them far.
those days of Piast, ere the Czar
Grew to his strength among his deserts cold;
When even to Moscow's cupolas were rolled
The growing murmurs of the Polish war!
Now must your noble anger blaze out more
Than when from Sobieski, clan by clan,
The Moslem myriads fell, and fled before—
Than when Zamoysky smote the Tartar Khan;
Than earlier, when on the Baltic shore
Boleslas drove the Pomeranian.

O DARLING ROOM

I

O DARLING room, my heart's delight,
Dear room, the apple of my sight,
With thy two couches soft and white,
There is no room so exquisite,
No little room so warm and bright,
Wherein to read, wherein to write.

II

For I the Nonnenwerth have seen,
And Oberwinter's vineyards green,
Musical Lurlei; and between
The hills to Bingen have I been,
Bingen in Darmstadt, where the Rhene
Curves toward Mentz, a woody scene.

III

Yet never did there meet my sight,
In any town to left or right,
A little room so exquisite,
With two such couches soft and white,
Not any room so warm and bright,
Wherein to read, wherein to write.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH

You did late review my lays,
Crusty Christopher;
You did mingle blame and praise,
Rusty Christopher.
When I learnt from whom it came,
I forgave you all the blame,
Musty Christopher;
I could *not* forgive the praise,
Fusty Christopher.

ON CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY

THEREFORE your Halls, your ancient Colleges,
Your portals statued with old kings and queens,
Your gardens, myriad-volumed libraries,
Wax-lighted chapels, and rich carven screens,
Your doctors and your proctors, and your deans
Shall not avail you, when the Day-beam sports
New-risen o'er awaken'd Albion — No!
Nor yet your solemn organ-pipes that blow
Melodious thunders thro' your vacant courts
At morn and eve — because your manner sorts
Not with this age wherefrom ye stand apart —
Because the lips of little children preach
Against you, you that do profess to teach
And teach us nothing, feeding not the heart.

NO MORE [1]

O SAD *No More!* O sweet *No More!*
O strange *No More!*
By a mossed brookbank on a stone
I smelt a wildweed flower alone;
There was a ringing in my ears,
And both my eyes gushed out with tears.
Surely all pleasant things had gone before,
Low-buried fathom deep beneath with thee, NO MORE!

ANACREONTICS [1]

WITH roses musky-breathed,
And drooping daffodilly,
And silver-leaved lily,
And ivy darkly-wreathed,
I wove a crown before her,
For her I love so dearly,
A garland for Lenora.
With a silken cord I bound it.
Lenora, laughing clearly
A light and thrilling laughter,
About her forehead wound it,
And loved me ever after.

A FRAGMENT [1]

WHERE is the Giant of the Sun, which stood
In the midnoon the glory of old Rhodes,
A perfect Idol with profulgent brows
Far-sheening down the purple seas to those
Who sailed from Mizraim underneath the star
Named of the Dragon — and between whose limbs
Of brassy vastness broad-blown Argosies
Drave into haven? Yet endure unscathed
Of changeful cycles the great Pyramids
Broad-based amid the fleeting sands, and sloped
Into the slumberous summer noon; but where,
Mysterious Egypt, are thine obelisks
Graven with gorgeous emblems undiscerned?
Thy placid Sphinxes brooding o'er the Nile?
Thy shadowing Idols in the solitudes,
Awful Memnonian countenances calm
Looking athwart the burning flats, far off
Seen by the high-necked camel on the verge
Journeying southward? Where are thy monuments
Piled by the strong and sunborn Anakim
Over their crowned brethren ON and OPH?
Thy Memnon when his peaceful lips are kist
With earliest rays, that from his mother's eyes
Flow over the Arabian bay, no more

[1] From 'The Gem, a Literary Annual,' for 1831.

thes low into the charmed ears of
morn
r melody flattering the crisped
Nile
olumned Thebes. Old Memphis
hath gone down:
Pharaohs are no more: somewhere
in death
sleep with staring eyes and gilded
lips,
pped round with spiced cerements
in old grots
-hewn and sealed for ever.

SONNET [1]

my own fate to lasting sorrow
doometh:
y woes are birds of passage, tran-
sitory:
y spirit, circled with a living
glory,
ummer still a summer joy resum-
eth.
e my hopeless melancholy gloom-
eth,
ke a lone cypress, through the
twilight hoary,
an old garden where no flower
bloometh,
e cypress on an island promon-
tory.
yet my lonely spirit follows thine,
round the rolling earth night fol-
lows day:
yet thy lights on my horizon
shine
o my night, when thou art far
away.
so dark, alas! and thou so bright,
n we two meet there's never per-
fect light.

SONNET [2]

K every outflash, every ruder
sally
thought and speech; speak low,
and give up wholly
spirit to mild-minded Melan-
choly;

[1] From 'Friendship's Offering,' for 1832.
[2] From 'The Englishman's Magazine,' for
t, 1831.

This is the place. Through yonder
poplar alley
Below the blue-green river windeth
slowly;
But in the middle of the sombre valley
The crispéd waters whisper musically,
And all the haunted place is dark
and holy.
The nightingale, with long and low
preamble,
Warbled from yonder knoll of
solemn larches,
And in and out the woodbine's
flowery arches
The summer midges wove their wan
ton gambol,
And all the white-stemmed pine
wood slept above —
When in this valley first I told my
love.

SONNET [1]

THERE are three things which fill my
heart with sighs,
And steep my soul in laughter (when
I view
Fair maiden-forms moving like melo-
dies) —
Dimples, roselips, and eyes of any hue.
There are three things beneath the
blessed skies
For which I live — black eyes and
brown and blue:
I hold them all most dear; but oh!
black eyes,
I live and die, and only die in you.
Of late such eyes looked at me — while
I mused,
At sunset, underneath a shadowy
plane,
In old Bayona nigh the southern sea —
From an half-open lattice looked at *me*.
I saw no more — only those eyes — con-
fused
And dazzled to the heart with glorious
pain.

THE SKIPPING-ROPE

SURE never yet was antelope
Could skip so lightly by.

[1] From 'The Yorkshire Literary Annual,'
1832.

Stand off, or else my skipping-rope
Will hit you in the eye.
How lightly whirls the skipping-rope!
How fairy-like you fly!
Go, get you gone, you muse and mope —
I hate that silly sigh.
Nay, dearest, teach me how to hope,
Or tell me how to die.
There, take it, take my skipping-rope,
And hang yourself thereby.

THE NEW TIMON AND THE POETS[1]

We know him, out of Shakespeare's art,
And those fine curses which he spoke;
The old Timon, with his noble heart,
That, strongly loathing, greatly broke.

So died the Old: here comes the New.
Regard him: a familiar face:
I thought we knew him: What, it's you,
The padded man — that wears the stays —

Who killed the girls and thrilled the boys
With dandy pathos when you wrote!
A Lion, you, that made a noise,
And shook a mane *en papillotes.*

And once you tried the Muses too;
You failed, Sir: therefore now you turn,
To fall on those who are to you
As Captain is to Subaltern.

But men of long-enduring hopes,
And careless what this hour may bring,
Can pardon little would-be Popes
And Brummels, when they try to sting.

An Artist, Sir, should rest in Art,
And waive a little of his claim;
To have the deep Poetic heart
Is more than all poetic fame.

[1] Published in 'Punch,' February 28, 1846, signed 'Alcibiades.'

But you, Sir, you are hard to please
You never look but half content;
Nor like a gentleman at ease,
With moral breadth of temperamen

And what with spites and what wit
fears,
You cannot let a body be:
It 's always ringing in your ears,
'They call this man as good as *me*

What profits now to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt —
A dapper boot — a little hand —
If half the little soul is dirt?

You talk of tinsel! why, we see
The old mark of rouge upon yo
cheeks.
You prate of Nature! you are he
That spilt his life about the clique

A Timon you! Nay, nay, for shame
It looks too arrogant a jest —
The fierce old man — to take his nam
You bandbox. Off, and let him res

LINES[1]

Here often, when a child I lay r
clined,
I took delight in this locality.
Here stood the infant Ilion of t
mind,
And here the Grecian ships did see
to be.
And here again I come, and only fin
The drain-cut levels of the marsh
lea, —
Gray sea-banks and pale sunsets,
dreary wind,
Dim shores, dense rains, and heav
clouded sea!

STANZAS[2]

What time I wasted youthful hour
One of the shining wingéd powers,
Show'd me vast cliffs with crown
towers.

[1] From 'The Manchester Athenæ
Album,' 1850.

[2] Contributed to 'The Keepsake,' an
lustrated annual, 1851.

towards the gracious light I
bow'd,
seem'd high palaces and proud,
now and then with sliding
cloud.

aid, 'The labor is not small;
winds the pathway free to all: —
care thou dost not fear to
fall!'

TONS, GUARD YOUR OWN[1]

, Britons, rise, if manhood be not
dead;
world's last tempest darkens over-
head;
The Pope has bless'd him;
The Church caress'd him;
riumphs; maybe we shall stand
alone.
Britons, guard your own.

uthless host is bought with plun-
der'd gold,
ying priests the peasants' votes
controll'd.
All freedom vanish'd,
The true men banish'd,
riumphs; maybe we shall stand
alone.
Britons, guard your own.

e-lovers we — sweet Peace we all
desire —
e-lovers we — but who can trust a
liar? —
Peace-lovers, haters
Of shameless traitors,
ate not France, but this man's
heart of stone.
Britons, guard your own.

ate not France, but France has
lost her voice.
man is France, the man they call
her choice.
By tricks and spying,
By craft and lying,
murder was her freedom over-
thrown.
Britons, guard your own.

[1] om 'The Examiner,' January 31, 1852, gned 'Merlin.'

'Vive l'Empereur' may follow by and
by;
'God save the Queen' is here a truer
cry.
God save the Nation,
The toleration,
And the free speech that makes a Bri-
ton known.
Britons, guard your own.

Rome's dearest daughter now is cap-
tive France,
The Jesuit laughs, and reckoning on
his chance,
Would, unrelenting,
Kill all dissenting,
Till we were left to fight for truth
alone.
Britons, guard your own.

Call home your ships across Biscayan
tides,
To blow the battle from their oaken
sides.
Why waste they yonder
Their idle thunder?
Why stay they there to guard a foreign
throne?
Seamen, guard your own.

We were the best of marksmen long
ago,
We won old battles with our strength,
the bow.
Now practice, yeomen,
Like those bowmen,
Till your balls fly as their true shafts
have flown.
Yeomen, guard your own.

His soldier-ridden Highness might in-
cline
To take Sardinia, Belgium, or the
Rhine:
Shall we stand idle,
Nor seek to bridle
His rude aggressions, till we stand
alone?
Make their cause your own.

Should he land here, and for one hour
prevail,
There must no man go back to bear
the tale:
No man to bear it —
Swear it! we swear it!

Although we fight the banded world alone,
We swear to guard our own.

ADDITIONAL VERSES[1]

TO 'GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.'

GOD bless our Prince and Bride!
God keep their lands allied,
God save the Queen!
Clothe them with righteousness,
Crown them with happiness,
Them with all blessings bless,
God save the Queen!

Fair fall this hallow'd hour,
Farewell, our England's flower,
God save the Queen!
Farewell, first rose of May!
Let both the peoples say,
God bless thy marriage-day,
God bless the Queen!

THE WAR[2]

THERE is a sound of thunder afar,
Storm in the South that darkens the day!
Storm of battle and thunder of war!
Well if it do not roll our way.
Form! form! Riflemen, form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen, form!

Be not deaf to the sound that warns!
Be not gull'd by a despot's plea!
Are figs of thistles, or grapes of thorns?
How should a despot set men Free?
Form! form! Riflemen, form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen, form!

Let your reforms for a moment go!
Look to your butts, and take good aims!
Better a rotten borough or so
Than a rotten fleet or a city in flames!
Form! form! Riflemen, form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen, form!

Form, be ready to do or die!
Form in Freedom's name and the Queen's!
True that we have a faithful ally,
But only the devil can tell what he means.
Form! form! Riflemen, form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen form!

[1] Written for the marriage of the Princess Royal of England with the Crown Prince of Prussia, January 25, 1858.

[2] From 'The London Times,' May 9, 1859.

THE RINGLET

'YOUR ringlets, your ringlets,
That look so golden-gay,
If you will give me one, but one,
To kiss it night and day,
Then never chilling touch of Time
Will turn it silver-gray;
And then shall I know it is all true gold
To flame and sparkle and stream as of old,
Till all the comets in heaven are cold,
And all her stars decay.'
'Then take it, love, and put it by;
This cannot change, nor yet can I.'

2

'My ringlet, my ringlet,
That art so golden-gay,
Now never chilling touch of Time
Can turn thee silver-gray;
And a lad may wink, and a girl may hint,
And a fool may say his say;
For my doubts and fears were all amiss,
And I swear henceforth by this and this,
That a doubt will only come for a kiss,
And a fear to be kiss'd away.'

n kiss it, love, and put it by;
is can change, why so can I.'

II

nglet, O Ringlet,
iss'd you night and day,
Ringlet, O Ringlet,
u still are golden-gay,
Ringlet, O Ringlet,
u should be silver-gray:
what is this which now I 'm told,
t took you for true gold,
that gave you 's bought and sold,
Sold, sold.

2

nglet, O Ringlet,
e blush'd a rosy red,
n Ringlet, O Ringlet,
e clipt you from her head,
Ringlet, O Ringlet,
e gave you me, and said,
ie, kiss it, love, and put it by;
s can change, why so can I.'
you golden nothing, fie,
You golden lie.

3

nglet, O Ringlet,
ount you much to blame
Ringlet, O Ringlet,
put me much to shame,
nglet, O Ringlet,
oom you to the flame.
what is this which now I learn
given all my faith a turn?
you glossy heretic, burn,
Burn, burn.

LINES [1]

as the heart beats life within her breast,
y child will bless thee, guardian mother mild,
far away thy memory will be blest
children of the children of thy child.

ritten in 1864, at the request of the , for inscription on the statue of the ss of Kent at Frogmore; printed in Court Journal,' March 19, 1864.

1865–1866 [1]

I stood on a tower in the wet,
And New Year and Old Year met,
And winds were roaring and blowing,
And I said, 'O years that meet in tears,
Have ye aught that is worth the knowing?
Science enough and exploring,
Wanderers coming and going,
Matter enough for deploring,
But aught that is worth the knowing?'
Seas at my feet were flowing,
Waves on the shingle pouring,
Old Year roaring and blowing,
And New Year blowing and roaring.

STANZA [2]

Not he that breaks the dams, but he
That thro' the channels of the State
Convoys the people's wish, is great;
His name is pure, his fame is free.

COMPROMISE [3]

Steersman, be not precipitate in thy act
Of steering, for the river here, my friend,
Parts in two channels, moving to one end,
This goes straight forward to the cataract,
That streams about the bend;
But tho' the cataract seem the nearer way,
Whate'er the crowd on either bank may say,
Take thou the bend, 't will save thee many a day.

1 'Good Words,' March, 1868.

2 Contributed to the 'Shakespearean Show Book,' printed in March, 1884, for a fair got up for the benefit of the Chelsea Hospital for Women.

3 Addressed to Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister, in November, 1884, when the Franchise Bill was being discussed in the House of Lords; and afterwards printed in the 'Pall Mall Gazette.'

EXPERIMENT IN SAPPHIC METRE[1]

Faded every violet, all the roses;
Gone the glorious promise, and the victim
Broken in the anger of Aphrodite
Yields to the victor.

[1] Contributed to Professor Jebb's 'Primer of Greek Literature,' 1877.

STANZA[1]

We lost you for how long a time,
True Pearl of our poetic prime!
We found you, and you gleam re set
In Britain's lyric coronet.

[1] Prefatory, in 1891, to 'Pearl,' an English poem of the 14th century, edited by Mr. Israel Gollancz.

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